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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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CHRISTMAS POST.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a four double-page engraving of the Fortress of Ali-Musjid, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

GOVERNMENT BY "WEALTH AND INTELLIGENCE."

AS we said last week, the most important reply made to the speech of Mr. BLAINE was the remark of Mr. LAMAR that he should show that there had been no suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States. This was boldly taking the bull by the horns; but it was an engagement which we think Mr. LAMAR will find it very difficult to keep. The evidence of the suppression of the colored vote in some districts is about as conclusive as that of the election, and we shall watch with great interest the evidence which Mr. LAMAR adduces. The explanation offered by Mr. THURMAN is worthy of attention, because it is the one usually suggested, and in the absence of proof of violence and fraud it would be conclusive. Mr. THURMAN says that this result is not surprising, because wealth and intelligence will always rule. That is a sound general principle; but Mr. THURMAN does not point out the reason that this principle was forced to resort for justification to tissue-paper ballots, nor does he say how it happened that it prevented the opening of polls, and compelled voters to go from five to twenty miles to vote. Mr. THURMAN's answer is no reply at all to Mr. BLAINE's speech, but if in the statement of a principle which, if his Democratic friends in the Southern States had observed, would have gone far to settle the difficulties.

It was plain when the freedmen were made voters that there was but one way for the Southern whites to deal with the situation. They could not reverse the result and undo the war and the reconstruction. In some of the States the colored population was larger than the white. The new colored voters would certainly sympathize with the party that had given them freedom and the suffrage, and they would certainly respect the power which had won the great victory. There was, therefore, but one thing for the whites to do, and that was to remember and act upon the great conservative principle of all popular government, the principle which prevents it from degenerating into the rule of the mere mob, and that is, the natural ascendency of intelligence over ignorance. Moreover, slavery had developed in the black race the sense of dependence upon the white, and with this a feeling of superiority in the whites. In many cases, also, as Mr. LAMAR pointed out in his reply to General GARFIELD in the House two or three years ago, there was personal regard between the races. Here were all the simple and obvious conditions upon which the Southern whites should have acted. If they were angry and sullen, their political friends at the North—Mr. THURMAN and others—should have reminded them how readily they could gain the confidence and leadership of the new vote, and how easily they could lose it. The one thing to avoid at all hazards was such treatment of the new voters as would alienate them hopelessly.

But the first sign of meeting the situation in the South was the Ku-Klux. Every kind of crime against the colored people was committed, and a general system of terror among them prevailed. This, indeed, was natural in the semi-barbarous condition of a slave country recently desolated by war. But it was as natural that the "wealth and intelligence" should have foreseen it and resisted it. Instead of resisting, however, they acquiesced. There was apparently no surprise, no indignation, no protest, no legal process or inquiry, and justice was done only under national law and in the national courts. The result was again natural. The new voters felt themselves to be surrounded, and at enormous disadvantage, by relentless enemies. They saw that the only chance of protection of life and property and rights was in alliance with the Republican party, to which they were already bound in gratitude. Most unfortunately for them, however, and for the country, the Republican party was represented to them in great part by unprincipled adventurers. These massed and wielded the colored vote, and the situation in many parts of the South became abnormal and intolerable. The result again was inevitable. The "wealth and intelligence" necessarily united for self-protection, and the word Republicanism came to mean the subversion of society, with rascality and ignorance at the top. It meant to Southern "wealth and intelligence" the most hateful of despotisms, to be resisted at all costs and by every means short of open armed rebellion. The deep and deadly color line was drawn, and the great problem of our politics became more complicated than ever.

There can be no doubt, however, that the result is mainly due to the failure of the Southern whites to win the alliance and control of the colored voters. Granting that there may have been some natural suspicion on the part of the freedmen, it would have been easily and instantly allayed by evidence of kindness and acceptance of the changed conditions. If it be said that the general ignorance and prejudice of the poorer whites make public opinion in the South, the answer is that the "wealth and intelligence," knowing this, should all the more have won the confidence of the freedmen. When they yielded to that ignorance and prejudice they practically confessed that the worst sentiment of the South controlled it, and they have compelled every intelligent and patriotic man in the country, however he may deplore and despise sectionalism, to see that control of the national government won by a solid South is simply government by Southern ignorance and prejudice and hatred of the Yankee and the negro. Government by "wealth and intelligence" is control by natural ascendency. But stuffing boxes and preventing voting is a confession that "wealth and intelligence" do not rule, and that they distrust the only principle and natural law by which they can rightfully rule. The late frauds of all kinds at Southern polls no more prove to the "wealth and intelligence" of the North that such "wealth and intelligence" are coming to rule in the South than the Ku-Klux proved it. And as the violence toward the colored race which followed the war united the patriotism of the North, so will this fraud. The feeling will be more intense for the reason that Mr. BLAINE indicates and to which he appeals, namely, that the wrong is a double wrong, defrauding not only the Southern colored man, but the Northern white. It puts the case to the Northern voter not as sympathy for the negro, but as defense of his own rights. Instead of opposing Mr. BLAINE's inquiry, the "wealth and intelligence" of the South should unanimously demand it. The refusal of the Democrats in the Senate to vote to lay the resolution upon the table was wise, and Southern "wealth and intelligence" can in no way do the country as much service as by the most hearty co-operative in the inquiry, and the prompt trial and punishment of the offenders.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

MR. THURMAN declines to be a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio, and it is said that he does so because he thinks his election doubtful, and that defeat would be fatal to his Presidential aspirations. But his own explanation is more reasonable and probable. He says that his campaign last year was very severe, and that his serious illness warns him that a man of his age can not wisely undertake the tests of such a campaign. It is exceedingly amusing to note, however, that the stories of his remarkably youthful vigor have begun to appear. As we were constantly informed a little while ago how singularly well and hearty Mr. TILDEN was, and how gayly, as to speak, he tossed off his years, so we may now read that Mr. THURMAN rolls a ten-pin ball with the vivacious energy of thirty, and that his step is as elastic as that of the doe upon the mountains. But among the Presidential speculations one of the most sagacious and probable is that the light-footed doe will not be required to enter the race for the White House, and that despite the cipher telegrams, which we have all looked upon as the enigmatical epitaphs of Mr. TILDEN's hopes, Mr. TILDEN may yet be the Democratic candidate.

The reasoning is this: the Southern vote will be solid for the candidate, whoever it may be, but the Southern vote alone will be inadequate, and New York must be secured. It will be necessary, therefore, for the Southern delegates in the Convention to accept the candidate who is earnest of New York. It is supposed that cipher telegrams are objectionable to the "solid South" only because they did not procure the result at which they aimed. Now Messrs. THURMAN and HENDRICKS are as unsound upon the financial question that the New York Democracy "money power" would reject them both, as that the nomination of either would certainly lose New York. Mr. BAYARD, who is agreeable to the sound-money New York Democrats, and unquestionably their choice, can not carry the State, because it can be carried only by skill and care and experienced management.

But these are the very qualities that Mr. TILDEN is supposed to contribute to the situation. He has, or certainly will have, according to this view, the control of the State Committee. His friends have worsted Mr. JOHN KELLY in his own arena, and Mr. TILDEN will probably have a very large proportion, if not the majority, of the State delegation to the nominating Convention, so that it would be very inexpedient to set him aside. As for the cipher dispatches, it is asked whether the Plaquemine frauds injured SLIDELL's standing in his party, and whether the belief that the Republican agents were probably quite as rascally as the Democrats are shown to have been, but have escaped exposure, will not pacify Democratic scruples? In a word, New York must be carried; TILDEN can carry it more probably than any competitor, and the same reasoning which was conclusive in 1876 it is held will be conclusive in 1880. In this view there is no place for Messrs. THURMAN, or HENDRICKS, or BAYARD, and among the conspicuous candidates, therefore, Mr. TILDEN is the most promising.

"REASONS" FOR EXECUTIVE ACTION.

IF, as is reported, a demand has been made for the reasons of the President's nomination of new officers to the New York Custom-house, Mr. CONKLING, as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, departs from the usual practice of the Senate, and renounces the rules that have hitherto governed its conduct. If such a request could be supposed to mean that the Senate is opposed to removals without real reasons, and in favor of the continuance of officers for whose removal sound and satisfactory reasons do not exist, it would have acknowledged a sound principle of the civil service. If such were the case, it would show, at least, that Mr. CONKLING had changed his views radically, since at the close of General GRANT's Administration he acquiesced in removals without cause assigned by the President, or asked of him or of any subaltern officer, and held that an officer removed without cause and against protest ought not to complain, for the reason that "he had got the office easily, and had held it for a long time."

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury may give reasons, or decline to give them, at their pleasure. The Tenure-of-office Act, passed to thwart ANDREW JOHNSON, required him to submit to the Senate the reasons of proposed removals. But upon General GRANT's entrance to the Presidency this provision was repealed, and the President was no longer compelled to assign reasons. Mr. CONKLING was then a Senator, and, we presume, voted for the change. This restored the old understanding, which was that when the President proposed a change he did so upon his responsibility, and the validity of his reasons was to be assumed; as, as an old and authoritative Senator has stated it, "the principle on which the Senate usually proceeds is that if the new nominee is not open to personal objection, it is not expected that the Senate will inquire into the propriety of dropping the incumbent." The practice of the Senate would, of course, control that of its committees. If, therefore, Mr. CONKLING has written to the Secretary to ask the reasons for the new nominations in New York, he has departed from the usual practice.

Circumstances forbid the supposition that Mr. CONKLING's reported inquiry shows that he has changed his views as to a proper system of appointments and removals, and it can not be assumed from it that were General GRANT in the White House the Senator would ask him or his secretaries the reasons of a nomination. It is said, however, that the President holds that honest and faithful officers ought to be retained, and therefore that the Senate may demand, through its committee, to know whether there are reasons involving the honesty and efficiency of the late Custom-house officers that call for their removal. But the change of the Tenure-of-office Law, to which we have alluded, relieves the President of any such requirement, and all the more strongly in the case of a President who has said that officers should not be removed without good reasons, are good reasons to be assumed. We are not now affirming or denying that a sound system requires the giving of reasons for removal. We are merely saying that reasons have never been required except during the brief existence of the original Tenure-of-office Act, and that Mr. CONKLING assented to the repeal of the requirement. His purpose in asking reasons now would be to have it inferred, if reasons should be declined, that there are no valid reasons to be given; or, if they should be given, to allow an opportunity of declaring them to be inadequate. The law and the practice assume that the Executive, which is responsible, is satisfied with its own reasons for proposing a change. If, however, a change should now be made by the assistance of Democratic Senators, they will be bound, of course, by the same principle, in case of the inauguration of a Democratic President in 1881, to ask him his reasons for any removals that he may propose. The Democratic Senators will be drawn both ways. They hope to have every branch of the government in 1881. They naturally wish to control the patronage in their States, and will be therefore tempted to sustain that principle in supporting Mr. CONKLING. On the other hand, their personal power and influence will be seriously impaired if the President must give reasons for a change. For the fact that a Senator asked it would not figure as a very dignified reason to the country, however satisfactory it might be to himself.

Means like we presume that the Administration will take the position which MADISON held to be the constitutional ground, and which is the general conviction, that the President, charged with the faithful execution of the laws, is the sole judge of the removal of his subordinates. Mr. WEBSTER doubted the soundness of the constitutional view of Mr. MADISON, but he held that unbroken usage had settled the question. If the Senate proposes to re-open the question, it should be done frankly and with dignity. If Mr. CONKLING now objects to action that he has always sustained, upon the ground that removals should be made only for reasons assigned by the Executive and weighed by the Senate, he should candidly say so. If, however, he still holds to the familiar practice of the Senate to confirm nominations except for personal cause, a demand for specific reasons is simply an impertinence.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

IT is the brilliant *Esthen*, we believe, that KINGLAKE describes a dead pauper as well and of the scrape of being old and poor. The recent revolting reports of the condition of the Onondaga and Dutchess County poor-houses in this State remind the most careless reader of the immense amount of suffering of that kind all around us. Nothing in the reports is more disgraceful than that which relates to the condition of the insane poor, and Mrs. LOWELL, of the State Board of Charities, has forcibly and reasonably called the attention of the Board of Apportionment of the City and County of New York to the imperative necessity of increased accommodations for the decent and proper care of this most unfortunate class. In most counties insane poor persons are sent at once to the county house, where there is and can be no proper intelligence or means to care for them, and where the suffering is necessarily great, yet not always with just blame to the persons in charge. But the whole subject of the treatment of the poor in this State requires a thorough and intelligent attention. The State Board of Charities is a very intelligent and active body, and the State aid societies which are tributary to the board are engaged in efficient service. But it is a matter which should engage individual attention, and in the country counties such attention is perfectly practicable, as experience has shown.

The Dutchess County poor-house is not in Poughkeepsie, but in a remote and rather lonely part of the county. It is not out of sight, and has therefore been out of mind, and this, according to the newspaper report, which, as we learn, is not exaggerated, is its condition:

"A thorough examination of the institution has revealed the fact that it is not only a disgrace to the rich county in which it is located, but to humanity as well. The surroundings are of a revolting character—a fact fully sustained in reports and letters from members of sub-committees of the State Board of Charities. There are two buildings. The main one, of wood, three stories high, is in a dilapidated condition. In it are 114 persons, including ten children, the youngest child being a week old, and the next youngest three months, and there is a little blind boy, aged about eleven. Rooms of the rooms contain eight or ten persons, and the other permeating every apartment and hallway is sickening. In the garret are thirty-three beds and thirty-three inmates, and there are only two small windows in the room. At night a solitary candlestick on a piece of iron pipe is the only light allowed. The stairway leading from the garret to the floor below is not over two feet wide, and if a fire should break out below the stairs, the reaction of the garret inmates would be frightful. In fact, the whole building is a tinder-box, and there is no other lack of fire-escapes. The condition of the building has been entirely neglected, rendering the situation almost intolerable. Added to the above facts is another of a most outrageous character, to wit, there is no place on the premises in which to place the sick. They can not be separated from the well, but must lie where sickness finds them, whether the disease be contagious or not. But the most disgraceful part of the property is the in-

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same building. It is of frame, two low stories, thirty-six feet long and twenty-four feet wide. It contains about twenty wooden cells, eight feet by ten, and in this small building are sixty insane! If the odor in the main building is sickening, the stench in the insane building is simply horrible, and the sights witnessed there yesterday have roused the indignation of some of the county rulers. To be sure, there are only a few of the sixty insane, and some of them only partially so, but that makes the matter worse, for sane and insane are packed together. One of the inmates is a bright-looking boy with a really handsome face. He was compelled to go to the poor-house because of a sprained ankle. He is a constant reader, and is very intelligent and cleanly; but he is forced to while away his hours in the loathsome hole amid the chattering of the insane, and breathing with every breath the foulest of air. Altogether there are 114 inmates in the two buildings, when the real capacity of both of them is not over 100."

Such a tale recalls JOHN HOWARD'S descriptions of the loathsome jails that he visited in Europe. The report states that the supervisors had just made a thorough examination, and that this was the situation which they discovered. But has it not been always the duty of the supervisors to know the condition of the poor-house? and if that condition becomes so frightful as this, who are responsible if not they? It is their business to supervise every county institution, and to prevent just such abuses as these. Such evils have been long known to the State Board. Their reports are full of the most startling revelations of them. Since the disclosures in the Onondaga institution the board has verified the truth of the reports, and its sub-committee with that of the Supervisors has made a preliminary report recommending three changes: competent paid attendants, and no pauper care of the insane; the immediate demolition of the dungeons; and no permanent occupation of the present buildings. We are glad to state that the Board of Supervisors instantly and on the spot ordered the demolition of the dungeons, and it is but fair that their prompt action should be known. Further co-operation on their part will lead to the correction of the worst abuses.

Mr. DONNELLY, one of the State Board, in a letter to the *Sun*, states some interesting facts. The law requires that the counties shall send their chronic insane to the Willard Asylum, except when, in the judgment of the State Board, the counties make proper local provision. But the Willard Asylum is already overcrowded, and the county parsimony is such that county provision must be distrusted; and if the State Board decline exemption, it can be procured from the Legislature, as in a recent case where the county care of the insane was "abominable beyond description." The correction of these abuses is an urgent work, in which the press can be of the most efficient service, and a few resolute people in every county could produce great reforms.

POLITICAL "GAG."

RETRENCHMENT and reform in all public expenses are excellent things, and every good citizen heartily approves them. But retrenchment and reform as a piece of political "gag" are exceedingly contemptible, and every good citizen knows it. This "gag" annually appears in the debate upon the appropriations for the foreign diplomatic service, upon which occasion we are told of the reckless and riotous way in which American foreign ministers endeavor to ape the manners of an effete European aristocracy by squandering the "people's money." Those who have seen this "aping" carried on by gentlemen who are often vainly striving to maintain the becoming dignity and character of their official positions upon the amount of the "people's money" allotted for their salaries can best appreciate the silly Buncombe of this talk.

The case is perfectly plain. If Congress is of opinion that foreign legations are useless, it ought to abolish them. But if it thinks that the public interest requires that they should be maintained, they should be maintained decently. The question, then, would be not for how much money can a man buy bread and meat and hire a bedroom in a foreign capital, but how large a salary will enable him, not to vie with princes, but to live in the general way that the ministers of other first-rate powers like the United States live. If the foreign legations are to be maintained, this is the question, and it can not be answered by saying that any honest and moderate man can live any where in the world reputably on five thousand dollars a year. The large majority of people in this country and in any great capital in the world live decently upon less than that sum, and if this be the standard, Congress can readily decide that no foreign representative of the United States ought to be paid more than five thousand dollars of the "people's money."

Congress evidently thinks that it would be unwise to abolish the legations, and in this conclusion it is undoubtedly supported by public opinion. It may be very sure that it is equally supported by public opinion in making proper provision for the foreign ministers of the government, and that there is no popular wish that one or two or three thousand dollars should be taken from any of the chief salaries. The spirit that is readiest in the name of economy to demand this kind of cheese-paring would be the first to resent the necessity which might compel an American representative to live in a three-story-back and to expose the American name to ludicrous comments and comparisons. We are glad, therefore, to see that the committee of the Senate has restored the usual appropriations for the maintenance of the foreign representatives, and we do not believe that the House itself will grieve this year more than it grieved last year if its Buncombe reductions fail.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A GENTLEMAN who gives us his name, and who held a position in one of the Southern States under the national government for a dozen years, wishes Republicans to bear in mind that the recent frauds in the Southern elections have an unhappy precedent under Republican ascendency. He says: "I was a resident of Arkansas during reconstruction, and Eagle Township, in Pulaski County, cast more votes for reconstruction than there were men, women, children, and dogs in said township on election day. Official figures will demonstrate this. The offenses were not confined to certain points, but extended the length and breadth of the State."

We have stated elsewhere that the Republican party has suffered from many of its representatives and their practices in the Southern States. But rascality on one side does not offset that on the other. The question of fraud at the polls is in no sense a party question, and our correspondent would certainly not excuse the rascality of to-day by that of yesterday. Election frauds are to be exposed and punished not because they help or harm one party or another party, but because they wound the government itself, and lead straight to civil convulsion and anarchy.

JUDGE DAVIS ON TEMPERANCE.

THE other evening, at the house of Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE, Judge NOAH DAVIS delivered a temperance lecture which as a substantial contribution to a good cause has not been often surpassed. When a chief judge, known for the good sense and moderation of his views, gives as his opinion of the criminal and tax-paying aspects of the temperance question, he does a great public service. Dr. CROSBY has already shown in what way the great evil can be practically attacked by those who differ widely upon every point except that the laws should be enforced, and Mr. DODGE was justified in his remark, upon introducing Judge DAVIS, that there is a more generally intelligent feeling upon the subject than ever before. The fact that the country is spending annually between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 in intoxicating drinks, and that an equal amount is spent as the result of their use, appeals irresistibly to every tax-payer.

Judge DAVIS said that crime is the mercury of a political and moral thermometer, which temperance and intemperance affect as heat and cold. This has produced the criminal common law principle that drunkenness is no excuse for crime, because, if it were so, all crime would prepare and fortify itself by intoxication. He cited the experience of great judges to establish the fact that drunkenness is the chief cause of crime. Chief Justice MATTHEW HALE, more than two hundred years ago, attributes four-fifths of the criminal cases to excessive drinking; and Lord Chief Baron KELLY, probably the oldest living judge on the English bench, estimates that two-thirds of the crimes that come before the courts are occasioned chiefly by intemperance. Inspectors of prisons and other law and penal officers concur in the opinion.

The judge then shows by striking statistics that decrease in drunkenness, as indicated by a diminished sale of intoxicating liquor, is accompanied in a remarkably equal ratio by decrease of crime. So where there is partial or total prohibition the result is the same. He speaks of Vineland, of a town in Western New York, and of Bavaria, in Illinois, as illustrating this relation of sobriety to good order. And every reader can probably supply similar illustrations from his own knowledge. The judge proceeds to test the rule by the experience of the city of New York, which shows that criminal arrests decline with a restricted sale of liquor. He concluded by urging all good citizens to prevent any backward steps in our excise laws. The present laws, in his judgment, can be enforced, and Dr. CROSBY and his society should be earnestly supported, and the Civil Damage Act put in operation. The hand of brotherly sympathy should be offered to those victims who are trying to reclaim themselves, for our neighbor is the suffering and struggling man. Dr. HALL followed Judge DAVIS with an appeal for temperate tables on New-Year's Day; and after a few further remarks an evening ended which must be of great public benefit.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, grandson of PATRICK HENRY, is a prominent member of the Richmond bar, and one of the leading members of the Virginia Legislature.

—Cadet FLIPPER, the first colored man who ever graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, is about to publish a work entitled *The Colored Cadet at West Point*, in which he will give an account of his personal experiences at that institution, and the treatment he received from the cadets and professors.

—The will of MARTIN LUTHER, which has long been in the archives of the Evangelical Church of Hungary, has been critically examined by a committee of experts, who, after comparing every word of the manuscript with a number of original letters in LUTHER'S handwriting, have unanimously agreed that it is the genuine handiwork of the Reformer. Up to this time there had been a shadow of doubt as to its genuineness. Concerning wills it is a curious fact that not a scrap of SHAKSPEARE'S handwriting is in existence excepting his will (which is by no means very creditable to him).

—It would be curious if in the next Congress the work of organizing the House of Representatives should be a repetition of the scene at the organization in 1859, when eight Antislavery Democrats dictated the organization of the House. These were JOHN G. DAVIS, of Indiana; GARNETT B. ADRAIN and JETUR R. RIGGS, of New Jersey; HORACE F. CLARK, JOHN B. REYNOLDS, and JOHN B. HASKIN, of New York; and JOHN HICKMAN and JOHN SCHWARTZ, of Pennsylvania. All of these are dead with the exception of JOHN B. HASKIN, of Fordham, who is active and vigorous as ever, and took a leading part in the combinations which led to the defeat of the Tammany Hall Democracy last November. Although there is claimed to be a Democratic majority of about fifteen in the next House, it is believed that there are enough Independent Democrats to dictate the organization.

—Of the fascinating story by HENRY JAMES, Jun., entitled "An International Episode," published simultaneously in *Harper's Bazar* and in an English magazine, the London *Spectator* says: "It is marked by all the author's delicate observation. It is life in Newport as he is on this time, and any body with a taste for literary *vol-au-vent* should, carefully selecting a moment when he is lazy and faintly bored, sit down and enjoy. We can not imagine a better half hour than he will get, or see the slightest necessity for settling what it is that will give him so much pleasure. Why is the '*croquance*' of chocolate so nice as well as the flavor? When that is clearly ascertained, it will be worth while to criticise the writing of HENRY JAMES, Jun."

—Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH has been probably longer in the higher diplomatic service of the country than any of his predecessors. He was minister resident to Turkey from 1849 to 1853, and in 1861 was appointed minister resident to Italy, a position he has adorned for the last seventeen years. With perhaps the single exception of Mr. CALEB CUSHING, he is the finest linguist who has represented the United States abroad.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED, at his spacious and elegant home in East Twelfth Street, his private sanctum as well as the parlors and dining room above looking out over the lawn of the Presbyterian church to Fifth Avenue, is made the subject of an interesting sketch in Colonel FORNEY'S *Progress*. "Here he lives, surrounded with the substantial comforts and elegancies of a well-appointed metropolitan home. He goes out frequently, never much regarding weather, and visits many friends and attends meetings of societies. His library is a marvel of autobiographic material, a sort of crystallization of the stirring events of the half century that preceded his retirement. There are not many printed books, but the peculiar wealth is in the manuscripts and pictures, the letters and likenesses of hundreds of leading men, of men prominent not only in politics and party craft, but in literature, art, science, religion, and life generally; not only Americans, but also English, French, Germans, Belgians, and other nationalities; and not all in English, but many in other languages. Of letters there are between thirty and forty bound volumes, one or more being devoted to each individual—such as J. Q. ADAMS, LINCOLN, SEWARD—each volume lettered with names of writers and with dates, and every volume indexed fully. In addition to these bound letters, there are in pigeon holes, alphabetically arranged, more than five thousand miscellaneous letters. These, with those in the volumes, are addressed to Mr. WEED, and from the prominent men of his day—the past two generations of letter-writing men. All his manuscript treasury the distinguished owner fondly attributes to the daughterly love of his faithful amanuensis, whose wonderful faculty of order and watchfulness has thus preserved and then put into shape for immediate use a mass of material probably not equalled of its kind in America. This daughter is the genius of his home. She took, so far as a devoted daughter could, the place of his wife twenty years ago, and became his amanuensis also when the younger SEWARD, who had been his secretary for many years, went to Washington with his father."

—The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, several of whose works have been published by HARPER & BROTHERS, stated during a late sermon at the Broadway Tabernacle that the Baptists and the Friends are believed to be the only religious sects that have not at some time indulged in some form of persecution. An eminent Baptist clergyman suggests, however, that the reason may be that they never had the power.

—Professor A. W. WARD has undertaken to write on CHAUCER, and Mr. HENRY JAMES, Jun., on HAWTHORNE, for Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.'s series of "English Men of Letters," edited by JOHN MORLEY, and published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Mr. JOHN M'CULLOUGH, who is now among the foremost of tragedians at home or abroad, says that the public taste for good tragic acting has by no means declined, but that new actors are too indolent and eager for money to study the solid Shakspearean parts. The multiplicity of theatres and the frivolity of audiences have tempted novitiates to crowd into the social drama—the mere talking drama—and cease to study classical parts. SHAKSPEARE'S plays never drew so much money to the treasury of the theatre as at the present time, and *Julius Cæsar* was never so well played or mounted so well, either here or in England, as it was at Booth's Theatre. Mr. M'CULLOUGH'S professional income is from $1000 to $2500 a week. EDWIN BOOTH has made more money than any actor who ever played Shakspeare. At the California Theatre, in 1876, then managed by Mr. M'CULLOUGH, Mr. BOOTH was engaged for eight weeks at half the gross receipts, and received for his share $39,000.

—LEO XIII. is inaugurating several reforms, one of which is of especial value to artists—the removal of restrictions to study in the art galleries of the Vatican, which were imposed in 1870. With the exception of Sundays and Saturdays, students can now study and copy from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

—English papers allude to the probability that the Duke of Sutherland, who in an unlucky hour took four shares of stock in the Glasgow Bank, will be made to pay nigh on to £1,000,000, as the stockholders are personally liable for the bank's entire indebtedness. The duke's net income is about $900,000 per annum, none of which has ever been squandered in fast living. In London his palatial home, Stafford House, has always been open to distinguished foreigners, and it was here that GARIBALDI staid when visiting England ten years ago. The duke is a good-hearted, liberal, "go ahead" man, and has applied his fortune generously for the public good. Both Englishmen and Scotchmen sympathize with him in this unexpected and severe misfortune.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate passed Mr. Edmunds's Electoral Bill, on the 13th ult., by a vote of 31 to 14. The House ordered an investigation into Commissioner Davenport's acts in connection with the New York election.—On the 14th, the House referred the Presidential Election Bill to the committee on the subject.—In the House, on the 16th, a proposition to suspend the rules and pass a bill to make it a penal offense for government officers to interfere in Congressional elections, or to solicit or receive campaign contributions, failed by a vote of 128 to 105, or less than a two-thirds vote.—On the 17th, the Vice-President laid before the Senate Secretary Sherman's reply to the request of Mr. Beck for information concerning the payment of silver dollars for interest on the public debt, which was in effect that they had not specifically been so applied. The Senate passed the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, restoring all the salaries to the amounts now paid. Senator Blaine's resolution to investigate the Southern election frauds was adopted by a vote of 56 to 6. The House passed the bill appropriating $400,000 to cover the postal-car deficiency.—On the 18th, a joint resolution appropriating [illegible] for the yellow fever investigation passed both Houses. The Senate amended the *posse comitatus* clause of the Army Bill so that it shall not be construed to apply to troops operating against the Indians. The Senate also passed the Pension Appropriation Bill. The President nominated L. Bradford Prince, of New York, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. Both Houses agreed to adjourn from December 20 to January 7.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British advance in Afghanistan continues. The officials and notables of Jelalabad arrived at Dakka on the 14th ult., to tender their submission and services, and four days later General Browne commenced his march in that direction with the purpose of occupying the town. General Biddulph, the commander of the Quetta column, has constructed a road over the Khojak Pass.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says the Russian mission at Cabool has been formally and officially withdrawn.

Mr. Whitbread's motion censuring the British government for its Afghan policy was rejected in the House of Commons on the 13th ult., by a vote of 328 to 227. On the 17th, the House voted on the government proposal that part of the war expenses shall be levied on India. Mr. Fawcett's amendment that the proposition was unjust was rejected by a vote of 235 to 125. Mr. Stanhope's resolution was then adopted without a division. Parliament adjourned until February 13. During the debate Sir Stafford Northcote said he considered that under ordinary circumstances India should bear the expense of hostilities with her immediate neighbors, but the case would be different if a distant enemy was moving on India, because that would be hostility to the empire. He trusted the war was nearly concluded. They would be better informed in a month as to its real extent and significance.—Lord Lytton, on the 17th, reviewed the auxiliaries furnished by native princes. He made a speech, in the course of which he declared that Great Britain was never an ungenerous foe, but justice must precede generosity. He hoped the Ameer, warned by his disasters, would render unnecessary further operations. The auxiliaries go to Peshawur to guard the communications of the Khyber column.

In a speech delivered in the French Senate on the 16th ult., M. Waddington, the Foreign Minister, said he was happy to say that, despite certain hankerings for doing more or less than the Treaty of Berlin requires, all the cabinets—those having something to gain as well as those having something to lose by such divergences—have ultimately seen that the execution of the treaty on all sides is the only way of not jeopardizing the peace of Europe.

Count Andrassy, speaking before the Hungarian delegation, on the 15th ult., declared that the annexation of Servia and Montenegro would be a most perverted and unhappy policy.

The Porte has informed the Servian envoy that Servians have burned several Turkish villages. The envoy has telegraphed to Belgrade, asking that satisfaction be given the Porte.

The Eastern Roumelian Commission has decided to suspend its labors, return to Constantinople, and not re-assemble at Philippopolis until the middle of next April. The failure of the Commission is due to the insufficiency of the powers with which the commissioners were endowed to combat Russian and Bulgarian obstruction. Great Britain seems to have persevered the longest, but finally instructed her commissioner to return.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, Princess Alice of England, Queen Victoria's second daughter, died of diphtheria on the 14th ult.

In the British House of Commons, on the 13th ult., Mr. Bourke, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replying to Sir Charles Dilke, said that a question had been put quite recently by a foreign government respecting the judicial arrangements in Cyprus. It is understood that this refers to a question addressed by the United States to the British government growing out of the arrest of Mayor Di Cesnola for making excavations in the island of Cyprus.

The new Italian cabinet, composed exclusively of members of the Left, is as follows: Signor Depretis, President of the Council, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Foreign Affairs *ad interim*; Signor Tajani, Minister of Justice; General Mazé de la Roche, Minister of War; Admiral Ferracciù, Minister of Marine; Signor Mezzanotte, Minister of Public Works; Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance; Signor Coppino, Minister of Public Instruction; Signor Majorana-Calatabiano, Minister of Agriculture.

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THE BLACKVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.—"WEDDER LORD DORWIN INVOLVED HIMSELF OR SOMEBODY ELSE"—THE SCORNER IN THE CORNER WILL REPLY.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JR.]

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FROM A BOTTLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE bottle, filled with water, was hidden behind a picture in the pretty parlor, and in the water was growing a sturdy ivy vine, which had climbed up and caught hold of the cord that held the picture, and, in its joy at reaching so great a height, had thrown out two cheerful, glossy, light green leaves that looked smilingly down on the larger, darker leaves below.

The children had all gone to bed. Their stockings were hanging in a row under the mantel in the dining-room. Four of them. One pink and white, and very short in the leg—that was the two-year-old baby's; one red and black—that was five-year-old Tom's, one striped with buff and purple—that was seven-year-old May's, and one checked in blue and gray—that was nine-year-old Maud's.

The grown people were up stairs dressing the spare room—(grandmamma—the dear old lady!—was coming from her cottage in the country to spend holiday week)—with Christmas greens.

The parlor was already dressed. Festoons of jolly, cold-defying winter vines dotted with bright red berries hung from the ceiling and cowreathed the gilt chandelier, wreaths, garlands, and crosses of autumn leaves brightened the gray walls, and bunches of slender dried grasses nodded from quaint, small white pitchers and pretty little vases.

"How lovely the parlor looks to-night!" said a delicate voice from one corner of the room, and a tall, feathery spear of grass bent gracefully forward.

"Lovely!" repeated a bunch of autumn leaves from the opposite corner.

"And how happy we should be," said the ivy, "to think that we help to make it so! And yet when I was first taken from my parent vine—'twas in last October—I thought I should never cease to regret the outer life. But I have been sheltered from winter's cruel winds and heavy snows, and tended with kindly care and tender love, and I've no doubt, if I remain here during the summer, I shall find it just as pleasant to look at the sweet faces and hear the happy voices of the dear children as to see the gay butterflies and listen to the songs of the birds. But you, Bottle"—looking down at the bottle which held her and the water that gave her life—"aren't you rather lonely? Shut in between the back of the picture and the wall, you can see nothing."

"I can see you, dear Ivy," answered the bottle, in a clear, rippling voice, "and you are a very pleasant thing to look upon; and in the mornings I can see a long sunbeam on the wall, and *that* is a very pleasant thing to look upon. And as for being lonely—not a bit of it. I'm as happy as I can be. And you would say I ought to be happy if you but knew the life I used to lead before I had the honor and pleasure of supporting you."

"Tell us all about it—pray do," begged many little voices.

"Hear! hear! hear!" barked the bronze dog that stood on the top of the marble clock. "A story from the bottle."

"A story from the bottle," repeated the feather duster, as it hopped quickly in, on its one wooden leg, from the hall, where it had been lying on the mat. "*I* must hear it too. Clock, couldn't you stop ticking for a little while?"

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said the clock, in a fairy bell-like tone; "but I am wound up this afternoon, and so I must go on for a week; but I'll tick as softly as possible, and you won't notice it as soon as the story begins."

"Now, Bottle," barked the small bronze dog, "we're all ready."

"Yes, go ahead," called the drummer-boy from the lid of the match-safe.

"Well, if you insist upon it, and it really will give you pleasure," said the bottle, modestly, "although I had no intention of telling a story when I spoke of my past life, I *will* go ahead. I'll begin with the time just after I left the manufactory."

"Manufactory?" said the ivy.

"*Manufactory*," explained the bottle—"a place where they make bottles."

"Oh!" said the ivy. "You see, I didn't know, 'cause there's no place where they make ivies. Ivies grow."

"I left the manufactory," con

THE POOR MUSICIAN BEFORE THE MIRTH BEGINS.—[DRAWN BY M. WOOD.]

PLAYING AT STORE.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

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kerchief that Mr Scobel had bound so effectually across her eyes, when her outstretched arms clasped something—a substantial figure, distinctly human, clad in rough cloth.

Before she had time to think who it was she had captured, a pair of strong arms clasped her; she was drawn to a broad chest; she felt a heart beating strong and fast against her shoulder, while lips that seemed too familiar to offend kissed hers with all the passion of a lover's kiss.

"Don't be angry," said a well-known voice; "I believe it's the rule of the game. If it isn't, I'm sure it ought to be."

A hand at once strong and gentle took off the handkerchief, and in the soft woodland twilight she looked up at Roderick Vawdrey's face looking down upon her with an expression which she presumed must mean a brotherly friendliness—the delight of an old friend at seeing her after a long interval.

She was not the less angry at that outrageous, unwarrantable kiss.

"It is not the rule of the game among civilized people, though it possibly may be among plough-boys and servant-maids!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "You are really a most ungentlemanlike person! I wonder Lady Mabel Ashbourne has not taught you better manners."

"Is that to be my only reward for saving you from plunging—at least ankle-deep—in the marshy ground yonder? But for me you would have been performing a boggy version of Ophelia by this time."

"How did you come here?"

"I have been to Langley Brook for a day's fly-fishing, and was tramping home across country in a savage humor at my poor sport, when I heard the chatter of small voices, and presently came upon the Scobels and the school-children. The juveniles were in a state of alarm at having lost you. They had been playing the game in severe silence, and at a turn in the grove missed you altogether. Oh, here comes Scobel, with his trencher on the back of his head."

The vicar came forward, rejoicing at sight of Violet's white gown.

"My dear, what a fuss you have given us!" he cried. "Those silly children, to let you out of their sight! I don't think a wood is a good place for blindman's-buff."

"No more do I," answered Vixen, very pale.

"You look as if you had been frightened, too," said the vicar.

"It did feel awfully lonely; not a sound except the frogs croaking their vespers, and one dismal owl screaming in the distance. And how cold it has turned, now the sun has gone down; and how ghostly the beeches look in their green mantles! There is something awful in a wood at sunset."

She ran on in an excited tone, masking her agitation under an unnatural vivacity. Roderick watched her keenly. Mr and Mrs Scobel went back to their business of getting the children together, and the pots, pans, and baskets packed for the return journey. The children were inclined to be noisy and insubordinate. They would have liked to make a night of it in this woody hollow, or in the gorse-clothed heights up yonder by Stony Cross. To go home after such a festival, and be herded in small stuffy cottages, was doubtless trying to free-born humanity, always more or less envious of the gypsies.

"Shall we walk up the hill together?" Roderick asked humbly, "while the Scobels follow with their flock?"

"I am going to drive Mr. and Mrs. Scobel."

"But where is your carriage?"

"I don't know. I rather think it was to meet us at the top of the hill."

"Then let us go up together and find it—unless you hate me too much to endure my company for a quarter of an hour, or are too angry with me for my impertinence just now."

"It is not worth being serious about," answered Vixen, quietly, after a little pause. "I was very angry at the moment; but, after all, between you and me, who were like brother and sister a few years ago, it can't matter very much. I dare say you may have kissed me then."

"I think I did—once or twice," admitted Rorie, with laudable gravity.

"Then let your impertinence just now go down to the old account. But," seeing him drawing nearer her with a sudden eagerness, "mind, it is never to be repeated. I could not forgive that."

"I would do much to escape your anger," said Rorie, softly.

"The whole situation just now was too ridiculous," pursued Vixen, with a spurious hilarity. "A young woman wandering blindfolded in a wood all alone—it must have seemed very absurd."

"It seemed very far from absurd—to me," said Rorie.

They were going slowly up the grassy hill, the short scanty herbage looking gray in the dimness. Glow-worms were beginning to shine here and there at the foot of the furze bushes. A pale moon was rising above the broad expanse of wood and valley, which sank in gentle undulations into distant plains, where the young corn was growing, and the cattle were grazing in a sober agricultural district. Here all was wild and beautiful—rich yet barren.

"I'm afraid when we met last—at Lady Southminster's ball—that I forgot to congratulate you upon your engagement to your cousin," said Violet by-and-by, when they had walked a little way in perfect silence.

She was trying to carry out an old determination. She had always meant to go up to him frankly with outstretched hand and wish him joy. And she fancied that at the ball she had said too little. She had not let him understand that she was really glad. "Believe me, I am very glad that you should marry some one close at home—that you should widen your influence among us."

"You are very kind," answered Rorie, with exceeding coldness. "I suppose all such engagements are subjects for congratulation from a conventional point of view. My future wife is both amiable and accomplished, as you know. I have reason to be very proud that she has done me so great an honor as to prefer me to many worthier suitors, but I am bound to tell you—as we once before spoke of this subject, at the time of your dear father's death, and I then expressed myself somewhat strongly—I am bound to tell you that my engagement to Mabel was made to please my poor mother. It was when we were all in Italy together. My mother was dying, and Mabel's goodness and devotion to her had been beyond all praise; and my heart was drawn to her by affection, by gratitude; and I knew that it would make my poor mother happy to see us irrevocably bound to each other—and so—the thing came about somehow, almost unawares, and I have every reason to be proud and happy that fate should have favored me so far above my deserts."

"I am very glad that you are happy," said Violet, gently.

After this there was a silence which lasted longer than the previous interval in their talk. They were at the top of the hill before either of them spoke.

Then Vixen laid her hand lightly upon her old playfellow's arm, and said, with extreme earnestness:

"You will go into Parliament by-and-by, no doubt, and have great influence. Do not let them spoil the Forest. Do not let horrid grinding-down economists, for the sake of saving a few pounds or gaining a few pounds, alter and destroy scenes that are so beautiful and a delight to so many. Let all things be as they were when we were children."

"All that my voice and influence can do to keep them so shall be done, Violet," he answered, in tones as earnest. "I am glad that you have asked me something to-night. I am glad, with all my heart, that you have given me something to do for you. It shall be like a badge to my helmet by-and-by when I enter the lists. I think I shall say, 'For God and for Violet,' when I run a tilt against the economic devastators who want to clear our woods and cut off our commoners."

He bent down and kissed her hand, as in token of knightly allegiance. He had just time to do it comfortably before Mr. and Mrs. Scobel, with the children and their master and mistress, came marching up the hill, singing with shrill glad voices one of the harvest-home processional hymns.

> "All good gifts around us
> Are sent from heaven above,
> Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
> For all His love."

"What a lovely night!" cried Mr. Scobel. "I think we ought all to walk home. It would be much nicer than being driven."

This he said with a lively recollection of Titmouse's performances on the journey out, and a lurking dread that he might behave a little worse on the journey home. A lively animal of that kind, going home to his stable through the uncertain lights and shadows of woodland roads, and driven by such a charioteer as Violet Tempest, was not to be thought of without a shudder.

"I think I had better walk home, in any case," said Mr Scobel, thoughtfully. "I shall be wanted to keep the children together."

"Let us all walk home," suggested Roderick. "We can go through the plantations. It will be very jolly in the moonlight. Bates can drive your pony back, Violet."

Vixen hesitated.

"It's not more than four miles through the plantations," said Roderick.

"Do you think I am afraid of a long walk?"

"Of course not. You were a modern Atalanta three years ago. I don't suppose a winter in Paris and a season at Brighton have quite spoiled you."

"It shall be as you like, Mrs. Scobel," said Vixen, appealing to the vicar's wife.

"Oh, let us walk, by all means," replied Mrs. Scobel, divining her husband's feelings with respect to Titmouse.

"Then you may drive the pony home, Bates," said Violet; "and be sure you give him a good supper."

Titmouse went rattling down the hill at a pace that almost justified the vicar's objection to him. He gave a desperate shy in the hollow at sight of a shaggy donkey with a sudden appearance about the head, suggestive to the equine mind of hobgoblins. Convulsed at this appalling spectre, Titmouse stood on end for a second or two, and then tore violently off, swinging his carriage behind him so that the groom's figure swayed to and fro in the moonlight.

"Thank God we're not sitting behind that brute!" ejaculated the vicar, devoutly.

The pedestrians went off in the other direction, along the brow of the hill, by a long white road that crossed a wide sweep of heathy country, brown ridges and dark hollows, distant groups of firs standing black against the moon-lit sky, here and there a solitary yew that looked as if it were haunted—just such a landscape as that Scottish heath upon which Macbeth met the three weird women at set of sun, when the battle was lost and won. Vixen and Rorie led the way; the procession of school-children followed, singing hymns as they went with a vocal power that gave no token of diminution.

"Their singing is very melodious when the sharp edge is taken off by distance," said Rorie; and he and Violet walked at a pace which soon left the children a good way behind them. Mellowed by a quarter of a mile or so of intervening space, the music lent a charm to the tranquil, perfumed night.

By-and-by they came to the gate of an inclosure which covered a large extent of ground, and through which there was a near way to Beechdale and the Abbey House. They walked along a grassy track through a plantation of young pines—a track which led them down into a green and mossy bottom, where the trees were old and beautiful, and the shadows fell darker. The tall beech branches shone like silver, or like wonderful frozen trees in some region of eternal ice and snow. It was a wilderness in which a stranger would incontinently lose himself; but every foot of the way was familiar to Vixen and Rorie. They had followed the hounds by these green ways, and ridden and walked here in all seasons.

For some time they walked almost in silence, enjoying the beauty of the night, the stillness only broken by the distant chorus of the children singing their pious strains—old hymn tunes that Violet had known and loved all her life.

"Doesn't it almost seem as if our old childish days had come back?" said Roderick by-and-by. "Don't you feel as if you were a little girl again, Vixen, going for a ramble with me—fern-hunting or primrose-gathering?"

"No," answered Vixen, firmly. "Nothing can ever bring the past back for me. I shall never forget that I had a father—the best and dearest—and that I have lost him."

"Dear Violet," Roderick began, very gently, "life can not be made up of mourning for the dead. We may keep their images enshrined in our hearts forever, but we must not shut our youth from the sunshine. Think of how few years of youth God gives us, and if we waste those upon vain sorrow—"

"No one can say that I have wasted my youth, or shut myself from the sunshine. I go to kettle-drums and dancing parties. My mother and I have taken pains to let the world see how happy we can be without papa."

"The dear old squire!" said Rorie, tenderly; "I think he loved me."

"I am sure he did," answered Vixen.

"Well, you and I seem to have entered upon a new life since last we rode through these woods together. I dare say you are right, and that it is not possible to fancy one's self back in the past, even for a moment. Consciousness of the present hangs so heavily upon us."

"Yes," assented Vixen.

They had come to the end of the inclosure, and stood leaning against a gate, waiting for the arrival of the children.

"And, after all, perhaps it is better to live in the present, and look back at the past as at an old picture which we shall sooner or later turn with its face to the wall."

"I like best to think of my old self as if it were some one else," said Violet. "I know there was a little girl whom her father called Vixen, who used to ride after the hounds, and roam about the Forest on her pony, and who was almost as wild as the Forest ponies herself. But I can't associate her with this present me," concluded Violet, pointing to herself with a half-scornful gesture.

"And which is the better, do you think," asked Rorie, "the wild Violet of the past, or the elegant exotic of the present?"

"I know which was the happier."

"Ah," sighed Rorie, "happiness is a habit we outgrow when we get out of our teens. But you, at nineteen, ought to have a year or so to the good."

The children came in sight, tramping along the rutty green walk, singing lustily, Mr Scobel walking at their head, and swinging his stick in time with the tuneful choir.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT interest has been excited in scientific circles in England by the startling announcement that Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER, the well-known astronomer and spectroscopist, has realized a portion at least of the dream of the alchemists, in the transmutation of one metal into another. Mr LOCKYER has not yet himself made the discovery public, though he has sent a short preliminary note to the Paris Academy of Sciences, and is preparing a paper to be read shortly before the Royal Society. The statement is that, by the aid of a powerful voltaic current, Mr. LOCKYER has, in the presence of some of the most eminent English chemists, volatilized copper within a glass tube, dissolved the deposit found within the tube in hydrochloric acid, and then showed, by means of the spectroscope, that the solution no longer contained copper, but calcium. The experiment was repeated with other metals with corresponding results, nickel being transmuted into cobalt. Assuming the absence of experimental error, two conclusions only are possible—that the substances hitherto assumed to be elementary are in reality allotropic modifications of one primordial substance, or that all spectroscopic analysis hitherto relied on as absolutely trustworthy must be altogether abandoned. It is not stated that the results were tested by ordinary chemical reactions. In either case there has been none among the many chemical and physical discoveries of recent years more pregnant with results for the future of science than this, should its accuracy be confirmed.

A convenient form of portable glue is given by Mr. CHARRELL, and is based upon the use of shredded gelatine. A small portion of this is placed in a wide-mouthed bottle, to which a little water and about one-fourth part of glacial acetic acid are to be added. The gelatine will swell up into worm-like pieces, and will be quite elastic. It will keep in this condition indefinitely, when properly prepared. When required for use, take a small portion of the swelled gelatine and warm the end of it to the flame of a match or candle, and it will immediately "run" into a fine, clear glue, which can be applied at once to the article to be mended. If the shredded gelatine can not be obtained, the best quality of white glue may be soaked for a short time in water, and then cut up into thin strips with a pair of scissors.

Dr EDWIN R. HEATH, to whom we referred some time ago as intending to take up the work of South American exploration commenced by Professor ORTON, and interrupted by his untimely death, left New York on the 19th of November, on the *William H. Kenny*, for Pará, expecting to proceed by steamer to San Antonio, to remain there during the winter, and from that point as a centre to carry on his further investigations. In these he expects to be greatly assisted by Messrs. T. and P. COLLINS, of Philadelphia, the contractors for the Mamoré and Madeira Railroad.

The third annual report of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore is especially interesting as including the report of the Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory, which we have already mentioned as having been organized near Fort Wool during the past summer, under the direction of Professor W. K. BROOKS. The most important results of the season consisted in the careful study of the character and development of the genus *Amphioxus*, a low order of fishes, which has constituted a favorite subject of research among naturalists. The opportunity was also embraced for investigating the character of the genus *Lingula*, one of the brachiopoda. A beginning was also made by Professor RICE of a careful examination of the history of the development of the oyster, to be continued in behalf of the United States Coast Survey.

Professor T. P. SMIRNOV, of Kasan, has lately completed the magnetical survey of Russia, upon which he has been engaged for several years, by observations in the basin of the Pechora.

Professor POLYAKOV has continued his explorations of the lakes of Russia. His researches have induced him to believe that the seals which formerly occupied these lakes are a different species from those now in the Arctic Ocean and the Caspian.

Mr CHARLES R. THATCHER, the well-known conchological collector, died recently at Shanghai, of fever. To the zeal and industry of this gentleman science is indebted for the discovery of many new species of shells, his collection in this department being very extensive, and rivalling that of the late HUGH CUMMING.

His many correspondents and friends in this country will regret to hear of the death of Dr. JOHANN GEORG KOHL, the city librarian of Bremen, on the 28th of October, at the age of seventy.

He is well known from his residence in the United States some years ago, during which time he was engaged in studying some points connected with the early geography of the continent, and his services in this direction have been freely at the command of some of our government bureaus.

The Proceedings of the National Museum contain an article by Dr JAMES C. MERRILL, U.S.A., upon the birds of Southern Texas, being especially a list of the species observed in the vicinity of Fort Brown. The number amounts to 252, among them several previously unrecorded as inhabitants of the United States.

To Dr MERRILL and Mr GEORGE B. SENNETT, who has also been carrying on researches in the same region, ornithology is indebted for a very considerable increase in the list of species since the collections made in that section in connection with the Mexican Boundary Survey. The additions include several kinds of humming-birds, some warblers and sparrows, a pigeon, the jacana, etc.

In April last the American mackerel vessel *Notice*, of Gloucester, started on an expedition in pursuit of mackerel on the coast of Norway, especially with a view of determining whether the purse net, the almost universal means of capture on our coast, would answer the same purpose in Europe, where it has been hitherto unknown. The vessel got back to Gloucester about the middle of November, and reports the trip as a failure financially, on account of the difficulty of seining successfully on the Norwegian coast, in consequence of the heavy sea which almost continually prevails. The captain mentions but two calm days during the entire trip.

An amended and final programme of the WOODRUFF scientific expedition around the world, which has occupied public attention during the past year, has lately been published, showing an entire reorganization of the enterprise, and its establishment on a new basis. It may be remembered that an act was passed by Congress last winter authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to grant an American register to a foreign-built steamer for the purpose of the WOODRUFF scientific expedition, "provided that the said steamship be approved by the Secretary of the Navy as suitable in all respects for the purposes of said expedition, and there shall be maintained thereon, without expense to the United States, a school with capacity for at least two hundred students, together with a competent faculty, for the promotion of scientific and nautical knowledge." It was further provided "that in no case shall mercantile or commercial ventures form any part of said expedition, or the government of the United States be now or hereafter subjected to any expense on account thereof."

After receiving this authority Mr. WOODRUFF visited Europe and made a provisional purchase of the steam-ship *General Werder*, a large and new vessel, built on the Clyde for the Bremen North German Lloyd's. This vessel is 360 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 3000 tons burden. In accordance with the law of Congress, a commission was appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine the vessel, the report of which being considered satisfactory, assurance to that effect was transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, who thereupon granted the register referred to. The vessel is now in New York, being fitted up for her purpose, and, according to Mr. WOODRUFF, will start on her voyage on the 8th of May.

The charge for the passage and for all accommodations and instruction to be furnished remains as originally contemplated, at $2500. It is hoped and expected that at this price 300 students can be obtained.

The plan of the expedition has been so frequently referred to in our columns that it is not necessary to repeat it. According to Mr WOODRUFF's pamphlet, the vessel will be in charge of Commander A. P. COOKE, U.S.N., and Lieutenant Commander H. C. WHITE, U.S.N. The medical officers mentioned are Dr. J. H. HIDDEN, U.S.N., and Dr J. J. NEWPORT, U.S.N.

The course of scientific instruction will be in charge of Professor W. S. CLARK, late president of the Amherst Agricultural College.

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UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOES.

Shoes as articles of apparel are undoubtedly of great antiquity, and have in all times been worn in some form or other by the people of civilized countries. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years, and is probably of Eastern origin. Thus we find frequent mention of the shoe in the Bible, from the book of Exodus to the Acts. The well-known injunction to the Israelites as to how they were to eat the Passover may be mentioned as an early instance where shoes are referred to, though we have before this, in the account of Moses and the burning bush, an earlier reference, giving an antiquity of over three thousand years to the shoe. There is, however, mention made of a shoe-latchet as early as the time of Abraham. The reader who refers to Genesis will find evidence there of the frequent mention of the shoe in Scripture.

Among the ancient Hebrews shoes were made of leather, rushes, or wool, those of the soldiers being sometimes of brass or iron, tied with thongs passed under the foot. The ancient Greeks wore various kinds of shoes, the women of distinction wearing sandals, and the Lacedæmonians wearing red shoes. Shoes among the Greeks were made so high as to reach generally to the middle of the leg, and were often of gold and silk and other precious stuffs. The Egyptians made their shoes of papyrus or palm leaves.

Coming to the time of the Romans, we find shoe-making assuming something of the nature of an art. The Romans wore two kinds of shoes—the calceus, covering the whole foot, not unlike our modern fashion, and the sandal or slipper, covering only the sole of the foot. These were often sumptuously ornamented, Caligula having his enriched with precious stones, Nero his shod with silver, and his empress, Poppæa, here with gold. We read of sandalia pretiosa displaying the most elaborate decorations—"cum imaginibus Regum in rotulis, cum flocculis de perlis

THE ASHANTEE WAR—A PENAL REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT PRILEY, THIRD GUARDS.—[SEE DETAILS, PAGE 16 OF SUPPLEMENT.]

Indici, cotoris et leopardis de perlis albis," etc. Some remarkable examples of Roman shoes were found in a tomb at Southfleet, in Kent, in 1872. They were of purple leather, reticulated in hexagonal designs of beautiful workmanship, each hexagonal division being marked in gold. Indeed, the Romans seem altogether to have been liberal patrons of the followers of St. Crispin, for the streets of the imperial city in the time of Domitian were so blocked up with cobblers' stalls that he caused them to be removed.

In England the fashion of wearing shoes can be traced back to the earliest times. According to Meyrick, the shoes worn by the Belgic Britons were made of raw cowhide that had the hair turned outward, and coming up to the ankles. A great hero of the time of William Rufus, called Robert the Horned, wore shoes with long sharp points, stuffed with tow, and twisted in a spiral form. This fashion took the fancy of the people of that day immensely, and the points went on increasing yearly to the reign of Richard the Second, when they had to be tied to the knees of the wearer to save him from being encumbered in walking. This tying or fastening in the case of gentlemen was by chains of silver or silver gilt. In Chaucer's time the upper part of these shoes was cut to imitate a church window. The rank of the wearer in those days was known by the length of his poulaines. "The men," says Paradin, "were them with a point before, half a foot long; the richer and more eminent person agen were them a foot, and princes two feet long." By an act of the reign of Edward the Fourth the absurd length to which these points had attained was limited; and no one under the rank of a lord was to wear shoes more than ten inches long, and all cobblers making them were to be fined, and cursed by the clergy.

Shoes, more or less ornamental, appear to have continued in vogue among Englishmen down to a very late period. Perhaps the most splendid pair of shoes we read of is that worn by Sir Walter Raleigh on great court occasions. They were of buff leather, so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded in value the sum of six thousand six hundred pounds. Our present style of shoe was introduced in 1633, but buckles were not used till 1670. High heels were fashionable in three reigns previous to that of Queen Victoria, those of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William and Mary. The

man of fashion in 1720 wore his shoes square at the toes, with diminutive diamond buckles, a monstrous flap on the instep, and high heels. "Red heels to his shoes" is one of the directions for making a beau in 1727; and Gay, in his "Trivia," thus satirizes the fashion:

"At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes."

FUGITIVE FUN.

Two friends, while spending some days in the country, on the Sunday attended the village church. They heard a long and, it must be confessed, somewhat tedious sermon. Moreover, the preacher, in expounding his subject, seemed to the two strangers among his hearers to take an unusually narrow, restricted, and literal view of the text. While walking back to their lodgings one of the friends remarked upon this, when the other said: "The same thing struck me. The good man's sermon reminded me of nothing so much as of Euclid's definition of a line—*length* without *breadth*."

A certain merchant in an English town recently failed. The failure was an honorable one, and had been caused through no fault, morally speaking at any rate, of the insolvent. A friend of the merchant's talking over the matter to two others, was speaking in terms of high praise of the bankrupt—how just a man he had always been in business; how much his misfortunes had been due to the short-comings of others; and how anxious he had shown himself to render his creditors all the help in his power in regard to the liquidation—how, in short, his very failure had been a credit to him. All this was readily assented to by the other two; but one of them was a man who could not easily forego his joke, whatever the occasion. "Ah, yes," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "poor J—— is like the parson in the 'Deserted Village'—

"'Even his *failings* lean to virtue's side.'"

Some acquaintances at a dinner-party—among them a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Medicine—got into a discussion as to the respective services which the clerical and the medical professions gave to the world. The discussion was maintained with entire good humor on both sides, but the clergyman naturally remained firm to his point, that great as was the physician's office, that of the cleric was still higher.

"Well, well," said the physician, with assumed gravity; "after all, the only difference between us is that you are the doctors that *preach*, and we those that *practice*."

A certain Scottish minister of considerable force of character and vigor of expression was wont in his pulpit discourses occasionally to make somewhat vehement attacks upon the Church of Rome. One year Mr. A—— decided upon making Rome the scene of his annual autumn holiday. A member of his congregation, while calling upon the minister's mother, touched upon the subject of her son's projected trip, remarking that he would no doubt get a great deal of enjoyment from it. The old lady shook her head, and replied: "I've great fears about the whole matter. I doubt if it's safe his going to Rome at a'. Every body kens that there's few been so sair against the Pope as our Willy."

A young medical man was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was on the way to recovery, when one day she said to the doctor, "Will ye tell me, doctor dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no."

"Oh yes; I think you'll be all right soon now," was the answer.

"I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribed to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out of it or no."

The following is "far-fetched" only in the sense of its coming a distance of several thousand miles. A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day of prayer for rain was appointed and held, and as it happened the rain came on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy magistrate of the district, on hearing of what was going on at C——, and fancying that the rain in his own neighborhood was sensibly increasing, in haste dispatched the following telegram to the authorities at C——: "Stop praying now, or we'll be flooded in five hours."

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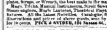

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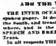

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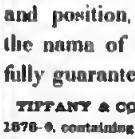

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THE AMEER'S TROUBLES.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of December 14 we published a view of the fortress of Ali-Musjeed, in the Khyber Pass, and in connection with it gave a detailed account of the reception offered the British mission at this point by the soldiers of SHERE ALI. This Khyber Pass is justly regarded as the gate of Afghanistan, for although there are several other important passes leading into the Ameer's dominions, it is through this one that communication is generally held by caravans travelling between Afghanistan and India. The fortress of Ali-Musjeed was, however, precipitately abandoned by its garrison on the approach of the English, for which act of cowardice or treachery the commandant was, it is reported, blown from the mouth of a cannon by order of the enraged Ameer.

The repulse offered Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN and his escort on the 21st of September was followed by a correspondence between Lord LYTTON, Viceroy of India, and the Ameer, showing a praiseworthy evasion on the part of the latter that might awaken the admiration of a European diplomatist. In an epistle dated October 6 the Ameer refers to the letters received through NAWAB GHULAM HUSSEIN KHAN, and while claiming that these had not been read by him, speaks of the reception of another letter "written thoughtlessly to a well-intentioned friend, replete with contentions, and yet nominally regarding a friendly mission." Innocently his Afghan Majesty inquires: "Coming thus by force, what result, or profit, or fruit could come of it?" Having thus disposed of the decidedly hostile reception accorded to the advanced guard of the mission at Ali-Musjeed, he goes on to complain of other letters in the same strain addressed to his officials, and concludes by saying: "Thus, during a period of a few days, several letters from that quarter have all been before me, and none of them have been free from harsh expressions and hard words, repugnant to courtesy and politeness, and in tone contrary to the ways of friendship and intercourse. Looking to the fact that I am at this time assailed by affliction and grief at the hand of fate, and that great trouble has possessed my soul, in the officials of the British government patience and silence would have been spiritually becoming. Let your Excellency take into consideration this harsh and breathless haste with which the desired object and place of conference have been asked upon, and how the officials of the government have been led into discussion and subjection to reproach. There is some difference between this and the pure road of friendship and good will. In alluding to those writings of the officials of the opposite government which have emanated from them, and are at this time in the possession of my own officials, the latter have in no respect desired to show enmity or opposition toward the British government, nor, indeed, do they with any other power desire enmity or strife, but when any other power, without cause or reason, shows animosity toward this government, the matter is left in the hands of God and to His will."

The reply to this epistle dictated by Lord LYTTON has already gained the name of the ultimatum, under which it will figure in the history of the present Afghan war. In it the Governor-General alludes to SHERE ALI's remonstrances in not sooner returning a reply to the letters carried him by NAWAB GHULAM HUSSEIN KHAN, sets forth his want of faith with the English in receiving a Russian envoy at his court while at the same time refusing to entertain a representative of the English government, and recapitulates the insult contained in his refusal to admit the mission led by Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, a nobleman personally known to the Ameer, within Afghan dominions. The letter particularly explains that the escort of two hundred men, to far from being an evidence of hostile intent, was a smaller number than had accompanied his Majesty into India on a visit of a similar import. Attention is also called to the fact that the first letter addressed to the Ameer in regard to the mission expressly explained its friendly character, in spite of all which orders were sent to the garrison at Ali-Musjeed to prevent its approach. Finally, this important document concludes: "For this act of enmity and indignity to the Empress of India in the person of her envoy, your letter affords no explanation or apology, nor does it contain any answer to my proposal for a full and frank understanding between our two governments. In consequence of this hostile action on your part I have assembled her Majesty's forces on your frontier; but I desire to give you a last opportunity of averting the calamities of war. For this it is necessary that a full and satisfactory apology be offered by you in writing, and tendered on British territory by an officer of sufficient rank. Furthermore, as it has been found impossible to maintain satisfactory relations between the two states unless the British government is adequately represented in Afghanistan, it will be necessary that you should consent to receive a permanent British mission within your territory. It is further essential that you should undertake that no injury shall be done by you to the tribes who acted as guides to my mission, and that reparation shall be made for any damage they have suffered from you; and if any injury be done by you to them, the British government will at once take steps to protect them. Unless these conditions are accepted fully and plainly by you, and your acceptance received by me not later than the 20th of November, I shall be compelled to consider your intentions as hostile, and to treat you as a declared enemy of the British government."

With a species of bravado that argues either an entire forgetfulness of his past experience with the English, or else a blind reliance on help from foreign sources, the Ameer allowed the fatal 20th to pass without having made any sign. This was accepted by the authorities of India as an intimation of hostile designs, and on the morning of November 21 orders were given to the troops at the mouth of the Khyber Pass to advance on Ali-Musjeed. At this point the pass is about 150 feet wide, but although the position is one of considerable strength, it possesses a great drawback in being commanded by two hills of considerable elevation on the south and west. In fact, it was mainly owing to these heights that the capture of Ali-Musjeed proved such a comparatively easy task. Early in the morning General BROWN, commander of the English forces at this point, dispatched his first and second brigades, under Colonels MACPHERSON and TYTLER, by a circuitous route to the right, with the object of outflanking the enemy by occupying the Rhotas Hills, and thus cutting off his retreat. Shortly afterward General BROWN himself, with the third and part of the fourth division, advanced directly upon the fort, and establishing his batteries of 40-pounders upon the Shagai range, opened fire upon the fort, which had already fired the first shot. Skirmishers were sent forward to clear the villages, and at one o'clock the elephant batteries of 40-pounders arrived, which, notwithstanding the exceedingly good practice on the part of the Afghans, succeeded in dismounting the enemy's guns, the third brigade, under Colonel AP-PLEYARD, having in the meantime succeeded in [illegible] within attacking distance of the enemy, mostly born [illegible] and were usually [illegible] trenchments, being [illegible] killed close to the [illegible] night was coming on [illegible] of Colonel MACPHERSON [illegible] Tytler [illegible] heights, the advance [illegible] to retire, and the [illegible] on the positions the [illegible] being expected to [illegible] the Afghans, [illegible] flanking column [illegible] behind them guns, [illegible]

THE FORT OF ALI-MUSJEED, IN THE KHYBER PASS, CAPTURED

BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

meanwhile time advanced almost
ssance of the fort. The col-
ar brought of the enemy's fire,
prisoner from the Afghan lan-
were British officers, who were
Afghan guns. As, however,
nd nothing had been heard
ssan's column, although Col
n had secured the Rhotas
of skirmishers were ordered
upon bivouacked for the night
had taken, a general attack
concerning. During the night
l at the advance of the out-
abandoned the fort, leaving
guns, and mules, and in a few
hours the British troops were in complete possession of this important position, with a loss of about forty men and three officers killed and wounded. In the mean time the retreat of the garrison had been cut off by Colonel Tytler, and a position captured, while the friendly Afreedis also intercepted 100 of the Ameer's troops, seizing their arms and clothing. The British numbered 4500, with about 21,000 camp-followers and thirty guns, of which several were elephant batteries of 40-pounders, and the not mainly made heterogeneous of Spanders. Having carefully secured his position, and taken possession of the enemy's guns and camp, in which every thing had been precipitately abandoned, General Browne remained in the fort all the night of the 22d, and on Saturday advanced to Lundi Khana, whence on Sunday he pushed on to Dubka, which had been evacuated by the Afghans, forty two miles from Jelalabad.

Since the capture of Ali Musjeed there has been a series of battles of more or less importance, nearly all of which have resulted in victories for the English, so that Sheer Ali seems likely to suffer a severe punishment for the generally sullen and hostile attitude he has pursued toward the nation with which his father was in such close and amicable alliance. For this deep-seated grudge which the Ameer bears toward the English nation several causes have been assigned. According to a lengthy document prepared by Lord Chelmsford, the Secretary of State for India, and sent as a dispatch to Lord Lytton, the discontent of Sheer Ali had for its original basis Russian advances in Central Asia and the refusal of the friendly English to offer any guarantee against them. It is claimed that after the transfer of the Indian administration to the crown and the accession of Sheer Ali, Lord Lawrence, upon whom devolved the direction of the policy to be adopted in this new state of affairs, considered that the objects of the British government would be best obtained by cementing the friendship of Sheer Ali by a recognition of the existing order of things and a policy of non-interference.

In pursuance of this policy friendly negotiations were opened at St. Petersburg early in 1869, which resulted in a very distinct understanding, and in the recognition by the Czar's government of the limits of the Ameer's territories in complete accord with Sheer Ali and the British government. This state of affairs proved satisfactory all around until the capture of Khiva by the forces of the Czar in the spring of 1873, and the total subordination of that khanate to Russia, caused Sheer Ali considerable alarm, and led him to question the value of pledges with reference to Afghanistan which had been given by the Czar to England, and communicated by England to the Ameer. Actuated by fears on this score, his Highness sent a special envoy to Simla in the summer of that year, charged with the duty of expressing them to the government of India. At this time Lord Northbrook was at the head of affairs, and the answer returned to the representatives of the Ameer was very much like that of the chancellor in Tennyson's poem, who

"In courteous words returned reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by."

Lord Northbrook assured the Ameer that under certain conditions the government of India would assist him to repel unprovoked aggression, but her Majesty's government at home did not share his Highness's apprehension, and the Viceroy ultimately informed the Ameer that the discussion of the question would be best postponed to a more convenient season. The effect of this announcement on his Highness, although conveyed in conciliatory language, was not favorable. The policy which dictated it was unintelligible to his mind and he received it with feelings of chagrin and disappointment. His reply was couched in terms of ill-disguised sarcasm. He took no notice of the Viceroy's proposal to depute a British officer to examine the northern frontier of Afghanistan. He subsequently refused permission to Sir Douglas Forsyth to return from Kashgar to India through Cabul. He left untouched a gift of money lodged to his credit by the Indian government, and generally assumed toward it an attitude of sullen reserve.

This explanation of Lord Chelmsford would seem to account for the Ameer's attitude of discontent and disgust toward the English, were not a better one offered by the Duke of Argyll—a most eminent authority on Afghan and Indian affairs. According to this nobleman, who was, as he says, "the organ of the late administration in Indian affairs during the whole of the Viceroyalty of Lord Mayo and during a considerable part of the Viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook," Sheer Ali's grievance dates back to what he calls the "one-sided" character of the treaty of 1855. In it the Indian government promised nothing except to respect the territories of Afghanistan, and never to interfere therein. But the corresponding obligation on the Ameer was very different. He promised to be "the friend of the friends, and the enemy of the enemies, of the Honorable East Indian Company." Thus on the part of the Ameer it was a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive. On the part of the Indian government it had no such character.

That Sheer Ali's grudge against the English is of earlier date than that assigned to it by Lord Chelmsford, and was in reality connected with the treaty of 1855, as insisted upon by the Duke of Argyll, is fully substantiated by the conduct of the Ameer in 1869, at the time he visited India for the purpose of holding a conference with Lord Mayo at Umballa. "It is most remarkable," says the Viceroy in a private letter to his Grace of Argyll describing the interview, "that during all the Ameer's conversations here he has hardly once mentioned the name of Russia." Yet from the moment of his entry at Umballa the inequality of the treaty was the burden of his song. He complained that the friendship between the English and his father had been a "dry friendship" and "one-sided." They had not helped Sheer Ali himself, as they ought to have done, to secure the throne. They had simply acknowledged him when he his own good sword had secured it for himself. They had equally recognized others when they had gained temporary success. What he now wanted was that the English should guarantee not himself only, but his lineal descendants, on the throne which he had won.

Sheer Ali's continued attitude of sullenness and bitterness toward the English cannot be ascribed to this refusal as Umballa to meet his views in regard to the sort of alliance between himself and England that would assure his position on the tremulous throne of Afghanistan. His recent act of such defiance may in the same manner be traced to the fact that he has ceased to look for any such support from the British government as will lead to the establishment of his family as the ruling dynasty of the empire. At present his position is a pitiful one, for not only is he not supported by any power whose jealousy of England might lead it to make common cause even with the Ameer of Afghanistan, but his disaffection among his own followers increases daily.

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METEMPSYCHOSIS

BEAUTIFUL Helen, why do you dream?
Hath Love done aught amiss,
That under the mystic mistletoe
He stole one happy kiss?"
"Nay, Antony, but the truth is this—
If you the truth must know—
I dreamed of kisses you gave me, dear,
In ages long ago.

"Do you remember the Nile, love,
The floating lotus flowers,
The great white moon o'er the flooded plains,
The starry jasmine bowers,
The singing girls by the river's side,
The timbrels and the psalms,
And the warm still night you kissed me first
Under the bending palms?

"Well, that is thousands of years ago;
You have forgot, I see.
Do you remember one glorious day
In lovely Thessaly?
Can you see the crowds of fair proud youths,
And hear their eager cries,
When you threw the discus, and ran the race,
And won the noblest prize?

"You shake your head: let that memory pass.
I know you've not forgot
The thyme-clad hill, and the young bride moon,
The sacred little grot
Where you crowned me with your laurel wreath,
While I, to crown your bliss,
Under the rustling mulberry trees
Gave you again Love's kiss.

"Don't smile, beloved, for I see you next,
First in the 'Camp of Mars;'
You are under the golden eagles,
Armed for the Dacian wars
While trumpets sound and soldiers shout,
And august 'Triumph!' cry,
You stoop from under a Roman flag,
And kiss me with a sigh.

"And then I have a wavering dream
Of half-barbaric state;
Of mounting knights and of banquet halls,
Of lords and ladies great.
They come and go with a changeful show,
But you I never miss:
Over and over the same sweet tale
You tell with Love's first kiss.

"Now under the mistletoe again
(We have been there before)
To-day's sweet kiss has the space and helm
Of the brightest days of yore.
For, Antony dear—laugh if you like—
I know this thing is so:
You are the youth I kissed in the Said
Thousands of years ago.

"And you are the youth that shared with me
My sweet Thessalian home,
The same brave soldier I kissed with pride
Passing through ancient Rome;
And the kiss I give in New York to-day,
Under strange mistletoe,
Is the self-same kiss I gave you, dear,
In ages long ago."

LADY CARMICHAEL'S WILL.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "BACK TO THE OLD HOME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER EVENING.

LADY CARMICHAEL lay resting near the open French window, while Lilian and I sat together on the step of it, looking out upon the view from this new home of ours. From our feet the lawn sloped to the cliffs; beyond, the sea lay wide and still, with the sunset flush upon its waters. We had only reached Bryn Arddail this very afternoon, and after our London spring the fresh sea-breeze was most delicious to us. Lilian, with her face raised to meet it, heaved a long sigh of the purest and deepest enjoyment. Lady Carmichael smiled a little, seeing this. "Lilian, you will soon droop with ennui here," she said, "and pray me to take you abroad, or to one of those gay country houses to which you are invited—any where, in short, so that you may feel yourself again a star among women, a little goddess among men. Remember, Mr Macan says we shall have no society here—no one to speak to but each other."

My lady said this with a quizzical glance at Lilian, but I am sure she detected as readily as I did the true ring in Lilian's ready answer: "I don't want society, auntie. I don't want any new friend. I have gladly left every single one behind, except you and Stella—the two best and dearest."

Lilian said this with a smile, not only for Lady Carmichael, but for me too—once her favorite school friend, and now her paid companion.

"Miss Lilian must be so heartily tired of those carpet knights who perpetually dance attendance upon her, that one could fancy the absence of them here to be almost a blessing."

"So it is!" cried Lilian, springing to her feet, and putting both her hands into those of the old gentleman who had come round to the open window just in time to hear Lady Carmichael's last speech. "How did you come, Mr Macan?"

"By train, my dear. How else? I've an old acquaintance here, and I wanted to see him."

Mr Macan had been Lady Carmichael's intimate friend, as well as legal adviser, for twenty years; yet it was evident she had never heard before of his having an acquaintance in this primitive sea-board parish, to which she had been sent to recruit her failing health.

"You said we should have no society here at all," she said, in rather an injured tone.

"Nor will you, my lady; but a village, however isolated and uncivilized, has one necessary appendage—its clergyman; and I chance to know the man who is billeted in Bryn Arddail. May I introduce him to you?"

"Yes, as he is a friend of yours."

"Not for that reason," returned the old lawyer, quietly; "but as the year you have decided to spend in Bryn Arddail will be none the less pleasant for his acquaintance, and as I can answer that he will never intrude unwelcomely, and may sometimes be an acceptable addition to your party when you are tired of each other, I will introduce him."

"We shall never be tired of each other," said Lilian, in her prompt, impulsive way. "Mr Macan, what a beautiful place this is! I'm perfectly certain it will give auntie back her health and strength."

"Tell me who is this curate of Bryn Arddail," said Lady Carmichael, presently.

"He is not curate, but rector, of Bryn Arddail, receiving as his stipend about one-half of what they give some junior curate in town. You look surprised, Miss Lilian. I see no reason why Hugh Lindsey should not work here for about one-quarter of the sum any one of your lovers pays his tailor yearly, and help the parish on it, too."

"He can not," Lilian said. She stood leaning against the window-frame beside me, looking to where the village nestled among the cliffs, and I thought she spoke with unusual earnestness.

"I am not to be contradicted by you young things," remonstrated the old lawyer, watching her. "I am talking to Lady Carmichael, and you need not listen."

But Lilian did listen. I do not think there was one word she missed, as her eyes wandered from the village to the gray tower of the church upon the cliff, then away to the silent, beautiful sea.

"I don't know about appreciation for his talents," said Mr. Macan, with greater seriousness than was usual with him, "but I think he is making 'other ten' with them, and perhaps his Master will be satisfied."

"What a great thing," said Lilian, softly, "to have gained such an influence as you speak of over these rough fishermen and miners!"

"As brave a victory as was ever gained," said the old lawyer, warmly. "I have heard enough to-day to teach even an old fellow like myself. They tell me that the public-house here is almost unvisited, while I can recollect hearing and seeing in Bryn Arddail as much drunkenness and ribaldry as I have sometimes seen and heard in the lowest parts of Hammersmith. Could I say more? Of course this change has not been accomplished by teaching alone, though Lindsey works as untiringly and powerfully—the only way a man can work who aims for such high success. Example goes farther with such men as these than any teaching, and the life their rector lives among them is his best lesson. The brave and fearless way he shows them in every act and word of his what love he bears his Saviour, and the proud yet humble way he puts before all other thoughts the love his Saviour bears to us, has—well—has done its work. The men are led to see what is the truest manliness as well as the purest religion; and I believe they love their young teacher with a little of such love as certain fishermen of old bore *their* young Teacher. No wonder either, since that manly love he seeks to win from them is for his Master, never for himself."

"Is your friend a gentleman by birth?" inquired my lady.

"No." Mr Macan was smiling quizzically, for he knew most of Lady Carmichael's weaknesses. "I don't think Lindsey's forebears were ever heard of. But never mind; the pew belonging to this house is a very snug one, my lady, and will encourage oblivion of Hugh's antecedents."

"You mean," said Lilian, turning gravely to look into the old lawyer's face, "that we shall only think of what he tells us."

"Do I?" smiled Mr Macan, well pleased, as I could see, at the way she put into his tone. "Well, you know best, my dear. But remember, I don't expect *you* to stay the year contentedly here."

"I am very glad of the change and quiet," she said, earnestly. "I wish you would believe me."

He must have believed such truthful eyes and lips; yet I could understand how hard it might be. She had come from London in the very height of the season, and was forfeiting gay and fashionable seasons elsewhere—she who in all society was so much sought after, flattered, admired, ay, and even loved. Partly, of course, she owed her popularity to being sole heiress of her wealthy aunt, and to her beauty; but it could never have been what it was if it had not been for the bright, sweet, generous nature which cast almost like a magic spell about my darling girl.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD-BY.

IT was a still September afternoon, and I, sitting alone on the step of that low French window where Lilian and I had sat so long on the evening of our arrival and which had ever since been a favorite sitting place with us, was counting almost sorrowfully the three months which had sped from those twelve we were to spend at Bryn Arddail.

"Alone still!" exclaimed Lady Carmichael, coming up to me from the garden. "Why, Stella, you are always alone now. Where is Lilian?"

"She went down to the church this afternoon, and I preferred staying here. She longed for the sound of the organ, she said, and would go and play for an hour."

"And why not play here on her own piano? I do not like this new whim. It is unworthy of Lilian."

"She likes so much to practice—there in the church," I put in, quietly.

"If so, Stella, I desire you to accompany her."

I glanced wonderingly into my lady's face, the impatient tone of her voice was so new to me.

"Whether with us or not, Lady Carmichael," I said, knowing how her darling's happiness had always seemed her first thought, "Lilian enjoys every day she spends here. I think she likes Bryn Arddail better than any sea-side place we ever visited; and what a healthy look this air has given her!"

"The air is well enough," assented my lady, with cold emphasis.

"And," I went on, impelled by some impulse I did not quite like following, "she does not verify Mr Macan's prediction. She does not miss the society to which she is accustomed."

"I wish we had never come!"

The sharp, sudden speech astonished me greatly from the old lady who had always been so tender and loving to my darling; and the words I had been going to utter died on my lips in my surprise and pain.

"Stella"—after our pause the impatient tone startled me—"does Mr. Lindsey know that Lilian is my heir; that her hand is sought by men of rank and wealth, and—nearly promised to a man of title? If not, he must be told, and told at once."

I stood quite still and could not answer. I was recalling a story which had once been whispered to Lilian and me of Lady Carmichael's own youth—a sad and miserable little love story, which ended in a young man's broken heart and a girl's wealthy, loveless marriage. We had never doubted it; indeed, I had felt that my lady's evident desire that Lilian should make her own choice unbiased was an infallible proof of its truth. But now, quite suddenly, I doubted it all. I saw that Lilian's choice had been left free, only because there had as yet been no opportunity for her to make a choice to which her aunt could object; and I saw that now all the stronger, from her previous surety, would be my lady's opposition. I recalled our three months' sojourn here in Bryn Arddail, and could not hide from myself the great change it had made in my pet; and knowing the cause of this—the happiness that filled her heart so overflowing had its secret—how could I, loving her as I did, help but read that secret truly? I felt now how plainly other eyes might read it too.

Lady Carmichael roused herself suddenly from her silence, and spoke in an unwonted tone of authority. "Mr Lindsey must be told at once that Lilian, heiress as she is to great wealth, is about to make the finest match of the season. Mr Macan ought to have done it; but since he has not, you must, Stella."

"I! it would break my heart." The words faltered from my lips in real terror of this task that she would give me.

"Why?" she asked, watching me with stern intentness.

"I—I respect him so much, and—"

"And what?" inquired Lady Carmichael, when I stopped, trembling for what I had been going to say. "When you respect him so much, and—"

"And love her so dearly."

The words were said, but my courage broke down under Lady Carmichael's stern, unmoved gaze, and I covered my face and cried as if my heart were breaking. Somehow I seemed to see clearly now the trouble for my darling of which—even through all these bright, pleasant summer months—I had had a vague and dim foreshadowing.

"Dry your eyes," said my lady, presently, with no softening of her voice; "I will do it myself. Dry your eyes, for here they are."

They came up the little lawn together, Lilian nodding merrily when she saw us, and Mr. Lindsey raising his hat.

"I met Mr Lindsey, auntie," my darling said, hastening so unconsciously up to us, "and I asked him to come home with me. You told me long ago always to bring him when I could" (were the innocent words a cruel stab now?), "and especially when his own friend Mr Macan is here."

"We are ready for dinner, Lilian," said Lady Carmichael, stiffly; "you had better go and change your dress. Mr Macan will be here in half an hour."

My pet smiled at me as she passed into the room, and I tried to return the smile, but my heart was too heavy.

The twilight of the September evening was creeping slowly and softly from the hills behind us, gliding westward, trailing its gray wings over that crimson line upon the sea, and softly spreading them before the glory of the setting sun. For a few minutes we stood very silently together—we three, Hugh standing near me, with his hand among the red leaves of the creeper on the wall, and his eyes upon the glimpse of golden radiance still lingering in the west.

"Lilian has been trying your organ again, I presume, Mr Lindsey." So the words began at last; easy and commonplace which were to end so cruelly. "She owes much to you for this opportunity of practicing. Has she told you why the organ is her favorite instrument just now?"

There was a little flush of color in his face, but so slight that it might have been only a faint reflection of the soft red leaves beside him.

"No, she has not told me, Lady Carmichael."

"Then I think I will," she said, and I saw into her face the color mounted as she spoke. "The gentleman whom she will marry soon after our return home (a young nobleman possessing every quality likely to charm a girl of Lilian's temperament and education) is himself a proficient on the organ, and he has a very fine instrument in each of his houses. Lilian never speaks of her admirer, I know," continued my lady, in a tone of gracious confidence, "but I think she will not be angry with me for mentioning what must soon be generally known. Of course we all understand, do we not, Mr Lindsey, that one so pretty and attractive as Lilian, being also heiress to a great fortune, would naturally marry into the highest ranks?"

My heart beat angrily at this question being put to him; but he did not answer it, nor did he bring his eyes back from their distant gaze.

"My own life being so uncertain," Lady Carmichael went on, "I am (very naturally, you will own) anxious to see my child married, and can well content to think her husband will be a man whose natural gifts and whose wealth are as great as her own. He has loved her for years, and had my full consent from the first."

A long pause then, and still he did not speak. Did it strike her, as it struck me, how little *he* was one to understand this great advantage of adding wealth to wealth—he who took no thought of these things, but felt that his heavenly Father knew what he had need of?

"So, you see, Mr. Lindsey," my lady added, lightly, though I, knowing her so well, could detect that, in spite of her coldness, she was ill at ease, "I have quite understood this new whim of hers for practicing the organ in your church. I ought to thank you for making arrangements for her to do so. And, by-the-way, speaking of yourself, really I think you ought to try for promotion. So many talents as you possess are literally wasted here."

I rose hurriedly: even on the chance of incurring my lady's displeasure, I could not stay to see Hugh Lindsey's white still face. How could she dare to address those words to him, who, like the wise king of old, would not ask riches or wealth or honor for himself!

To me that seemed a most unhappy evening, though Mr Macan was gay and genial as usual, and though Lilian exerted herself as brightly for every one's pleasure and enjoyment. For months afterward I was to be haunted by the remembrance of her beautiful glad face as she moved among us then—restless, but restless only in intense happiness; thoughtful for each of us, and as bent upon making the evening a pleasant evening to all, that I was not the only one who watched her with a wondering admiration.

We were standing at the fire, about to separate (we were not used to the keenness of the Bryn Arddail air, and so we liked to have fires on these September nights), and Lilian was chatting gayly with Mr Macan about her old friends, when the subject was introduced which I had all the evening dreaded. Ah! so well I remember the smile with which she was speaking when my lady's words stopped her and killed that smile in an instant.

"Do you not see, Mr Macan, that it is Lord Glynn of whom Lilian is *really* longing to hear? Then she will tell you how industriously she is practicing the organ here, simply that she may astonish and please him when she returns. Even in our exile here he must be first in her thoughts."

The old lawyer was gazing curiously into my darling's face, and he answered, rather curtly, after his pause: "I've talked enough for to-night. Going, Lindsey? I will walk down the garden with you. I'm heartily sorry not to find you looking better. As I tried to tell you once before to-night, you want a change. Don't you think you might arrange a temporary exchange with some clergyman whose work is more of a sinecure? You look in need of a rest."

"I have for some time," was the quiet reply, "been trying to effect an exchange."

"For some time! Why, you surely did not want to leave Bryn Arddail in the summer?"

"Yes; I felt it would be best."

I could not raise my eyes. I dared not meet his after having been present at that interview, which now I saw (as Lady Carmichael, too, must see) had been an unnecessary cruelty. He had before that determined to go away. The struggle of this summer would end too, after all, and he had meant it to end bravely even before she had spoken those heartless words this evening.

"It will do you good, I'm sure," said Mr Macan, his genial tones breaking our pause, "and I will hear it is good. The only question is, what will Bryn Arddail do without you?"

Without answering this, Mr. Lindsey bade us all good-night. His last hand-clasp was for Lilian; and then I looked at her for the first time since she had been smiling and chatting with her old friend. Oh, the terrible wondering sadness in her face now—the shadow of a great sorrow which she could not yet even comprehend!

As soon as ever Mr Macan went with Hugh Lindsey, as he had said he would, my lady rose to go to her room, wishing, as I could see, to avoid Lilian.

All that night I lay awake thinking of my pet in this her first sorrow, and longing that I could bear it for her—longing *selfishly*, I know, for to myself the pain of seeing her suffer was greater than that of suffering myself alone. Several times I crept to the door of her room, hoping she would let me in; but it was always locked, and at last I gave up trying to disturb her. But when I stopped at her door in the early morning, she admitted me without a word. For her the night had been a long season of wakeful misery. I saw this in her pale, sad face, and the tears rushed to my eyes as I opened my arms and called her by one sweet pet name which belonged to her childhood.

"Stella," she sobbed, hiding her face upon my breast, "I could not help it. I never guessed that as I grew to know him I *must* grow to love him. Oh, my dear, I could not help it!"

My own heart was too heavy to give comfort. I could only hold her to me, as I used to do in those childish days, whose spirit seemed to have come back to her this morning, for I knew the truth of those few sad words of hers. Knowing him as she had learned to know him, how could she help but love him?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE GOLDEN NEW YEAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *not out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the conclusion of* MARY CECIL HAY'S *interesting Christmas Story,* "LADY CARMICHAEL'S WILL," *and other attractive features.*

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THE SOUTHERN INVESTIGATION.

THERE seems to be very little practical interest in the investigation proposed by Mr. BLAINE, if the extreme reluctance of Senators to serve upon the committee may be regarded as a sign. The reason we suppose to be that there is an general doubt that there were great abuses in many of the Southern districts, and a general expectation that the investigation will practically end, like all the other Southern investigations, with a report from the majority and another from the minority, each setting forth the situation from the differing party point of view. There is, however, another and a much more encouraging explanation. It is that there is a rapidly increasing conviction that the frauds and violence at the polls, and the state of feeling in the Southern States as far as it is hostile and bitter, and the whole Southern situation as far as it is abnormal, can not be treated wisely by repressive or positive legislation, but by the cultivation of a better understanding. Sneers at "reconciliation" may be amusing and popular, but the statesmanship of reconciliation is the only kind that deserves the name. When SIR ROBERT PEEL decided that the time had come for Roman Catholic emancipation, he did not hold out for a little continued nagging: he supported complete relief. He was denounced for betraying the Protestant cause, for bringing in Rome, for assassinating his party. But the public man whose convictions can not withstand ridicule and abuse will never hold the place in history and the grateful regard of the English-speaking people that SIR ROBERT PEEL holds.

Yet, as we have said, some are so much concerned that this investigation should be made, and made promptly and fairly, as intelligent Southerners. Let the case of the Charleston district, for instance, be thoroughly explored, and Mr. CAMPBELL'S evidence be heard at length, with that of every reputable witness who can be procured. Let us know whether voting districts were made as large that voters were practically disfranchised by distance, and that in others the number of voters was so great that it was physically impossible that they should all vote. Let it be proved or disproved that in some districts where the colored vote was immensely in the majority the voters were compelled to vote alternately white and colored, and that the challenging and delays of the colored voters were such that great numbers of them were prevented from voting at all. Let us understand how and why the onion-skin ballots, specimens of which have been seen in all editorial offices in this city, were used at so many polls, and let us hear the explanation of the extraordinary incongruity in the number of votes cast in certain districts with the total population of those districts. Let every man have the means of judging for himself whether, if such things as are alleged are proved, they are the usual sporadic cases of dishonesty and coercion which are familiar at all elections in every State, or whether they show a general understanding equivalent to a suppression of the vote by conspiracy. And let the same rules apply to New York and Massachusetts as to South Carolina and Louisiana. This is what the most moderate and conservative will agree that the country has a right to know—whatever the remedy may be—because the charge is nothing less than that by just such methods as these a majority of the next House, which may be called to choose a President, was elected.

As the case stands, it is as prejudicial for "the South" on the present aspect of the cipher dispatches is for Mr. TILDEN. There is no intelligent person in the country who doubts that his most intimate and confidential agents tried to procure the Presidency for him by bribery. Whether or not that conviction will prevent his nomination by his fellow-partisans, it will surely cost him the support of the honest independent vote which was largely cast for him in 1876, and that will defeat his election. So, as the case stands with the Southern elections, there is really no doubt whatever in the minds of intelligent men all the North that these elections were largely carried by gross fraud and violence. This conviction will not change, unless the charges are disproved, and the simple question for 1880 will be, whether, upon the whole, it is desirable that the government should be intrusted to a party which obtains power by such means, and represents the kind of sentiment which they indicate. If this impression in regard to the suppression of the colored vote is unfounded, the Southern leaders can help a common good understanding by nothing as certainly as by showing its baselessness. Some of them, notably Mr. LAMAR and Mr. BUTLER, have declared in their places on Senators that the accusation is a slander, and that the voting was as fair as it is any where. They also, therefore, are somewhat on trial, and there are none more concerned than they to show that they are not mistaken. We hope that they will not misconstrue the apparent indifference to the investigation as apathy in regard to the fact. The indifference is not due to doubt, but to conviction.

DR. HOLMES'S LIFE OF MOTLEY.

DR. HOLMES'S memoir of his friend MOTLEY has been long awaited, and it fully rewards all expectation. It is, he says, but a sketch, until a fuller biography shall be prepared by some other hand; but we venture to think that while a volume of the historian's letters would have remarkable interest, whenever justice to all feelings would authorize the publication of letters which were evidently peculiarly personal, yet the simple story of his life could not be better told. It was, after all, mainly a literary life, for his diplomatic career was perhaps chiefly valuable to him, as it has been to so many scholars, as facilitating his literary pursuits, and opening to him in the pleasantest way literary society and opportunities. Dr. HOLMES'S portrait of the impetuous, handsome, brilliant, clever boy is very graphic. His first entrance upon the scene as a youth gives something of the striking impression that always attended the man—in nothing finer than the frank and gay disdain of the coarting cowardice that makes servility to a low American ideal the test of distinctive Americanism. From the first to the last LOTHROP MOTLEY was a gentleman in the high and true sense, and he did not think a man any better an American because he swore and drank whiskey and squirted tobacco juice and sneered at book-learning, nor any worse an American because he met the best and most refined society of every country as self-composed and refined as itself, nor because he surpassed courtiers in courtesy and scholars in learning. How deep and true and sensitive his American instinct was, of what high and generous patriotism he was capable—a patriotism of which the caucus-packer has no conception—this little book is the record.

His early literary efforts were failures. He wrote novels that nobody cared to read, and which are forgotten. But his paper upon PETER the Great in the *North American Review* in 1845, which forms one of the "Half-hour Series" of the HARPERS, showed at once where his true power lay. He had been appointed secretary of legation to Russia in 1841, but he staid a very short time at St. Petersburg, and, returning home, devoted himself diligently to historical study, and after a most generous expression of sympathy from Mr. PRESCOTT, who had apparently pre-empted the domain of Spanish history, he decided to write the *History of the Dutch Republic*. He had written much when, upon going to Europe to continue his studies, he found that he must begin again, which he bravely and wisely did, and in 1856 his first history was published. Its success was immediate and immense, and Dr. HOLMES tells the story with the happy sympathy of a friend and fellow literary artist. MOTLEY'S fame was at once established. The value of the contribution made by him to historical literature was promptly and generously acknowledged by the highest authorities, and the genius of the young historian had conferred a new and enduring lustre upon his country and the American name. The work was welcomed at home with pride and admiration, and he applied himself diligently to the continuation of his task. His hope was to write the history of the Eighty Years' War for liberty during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The civil war and his diplomatic career intervened, but soon after the end of the war he had completed two of the three great divisions that he contemplated by the *History of the United Netherlands*. But he was so keenly alive to the fate and fortunes of the country during the great struggle that his work was impeded, his letters, or the very few glimpses that Dr. HOLMES gives us of them, at this time showing how vital his interest in the struggle was, and how complete and admirable a representative he was of the best American spirit. But the circumstances that closed his official life both in Austria and England are very painful. We have already more than once stated our own view of them. Dr. HOLMES does not shrink from a most calm and candid consideration of the passage in MOTLEY'S life, and his judgment is the most deliberate that has been rendered. It is needless here and now to re-open the question, but the spirit of manly candor in which MOTLEY'S biographer treats the subject will appear to every reader in the admirable words with which he opens the discussion. "If a wrong was done him, it must be laid at the doors of those whom the nation has delighted to honor, and whose services an error of judgment or feeling or conduct can ever induce us to forget. If he confessed himself liable, like the rest of us, to mistakes and shortcomings, we must remember that the great officers of the government who decreed his stewardship were not less the subjects of human infirmity."

In 1874 the *Life of John of Barneveld* was published, an introduction to the last part of his original design, the *History of the Thirty Years' War*. It is a captivating book. MOTLEY was not a cold annalist; his temperament was not judicial. He too was a soldier of the army of "the liberation of humanity," and the generous fire of his nature blazed out in recording the contests of a vanished time, but contests upon principles that endure. That grim religious struggle in which JOHN of Barneveld represented freedom he could not describe without letting his heart and his convictions take a side; and although there is no doubt of the entire impartiality and conscuousness with which he related the facts, it is not surprising that he could not regard them without feeling. After the publication of this work sorrows thickened about MOTLEY'S path. He bitterly felt the events that closed his diplomatic career, and he chafed under a deep sense of wrong. The wife to whom he was most tenderly attached, and who was his most intimate counsellor, died, and he was attacked with illness that practically ended his labor, as it did his life in 1877. Dr. HOLMES'S task has been the loving duty of an old and intimate friend, and his work is a very model of a brief literary biography. Among our chief literary names the impression of this gallant and chivalric and brilliant nature is unique, and this little book will bring MOTLEY personally nearer, and with vivid interest and admiration, to the great multitude of his countrymen.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE universal tenderness in the expression of sorrow for the loss of BAYARD TAYLOR shows how strong was the hold that he had of the popular heart, and how deep was the admiration for his upright and manly character. He belonged to the class of men who are always nearest and dearest to the American feeling, to which FRANKLIN and LINCOLN belonged—men whose intrinsic force unconsciously mastered difficulties and carries them steadily forward. His life was that of a man born to no early advantages, compelled as a boy to earn his living, and educating himself. But his natural rectitude, his sturdy perseverance, his indomitable spirit and awakness, his generous admirations and emulations, and his high ideals enabled him to cultivate every talent to the utmost, and to win that place and that regard in the country of which his countrymen were both proud and glad. His fondness for travel was as pronounced as that of LEDYARD, and his stories of the various life and countries that he saw were as simple and transparent and graphic that an story-teller was more welcome than this traveller, and for a long time re his earlier life his lectures of travel were more charming and attractive to the public than any other irksome oratory; special trains were run, and an hall was large enough for the crowds that wished to hear.

But the interest that his travels excited and the homage that was paid to the traveller, grateful as they were, did not satisfy his real desire. A distinctive literary ambition stirred his mind from the first, and he became one of the most devoted, conscientious, and untiring of authors. He was proud of his literary profession, and he was never spoiled by his increasing fame and success. His remarkable readiness in acquiring languages opened to him foreign literatures, and his complete mastery of the German enabled him to reproduce in his own tongue the greatest of German poems with marvellous fidelity, and with all the varying metre of the original. It was truly a work of love and prolonged care, for it is more than twenty years since we heard him read some of the translations of parts that he had already made.

His connection with the *Tribune* began many years ago, and many of his works of travel were first published as letters in that paper. His editorial work was more constant and more various in later years, and it was an invaluable assistance to any great journal, from the extent and variety of his information and observation, and from the simple strength and lucidity of his style. He had strong political convictions, but his literary overpowered his political interests. In full sympathy with the general principles which the *Tribune* has always maintained, his political activities were never prominent. But with the ease and adaptability of his admirable temperament, he was a most successful secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires in Russia, and the remarkable demonstrations of public approbation which hailed his appointment as minister to Germany were entirely unequalled in our history. They were a tribute of regard for the man, and of the universal satisfaction with the especial honor that had fallen to him, which must always be a precious memory to those who bear his name. Certainly a man in New York had a larger circle of sincerer or more distinguished friends, and there are very few men among as whom death would be more truly lamented. To those who knew him most intimately it was not, however, wholly a surprise. For some time he had been sadly overworked. His constitution, indeed, and his temperament seemed to promise immense endurance, but an class of workers find it as hard as the literary class to decline so much of what they would do for what they must do. BAYARD TAYLOR'S career, so simple, so honorable, so upright, and so singularly successful, has doubtless stimulated the earnest endeavor and confirmed the manliest resolution among his younger countrymen. This alone would be a great service. But to the outer friendly company of his associates the memory of the sweet and unpalled nature, the thorough generosity, the faithful labor, the pure ambition, the affectionate sympathy, the simple bounty of the man, will be a possession forever.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

IT is to be regretted that the Senate did not pass unanimously the admirable bill of Mr. EDMUNDS providing for Presidential elections. Mr. EDMUNDS made a clear and conclusive speech, and he was supported by Mr. BAYARD from the Democratic side, who held very justly that the measure was not a party question, but one excellently adapted to execute the constitutional provision. Neither Mr. EDMUNDS nor Mr. BAYARD, however, was able to show Mr. EATON that it was a desirable measure. It is amazing to see in the report how steadily he insisted that nothing needs to be done, unless an amendment to the Constitution should be proposed, which he would duly consider. His position, in spite of all the events and the imminent probabilities of 1876, was that the Constitution is quite enough, and he insisted that the clause regarding Presidential elections, which the wisest men of all parties from the beginning have agreed in deprecating as singularly vague and inefficient, and which Congress has always and necessarily supplemented by legislation, is self-executing; but he agreed that some "little rule" was necessary to decide where Senators should sit during the count! Mr. EDMUNDS very properly characterized this as boy's play.

Mr. BAYARD earnestly and truthfully said that it is of the utmost importance that public confidence shall not be shaken by the transmission of power from one administration to another, and that any doubt is attended with paralysis of business and enormous loss to the country, and he showed that the government had been twice in extreme peril from the want of some proper provision of law to carry out the constitutional grant. Mr. EATON'S reply was still Leather stocking's "Anan." His party generally followed him in voting against the bill, although it was passed, and has now gone to the House. The assertion that the constitutional provision is self-executing is ludicrous. It is wholly unworthy of serious discussion, and it is amazing that Democratic Senators were unwilling to provide what should be done if objection were made to the vote of a State, or if more than two certificates from a State should be presented. Without some proper provision the House might withdraw upon any pretext, and proceed to decide that the right of choice had devolved upon it, and so bring on a dissolution of the government and civil war. It was advised to take this course in 1876. The fear that some such course may be taken whenever the two Houses politically differ is one of the great

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and constant perils of the country. And to the sagacious statesmanship, like that of Kernan, Edmunds and Bayard, which sees this clearly, the rejoinder that the Constitution executes itself is simply inane.

We trust that the Democrats in the House will not make so purely a patriotic measure a ground of party difference. Let the country know that if serious questions arise in the next election they are not to be left to the chances of wise agreement at the last desperate moment, but are to be wisely provided for before they arise.

"A FAMOUS VICTORY."

The Afghan war seems to have been what is known as a military promenade. The British soldiers have marched through the Khyber Pass, and as they approached the Afghan capital the Afghan ruler fled, so that England will probably be able to draw her "scientific frontier," which Lord Beaconsfield says she has so sadly lacked. But the ease with which the country has been overrun, and the flight of the Ameer, and the glory for the ministry of the Afghan, following that of the Abyssinian, campaign, do not change at all the justice of the opposition to the war which has been so eloquently expressed by distinguished Englishmen. The real reason for the war, and one which admitted of plausible defense, was that urged by Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, that the advance of Russia toward India ought to be opposed in Afghanistan. This assumed, of course, the Jingo postulate, that Russia and England are the good and evil spirits of civilization, and that it is the moral duty of England to "head off" Russia at every point, that the world may be Anglicized and not Russianized.

This was the view that was acceptable to those who justified the British patronage of Turkey and the maintenance of Turkey in Europe on the ground that Turkey was effete and could do no harm, while Russia is alive and full of mischief. But this large and cosmic view was demolished by Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall when he said that India was inaccessible to invasion from Turkestan, and that the object of marching into Afghanistan was not to protect India, but to secure a scientific frontier. The war becomes, therefore, a wanton raid of a strong power against a small and weak state for no purpose of security, but for a fanciful frontier. Lord Lawrence had already shown that India could be more surely defended upon the present lines than in Afghanistan, and Lord Beaconsfield has disclaimed the only tolerable reason for the war. It is difficult to see, despite the ease with which success has been obtained, how England is to gain any real credit by this war.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

The extracts from the correspondence of Mr. Bayard Taylor with the State Department in regard to German naturalization in this country show precisely a difficulty which it is not easy to avoid. It is very easy and simple to say that an American citizen is every where and always an American citizen, and entitled to the utmost possible protection of the government. And it is as true as it is simple. But something else is equally true, and that is that American citizenship is not to be made a convenience for those who do not mean to be American citizens, but to be Germans or citizens of some other country. Before the United States pledge all their power and their resources to the defense of any man not native to the soil, they should at least take care that they are not deceived, and that they have not engaged in the defense of a man who means really to be the citizen of some other State. Experience as well as reason shows that citizenship in this country is a sacred privilege not to be conferred without the most careful deliberation, and with due regard not only to the welfare of the country, but to the rights of other countries, and to the harmony of our relations with them. The conditions of adopting as a citizen any person from another country should be such that foul play upon his part should forfeit the right. During the late Cuban troubles there were islanders who came to the United States and were naturalized here. Now that the war is over they have returned to Cuba. They are and always have been essentially Cubans. They will doubtless remain so. But ought they to be permitted hereafter, in case of trouble, to plead that they are citizens of the United States?

The case to which Mr. Taylor refers in his correspondence is that of Karl Gangenmüller, of Sinsheim, Baden, who at the age of eighteen, with the permission of the local authorities, came here in 1869. He was naturalized on the 12th of July, 1875, and with his certificate of citizenship left for Germany five days afterward, and has resided ever since at his old home, ostensibly to take care of his aged father. On the 11th of April he was ordered to leave Baden, or to become a citizen of the Grand Duchy, subject to military duty. He applied to the American minister, who caused proper local inquiry to be made, and then communicated with the Foreign Department, which replied that after careful examination it was found to be impossible to revoke the order of expulsion. Mr. Taylor asked for instructions, and meanwhile Gangenmüller, who had emphatically asserted on the 12th of June his good faith as an American citizen, on the 13th of June applied to the authorities of Baden to resume his citizenship in that state. Mr. Taylor suggests that, in view of the circumstances attending the residence in Germany of a German-American naturalized citizen, such persons should be officially advised that it would be wise to avoid annoyance by stating the probable term of their stay in any German state, by refraining from irritating political discussion, and by quietly observing the laws and regulations applying to temporary residence.

This little story shows, as we said, the kind of difficulty against which it is not easy to provide. The Bancroft treaty has been denounced as surrendering the rights of American citizenship by submitting it to mortifying conditions. But a minister has no more imperative duty in a foreign country than to protect the sanctity of the citizenship of his own country not only against foreign governments, but against individual foreign adventurers. If the German government must respect American citizenship, not less must Germans respect it. If it must be protected against the encroachments of the one, so must it be defended against the abuse of the other. And obviously this can be done only by a detailed common understanding. The foreigner who honestly renounces his own country to become an American will readily see that in the nature of things he may be called upon under certain circumstances to do what a native-born citizen will not, because in his case the circumstances can never exist. Respect for our own citizenship should look before as well as after. American citizenship should not be suffered to be made a mere cloak and convenience for those who have no American feeling and no honest intention.

SUFFERING IN ENGLAND.

The accounts of the distress and suffering among the poor in England are peculiarly sad at this season, and recall the great destitution of 1829 and 1830, when serious riots occurred in various parts of Great Britain. The suffering fell very heavily upon the silk weavers. Their industry, it was thought, had been artificially stimulated by the repeal of the restrictive laws in 1824, and it was believed that overproduction in 1825 and a diminished demand in the years following were the sources of the crisis. Some of the details of the general distress at that time are appalling. In the vale of Aylesbury, one of the richest agricultural districts in England, the poor-rates amounted to thirty shillings an acre. Out of 1900 persons in a single parish in Somersetshire there were 1000 paupers. In Huddersfield the workmen did not earn on an average more than twopence daily. It was estimated at one time that one-sixth of the population was receiving aid.

The present reports state that at the Bethnal Green work-house there are 1050 inmates, and 382 in the infirmary, and the details of the situation elsewhere are not less harrowing. Gonville gives a statement of the condition of Bethnal Green in 1830. The population, he said, were all silk weavers, forming a sort of separate community; "there they are born, there they live and labor, and there they die." They had nearly tripled in twenty years—from 22,000 to 64,000. They had no employment, and could get none. Eleven hundred were then crammed into the poor-house, five or six in a bed. The district was insolvent, and misery was universal. In the agricultural districts, especially in the southern counties, there were disturbances of the most threatening kind. Hay-ricks and farm buildings were nightly burned, and labor-saving machines every where destroyed. The workman could not "go West." He was forbidden by harsh laws to leave his own parish, and he saw with dismay that every new threshing-machine threw hundreds of workmen out of employment.

This situation is, happily, not yet repeated in England; but there is a very severe winter and very great distress. The suffering, coming with the increased taxation for the causeless Afghanistan war, will hardly enhance the popularity of the ministry, and will suggest to many a quiet observer that a ministry less intent upon a spectacular foreign glory, and more devoted to the internal welfare of the kingdom, would be cherished as gladly and remembered as proudly. "Glory" exacts as heavy a price from a nation as from an individual, and England's Christmas would be more merry if, instead of the triumphant occupation of Jelalabad and the flight of the Ameer, the country could contemplate industry and content at home.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Jacob Astor has lately presented to the Astor Library some very valuable books. One of these, costing $15,000, is an early printed book, the first edition of the *Catholicon* of Joannes Balbus de Janua, dated 1460—a treatise on grammar and rhetoric and a Latin dictionary—the printing of which is attributed to Gutenberg. Another valuable early work is a German Bible, the earliest one with date, printed by Zainer, of Augsburg, in 1477—a fine example of early printing with Gothic type. Another rare work is a beautiful Greek manuscript of the apostolic epistles, in quarto, of the eleventh century. This is in very fine preservation, and is from the collection of the late Duke of Sussex.

—The very blunt, outspoken way in which Dr. Busch, in his recent *Diary* on Prince Bismarck, has spoken of the personal peculiarities of that personage is refreshing. The freedom of his criticisms on the most distinguished people of Germany has set them all agog. In regard to eating, Dr. Busch says that the Prince dilates upon every imaginable variety of fish contained in ocean or river. He lays down the law upon crabs and oysters, discourses freely upon eggs, and claims the honor of being a heaven-sent benefactor to Aix-la-Chapelle, having taught the benighted citizens how to fry oysters. He has wonderful discrimination in cheese, and can hold forth by the hour upon wine and cognate tipples.

—The King of Bavaria is erecting at Herrenchiemsee a royal château, on the plan of that of Versailles. The building is to be fifteen years in the course of construction, and to cost $9,000,000.

—Edmund Yates, in a late number of the London *World*, draws a comparison between English and American restaurants quite favorable to us, and he is a judge. He says: "At the Café Royal, in Regent Street, a man can dine well if he knows what to order, but it is not always a very nice place to take a lady to. Suppose a man wants to go out with his wife to dinner, or with his sister, or with somebody else's sister, what is he to do? We confess we should be at a loss to know where to send him. Blanchard's is fair in its way, though very expensive, but there is no first-rate restaurant in London—nothing to equal the best Paris restaurants, or Delmonico's, the Brunswick, or Sutherland's, in New York."

—It is intimated that the "notes by the way" made by General Grant in the semi-triumphal progress he has made throughout Europe and the East will be arranged for publication by Mr. John Russell Young, who has been his companion in many journeys, and whose admirable talent of description is well known to the press and public of the Old World as well as the New.

—The Rev. Dr. Tyng, emeritus rector of St. George's Church, New York, is understood to be preparing his autobiography, the first part of which will soon appear.

—The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Bayard Taylor appeared in the New York *Tribune* for December 25:

"In other years—lost youth's enchanted years,
Seen now and evermore through blinding tears
And empty longing for what may not be—
The Desert gave him back to us; the Sea
Yielded him up; the icy Norland strand
Lured him not long, nor that soft German air
He loved could keep him. Ever his own land
Fettered his heart and brought him back again.
What sounds are these of farewell and despair
Blown by the winds across the wintry main?
What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard, in such silence, and alone?
What new, strange quest has tempted him once more
To leave us? Vainly, standing by the shore,
We strain our eyes. But patience!....when the soft
Spring gales are blowing over Cedarcroft,
Whitening the hawthorn; when the violets bloom
Along the Brandywine, and overhead
The sky is blue as Italy's—he will come!
Ay, he will come! I can not make him dead.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

—At Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, people have little to do but sail about, go a fishing, and grow old. Living within a radius of half a mile in that haven are half a dozen lively old fellows, in perfect trim, who have nearly touched par, viz., Mr. Wilbur, 97; Edmund Crowell, 95; Captain William Hardiness (good name), 94; Isaac Daggett, 90; Hiram Chase, 90; and Captain Charles Smith, 88.

—Dr. Millingen, who attended Lord Byron in his last illness at Missolonghi, died at Constantinople on the 1st of December, at the age of seventy-eight.

—Lord Dufferin has been offered and has declined a marquisate, but has accepted a promotion to the dignity of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

—Professor Palmieri, who has devoted his life to the study of Mount Vesuvius, has an observatory situated on a long and narrow ridge of rock on Mount Cataroni, almost at the foot of the actual cone of the volcano, half a mile from the Hermitage of San Salvatore, the extreme point to which carriages can ascend the mountain. In spite of the risks, the professor has remained at his post, and chronicled features of the eruptions of the last six years.

—A fresh and characteristically amusing anecdote of Abraham Lincoln appears in the Bloomington (Illinois) *Pantagraph*. It is a true copy of a letter on file among the archives of the Chicago and Alton road at the superintendent's office at Bloomington. It is a modest request for the renewal of a pass on the Alton road:

"Springfield, Feb. 13, 1856.

"*R. P. Morgan, Supt. C. & A. R. R.*:

"Dear Sir,—Says Tom to John, 'Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it usin' on it. I wish you would take it and mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this afternoon.' Acting on this as a precedent, here's your old 'chalked hat.' I wish you would take it and send me a new one, case I shall want to use it on the 1st of March. Yours, truly,

"A. Lincoln."

—The "brave fireman" of New York city, for the year 1878, has been decided to be Thomas J. Dougherty, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, who on the 18th of December was presented with the "Bennett Medal," which is annually given to the fireman performing the most meritorious act of heroism in saving life. The particular act for which the medal was bestowed was for heroic conduct at a fire in William Street, when at the risk of his own life he dashed into the sub-cellar of a burning building and rescued two persons from death by suffocation. The presentation of the medal was made at the Fire Department Head-quarters in presence of the Fire Commissioners and other officials.

—Khair-ed-din Pasha, the new Turkish Grand Vizier, is a Circassian, and formerly Prime Minister to the Bey of Tunis. He attracted public attention by a book in which he argued that modern ideas of progress were not inconsistent with the cardinal principles of Islamism. In his youth he was a slave. His good looks and his brains greatly attracted his owner, who after a while gave him his daughter in marriage, and advanced him in political life.

—George Augustus Sala, who has just attained his fiftieth birthday, was made happy on the occasion by the proprietors of the London *Telegraph*, who presented him with a valuable service of plate in recognition of his brilliant services as a journalist.

—Mr. Lewes left a considerable mass of manuscript, including the remainder of his work on theology in its philosophical relations. A new and full edition of his works will shortly appear, under the editorship of Mrs. Lewes ("George Eliot") and of a gentleman whose name has not yet been made public. Mrs. Lewes is unfortunately in very delicate health.

—Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, in spite of his eighty years, is arranging to have a "Summer School of Philosophy" at Concord next July.

—Mr. Gladstone's daughter is so familiar with his library that when he desires a reference, she instantly fetches the book needed, and points to the passage required.

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is not in positive destitution, having just sold for $472,300 three of her houses in the Rue de l'Elysée.

—Signor Cairoli, who was severely wounded in defending King Humbert from an assassin, was greeted with an enthusiasm by the Chamber of Deputies not surpassed by that extended to Garibaldi when he took his seat in 1875.

—That Mr. Taylor's name was "James Bayard Taylor" was a statement printed in divers newspapers last spring. Mr. Taylor corrected it in a letter which has just been printed for the first time in the Wilmington *Commercial*. "I was named by my parents," he said, "simply 'Bayard,' after James A. Bayard, the grandfather of your Senator. As a boy of sixteen or seventeen I sometimes attached 'J.' (never James) to my name, foolishly thinking it would look better. When my first volume of poems came out, Rufus Griswold, my first literary friend, put 'James Bayard Taylor' on the title-page, and the small private edition was printed before I could correct it. The matter was an annoyance to me then, and has been ever since. I felt bound to retain the 'J.,' however, until I was twenty-one, and became legally responsible for my signature. Then I dropped it instantly, and have never since used any thing else than my original and only true name."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, December 18, ratified the treaty between the United States and Japan which was signed on the 25th of July last. It provides, among other things, that there shall be no discrimination against the United States, that all export duties in Japan shall be abolished, and that two more ports shall be opened to American commerce.—December 19, the Senate passed the Postal Car Deficiency Bill. The same day the Vice-President announced the Southern election investigating committee, with Senator Teller, of Colorado, as chairman. The House passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, with a section prohibiting the removal of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico to the Indian Territory. J. S. Young (Democrat) was sworn in as Representative to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of J. J. Leonard.—On December 20 both Houses adjourned until January 7.

Secretary Sherman, December 27, instructed all officers of customs to receive United States notes as well as gold coin and standard silver dollars in payment of duties on imports on and after January 1, 1879.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, Shere Ali, has fled, leaving his son Yakoub Khan in power. At last accounts the fugitive and his family were journeying toward Balkh with the retiring Russian mission. The British occupied Jelalabad December 20. Complete anarchy prevails in the country between Jelalabad and Cabool.

The Porte, subject to the Sultan's approval, has nominated Mukhtar Pasha, Abeddin Pasha, and Vahan Effendi commissioners for the settlement of the Greek frontier question, and intends to invest them with relatively extensive powers.—Carathéodori Pasha and Count Zichy have agreed upon a preamble which will enable a definite convention to be concluded between Turkey and Austria relative to Novi-Bazar and Bosnia. The articles of the convention will be discussed hereafter. The preamble does not distinctly repeat a recognition of the Sultan's sovereignty and of the provisional character of the Austrian occupation.

The Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States minister to Germany, died at Berlin December 19.

The steamer *Byzantin*, bound from Marseilles for Constantinople, was sunk by the British steamer *Rinaldo*, off Lalaida, December 18. Nearly one hundred lives were lost.—The State Line steam-ship *State of Louisiana*, from Glasgow for New York, grounded on Hunter's Rock, seventeen miles from Belfast, December 24. She is likely to prove a total wreck.

M. Leon Chotteau has again been delegated to America in the interest of the Franco-American commercial treaty.

Forty-eight children were drowned by the breaking of ice on a pond at Chappelle-Hoche, Christmas-day.

The Prussian government committee of inquiry has rejected Prince Bismarck's tobacco monopoly scheme, and favors a duty according to weight, as advocated by the National Liberals. In a long letter to the Federal Council Prince Bismarck recommends the virtual return to the Prussian customs legislation of 1818 and the *Zollverein* tariff system, valid until 1865. He says: "The return to the system of universal taxation suits our present commercial and political circumstances," and adds that his correspondents point out the disastrous effects of English iron and other products in Germany.

The Russian students at St. Petersburg are in commotion with the government, and great agitation prevails. The trouble originated December 11, when several hundred students assembled before the Czarowitz's palace to present a petition for the liberation of their colleagues arrested at Kharkoff in connection with recent demonstrations caused by the introduction of an obnoxious regulation in reference to their studies. The Czarowitz being at Zarskoe-Selo, the prefect of police hastened to the palace, received the petition, and ordered the crowd to be dispersed, saying it was illegal to present a petition in such a manner. The students refused to leave, and 400 of them were arrested by the gendarmes and Cossacks. The latter used whips, and several students were injured.

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ART DECORATION.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

CAPTAIN J. S. BARTON, CHAMPION MILITARY MARKSMAN OF THE UNITED STATES
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVIES, OSWEGO, NEW YORK.]

UNITED STATES MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL.

CAPTAIN BARTON, MARKSMAN.

WE present herewith pictures of the United States military championship medal, and also of Captain JOSIAH S. BARTON, Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., the champion military marksman of the United States, and winner of the medal.

The origin of the match for the military championship is as follows. In 1860 the National Rifle Association of Great Britain organized a match for volunteers, in which the chief prize was presented by her Majesty the Queen. The match is open to all efficient volunteers of Great Britain or her colonies, and carries with it the military championship of the year. It is shot yearly at Wimbledon, with thousands of entries, and the Queen's prize man, as the winner is called, becomes at once famous, and the envy of all his competers; and well he may, for it is a most trying ordeal to pass through, and requires the greatest skill and steadiness to win. The National Rifle Association of America having decided to institute a similar match here, and to have it shot annually, the first match was shot at Creedmoor in September last, with the result above stated.

The medal is of 18-carat gold, heavily enameled, and is a model of taste and beauty. It was manufactured by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., of Union Square.

The winner, Captain JOSIAH S. BARTON, was born in the town of Victory, Cayuga County, New York, April 2, 1837. He is five feet seven inches in height, complexion, eyes, and hair dark. He belonged to the Fifty-first New York Regiment, of Syracuse; enlisted on the first call for three years' men in 1861, in Company F, First New York Cavalry, Colonel A. F. M. RAVENEL, and on the expiration of his term re-enlisted in New York city, and served until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged as orderly sergeant. He served as orderly to General FITZ-JOHN PORTER in the seven days' fight, and also under SCALLIAN, MILROY, SIGEL, HUNTER, AVERELL, TORBERT, POWELL, MERRITT, and in the closing scenes of the great contest under the gallant and lamented CUSTER. In 1871 he enlisted in Company A, Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., was elected Sergeant, then Lieutenant, and in the fall of 1877 Captain of Company H, in the same regiment.

His record as an expert with the military weapon is most excellent. He has been Captain of the Team of the Forty-eighth Regiment for the past three years, has been a member of and has shot with the New York State Team in the Inter-State Match three times, and in the International Military Match, which was inaugurated this year, and now crowns this fine record with the hardly won title of Champion of the United States.

PINE BLUFF RAILWAY STATION, ARKANSAS.

ON this page will be found an interesting sketch showing the accumulation of cotton at a railway station in Arkansas since the raising of the recent fever quarantine. The water in the river was so low that the boats could not run, and the

SCENE AT PINE BLUFF STATION, ARKANSAS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. J. LEWIS.]

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railway furnished the only means for conveying to the Mississippi the immense quantities of cotton brought in by the planters. At the time our sketch was taken trains had been steadily at work for more than three weeks, and yet the accumulation of bales more than kept pace with the deportation.

A DIRGE.

Lay him in dust the honored head,
Cold in the hand that held the sword;
Slowly we bear them to the dead,
And lay them down without a word.

What is there to be said or done?
They are departed, we remain,
Their race is run, their crowns are won,
They will not come to us again.

Cut off by fate before their prime
Could harvest half the golden years,
All they could leave they left us—time.
All we could give we gave them—tears.

Would they were here, or we were there,
Or both together, heart to heart:
O death in life! we can not bear
To be so near—and so apart!

H. H. STODDARD.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1182.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"SHALL I TELL YOU THE SECRET?"

For the rest of the way Violet walked with Mrs Scobel, and at the garden gate of the vicarage Roderick Vawdrey wished them both good-night, and tramped off, with his basket on his back and his rod on his shoulder, for the long walk to Briarwood.

Here the children separated, and ran off to their scattered homes, dropping grateful bob-courtesies to the last—hoping, as they called it in their Forest dialect.

"You must come in and have some tea, Violet," said Mrs. Scobel. "You must be very tired."

"I am rather tired; but I think it's too late for tea. I had better get home at once."

"Ignatius must see you home, my dear," cried Mrs Scobel. At which the indefatigable vicar, who had shouted himself hoarse in leading his choir, protested himself delighted to escort Miss Tempest.

The church clock struck ten as they went along the narrow forest path between Berchdale and the Abbey House.

"Oh," cried Vixen, "I do hope mamma's people will have gone home."

A carriage rolled past them as they came out into the road.

"That's Mrs. Carteret's landau," said Vixen. "I breathe more freely. And there goes Mrs. Horwood's brougham; as I suppose every thing is over. How nice it is when one's friends are so unanimous in their leave-taking!"

"I shall try to remember that the next time I dine at the Abbey House," said Mr Scobel, laughing.

"Oh, please don't," cried Violet. "You and Mrs. Scobel are different. I don't mind you; but those dreadful stiff old ladies mamma cultivates, who think of nothing but their dress and their own importance—a little of them goes a very long way."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, the Carterets and the Horwoods are some of the best people in the neighborhood."

"Of course they are," answered Vixen. "If they were not, they would hardly venture to be so stupid. They take the full license of their servs and their quarterings. People with a coat of arms found yesterday, and on land to speak of, are obliged to make themselves agreeable."

"Like Captain Carmichael," suggested Mr Scobel. "I don't suppose he has land enough to sod a lark. But he is excellent company."

"Very," assented Vixen, "for the people who like him."

They were at the gate by this time.

"You she'n't come any farther, unless you are coming in to tea mamma," protested Vixen.

"Thanks, no; it's too late to think of that."

"Then go home immediately, and have some supper," said Vixen, imperatively. "You've had nothing but a cup of weak tea since two o'clock this afternoon. You must be worn out."

"On such an occasion as to-day a man must not think of himself," said the vicar.

"I wonder when you ever do think of yourself," said Vixen.

And indeed Mr Scobel, like many another Anglican pastor of modern times, led a life which, save for its liberty to seem where he listed, and to talk as much as he liked, was but little less severe in its exactions upon the flesh and the spirit than that of the monks of La Trappe.

The Abbey House looked very quiet when Vixen went into the hall, whose doors stood open to the soft spring night. The servants were all at supper, treating themselves to some extra comforts on the strength of a dinner party, and talking over the evening's entertainment and its bearings on their mistress's life. There was a feeling in the servants' hall that these little dinners, however harmless seeming, had a certain bent and tendency, and that one sinister to the household and household peace.

"He was more particular in his manner to-night than never," said the butler, as he dismembered a duck which had been "hotted up" after removal from the dining room. "He feels himself master of the whole lot of us already. I could see it in his hi. 'Is that the cabinet 'ock, Forbes?' he says to me, when I was a-filling round after the bait. 'No,' says I, 'it is not. We ain't got as much of our cabinet 'ocks that we can afford to trifle with 'em.' Of course I said it in a hunder tone, confidential like; but I wanted him to know who was master of the cellar."

"There'll be nobody master but him when once he gets his foot inside these doors," said Mrs. Trimmer, the housekeeper, with a mournful shake of her head. "No, Forbes, I'll have a non pertento. Them canister peas ain't got no flavor with them."

While they were enjoying themselves, with a certain chastening touch of prophetic melancholy, in the servants' hall, Violet was going slowly up stairs and along the corridor which led past her mother's rooms.

"I must go in and wish mamma good-night," she thought; "though I am pretty sure of a lecture for my pains."

Just at this moment a door opened, and a soft voice called "Violet, Violet," pleadingly.

"Dear mamma, I was just coming in to say good-night."

"Were you, darling? I heard your footstep, and I was afraid you were going by. And I want very particularly to see you to-night, Violet."

"Do you, mamma? I hope not to spoil me for going with the school-children. They had such a happy afternoon; and yet it was like a miracle. Not as little erring for so many, but as few devouring as much."

Pamela Tempest put her arm round her daughter, and kissed her with more warmth of affection than she had shown since the sad days after the squire's death. Violet looked at her mother wonderingly. She could hardly see the widow's fair, delicate face in the dimly lighted room. It was one of the prettiest rooms in the house—half boudoir, half dressing room, crowded with elegant luxuries and modern inventions, gypsy tables, book-stands, toy cabinets of egg-shell china, a toilet-table à la Pompadour, a writing-desk à la Sévigné. Such small things had made the small joys of Mrs. Tempest's life. When the mourned her kind husband, she lamented him as the same one who had bought her every thing she wanted.

She had taken off her dinner dress, and looked particularly fair and youthful in her cambric dressing-gown, which had as much lace upon it as would have bought a small holding on the outskirts of the Forest. Even in that subdued light Violet could see that her mother's cheeks were pinker than usual, that her eyes were clouded with tears, and her manner nervously agitated.

"Mamma," cried the girl, "there is something wrong, I know. Something has happened."

"There is nothing wrong, love. But something has happened. Something which I hope will not make you unhappy—for it has made me very happy."

"You are talking in enigmas, mamma, and I am too tired to be good at guessing riddles just now," said Violet, becoming suddenly cold as ice.

A few moments ago she had been all gentleness and love, responding to the unwonted affection of her mother's caresses. Now she drew herself away and stood aloof, with her heart beating fast and furiously. She divined what was coming. She had guessed the riddle already.

"Come and sit by the fire, Violet, and I will tell you—every thing," said Mrs. Tempest, coaxingly, seating herself in the low semicircular chair which was her especial delight.

"I can hear what you have to tell just as well where I am," answered Violet, curtly, walking to the latticed window, which was open to the night. The moon was shining over the rise and fall of the woods, the scent of the flowers came stealing up from the garden. Without, all was calm and sweetness; within, fever and smothered wrath. "I can't think how you can endure a fire on such a night. The room is positively stifling."

"Ah, Violet, you have not my sad susceptibility to cold."

"No, mamma. I don't keep myself shut up like an onset diamond in a jeweller's strong-box."

"I don't think I can tell you—the little secret I have to tell, Violet, unless you come over to me and sit by my side, and give me your hand, and let me feel as if you were really fond of me," pleaded Mrs. Tempest, with a little gust of piteousness. "You seem like an enemy, standing over there with your back to me, looking out at the sky."

"Perhaps there is no need for you to tell me any thing, mamma," answered Violet, in a voice which, to her tremulous listener in the low coat by the fire, sounded as severe as the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence. "Shall I tell you the secret?"

There was no answer.

"Shall I, mamma?"

"I don't think you can, my love."

"Yes, I am afraid I can. The secret—which is no secret to me or to any one else in the world, any more than the place where the ostrich her put his head is a secret when his body is sticking up out of the sand—the secret is that, after being for seventeen happy, honorable years the wife of the best and truest of men, the kindest, most devoted, and most generous of husbands, you are going to take another husband, who comes to you with no better credentials than a smooth tongue and a carefully drilled figure, and who will punish your want of faith and constancy to my dead father by making the rest of your life miserable—as you will deserve that it shall be. Yes, mother, I, your only child, say so. You will deserve to be wretched if you marry Captain Carmichael."

The widow gave a faint scream, half indignation, half terror. For the moment she felt as if some prophetic curse had been hurled upon her. The tall, straight figure in the white gown, standing in the full flood of moonlight, looked awful as Cassandra prophesying death and doom in the wicked house at Argos.

"It is too bad," sobbed Mrs. Tempest; "it is cruel, unfaithful, disrespectful, positively wicked, for a daughter to talk to a mother as you have talked to me to-night. How can Miss M'Croke have brought you up, I wonder, that you are capable of using such language? Have you forgotten the Fifth Commandment?"

"No. It tells me to honor my father and my mother. I honor my dead father, I honor you, when I try to save you from the perdition of a second marriage."

"Perdition!" echoed Mrs. Tempest, faintly; "what language?"

"I knew when that adventurer came here that he intended to make himself master of this house—to steal my dead father's place," cried Vixen, passionately.

"You have no right to call him an adventurer. He is no officer and a gentleman. You offer him a cruel, an unprovoked insult. You insult me still more deeply by your abuse of him. Am I so old, or so ugly, or so altogether horrid, that a man can not love me for my own sake?"

"Not such a man as Captain Carmichael. He does not know what love means. He would have made me marry him if he could, because I am to have the estate by-and-by. Failing that, he has made you accept him for your husband; yes, he has conquered you, as a cat conquers a bird, fascinating the poor wretch with its baleful green eyes. You are quite young enough and pretty enough to win a good man's regard, if you were a penniless unprotected widow, needing a husband to shelter you and provide for you. But you are the natural victim of such a man as Captain Carmichael."

"You are altogether unjust and unreasonable," exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, weeping copiously. "Your poor dear father spoiled you. No one but a spoiled child would talk as you are talking. Who made you a judge of Captain Carmichael? It is not true that he ever wanted to marry you. I don't believe it for an instant."

"Very well, mother. If you are willfully blind—"

"I am not blind. I have lived twice as long as you have. I am a better judge of human nature than you can be."

"Not of your admirer's, your flatterer's, nature," cried Vixen. "He her slavered you with pretty speeches and soft words, as the cobra slavers its victim, and he will devour you, as the cobra does. He will swallow up your peace of mind, your self-respect, your independence, your money—all good things you possess. He will make you contemptible in the eyes of all who know you. He will make you base in your own eyes."

"It is not true. You are blinded by prejudice."

"I want to save you from yourself, if I can."

"You are too late to save me, as you call it, Captain Carmichael her touched my heart by his patient devotion. I have not been so easily won as you seem to imagine. I have refused him three times. He knows that I had made up my mind never to marry again. Nothing was further from my thoughts than a second marriage. I liked him as a companion and friend. That he knew. But I never intended that he should be more to me than a friend. He knew that. His patience her conquered me. Such devotion as he has given me has not often been offered to a woman. I do not think any woman living could resist it. He is all that is good and noble; and I am assured, Violet, that as a second father—"

Vixen interrupted her with a cry of horror.

"For God's sake, mamma, do not utter the word 'father' in conjunction with his name. He may become your husband—I have no power to prevent that evil—but he shall never call himself my father."

"What happiness can there be for any of us, Violet, when you start with such prejudices?" whimpered Mrs. Tempest.

"I do not expect there will be much," said Vixen. "Good-night, mamma."

"You are very unkind. You won't even stop to hear how it came about—how Conrad persuaded me to forego my determination."

"No, mamma. I don't want to hear the details. The fact is enough for me. If it would be any use for me to go down upon my knees and entreat you to give up this man, I would gladly do it, but I fear it would be on me."

"It would not, Violet," answered the widow, with modest resolutenesss. "I have given Conrad my word. I can not withdraw it."

"Then I have nothing more to say," replied Vixen, with her hand upon the door, "except good-night."

"You will not even kiss me?"

"Excuse me, mamma; I am not in a kissing humor."

And so Vixen left her.

Mrs. Tempest sat by the fading fire, and cried herself into a gentle slumber. It was very hard. She had longed to pour the story of this second courtship—its thrilling, unexpected joys, its wonderous surprises—into a sympathetic ear. And Violet, the natural recipient of these gentle confidences, had treated her so cruelly.

She felt herself sorely ill used; and then came soothing thoughts about her trousseau, her wedding dress, the dress in which she should start for her wedding tour. All things would, of course, be chastened and subdued. No woman can be a bride twice in her life; but Mrs. Tempest meant that the trousseau should, in its way, be perfect. There should be no rush or excitement in the preparation; nothing should be cramped or hurried. Calmness, deliberation, and a faultless taste should pervade all things.

"I will have no trimming but Valenciennes for my under-linen," she decided; "it is the only lace that never offends. And I will have old English monograms in satin stitch upon every thing. My peignoirs will require a good deal of study; they admit of as much variety. I will have only a few dresses, but those shall be from Paris. Theodore must go over and get them from Worth. She knows what suits me better than I do myself. I am not going to be extravagant, but Conrad so appreciates elegance and taste, and of course he will wish me to be well dressed."

And so, comforted by these reflections, Mrs. Tempest sank into a gentle slumber, from which she was awakened by Pauline, who had discussed her mistress's foolishness over a hearty supper, and now came to perform the duties of the evening toilet.

"Oh, Pauline," cried the widow, with a shiver, "I'm glad you awoke me. I've just had such an awful dream."

"Lor, ma'me? What about?"

"Oh, an awful dream. I thought Madame Theodore sent me home a dinner dress—bright yellow, trimmed with vivid orange. And when I asked her how she could suppose I would wear any thing so hideous, she assured me it was the height of fashion."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEDDING GARMENTS.

AFTER that night Vixen held her peace. There were no more bitter words between Mrs Tempest and her daughter, but the mother knew that there was a well-spring of bitterness—a Marah whose waters were incharmentable—in her daughter's heart, and that domestic happiness, under one roof, was henceforth impossible for these two.

There were very few words of any kind between Violet and Mrs. Tempest at this time. The girl kept herself as much as possible apart from her mother. The widow lived her languid drawing-room life, dawdling away long slow days that left no more impression behind them than the drift of rose leaves across the velvet lawn before her windows. A little point-lace, deftly worked by slim white fingers flashing with gems; a little Tennyson; a little Owen Meredith; a little Browning—only half understood at best; a little scandal; a great deal of orange pekoe, sipped out of old Worcester tea-cups of royal blue; an hour's letter-writing on the last fashionable note-paper—elegantly worded inanity, delicately penned in a flowing Italian hand, with long loops to the Y's and t's, and a serpentine curve at the end of every word.

No life could well have been more useless or vapid. Even Mrs. Tempest's charities—those doles of wine and soup, bread and clothing, which are looked for naturally from the mistress of a fine old house—were vicarious. Trimmer, the housekeeper, did every thing. Indeed, in the eyes of the surrounding poor, Mrs. Trimmer was mistress of the Abbey House. It was to her they looked for relief; it was her reproof they feared; and to her they looked lowest. The faded beauty, reclining in her barouche, wrapped in white raiment of softest China crape, and whirling past them in a cloud of dust, was as remote as a goddess. They could hardly have realized the fact that she was fashioned out of the same clay that made themselves.

Upon so smooth and eventless an existence Captain Carmichael's presence came like a gust of north wind across the sultry languor of an August noontide. His energy, his prompt, resolute manner of thinking and acting upon all occasions, impressed Mrs. Tempest with an extraordinary sense of his strength of mind and manliness. She must always be safe where he was. No danger, no difficulty, could assail her while his strong arm was there to ward it off. She felt very much as Mary Stuart may have done about Bothwell, when, moved to scornful aversion by the silken boy-prodigate Darnley, her heart acknowledged its master in the dark freebooter who had slain him. There had been no Darnley in Pamela Tempest's life, but this resolute, clear-brained soldier was her Bothwell. She had the Mary Stuart temperament, the love of compliments and fine dresses, dainty needle-work and luxurious living, without the Stuart craft. In Conrad Carmichael she had found her master, and she was content to be so mastered: willing to lay down her little sum of power at his feet, and live henceforward like a tame falcon at the end of a string. Her position as a widow was an excellent one. The squire's will had been dictated in fullest confidence in his wife's goodness and discretion, and doubtless also with the soothing idea common to most hale and healthy men, that it must be a long time before their testamentary arrangements can come into effect. It was a holograph will, and the squire's own composition throughout. He would have no lawyer's finger in that pie, he had said. The will had cost him many hours of painful thought before he rang the bell for his bailiff and his butler, and executed it in their presence.

Mrs. Tempest was mistress of the Abbey House for her life, and at her death it was to become Violet's property. Violet was not to come of age until she was twenty-five, and till then her mother was to be her sole guardian and absolute mistress of every thing. There was no question of an allowance for the maintenance of the heiress, no question as to the accumulation of income. Every thing was to belong to Mrs. Tempest till Violet came of age. She had only to educate and maintain her daughter, in whatever manner she might think fit. At Violet's majority the estate was to pass into her possession, charged with an income of fifteen hundred a year, to be paid to the widow for her lifetime. Until her twenty-fifth birth-day, therefore, Violet was in the position of a child, entirely dependent on her mother's liberality, and bound to obey her mother as her natural and only guardian. There was no court of appeal nearer than the Court of Chancery. There was no trustee or executor to whom the two women could make their complaints or refer their differences.

Naturally, Captain Carmichael had long before

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this made himself acquainted with the particulars of the squire's will. For six years he saw himself sole master of a very fine estate, and at the end of six years reduced to an income which seemed comparatively a pittance and altogether inadequate for the maintenance of such a place as the Abbey House. Still, fifteen hundred a year and the Abbey House were a long way on the right side of nothing; and Captain Carmichael felt that he had fallen on his feet.

That was a dreary June for Vixen. She hugged her sorrow, and lived in a mental solitude which was almost awful in so young a soul. She made a confidante of no one, not even of kind-hearted Fanny Scobel, who was quite ready to pity her and condole with her, and who was secretly indignant at the widow's folly.

The fact of Mrs. Tempest's intended marriage had become known to all her friends and neighbors, with the usual effect of such intelligence. Society said sweet things to her, and praised Captain Carmichael, and hoped the wedding would be soon, and opined that it would be quite a nice thing for Miss Tempest to have such an agreeable step-father, with whom she could ride to hounds as she had done with the dear squire. And the same society, driving away from the Abbey House in its landaus and pony-carriages after half an hour's pleasant gossip and a cup of delicately flavored tea, called Mrs. Tempest a fool, and her intended husband an adventurer.

Vixen kept aloof from all the gossip and tea-drinking. She did not even go near her old friends the Scobels in those days of smothered wrath and slow-consuming indignation. She deserted the schools, her old pensioners, even the little village children, to whom she had loved to carry baskets of good things, and pocketfuls of half-pence, and whose queer country dialect had seemed as sweet to her as the caroling of finches and blackbirds in the woods. Every thing in the way of charity was left to Mrs. Trimmer now. Vixen took her long solitary rides in the woods, roaming wherever there was a footway for her horse under the darkening beeches, dangerously near the swampy ground where the wet grass shone in the sunlight, the green mossy patches that meant peril; into the calm unfathomable depths of Mark Ash or Queen's Bower; up to the wild brathy crest of Boldrewood; wherever there was loneliness and beauty.

Roderick had gone to London for the season, and was riding with Lady Mabel in the Row, or dancing attendance at garden parties, exhibitions, and flower shows.

"I wonder how he likes the dusty days and the crowded rooms, the classical music and high art exhibitions?" thought Vixen, savagely. "I wonder how he likes being led about like a Pomeranian terrier? I don't think I could endure it if I were a man. But I suppose when one is in love—"

And then Vixen thought of their last talk together, and how little of the lover's enthusiasm there was in Roderick's mention of his cousin.

"In the bottom of my heart I know that he is going to marry her for the sake of her estate, or because his mother wished it and urged it, and he was too weak-minded to go on saying No. I would not say it for the world, or let any one else say it in my hearing, but in my heart of hearts I know he does not love her."

And then, after a thoughtful silence, she cried to the mute unresponsive woods:

"Oh, it is wicked, abominable, mad, to marry without love!"

The woods spoke to her of Roderick Vawdrey. How often she had ridden by his side beneath those spreading beech boughs, dipping her childish head just as she dipped it to-day under the low branches, steering her pony carefully between the prickly holly bushes, plunging deep into the hollows where the dry leaves crackled under his hoofs.

"I fancied Rorie and I were to spend our lives together—somehow," she said to herself. "It seems very strange for us to be quite parted."

She saw Mr. Vawdrey's name in the fashionable newspapers in the lists of guests at dinners and drums. London life suited him very well, no doubt. She heard that he was a member of the Four-in-hand Club, and turned out in splendid style at Hyde Park Corner. There was no talk yet of his going into Parliament. That was an affair of the future.

Since that evening on which Mrs. Tempest announced her intention of taking a second husband, Violet and Captain Carmichael had only met in the presence of other people. The captain had tried to infuse a certain fatherly familiarity into his manner, but Vixen had met every attempt at friendliness with a sullen disdain, which kept even Captain Carmichael at arm's-length.

"We shall understand each other better by-and-by," he said to himself, galled by this coldness. "It would be a pity to disturb these halcyon days by any thing in the way of a scene. I shall know how to manage Miss Tempest—afterward."

He spoke of her and to her always as Miss Tempest. He had never called her Violet since that night in the Pavilion garden.

These days before her wedding were indeed a halcyon season for Mrs. Tempest. She lived in an atmosphere of millinery and pretty speeches. Her attention was called away from a ribbon by the sweet distraction of a compliment, and oscillated between tender whispers and Honiton lace. Conrad Carmichael was a delightful lover. His enemies would have said that he had done the same kind of thing so often that it would have been strange if he had not done it well. His was assuredly no 'prentice hand in the art. Poor Mrs. Tempest lived in a state of mild intoxication, as dreamily delicious as the effects of opium. She was enchanted with her lover, and still better pleased with herself. At nine-and-thirty it was very sweet to find herself exercising so potent an influence over the captain's strong nature. She could not help comparing herself to Cleopatra, and the captain to Antony. If he had not thrown away a world for her sake, he was at least ready to abandon the busy career which a man loves, and to devote his future existence to rural domesticity. He confessed that he had been hardened by much contact with the world, that he did not love now for the first time; but he told his betrothed that her influence had awakened feelings that had never before been called into life, that this love which he felt for her was to all intents and purposes a first love, the first pure and perfect affection that had subjugated and elevated his soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the various explorations in the arctic regions prosecuted during the year 1878, not the least interesting and important is that of Lieutenant Jensen, of the Danish navy, in Greenland. As long ago as 1751, Dalager, who made an expedition to Frederikshaab, reported that far to the east he observed a series of mountain peaks, which he supposed to be the eastern coast of Greenland. Several attempts have been made to reach these mountains, and to confirm or disprove the supposition; but it was not until the present year that this was accomplished. Lieutenant Jensen, with three Danes and one Greenlander, entered the ice-fields on the 14th of July, dragging their provisions and instruments on three small sledges. After very great vicissitudes the party finally succeeded in reaching the mountains, and in ascending the highest of them on the 31st of July. Its altitude proved to be about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and the vision swept over ice-fields and hummocks to an indefinite distance, showing conclusively that this was not the eastern coast of Greenland, as had been imagined.

The summit of the mountain ascended by Lieutenant Jensen was bare, thus, according to Mr. Robert Brown, establishing the interesting fact that there are peaks in the interior so high that the great ice sheet has not been able to cover them. He also states that there are no grounds for believing that the inland ice of Greenland comes, like ordinary glaciers, from mountain ranges.

Johannesen, a well-known Norwegian walrus-hunter, has lately discovered a new island, due north of the Yenisei River, in longitude 81° E. and latitude 77° 56'. This is quite flat, and about twelve miles long, with its highest point about one hundred feet above the sea level. No snow was discerned on the island, which was provided with scanty vegetation, but frequented by innumerable birds. The fact that the sea was free from ice to the west, north, and east, and the occurrence of certain types of animal life, suggest the idea that the Gulf Stream reaches the western side of the island. The island, which Johannesen named "Ensomheden" (*Loneliness*), is almost due east of Francis Joseph Land, and is thought to be a part of the same archipelago.

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the distinguished traveller and naturalist, is mentioned as a candidate for the post of verderer of Epping Forest.

It is said that the volcano of Cotopaxi is in such a state of activity that the clouds of ashes and smoke issuing from it can be seen at Guayaquil, on the shores of the Pacific.

The Twelfth Bulletin of the National Museum is an important contribution to American ichthyology, consisting, first, of an article on the distribution of the fishes of the Alleghany region in South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee; secondly, of a synopsis of the family of the Catostomidæ, or suckers, a well known and characteristic group of American fresh water fishes. In the first paper Professor Jordan had the assistance of his colleague Mr. Brayton.

The International Congress of Americanists, which has done so much toward the development of our knowledge of the archæology of the New World, will hold its next and third meeting at Brussels, on the 3d of September. The Count of Flanders will be the honorary president.

The Smithsonian Institution has received coupons of membership, entitling the holder to a copy of the Proceedings for the year. The fee is twelve francs, and the annual volume is usually worth considerably more than that, merely as a book.

Dr. Bellesme, in studying the appendages of the fly and other dipterous insects known as *halters* or *balancers*, has come to the conclusion that they serve the purpose of acting mechanically as a stop on the base of the wing, restraining more or less its amplitude of vibration, and so varying the flight. The use of these objects has been variously interpreted by previous investigators, such as counter-weights, rods to produce buzzing, etc.

The biennial report of the Fish Commission of Vermont for 1877-78 is necessarily limited in its account of the work done, in consequence of the very small appropriation made for the purpose of fish-culture and protection. There is, however, an interesting essay upon the recent history of the salmon in the Connecticut and elsewhere, and also some important considerations relative to the protection of fish by legislation.

The report of the curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College for 1877-78, just published, gives an account of the additions and work accomplished by this institution, among the foremost of American zoological establishments. The reports of the several curators contain accounts of the additions to the museum, which, although not so large as in some previous years, have yet been of satisfactory magnitude.

At the present time Mr. Alexander Agassiz is curator, and Professor J. D. Whitney secretary. The personnel of the museum is seventeen in number, some of them, however, giving their services gratuitously. A considerable part of the report is occupied by an account of Mr. Agassiz's new laboratory at Newport, to which we have already referred as perhaps the most elegant and complete establishment of the kind extant.

The invested funds of the museum amount to $[illegible], of the various elements composing this sum, that of the Agassiz memorial occupies rather more than half.

Dr. O. Finsch, the eminent ornithologist, until recently connected with the Natural History Museum of Bremen, will, in accordance with the plan already announced by us, reach New York in January next on his way to the islands of the Pacific. The expense of his tour will be borne in part by the Berlin Humboldt Institution.

We have already referred to the death of the eminent French mineralogist Mr. G. Delafosse, which occurred on the 13th of October. He was born in 1796, and assisted Haüy in the preparation of his treatise on mineralogy. From 1817 to 1840 he was connected with the Museum of Natural History, and from 1841 to 1876 was professor of mineralogy in the Faculty of Sciences. In 1857 he was elected perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.

Numerous memoirs and treatises upon minerals and rocks bear his name, and have exercised an important influence upon the advance of science.

We announced some time ago the intended publication of an American quarterly microscopical journal, to be edited by Mr. Romyn Hitchcock, to serve as an organ of the New York Microscopical Society. The first number of this journal appeared in October, and contains several interesting papers, which will come duly to the attention of microscopists generally.

The paper of special importance is that on the various forms of *Saprolegnia*, by Mr. Hine. The occurrence of this low form of vegetation is of much industrial importance, as, among other presentations, it constitutes the fungus which does so much mischief in aquaria and fish-cultural establishments.

The German African Association is somewhat put out with Prince Bismarck's action in connection with African exploration. The Reichstag voted the sum of about $25,000 for this purpose, with the understanding that the association and the Berlin Geographical Society were to be consulted as to the manner of its expenditure. Recently, however, the Prince has granted $7500 of this sum to Major Mechow without consultation with the association, some of the members of which maintain that that officer is not qualified to do scientific work.

The latest news from the *Eothen*, the vessel which left New York in 1877 for the purpose of making search for the Franklin relics, is of August 18, 1878, when Captain Spicer, of the bark *Nile*, boarded the vessel at Whale Point, on the west side of Hudson Bay, in latitude 63° 12'. Lieutenant Schwatka and "Esquimau Joe" at that time were on Dépôt Island in search of traces of Sir John Franklin, and were also prosecuting the various branches of scientific research.

Captain Barry expected to winter on Marble Island, Lieutenant Schwatka's party probably spending that season at Repulse Bay, 340 miles westward.

No whales had then been taken by the *Eothen*, although it had been expected that the expenses of the expedition would be defrayed, in part at least, from their capture.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A snow-storm for New York and vicinity had been predicted for several days before Christmas, and so, when the big white snow-flakes began to fall, nobody complained of the cold, nipping wind, but all thought joyfully of merry Christmas sleigh-bells. Little boys and big ones brought out their sleds and made the sidewalks somewhat dangerous for pedestrians. The latter, however, were very good-natured, and returned a sympathetic smile and word when the little fellows saluted them in their glee with, "Want a ride? Five cents." But as that snowy morning wore away, the snow-flakes grew finer and denser, and by mid-afternoon the rain and sleet were falling in a gloomy drizzle amid wild gales of wind—"cold and dark and dreary." The Christmas sleigh-rides, so eagerly anticipated, were utterly ruined. But 1878, though hastening on with rapid steps, had no thought of bidding us farewell until he had given us a few samples of first-class winter weather. The holidays were ushered in with bright, mild, blustering days, such as made Santa Claus's ears tingle, and 1879, yet in embryotic state, wonder whether he could ever equal the last efforts of his predecessor. But fortunately the weather, be it dark or bright, does not check Christmas festivities nor make the New-Year's greetings less cordial or sincere.

In a letter recently published in the New York *Tribune*, ex-Governor Howard, of Rhode Island, gives a pleasant and deserved tribute to the character and abilities of our late minister to Berlin. A few brief extracts will be interesting to our readers:

"It was my privilege and pleasure to pass several days in the autumn in intimate association with Mr. Taylor. He had been seriously ill, and had been called from work and home by the imperative edict of his physician. A few weeks of repose in the mountains had restored him, as he thought, to perfect health, and he had returned in excellent spirits, and very happy at the prospect of a renewal of labor. I never knew him to appear to better advantage than he did while doing the honors of the table at a quiet dinner party at which myself and family were present. He referred to the work before him as one might be expected to speak of an anticipated pastime. I do not know that he ever was afraid of labor. He certainly was not then. I think I never saw on any previous occasion the exceeding brilliancy of his nature so abound as it did on the evening referred to. He made no harsh criticisms, uttered no intolerant comments. Having tarried in Germany some time, I had full opportunity to know that Mr. Taylor was held in unusual esteem by the court. His familiarity with the lessons of history, his long association with men of power and rank in all parts of the world, and his intuitive good sense enabled him to form a correct judgment upon all questions of court etiquette and diplomatic routine. Though entirely regardless of himself, he was fully conscious of the rights and dignity of his government as represented in his person, and firmly though decorously maintained the consideration to which he was entitled by virtue of his high office. It may be confidently asserted that the honor, prestige, and interests of his country would have continued safe in his hands. A little incident, which I think may be mentioned with propriety, is of interest. When the peace of Europe seemed to be menaced, prior to the Berlin Congress, a message was received at the legation to the effect that the presence of our minister at the Royal Palace was requested. When Mr. Taylor appeared, the Emperor said, 'Mr. Taylor, I have sent for you to express the hope that the influence and good offices of your government may be felt wholly in the direction of preventing a war. I have seen enough of battles and bloodshed. I hope there will be no more fighting during the brief time I remain upon earth.'"

The electric light is about to be introduced into two or three London churches. It is also largely employed at Westgate-on-Sea, upon the extensive estates of an English gentleman who is interested in comparing the relative cost and advantages of electric light and gas. Along the pretty sea-frontage of Westgate are arranged rows of electric and gas lamps, the one to illuminate the broad marine parade and drive, with the tasteful villas and terraces, and the other to light up the ornamental gardens and promenades. Notwithstanding the semi-opaque globes absorbing some sixty per cent. of the brilliant white electric light, the adjacent gas lamps appear in contrast to burn dimly, with a smoky, dull, dirty amber-yellow flame.

The Soldiers' Home at Bath, New York, will be formally opened on January [illegible], 1879. The Governor and executive officers of the State, and both branches of the Legislature, have been invited to attend.

Arrangements are in progress to celebrate in some sufficiently important way at Penzance the centenary of Sir Humphry Davy's birth. This great chemist was born at Ludgvan, near Penzance, in 1778, and was educated and served his apprenticeship to a surgeon in that town.

Not long ago a Catholic priest in Williamsburg, in his search within his parish for the sick, the poor, and the destitute, found two aged sisters on the verge of starvation. They were huddled together in a small room, which was almost destitute of furniture, and were so weak and worn that the priest at first feared they were past help. But they were cared for immediately, and good arrangements made for their future comfort.

Throughout the summer the Flower Mission, one of our most beautiful charities, dispenses fragrant gifts to the sick and the poor in hospitals, asylums, and, to some extent, in tenement-houses. The ladies of this mission, thinking what pleasure it would give poor sick people to surround them with something bright and fresh during the holiday season, appealed to the benevolent for gifts of evergreens, pressed leaves, ferns, immortelles, etc., and any appropriate decorations. In response liberal donations were received, not only of the things asked for, but of mottoes, toys, Christmas cards, and various pretty decorations. These will long cheer many weary sufferers who are confined to their beds in charity hospitals.

At a recent business meeting of the stockholders of the Academy of Music in this city, a resolution was passed that all stockholders for the next two years shall resign their right to free admission and seats at all performances except the regular opera.

An old church at the corner of Prince and Marion streets is used as a cheap lodging-house for men. The few benches serve as beds. The building is well heated, but no mattresses or coverings are furnished. The prices of lodgings vary from three to ten cents, according to the style of accommodations desired, whether in the basement, which is fitted up with bunks, or in the main room, or in the galleries. Baths are furnished free, and a simple breakfast of an ample supply of Indian meal mush is supplied at a cost of two cents.

Great distress prevails among the laboring poor throughout England and Scotland—indeed, throughout the whole of Great Britain. The large manufacturing towns are the chief centres of suffering, thousands of unemployed men and starving women and children being dependent upon charity. Measures of relief have been taken, but as yet the distress is great. Many of the middle-class poor, who will not appeal to charity, suffer keenly.

The inhabitants of Bangor, Maine, have been seriously alarmed by the formation of an ice gorge in the Penobscot River, below the dam at the water-works. The water, not being allowed to pass by reason of the accumulation of ice, flowed back, and fears were entertained that the city would be flooded. The business portion of Bangor is very low, and a flood would affect almost every store in the city. Many merchants moved their goods; but the danger was averted after two or three days by the subsiding of the water.

On the east side elevated railway trains are now started at busy hours from Franklin Square. By this means passengers from that region are enabled to secure seats, instead of being compelled to stand in cars already overcrowded.

A singular contention has arisen in Russia between the government and the students of the universities at St. Petersburg and Kharkoff. It appears that the restraints to which the students are subjected inside the university walls, and the police surveillance without, have become intolerable to them.

Among the serious discomforts and perils attending the gigantic movement of the tens of thousands of locomotives in constant movement over the continent, is the hideous roar of steam from their safety-valves, which has become a nuisance well-nigh intolerable. Horses are frightened and run away, life and limb are placed in peril, and casualties in which people are killed or maimed for life are frequently reported. Besides this, on closely settled railroad lines the roar of escaping steam startles the people in their homes, makes day and night hideous about the depots, and it is altogether an evil of such magnitude that there is now a general voice every where demanding relief.

A remedy for all this discomfort has come to our knowledge recently, from some tests given on the great Pennsylvania Railway, that proves to be so effective and so simple that it will be of interest to state its method.

The steam, instead of being discharged into the air with the inconceivable velocity attending the vent of this mighty force, is carried silently and invisibly into the tender of the engine, where it is neither seen nor heard, and where it is all utilized to heat the feed water. It really constitutes a noiseless locomotive, which is a great desideratum, especially in cities, where engines are belching forth their steam, each with its own refrain, making the brain and nerve quiver with the explosion. Here is the remedy. Now let us have peace!

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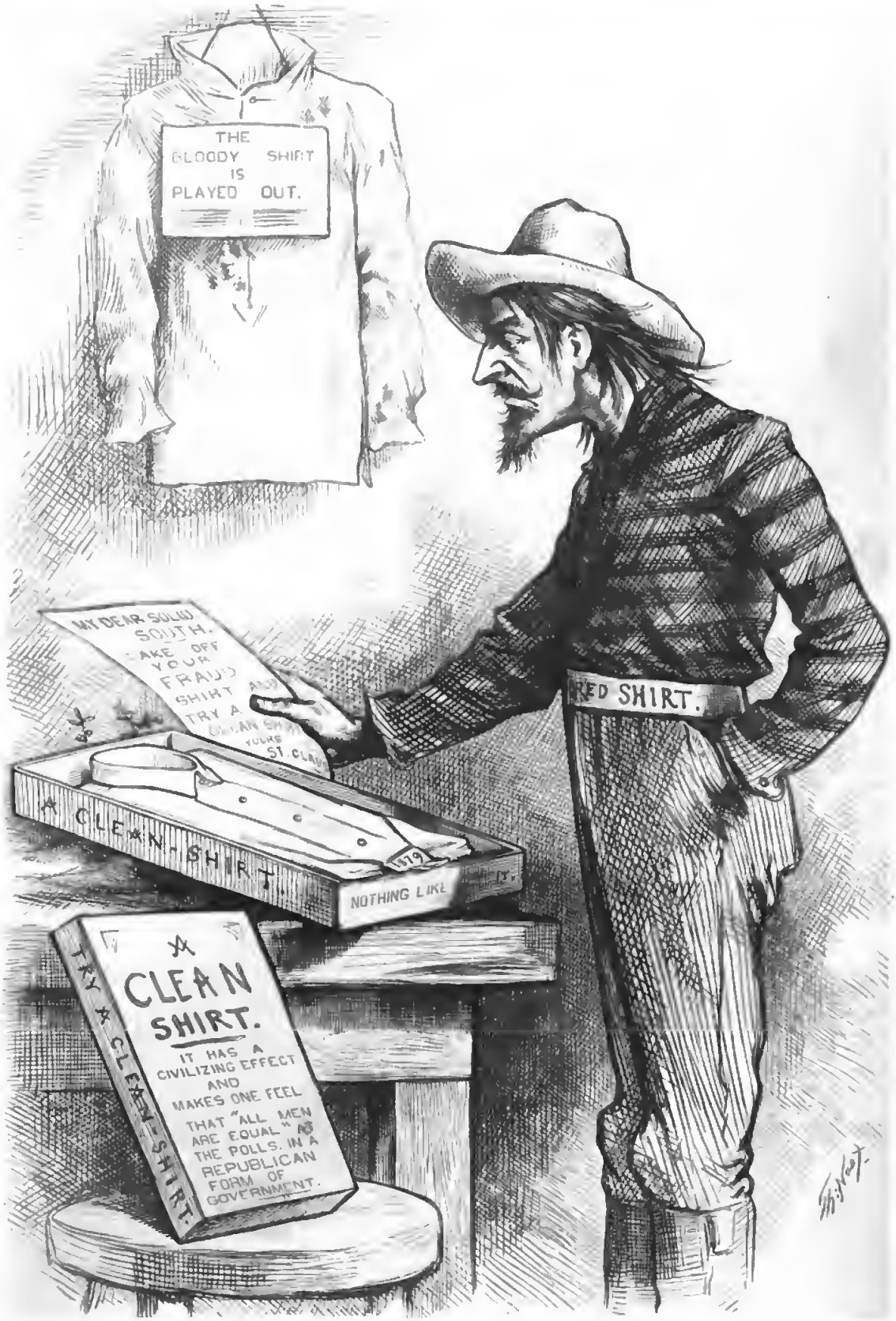

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

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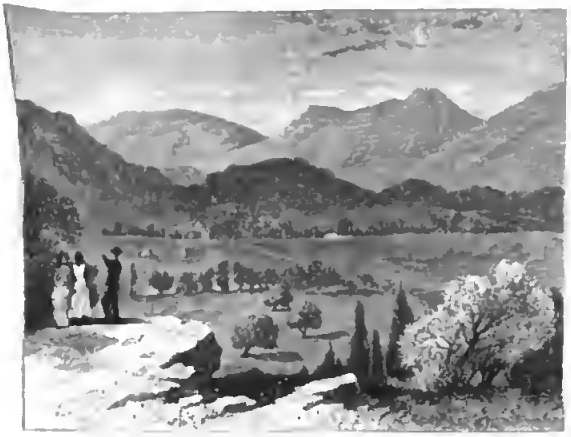
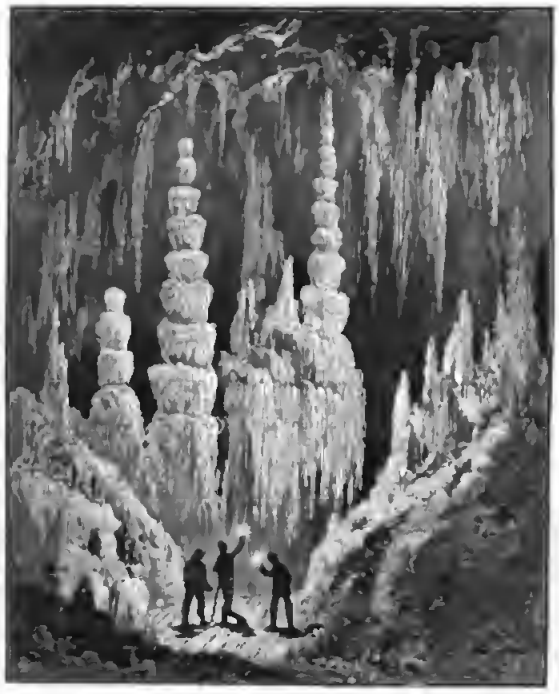


THE BLUE RIDGE AND TOWN OF LURAY, FROM CAVE HILL.

THE FISH-MARKET.

THE SENTINEL AND THE SPECTRE.



THE CATHEDRAL.

THE VIRGIN FONT.

THE GRAND GULCH.

WONDERS UNDERGROUND—THE CAVES OF LURAY, VIRGINIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY ALEXANDER Y. LEE.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

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PLAN OF THE CAVES OF LURAY.

WONDERS UNDER-GROUND.

THE picturesque little village of Luray, in Page County, Virginia, has suddenly become famous through the discovery in its neighborhood of a series of caves, whose extent and magnificence cast even the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky into the shade. On page 20 our readers will find several sketches of this wonderful subterranean realm, which in former ages might have been imagined to be the abode of fairies, gnomes, and other spirits that shun the light of day, and only come forth to the upper world when the moon or the stars alone can behold their sports. It is strange, by-the-way, that so little use is made of fairy mythology in giving names to the various chambers and galleries to these immense caverns. The discoverers and explorers appear to be wholly without imagination, and never to have read fairy stories or the *Arabian Nights*, and they can think of nothing but the names so familiar to every one who has ever visited a large cave. We know beforehand that we shall find a "cathedral," a "pulpit," an "amphitheatre," a "bridal chamber," and all the rest. The owners of the Luray caves would do well to invite a committee of artists and authors to visit their under-ground possessions, and give the galleries, chasms, bridges, halls, and chambers names that will strike the imagination and add to the pleasure derived from their weird beauty.

The map or plan of the caves, reduced from one recently published in the New York *Herald*, will enable our readers to form a conception of the extent and varied structure of this vast and wonderful cavern, which, as will be seen, has not yet been fully explored. Several passages which have not been traversed lead off into regions which may yet disclose new wonders rivalling and perhaps exceeding those of which we give illustrations. The entrance to the Luray caverns is a long and narrow passageway reached by a flight of stairs, and tending almost directly westward, with branches in a southerly direction. This passageway is adorned with most beautiful columns; the roof hangs with delicate stalactites that glitter in the torch-light. A bridge conducts the visitor over a muddy lake, and then the first large cavern is reached, and the grandeur and mystery of these subterranean scenes begin to impress the imagination with awe, wonder, and admiration. Nothing so vast, so varied, or magnificent, exists in any other cavern known to man.

It would be impossible in the course of a short article to describe all the wonders of the various galleries, chambers, and chasms which branch off from this point. The illustrations drawn by our artist by the light of torches and lanterns give a more graphic idea than can be conveyed by words of the beauty and grandeur to be seen at every step of the way. We will merely follow our artist guide with such brief descriptions as may be necessary to locate the scenes he has so well depicted. After passing the "Muddy Lake" and climbing a rude stairway, we turn to the right and enter what is called the "Fish Market"—a room about forty feet square, and named from the resemblance of the formations on one side to a row of fish strung up by the gills. Continuing our ascent over a high hill in the cavern, we discover the "Grand Gulch," with a depth of seventy-five feet below the surface. The roof arches above at about the same height. Near this is the "Virgin Font," one of the most beautiful formations in the whole cavern. Under a curiously shaped group of stalactites a small pool of clear water is visible through a stalagmite formation as white and pure as snow. Passing along to the gulch a distance of about a hundred feet, we are confronted by the "Sentinel," and further on the "Spectre" looms up dim and ghostly in the flickering light. This formation is about seventy-five feet high. Not far from this spot a small bridge spans the ravine, at the bottom of which a human skeleton was found by the first explorers—perhaps that of some prehistoric man—partially concealed by formations which have been accumulating about it during the ages that have elapsed since life was dashed out of it by the fall into the horrible darkness of this awful chasm.

The "Cathedral" is remarkable for the size, variety, and beauty of its formations, some rising to a great height from the floor, and others depending from the arched and dome-like roof. One can easily imagine himself standing in some wonderful hall described in the *Arabian Nights*, the work of genii; and again one is vexed at the want of taste or fancy that applies so commonplace and inappropriate a name to a scene of such weird and fantastic beauty.

These are a few only of the wonders to be found in this most remarkable of caverns. Its full extent may never be known. Those who have most carefully explored its various ramifications believe that they will be found to extend in a continuous chain to the Shenandoah River. Doubtless explorations will be pushed forward with redoubled energy in the hope of new discoveries; but even now the Luray Cavern has no rival among the subterranean regions known to man, and if convenient and suitable travelling facilities for reaching it are provided, it will no doubt attract thousands of visitors during the next summer.

THE NEW YEAR IN NEW YORK.

THE new year opens upon New York full of promise. It has a new government and some prospect of reform. The heavy burden of general misrule, of cruel taxation, declining values, of important interests uncared for, neglected to lost advantages, seems about to be lightened. The perilous despotism of a single party has at last been shaken. In every other point of view except that of government it is still one of the most fortunate of cities. Never was there such a magnificent growth, such a natural and well-earned prosperity. Years of plenty have poured into its bosom the food of Europe, and its own fleets sail as regularly to feed the distant East as the fleets of Afric and Egypt once sailed to hungry Rome. It is allowed to possess the finest harbor, the most secure site, of all the world's emporiums. The earthquakes that shook the ancient capitals, the floods and storms that visit even London and Paris, the plagues that sweep over the Orient, are turned away from it by a benignant hand. Its population has grown with a rapidity unknown to Europe. A hundred years ago London had 600,000 inhabitants, and New York only 20,000—was thirty times less than its European foe. To-day London is scarcely three times as populous as New York, or, including all the suburbs, probably not more than twice as large. Before the close of the century there may be little difference between the size of the two capitals. With a better government, New York would already have made that difference less. Around its magnificent harbor, its broad, pure rivers, beneath its generally clement skies, its people live in the midst of abundance, and enjoy all the products of the globe. When STRABO described the charms of the Campus Martius, to AUGUSTUS painted the luxury of Rome, it was chiefly upon the splendor of the palaces and public buildings that they dwelt, on the good fortune of the few rather than of the many. Happily New York is still in some degree the home of the people. Its broad avenues, that shoot out to Harlem, are lined with the shops and homes of the industrious and frugal; its palaces, its cathedrals, are few. With a reformed government it may become still more the people's home, still more the centre of general ease and content. With a just government it might well be made the most healthful, the purest, of cities. Already an ample tide of water flows through its midst, the envy of Paris, London, Berlin; its wharves are swept by mighty rivers always swift and full, its streets, broad and regular, have been made by private enterprise splendid with warehouses, shops, and offices. There is nowhere a spectacle of human prosperity and growth so fine, amazing, as that opening upon the stranger's eye from the Narrows to the broad mouth of the Hudson; the thickly peopled shores, the crowded wharves, the limpid waters, the countless marks of human industry, the endless lines of public and private buildings filling all the distance, startle the imagination with a sense of present and future greatness.

From the prospect of the present one turns away to review the city of the past. It is a reverie, a fancy, almost unrivalled in history. First comes a solitary ship, small, slow, ungainly, to survey the opening of the great bay at Sandy Hook. HUDSON crossed the sandy bar, anchored under its shelter, visited the savages of Monmouth County, landed, it is believed, on the low shore of Coney Island. The natives seemed friendly, the air was soft and fine (it was September). He was stirred by the thought that he had discovered the path to India. He turned his prow upward, passed the leafy portal of the Narrows, saw with delight, in the soft autumnal sunshine, the harbor and the rocky site of New York. Next he entered the river that was to bear his name, beheld its matchless scenery, pressed upward through the broad Tappan Zee, ventured into the mountain passes, reached Albany. The weather was fair, the landscape green, the skies magnificent. The soft September air followed him through his voyage. He found some natives friendly, some hostile. At the place where Newburgh stands he said there was the site for a fine city. His voyage was prosperous. Once more he passed the solitary Narrows, saw for the last time the low shore of Coney Island and the Monmouth coast, and passed out into the unfathomable, unknown sea. HUDSON perished, but his name lives in the bay and river he gave to Europe. Years pass on; the rocky site of New York is covered with the quaint tiled houses of the Dutch; the church, the school, are planted; and where now the commerce of the world finds shelter, a few weighty galiots carried away the furs and trappings of the savages. Next the English city springs up before us. A hundred years ago a population estimated differently at from 16,000 to 25,000 had gathered on the spot where HUDSON had seen only the hostile savages. In 1749 it was a delightful city, its streets lined with trees, its people hospitable and gay, its churches grand, its houses hid in foliage; it seemed to the European visitor the abode of perpetual peace. Then in the historical panorama comes the horrid phantasm of war: half burned, half desolate, New York becomes a frowning fortress, surrounded by the great fleets of HOWE and RODNEY, covered with cannon, glittering with the pomp of British armies equipped for the conquest of the continent. This, too, passes on, and next WASHINGTON is seen leading his victorious army down Bowery Lane into the liberated city, the herald of universal freedom.

Freedom seemed to crown New York with unexampled prosperity. It sprang at once into greatness. Its population rose from twenty or fifty, a hundred thousand; its commerce seemed vast, its wealth extraordinary; it surpassed all its rivals on the Atlantic coast, and great fleets sailed to Europe through the leafy Narrows, where HUDSON had led the way in his solitary ship, laden with the riches of the West. The war of 1812 checked only for a moment its rapid progress; it sprang up again, and renewed its supremacy as the emporium of a boundless continent. But to the bold conception of one clear and energetic intellect, one brilliant, cultivated projector, New York was to owe almost all its greatness, the Western States their earliest progress, and Europe a boundless supply of food that has satisfied its hungry millions. CLINTON conceived the design of a canal through the wilderness, a ditch three hundred miles and more in length cut through marsh, forest, rock—a fanciful, impracticable scheme that seemed to his contemporaries the vision of a madman. An admirable volume might be written on the pains, the toils, the ardor of this unrivalled projector, the fury of his enemies, the zeal he inspired in his friends, the control he gained over his native State, the doubt, the fear, the wonderful success. When at last the waters of the lakes were linked to the ocean, the settlement of the West began, new States sprang up in the wilderness, new nations seemed just born; but to the city of New York came such a flood of prosperity as had come to no other city of the time. Its population soon doubled, its harbor was filled with its own ships, its wealth grew great. The canal, most valuable to mankind, poured down each year a larger supply of all the Western products, and still the wonderful work of the rare projector, prophet, benefactor of his race, feeds America and Europe. So long as the canal remains open, no forestaller can cheat them of their food, no private company lay its heavy burdens on the poor. Next came the aqueduct, built with rare honesty and excellence, then the railways, overloaded with expense; the steam-ships, the ferries, the extensive trade, the trifling debt, light taxes, reputable rule. For nearly thirty years after the opening of its canal New York remained honest, moderate, refined.

The next period is that of immigration. A famine raged in Europe; there was plenty in America. The hospitable New World threw open its gates to the hungry strangers. Ireland, Germany, poured in their busy swarms. From 1847 New York became almost a European city. It must be left to some future historian to describe the important effect of this unlooked-for change on the community, the nation; the swift decline of public virtue; the desperate aims of its politicians; the rebellion produced, perhaps, by the corruption of the metropolis; the growth of fraud, violence; the culmination of the crimes of the conspirators in 1870, their partial defeat in 1871; the spectacle of a city almost ruled by a single alien's hand. History will paint with singular clearness, no doubt, the causes and the authors of the misfortunes of New York. A JUVENAL, a TACITUS, would sigh over the decay of republican virtue, a political economist show how the resources of the city were squandered or stolen; a philanthropist lament its enormous debt—its intolerable taxes that had made it no longer a home for the industrious, the moderate. Yet such is the wonderful influence of the rare gifts of nature—of its rivers, harbor, canal; its climate, its freedom—that only for a brief period has the growth of New York been checked. Thousands, no doubt, have been driven away from its costly streets. Thousands of the best class of its voters and citizens—the young men of moderate incomes, or the elder with expensive families—escape from its tax-ridden borders to Westchester or New Jersey. It is probable that twenty thousand republican votes may in this way have been lost to the city. But the new year opens upon a reviving trade, a growing population, a change in the world of politics, that may lead to better things. New York is changing. The foreign element of its population is slowly becoming American. Schools, churches, institutions, freedom, can scarcely be without their effect. It is still possible that the government of New York may be administered with honesty and cheapness; its taxes lowered by a wise economy; its wisest citizens control its affairs. An honest league may yet be formed that shall consult only the public good. Our citizens must learn to labor for their city. PLUTARCH, who was prefect, scholar, archon, the emperor's friend, became the commissioner of sewers in his native town of Chæronea. "It is for my country, not myself," he said, "that I measure tiles, gather stones and mortar." It remains for the citizens of New York to repair in the future the results of their negligence in the past; to devote their time to its government; to fill its offices decently; to labor together for the common good. In this way every new year will bring a new impulse of advancing prosperity, and the metropolis of the country become the symbol of republicanism and peace.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SKETCHES IN LADAKH.

LADAKH is a province of Asia, lying between Great Thibet on the east and Little Thibet on the west. On the south it is separated from Cashmere by the Himalaya, while on the north it is divided by the Karakoram Mountains from Chinese Turkestan. It has an area of 30,000 square miles, and the inhabitants number about 200,000. Ladakh is part of the elevated table-land which is supported by the Himalaya system, and divided by it from the low plains of the Ganges and the Indus. Through the middle of the country runs the valley of the latter river, here called Sing-ka-tse. It is extremely well watered from the numberless streams which pour down the mountain sides, increasing in volume until they reach their common receptacle, the Indus. This river enters Ladakh at the southern extremity, where its valley is more than two miles wide. This width continues as far as Roodok, a considerable distance above Leh, the capital of the country. At Roodok the high land comes up to the bed of the river, which rushes on with great impetuosity until it reaches the plain where Leh is built. Communication between Ladakh and the neighboring countries is very difficult, except by way of the valley of the Indus, owing to the mountain ranges which traverse it in all directions.

The capital of Ladakh is Leh, of which we give an admirable view in our group of sketches on page 32. It is situated at the spur of the immense range of mountains which divide the valley of the Shayuk or Nubra River from that of the Indus, and is composed of some six or seven hundred flat-roofed buildings. The interior of the town is a confused assemblage of houses and narrow alleys. On the south side is a small open space resembling a park, on the edges of which are some of the best houses. The Rajah's residence—a singular but not inelegant structure on an elevated situation behind the town—overlooks the whole, and there is a square fort upon the plain near. There are several bazars in Leh, each containing a number of shops, for the town has an extensive commerce. It is the great entrepôt for the wool used in the manufacture of shawls, and three great fairs are held annually, visited by merchants from Cashmere, India, and all the neighboring provinces.

The inhabitants of Ladakh are in general an honest but indolent people, and, when not corrupted by the bad example of their neighbors of Cashmere, ingenuous and moral. They have some singular institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents, who may continue to live with him if he and his wife please. If not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. Polyandry is also a custom much in vogue. A family of brothers will have a single wife in common, who thus not infrequently finds herself provided with half a dozen husbands. Among these the eldest retains his position as head of the family, the younger brothers waiting upon him almost as servants. On the death of the elder brother his property, authority, and widow fall to the next below him

in age. The dress of the natives of Ladakh is a coarse cloth made of sheep's wool; in winter the poor wrap themselves in the skin of the animal. They wear high black caps falling even one ear, shoes of undressed kids, within which they sew woolen cloth, which comes up to the middle of the leg. Their hair is plaited like that of women, and falls down to a braid behind; they shave the beard, but preserve the mustache. Their outside garment is usually a tunic, the upper part of which is arranged in folds, while the lower is straight and scanty. The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men. A lady of rank is known by the number of pearls which she wears braided in with her hair. Among the wealthier classes there is the same plurality of wives as in other Eastern countries.

The religion of the Ladakhis is a variation of Buddhism called Lamaism. As ancient Buddhism contains no worship of God, but merely an adoration of the saints, so is the intire the main feature of Lamaism. The essence of all that is sacred is comprised by this religion under the name of dKon, mChhog, gsum—the "Buddha jewel," the "doctrine jewel," and the "priesthood jewel." The first person and the most important of this trinity is the Buddha, and to him the temples are dedicated, each one usually enshrining a large image representing to a more or less hideous form the great founder of the Buddhist faith. One of the great temples in Ladakh is that at Shé, in the neighborhood of the capital. The statue of Buddha here enshrined, of which we give a representation, is thirty feet in height. The posture is sitting, and the countenance is designed to express the complete abstraction which is the aim of the faithful Buddhist. On entering the temple the lower part only of the image is visible, as the head and shoulders pass through a flooring, to which it is necessary to ascend in order to obtain a view of the face. Buddha is not looked upon as a deity who has had aught to do with the origin or creation of the universe; he is merely the founder of the doctrine, the highest saint, though endowed with all the qualities of supreme wisdom, power, virtue, and beauty, which raise him above all others who have ever lived.

One curious device which the Buddhist employs to assist him in his devotions is the celebrated "prayer cylinder." These are to be met with every where in Ladakh. In the "Lamaseries" or temples they resemble small painted barrels turning on vertical axles, and ranged along the wall in rows. Inside each cylinder is a roll of paper some hundred feet long, on which is repeated many thousand times the mystic sentence, "Aum Mani Padme Houm." The words are Sanskrit in origin, and the literal translation would be, "O! —The jewel—lotus—Amen!" Each syllable is, however, supposed to contain a charm of mysterious power, but although scholars learned in Sanskrit have made every effort to discover the occult meaning of the terms, convinced that, from the tenacity with which they have been preserved, and the faith that all Buddhists have to their potency, they must already some truth of great significance, the mystical sentence has not yet been interpreted, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. The people of Ladakh carry small cylinders about with them, so as to have the paraphernalia of devotion accessible at any moment, but, as if this were not enough, larger cylinders are placed in the neighborhood of streams, and turned by water-power like the wheels of a mill. Outside the villages are also series of long mounds covered with flat stones, and on these the mystic sentence again appears. On the road-side and even in uninhabited wastes these stones amaze the traveller by their frequency. A solution of the problem may, however, be found in the fact that they are engraved by the Lamas and sold to the people, who look upon the placing of such stones as an expression of devotion, or perhaps as a votive offering to the saints they worship.

The public services of Lamaism consist chiefly in the recitation of prayers and sacred texts, and the intonation of hymns accompanied by a kind of music which is a chaos of the most inharmonious and deafening sounds of horns, trumpets, and drums of various descriptions. During this worship, which takes place three times a day, the Lamas, summoned by the tolling of a little bell, are seated in two or more rows according to their rank, and on special occasions and holy days the temples and altars are decorated with symbolical figures, while offerings of tea, flour, milk, butter, and others of a similar nature are made by the worshippers, animal sacrifices as offerings entailing injury to life being forbidden, as in Buddhism. Baptism and confirmation are the two principal sacraments of Lamaism. The former is administered on the third or tenth day after birth, the latter generally when the child can walk and speak. The marriage ceremony is not a religious but a civil act; nevertheless, the Lamas know how to turn it to the best advantage, as it is from them that the bride and bridegroom have to learn the auspicious day when it should be performed; nor do they fail to complete the act with prayers and rites, which must be responded to with handsome presents. A similar observation applies to the funeral ceremonies. Properly speaking there are none, for Lamaism does not allow the interment of the dead. Persons distinguished by rank, learning, or piety are burned after their death; but the general method of disposing of dead bodies in Ladakh, as in Thibet and Mongolia, is to expose them in the open air to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey; yet a Lama must be present at the moment of death in order to superintend the separation of body and soul, to calm the departing spirit, and to enable it to be reborn into a happy existence. He must determine the auspicious place where, and the auspicious day and hour when, the corpse shall be exposed. The most lucrative part of his business, however, is the masses which he has to perform until the soul is released from Yama, the infernal judge, and ready to re-enter into his new existence, the doctrine of metempsychosis being the same in Lamaism as in Buddhism. When an important person as a Lama dies there are various ways of disposing of his body. One is by burning, after which the ashes are collected and put into curiously shaped receptacles called "chortens." These are found in great clusters round the villages, and make them appear from a distance to be much larger than they really are. Should a Lama of exceedingly great sanctity die, his ashes are gathered up and mixed with clay, out of which small images are moulded, and placed on shelves in some one of the many temples. The number of Lamas is very great; there are three degrees, and the superiors possess immense power and influence both in temporal and spiritual matters.

HOW RAISINS ARE PREPARED.

A strip of land bordering on the Mediterranean, somewhat less than one hundred miles in length, and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly; but the fruit must go to the market as the wine-press. When the grape begins to ripen in August, the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm, dry soil, and one by one chips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slant of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut bunches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press till enough has been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough-dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries, and deposited in piles by themselves. So, in turn, are treated those of the second quality; while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers, and reserved for the home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box, and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid, as on to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing, the raisins are dropped into the boxes for market.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY

Sunday,	12.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Saturday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

MR. SPURGEON'S bodily infirmities appear to grow upon him. For several years he has had to lay aside all work in the early winter, and this season, he has been prostrated earlier than usual. In the December number of the *Sword and Trowel*, which he edits, he says of himself: "We issue this closing number of the year's magazine from the sick chamber. One could wish that zeal and fervor were not restrained and hampered by being yoked to painful infirmities of flesh. We could do more, and we think we may add without self-confidence, we would do more, if we were not laid prostrate at the very moment when our work requires our presence." The wonder is that Mr. SPURGEON has been able to do half he undertakes. The largest congregation in London, an orphanage, a training college, and a monthly magazine are too much for the personal attention of one man, and Mr. SPURGEON gives to every one of these interests close personal attention.

On Sunday evening, December 22, Mr. FRANCIS MURRAY closed his six weeks' series of temperance meetings in New York. The hall of the Cooper Union was densely filled. Among the persons of note on the platform were THE SLOW WAND and ex-Governor MORGAN. Mr. MURRAY was very weary, and spoke of needing rest. It is thought, however, that arrangements will be made for keeping him in this city until May next.

There is no occasion to condemn to advance the work of the American Bible Revision Committee, especially on the ground that Dr. EZRA ABBOT, the learned Harvard librarian, is a member. In Biblical criticism he is one of the foremost of American scholars, and his absence from the committee would be a misfortune. Objection has been made that he is a Unitarian. To this the *Christian Intelligencer* answers well: "The cry of sectarian partiality has never been heard within the committee. The members declare with an accent, as we are authentically informed, that their associate from Cambridge has always acted, in their judgment, with supreme devotion to truth. Their opinion might be decisive." LUTHER, it is said, called to his aid, in translating the Old Testament, Jewish rabbis; but Dr. ABBOT is neither a Jew nor a heathen, but, though on to denomination a Unitarian, a Christian.

It begins to be clear that the five millions which secured an Alaska bought for us a large slice of heathendom. The Presbyterians, under the leadership of the hardy pioneer SHELDON JACKSON, have established a mission there. An effort is making to found an Alaska home for girls, and the facts show one is much needed. They are painful enough: "Women are regarded only as slaves, daughters are sold for blankets. A girl's fate is to be murdered in babyhood, or sold to shame in girlhood. In this part of our land no brother protects a sister, no father cherishes a daughter; even mothers know no motherhood." A few thousands of well organized women in right ideas of domestic life may be illustrated.

It is the practice in the Scotch Kirk and in the Free Church of Scotland to choose the Moderatore of Assembly six months in advance. In the State Kirk the appointing body consists of the old Moderatore; in the Free Church of a commission of members of the last Assembly. The Rev. JAMES CONSTABLE, of Auchinleck, has been named as Moderator of the former, and the Rev. J. C. BUCHAN, of the latter. Mr. BUCHAN is brother-in-law of the late Dr. GUTHRIE. The Church Extension Fund of the Free Church has reached the sum of £82,000.

The ritualistic conflict in England increases in bitterness. The Bishop of Rochester has issued a letter to his clergy in which he declines "either to confirm, preach, or perform any official act in churches adopting an illegal ritual, on the simple ground that, as one of the Church's rulers, he can use same appear so condone by his presence and authorization a distinct violation of the Church's order." Much interest has also been excited by a letter of the Rev. OSBORNE LEY, who has lately gone over to Rome. "I have long held," he says, "and have long taught nearly every Catholic doctrine not actually denied by the Anglican formularies, and have accepted and helped to revive nearly every Catholic practice not positively forbidden. In short, intellectually and in naturals, so far as I could as a loyal English churchman, I have believed and acted as a Catholic."

Dr. EDWARD LAYMON, formerly pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in this city, who has been travelling in the South as the representative of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, gives, as the result of a careful examination, a cheering account of the condition of the freedmen. In the State of Georgia, whose progress in education was recently noticed in this column, the number of colored children enrolled in the public schools was, in 1871, 0004, in 1875, 19,735; in 1874, 42,374; in 1875, 50,356; in 1877, 62,330. This is rapid progress. Of the Baptist schools Dr. LAYMON says: "The Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has given to the colored people of that and other States 500 teachers in addition to the large number of well educated preachers whom it has sent into the field. One institution at Richmond has furnished several of the Virginia associations with moderators, has given two missionaries to Africa, two or three presidents to conventions—one of these the Consolidated Convention of the United States—and numbers among its former pupils a professor of language and a professor of mathematics." Dr. LAYMON also reports that the growth of the colored people to intelligence is compelling their preachers to read and study.

The Hon. JOHN JAY has done a valuable public service in replying to the strictures of the Rev. Father NEWMAN, of the Roman Catholic Church at Mount Kisko, New York, on his address before the Westchester County Bible Society. Father NEWMAN took it upon him to condemn Bible societies as "engaged in circulating dishonest versions from corrupt texts," and yet maintained that the Roman Catholic Church is not opposed to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. JAY points out that, in June, "in 1781, Clement, a Roman Catholic, maintained that the preaching of the Holy Scriptures is for every body. Pope CLEMENT XI in the bull *Unigenitus* denounced his sentiments as false, shocking, pious, rash, scandalous, pernicious, rash, seditious, and blasphemous. In 1820 Leo XII denounced Bible societies as 'circulating with affectionary through the world.'" GREGORY XVI, in the time of his pontificate issued a bull closing with the words: "We confirm and renew the decrees delivered in former times by apostolic authority against the publication, distribution, reading, and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures."

Mr. JAY comes very appropriately to the defense of the free circulation of the Scriptures. His grandfather, JOHN JAY, was the first president of the Westchester County Bible Society, in 1814; his father, Judge WILLIAM JAY, was the third president. Since 1877 Mr. JAY has filled that position. The society has been in existence sixty four years.

Bishop PENICK, who has gone to Liberia, to build up the missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, gives an account of his pioneer labor, which will dismay the colonial ecclesiastics, but only stir the blood of man of heroic temper. He is arranged to "burning brush, grubbing stumps, dressing plank, sawing it, making shelves, boxes, desks, etc. One friends," he writes, "can not imagine how we are thrown back on first principles, as it were foundation, and the man who can command most power in these is apt to get on best, and to become first established in the respect of the natives." Bishop PENICK seems to have these first principles—in fact, to be well grounded in them.

The Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society have issued their statement for 1878. For domestic missions their receipts have been $157,498, for foreign missions, $116,514. They call upon the people to contribute during 1879 to domestic missions, $157,000; to foreign missions, $135,000. The charges in the organization of the Church by the General Convention of 1877 have reduced the expense of administration $12,000, and promise to work satisfactorily in other respects.

The Pope's Cardinal Vicar has authorized in all the churches of Rome the singing of a "Te Deum" on a thanksgiving to God for the preservation of the King from death by the bomb of an anarchist at Naples. This is well, and does credit to the Pope's head and heart, though it is but the prompting of common humanity. The Roman papers are discussing the question in what terms Leo XIII, wrote to King HUMBERT when the news of the attempted assassination reached the Vatican. The letter was prepared by a cardinal, and, according to one report, expressed the hope that "his Majesty might at length recognize the danger of a policy which, by violating all Divine and human laws, had so thoroughly demoralized the people." Most likely Leo took occasion to be paternal, for that is the papal style, but it may be questioned if his amanuensis perpetrated a nuisance so rude. The return of King HUMBERT to Rome was attended with an outburst of popular joy which greatly affected him and the Queen.

The announcement of the resignation by the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM IVES BUSHNELL of the pastorate in Brooklyn which he has held for over twenty years will be received with great regret. Since his return from travel the cancer upon his lower lip has developed again, and rest and freedom from care are enjoined as absolutely needful for the recovery of his health. Dr. R. S. BOWNE read the letter of resignation to the congregation of Clinton Avenue Church on Sunday morning, December 22, with much emotion. Dr. BUSHNELL'S catholic spirit, well-balanced faculties, and beautiful Christian character have not only endeared him to his people, but have given him a well-earned influence as preacher, writer, and representative of the interests of Christianity throughout the country.

Dr. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, one of the most intelligent observers of the religious movements of France, expresses the opinion that many Frenchmen are inclining to Protestantism "Recently," he states, "in the department of Aix, whole communes have been asking to be organized as Protestant parishes." The project of a new religious and political French Protestant journal, already noticed in this column, is for the present held in suspense. It is now estimated that 100,000 persons attended the conferences held in the Salle Evangélique, Paris, during the recent Exposition. The discourses delivered under the direction of the English Christian Evidence Society, at the same time, will be published soon in volume form.

It is satisfactory to find the *Lutheran Observer* calling attention to the prevalent carelessness in the making up of ecclesiastical statistics. The Lutheran Almanac of the General Synod makes the totals for Lutheranism in the United States to the close of 1875 to be 57 synods, 2057 ministers, 1303 churches, and 676,569 communicants. The Church Almanac of the General Council gives the following totals: 57 synods, 2076 ministers, 1178 churches, and 809,428 communicants. As the number of Synods stated by these authorities is the same, the difference in the other totals is the more remarkable. There are similar though not so great discrepancies in the statistics reported for the Protestant Episcopal Church. POTT & YOUNG'S Almanac gives 48 dioceses, 13 missionary districts, 68 bishops, 2392 clergymen, 2660 parishes, 32,192 confirmations in 1876, 312,718 communicants, and $3,788,206 as the sum of contributions reported. WHITTAKER'S makes the totals 68 bishops, 2204 priests and deacons, 2492 parishes, 26,718 confirmations, 314,367 communicants, and contributions to the amount of $3,877,906. There is much complaint among Baptists of the difficulty of procuring full reports from their State associations. There is a complete official machinery for the collection of Methodist and Presbyterian statistics in the United States, and if pastors do their duty, the yearly totals reported ought not to fail of accuracy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The genteel tramp mounted the steps and rang the front-door bell, and, according to the Philadelphia *Prosecutor*, spoke as follows: "Would you be so kind," said he, as the mistress of the house appeared at the door, "as exchange this piece of pie for a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee? I am of a dyspeptic turn, and this is the ninth quarter of a mince-pie that I have had to go through this morning. I can't stand it. It's too much of a sameness. If you accept my proposition, you can also have the satisfaction of telling the neighbors that Mrs. Robinson, across the street, uses allspice instead of cloves, and that the under crust is very slack baked." The temptation was great, and the genteel tramp had his eggs and coffee, and a large triangle of frosted cake as a bonus.

When a clothes-pin drops from the line, doesn't it become a terrapin the moment it touches the earth?

No veteran smoker would enjoy smoking in the dark, because to smoke properly one must have a light.

Dancing has been introduced into the army. Probably you have heard of the second-drills.

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A beautiful English lady was walking in the Rue de la Paix, when a French dandy greatly annoyed her by pertinaciously dogging her and staring at her. She turned upon him, and said, "Really, I have not a single sou to give you."

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"Say, Johnsing, why does you remind me of a mad dog?" said one colored brother to another, who was recumbent under a coffee-bush. "Gub it up," was the answer. "Kase you's got hide-rough-ober-yer! Yah, yah!"

The surgeon-in-chief sent for one of his junior assistants, who, hastening to his superior's assistance, found him just sitting down to a superb roast fowl and a delicious pâté. "Ah, Smith," cries the chief, "have you breakfasted yet?" "No, sir, not exactly," replies the assistant, ruefully. "Then go and get your breakfast, and come back; you will have lots at time."

A young bride, momentarily expecting the return of her husband, was handed a telegraphic dispatch, which so excited her that, without having strength to break the envelope, she fainted away. Upon recovering she found her husband seated beside her. "Oh, Alick" were her first words, "I thought you had fallen down and cut your throat with one of those horrible standing collars."

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The high opinion which we have previously expressed concerning this excellent annual is sustained by the present volume, which, however, is smaller than its predecessors, owing to a change that has been made in its character. Hitherto the "Annual Record" has consisted of two distinct parts—a summary of scientific progress made during the year, and a series of abstracts of the more important papers and articles in the scientific journals. This dual character it has been found impossible to sustain, owing to the rapid increase in the number of scientific papers, and also probably to the larger range taken in by the contributors; hence the abstracts have been abolished, and the summary alone retained. The change is a useful one, placing more space at the disposal of the editor, and embarrassing the reader less. At the same time we regret the absence of references to the papers themselves, which might be added as foot-notes, or incorporated in the text, and perhaps more distinction might be drawn between the longer researches, or more valuable memoirs of the year, and mere passing scientific observations. However, it is easier to criticise than to compile a work like the one before us. Our readers will form some idea of the comprehensive nature of this "Annual Record" by the following summary of its table of contents: Astronomy, together with the reports of the American observatories, contributed by Mr Holden, of the United States Naval Observatory, Washington. Physics of the globe, followed by general physics, written by Prof. Barker, who also contributes the next section on chemistry. Mineralogy by Dr. Dana, and geology by Dr Sterry Hunt. Hydrography and geography follow, the geography of North America being especially full. Microscopy, anthropology, zoology, and botany are contributed by able men to each department. Agriculture, engineering, technology, and industrial statistics are less full, and some of the abstracts given in technology would, we think, have found a better place under the head of physics—such, for example, as the telephone, phonograph, etc.

The observatory reports are a feature of the present volume, information being given concerning the *personnel* of each observatory, its principal instruments, the subjects of special observation during the past year, and those to be taken up during the coming year; and, lastly, the principal publications emanating from each observatory during the past year.

The bibliography at the end of the "Annual," giving the list of works on science published during 1877, seems most thoroughly and ably done, and so also is the index to the whole volume, and the concise and useful necrology of scientific workers.—*Nature*, London, Oct. 24, 1878.

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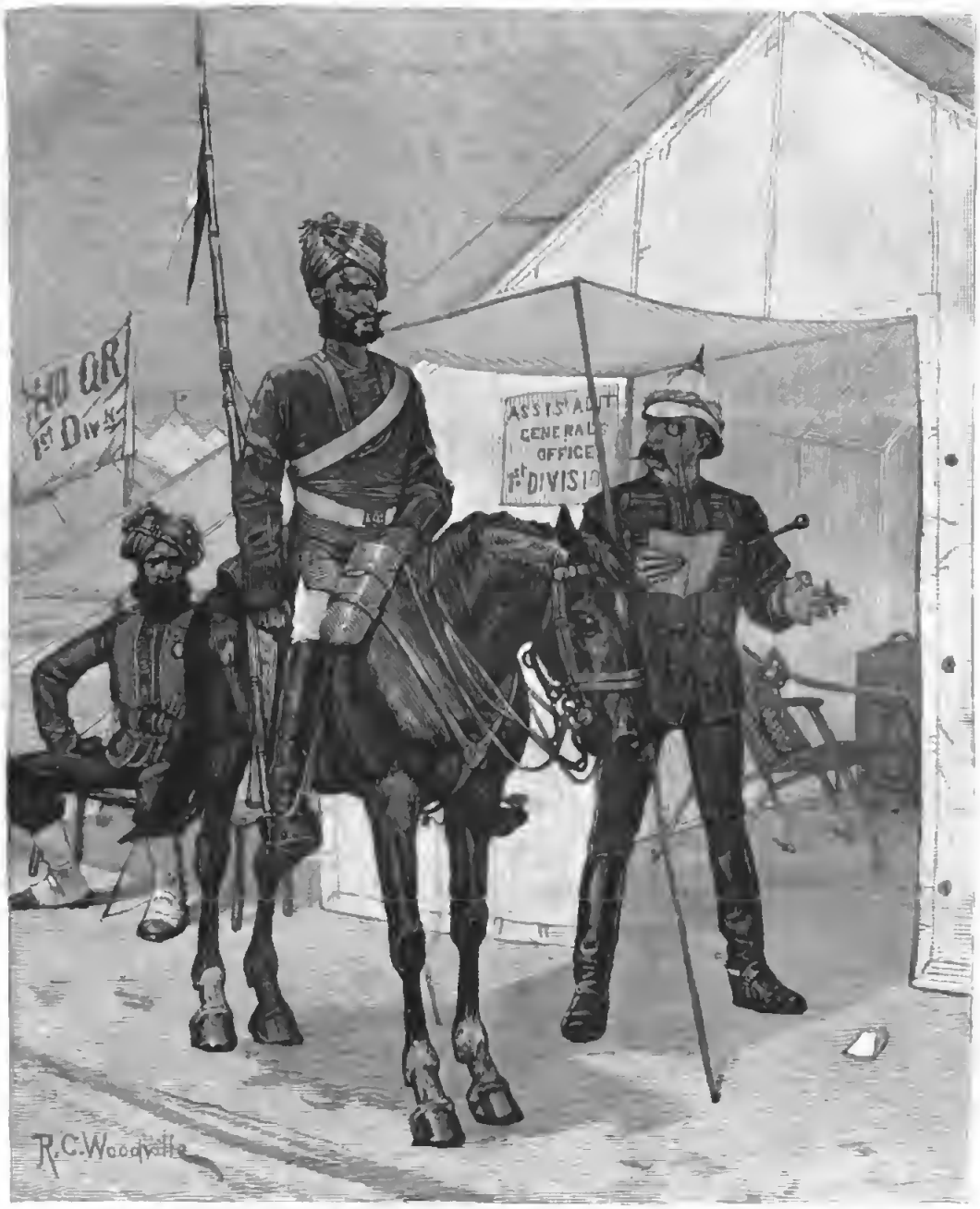

THE AFGHAN WAR—CAMP ORDERLIES AT MEEAN MEER, PUNJAB.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT PULLEY, THIRD GOORKHAS.]

THE WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

AT Woolwich, England, are situated the immense manufactories which produce nearly all the arms and munitions of war required by the great military and naval establishments of the country. The famous arsenal is also the grand national dépôt for every species of ordnance, and contains a vast quantity of guns, gun-carriages, military wagons, and every thing pertaining to artillery. The town itself owes its importance to the dock-yard and arsenal. The name is said to indicate "The Settlement," or "Home on the Creek" (*Welich*), and its growth dates from the reign of HENRY VIII., whose great ship, the *Henry Grace à Dieu*, was launched here in 1555. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, which FULLER pronounces "a huge ship of state," as well as "the greatest our island ever saw," was built in the "mother dock-yard of England" in 1637, by Mr PETER PETT. She mounted a hundred guns, was richly carved and decorated, and from the notable part she played in their great naval defeats was called by the Dutch the "golden devil." This vessel was, however, only one of the first among those built at Woolwich to do her part toward establishing the supremacy of England upon the ocean. Since her time many superb ships of war have been launched from this dock-yard, the various sheds and buildings of which extend nearly half a mile along the river-bank.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich was established in 1716. Previous to then, however, the place had been known for more than a century and a half by its numerous factories, and as a military post and a dépôt for stores it possesses a still greater antiquity. Before 1705 it was called the "Tower Place," or King's Warren, the land having probably been acquired for the purpose of erecting batteries to protect Woolwich against the invading Dutch fleet, though in 1664 mention is made of store-houses and sheds for repairing gun-carriages. At that time the government foundry for casting cannon was at Moorfields, where in 1716 a dangerous explosion took place occasioned by moisture in the moulds. The government had already resolved to remove the royal foundry to some distance from London, and this occurrence hastened the event. The site of the present arsenal was selected as offering special advantages for such an establishment, and the superintendence of the enterprise was intrusted to a Mr ANDREW SCHAUCH, of Denny. The story is told that SCHAUCH, who was present at Moorfields at the time of the explosion, gave warning of the moisture in the moulds, and induced Colonel ANSTRUTHER, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, and others, to leave the grounds, when, the operations proceeding notwithstanding, the catastrophe took place, and several lives were lost. It is also reported that SCHAUCH was the one who first suggested that the new foundry should be located at Woolwich. Neither of these stories is, however, very well authenticated, but SCHAUCH was appointed master-founder to the Board of Ordnance in this year—a most responsible office for a man of thirty—and it is not impossible that the attention of the government may have been directed to him by some such occurrence as that just related. The position was filled by him for the long period of sixty years. He died, at the age of ninety, in the very year that the American colonies declared their independence. Otherwise it is probable he would have superintended the casting of many a gun destined for the purpose of chastising rebellious British subjects on this side of the ocean.

The great business of manufacturing artillery as it is carried on at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, may be divided into three departments—the Gun Factories, the Carriage Department, and the Laboratory. In the first there are four air-furnaces, the largest of which runs such 325 hundred-weight of metal. Here the operations of constructing the moulds, casting, boring, turning, and proving guns are carried on, and the manner in which such immense masses of metal, molten and cold, are handled appears exceedingly marvellous to the visitor. The system of gun construction employed at the Royal Arsenal takes its name from the town, and is known as the "Woolwich." It is, however, simply the method employed by the great military inventor Mr WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, and improved by FRASER, at one time a leading employe on the arsenal. Their method is, in brief, a steel core or body of the gun, strengthened by three or more exterior tubes of coiled wrought iron. The plan of ARMSTRONG is to form the barrel of the gun by welding at the end several wrought-iron tubes, each of which is two or three feet in length, and is formed by winding a square bar of iron around a mandrel and welding the edges. The part of the gun in the rear of the trunnions is strengthened first by an enveloping tube composed of a plate of iron bent in a circular form and its edges welded, and secondly by another enveloping tube made, as in the body of the gun, by spiral coils. As at first constructed the Armstrong guns were all breech-loaders, the movable breech arrangement consisting of a hollow screw, through which the charge was passed into the bore, and a wedge which fitted into a slot cut in the breech of the gun closing the rear end of the bore. This wedge was slipped into its place by hand, and kept there by a few turns of the screw. The breech-

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SHIPPING GUNS FOR INDIA AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

loading principle having proved unsatisfactory in practice, it was abandoned, and all Armstrong guns were subsequently constructed as breech-loaders. The changes introduced in the plan of the Armstrong gun by Mr Fraser consist, in brief, in reducing the number of coils, shrinking on the outer coils and trunnion blocks together, introducing offsets or shoulders for locking or securing the parts together, and in using a cheaper iron for the outer coils. These modifications, while they do not improve the strength of Armstrong's original invention, reduce the cost of the gun nearly fifty per cent.

The department of the Royal Arsenal called the Laboratory comprises an extensive series of factories and workshops. Under the head of small-arms ammunition shops, we find a paper factory, a lead or bullet factory, a small-arms factory containing 434 machines, and the "magazines," which include capping machines and all those required for filling and finishing cartridges. In this and the Carriage Department the various machines for sawing, planing, dovetailing, for putting together the wheels by hydraulic power, for preparing shells to receive the fuses, for forming bullets by compression, constructing percussion-caps, etc., are an extraordinary sight when all the wheels are in motion. In the Laboratory also shells, fuses, sectioned cartridges, and fire-works are constructed; and in a part of the arsenal at the east end, and separate from all the other shops for greater security, the manufacture of rockets is carried on. Yet, in spite of all the precautions employed, on one or two occasions explosions have taken place which have resulted in great loss of life. Another department of the Royal Arsenal is the Pattern Room, which is very near the foundry. It contains a pattern or model of every article used in the artillery service, as, for instance, of the machinery for granulating gunpowder and for trying the strength of the same article, of Congreve and other rockets, of chain, bar, and other shot, of fire-ships, fire-works, etc. Not far from the Pattern-Room are large apartments where may be seen millions of cannon balls and bomb-shells arranged in pyramidal groups.

The store-houses of the Royal Artillery are to the north of the Royal Arsenal, and generally contain arms and equipments for between ten and twenty thousand men. These consist of such articles as saddles, bits, bridles horseshoes, whips, swords, pistols, etc. From the upper part of the store-houses may totally be seen in the fields below about 25,000 pieces of ordnance arranged according to their sizes. The Royal Artillery Barracks are on the north side of Woolwich Common. The principal front, which consists of six ranges, is 1200 feet long, with an elegant entrance tower in the centre. In the east wing a spacious chapel has accommodation for 1000 persons. The other parts of the building consist of library and reading rooms and a splendid suite of apartments in which balls and other entertainments are given. The interior is divided into two quadrangles, where are situated a large riding school and barracks, and stabling for the horse artillery. On the southeast edge of the Common is the Royal Military Academy, presenting toward it a handsome front. With its unusual bright, excellent proportions, and four domed turrets, this building has a picturesque appearance from a distance. The institution was established in 1719, but the present structure was not erected until 1806. Here there are generally from one to two hundred young men receiving instruction in such branches as are necessary to qualify them as artillery officers and engineers. The Master-General of the Ordnance for the time being is the governor, the professors also being recruited from among the resident officers. On the west side of the Common is the Rotunda—a depository for models connected with military and naval architecture, specimens of fire-arms, military machines, etc. The building is of a tent-like form, with twenty-four sides, the diameter being 120 feet. The centre of the cone which forms the top of the building is supported by a pillar round which are arranged specimens of old English weapons, such as match-locks, wheel-locks, bills, partisans, old swords. In other parts of the building are cannon, howitzers, models of fortified places, Indian arms, and a variety of other military and naval curiosities.

The town of Woolwich is one of the most important in Kent, situated on the south bank of the Thames eight and a half miles east of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The parish extends to the Essex side of the Thames, where it comprehends the Devil's House and certain lands running along the north bank of the river, but included in the county of Kent. The site is elevated, the town being on a gravel ridge which extends from Greenwich to Erith, here known as Shooter's Hill. The most agreeable part is the most elevated, near the Charlton Road, the scenery of the environs being of a rich and diversified character, well wooded, and containing a number of respectable villas. The principal street runs parallel to the river, and is crossed at right angles by others of lesser extent. The Common is open, spacious, and park like, and there are good public walks. The inhabitants are not engaged in any particular branch of manufacture, nor is there any trade of importance. By far the greater portion of the residents are in one way or another supported by the two great military and naval establishments.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

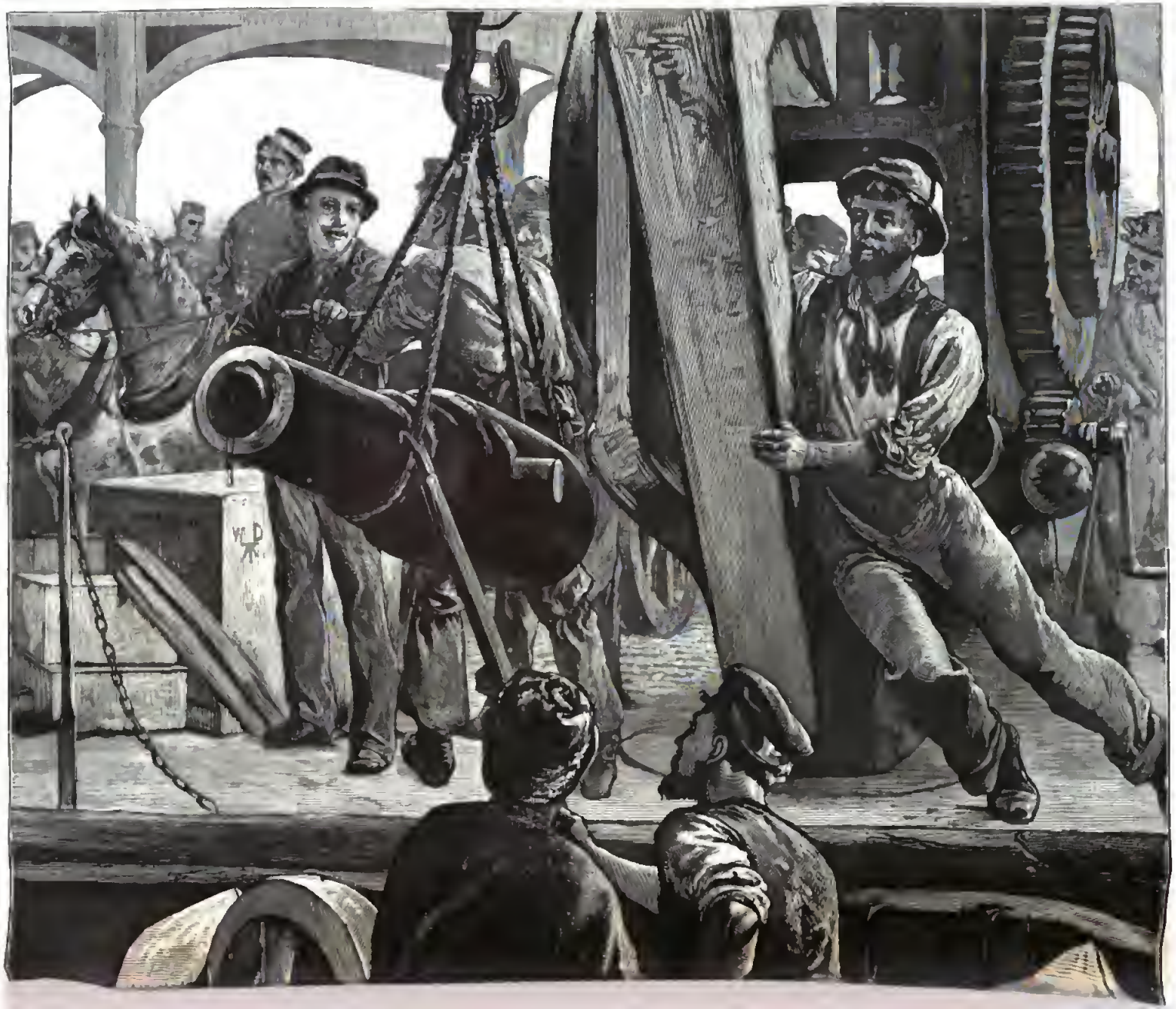
In European countries the dread act of the dentist is nowadays practiced with such skill and ingenuity, with the view of causing the least possible pain to suffering humanity, that it will not be uninteresting—albeit the subject is a somewhat grim one—to contrast with it the more clumsy methods in vogue among the Chinese; and with this end we abridge the following notes from an instructive article in the *China Review*—a periodical published every two months at Hong Kong, and frequently affording much valuable information respecting the Celestial Empire.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. But how they performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the hurry of daily business, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some difficulty and delicate negotiation an intelligent-looking native practitioner was induced to hand over the implements of his trade together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions in the method of procedure.

When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist of course picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which in many cases would follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns, the same operation is repeated, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble.

These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are very cleverly done, still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to show their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the teeth are killed either by a powder which is often applied or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

The painless extraction of teeth is supposed to be accomplished by the application of a powder



in the gum, which is said to loosen the tooth so that it may be removed after a little time with the thumb and forefinger. This powder, however, like the other, is useless, and only applied to deceive the patient. Indeed, unless a tooth is loose, the Chinese have no means of removing it; they do use a pair of forceps, but these are useless except with a loose tooth, and when employed they have to be concealed in a cloth, because patients are taught that no instruments are used. Another of the Chinese dentist's stock in trade is a flat piece of iron with a hole at one end of it, which he uses to hook on to the end of the canine teeth when they are irregular, removing them by a sudden upward jerk.

When a tooth is not sufficiently loosened to drop out or be pushed out by the tongue, a little folded or twisted piece of paper is sometimes used, one end of which is so adjusted in the mouth that when the patient closes his teeth, which he is directed to do, the loose tooth bites upon it, and the operator then gives the paper a quick pull, and so removes the tooth.

An operation on a canine tooth is thus described. The dentist first applied powder, and then took up a piece of cloth in which was concealed a flat iron instrument of the kind mentioned above; this he kept in his right hand, and in his left he held, wrapped up in paper, a flattened lump of wax, which is called "toothache plaster," and is believed to have in it some charm or power to loosen teeth. After the powder had done its supposed work, the dentist struck the patient several slight blows with his left hand in quick succession on the cheek just behind the region of the tooth to be removed by the plaster. This was done to divert the attention of the patient, while the operator with his other hand appeared to be rubbing the gum with the piece of cloth, but was in reality adjusting the instrument on the tooth. Then, with a quick jerk upward and outward, he partly dragged the tooth from the socket, the upward jerk being so quickly and adroitly managed as to give the appearance of an accidental catch on the tooth, or a hasty movement of the head as the dentist stepped hurriedly back to get some more toothache plaster. The same operation was then performed over again, and the tooth came out.

The insertion of artificial teeth was practiced in China for ages before it was introduced into Europe, and has certainly one great recommendation, namely, cheapness. The material used is bone or ivory, and the tooth having been sawn and filed into the proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required, they are made in one piece; and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double string or wire is passed through it and is looped over the natural tooth at one end and tied to the teeth at the other. This work, though rude in the extreme, looks better than the absence of teeth, and is of some use in mastication. The cost of a single artificial tooth is commonly from twopence half-penny to fivepence, and the charge for half a dozen from one shilling and threepence to two shillings.

LADY CARMICHAEL'S WILL.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "BACK TO THE OLD HOME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SIGNING THE WILL.

We never now heard Lilian's glad voice singing about the house, and I grew almost to forget the very sound of her sweet laughter; yet she tried hard to hide this change. Indeed, I think the struggle that she made to hide it was the most pitiful of all to see. I wished in my heart that the year which we were to spend in Bryn Arddail was over, or that Lady Carmichael would shorten it out of pity for Lilian. Happily as it had begun, it was full of misery now for three of us. As for my lady, though the air had given her strength and vigor, it seemed to have changed her most of all. She had moods now which we could not understand. Sometimes—noticing Lilian's drooping quietness—she would try impatiently and fretfully to rouse her, while at other times she would seem to be unaware even of her presence. Sometimes when Lilian, making a great effort, would chat brightly to us, my lady would grow moody and absent, while at other times she would rebuke her pettishly. If I spoke to her of Lilian, she would sometimes listen almost eagerly, while at others she would stop me with real anger, saying the girl was obstinate and self willed, and she did not care to hear her name so often. Lilian herself was far, far more patient than I was with her aunt's variable moods, and if I spoke of them, she only sighed, and said it was her fault. To Mr Lindsey, whom we saw but seldom now, my lady was formally and very coldly polite. Now that she knew he was to leave Bryn Arddail as soon as he could, she was satisfied.

I often wondered whether Mr Macan grieved over the change in his old friend and client. Never before had she been eccentric, or either cold and changeable, and now she was all this. Another change I noticed too. Though she had regained her health, she would speak often now of what I had never heard her discuss before—the responsibility of her wealth and the probability of her death.

"Hush, auntie!" Lilian used to whisper, with her long sweet kiss. "Think how it pains us. Would you like me so often to talk of dying?"

"Childish nonsense!" interrupted my lady, with a sudden change to anger. But after such an interruption I used to notice how her eyes would rest (whenever they could do so unobserved, so she thought) on Lilian's patient face; and sometimes a great sternness would gather on her brow, and sometimes a yearning pity.

It was in the early twilight of an October day that Hugh came at last to bid us good-by. I was sitting alone in the drawing room when he came in (not rapping at the window as he used to do, but ushered formally in), and I met him as frankly and cordially as I had always done, rejoicing that Mr Macan happened to be with us just then. This would be a sad good-by for Lilian, and the old lawyer's genial presence would perhaps make it a little less so.

We stood together for a little time, talking. He told me that he had not been able to effect an exchange, but had engaged a curate for the charge of Bryn Arddail while he should be away. That was all he said, but I knew that he would not return until Lady Carmichael's household had left. I spoke very little, because I could not speak cheerily; then I went to tell them he was here. Lady Carmichael and her lawyer were together in the library, she dictating to him while he wrote. He put down his pen and came to meet me with a smile, and so I told my message to him instead of to my lady; but she answered, testily, from the table where she sat:

"Tell Mr Lindsey that I and Mr Macan are particularly engaged just now; but of course we wish to bid him good-by, so ask him to stay and dine with us."

"And if he hesitates," put in the old lawyer, "tell him I want his assistance in a legal matter this evening, and that he will particularly oblige me by giving the time. You young people can very well amuse each other for the hour that remains before dinner."

I gave these messages to Mr. Lindsey first, then went on to the morning room to find Lilian. She was playing softly to herself when I went in, and though she turned and smiled at me, she did not cease playing.

"Lilian dear," I said, taking her wistful face between my hands as I whispered the words, "Mr Lindsey is here, waiting to see you. He is going away for a little time."

"Going away!" she echoed, raising both hands to her head with a gesture of pain that was sad to see. "Going away! Oh yes; he said before that he was going, I remember. He—he was anxious to go. Why have you fetched me? What have *I* to say?"

"Only good-by," I answered, sorrowfully. "It is all that any of us can say to him now, my darling."

"Yes, any of us," she murmured, rising wearily. "We have all the same to say to him, and he has the same to say to all of us. Come, Stella."

I think it was a great relief to us all when dinner was over that evening, for no one but Mr Macan seemed to have a cheerful word to say. Lilian pleaded a headache in excuse for her pale face, but Mr Lindsey made no excuse at all for his.

"I want to ask you, Lindsey," said Mr Macan, when he saw my lady rise, "if you will act as witness for me to-night, with one of these young ladies. Lady Carmichael has summoned me here to make her will, and I would rather find the two signatures I want among ourselves than among the servants. Yours and Miss Lilian's will do nicely. Lady Carmichael, if you will allow me, I will bring the will into the drawing room now. We do not wish to stay here, do we, Lindsey?"

Mr Lindsey followed us at once, and Mr Macan came in from the library a few minutes afterward with an open sheet of paper in his hand.

"You really wish," he asked, turning gently to my lady as she sat in her large chair beside the fire, "that I should read this aloud before I obtain the necessary signatures?"

"I really wish it," she answered, with slow clearness. "They should know exactly what they sign."

So the old lawyer began to read his client's will, and we sat listening—Lilian beside her aunt, in a shrinking attitude which had never belonged to her before, and Hugh opposite, his eyes upon the ground and his firm lips trembling a little as the lawyer read. I—I only remember in what mute and wondering surprise I sat to hear my lady's will. *Could* the words be read aright? Could she, who had always been so kind and generous to us all, so wondrously kind and generous to her pet, really have willed from her every farthing of the wealth which she had taught her to look upon as already hers?

Though I suppose I heard the names of the charities to which Lady Carmichael bequeathed her property, my thoughts were wandering far enough away from them, and it was only when Lilian's name was read at last that I again, by an effort, fixed my attention. If Lady Carmichael's whole fortune were (as decreed in the beginning of the will) to be divided among certain charities, for what should Lilian's name be mentioned at all? I listened eagerly then, and though there was very little to hear, this clause surprised me most of all. The property had been thus willed—so the words went, as far as I could understand—by the testatrix *for conscience' sake*. But since Lilian Lee would understand this, and would, no doubt, marry during her aunt's lifetime. But if not, she would find little difficulty in gaining her own livelihood.

This was all I could understand of the strange will which Mr Macan read to us, and then placed on the table before Lady Carmichael. She took a pen in her hand, then looked across at Lilian and Hugh Lindsey. His face was very pale and full of anxiety, yet there shone in his eyes a restless brilliance which had chased away the patient hopelessness of an hour before.

"Now, Lindsey, you and Miss Lee are to witness the signature."

"You wish me to sign, Lady Carmichael?"

"Yes; and you, Lilian. Your signatures will do as well as any others, for you have, neither of you, any interest in the will. Do you, either of you, object to doing this?"

The question was sharp and suspicious, and seemed even more addressed to Lilian than to Mr Lindsey. "Object! oh no," she said, though I had seen how marvellously the will had astonished her. "You think it right, auntie. You say it is *for conscience' sake*, and you know best. I am quite ready to sign, Mr Macan."

And so they wrote their names upon this will, while I mused of the old love story, doubting it entirely now, because surely if it were true, its memory could never have allowed this act.

As soon as the will was signed, Mr Macan left the room with it in his hand, and Lady Carmichael rose at once to follow him. Then, quite suddenly, Hugh stepped before her and entreated her to listen to him for a moment. In a few words, so heart felt that they sounded almost solemn, he told her of his love for Lilian—a love he never could lose, though he had tried hard to hide it. He told her that he would never have spoken of it, either to her or to Lilian herself, but for having heard that will which she herself had dictated.

"You speak there of Miss Lee earning her own livelihood," he said, his voice moved and shaken. "Lady Carmichael, let *me* offer it to her. Give me leave now to offer her the love which I have tried in vain to conquer, but which masters me this moment in all its strength, and—at last—in hope."

With just a passing glance at Lilian, my lady asked one simple question: "Lilian, how am I to answer this?" Then I slipped away, for I loved them both too well to stay to hear more, for—I felt it would all be happiness.

I sat alone in my own quiet room for a long time after that, and when I came down at last, and met Lady Carmichael crossing the hall to the library, I saw that her eyes were wet with tears.

"Stella, Stella," whispered Lilian, drawing me again into the lighted drawing room: "oh, my dear, kiss me in my great happiness, and tell me you are glad!"

But though she had asked me to say it, she didn't hear, I'm sure, for she hid her face upon my shoulder, sobbing in the intensity of her joy.

When we went in to say good-night to my lady, she took Lilian's face between her hands, and looked down into the truthful, happy eyes.

"Then you are not fretting for the loss of wealth?"

"Auntie," my pet whispered, softly, "what I have won is so much greater wealth."

And Mr Macan, from his seat at the writing table, seemed to answer her in his merry glance.

"Good night," said my lady, with her last kiss. "Don't take Stella. She can wait with us; when you are away, we can be sure of her sitting silent."

So I sat by the fire thinking, while Mr Macan wrote on, and Lady Carmichael now and then talked to him in a low tone, and now and then wrote a little herself, or read what he had written.

"I have finished," he said at last, and taking a cigar, went out to smoke.

Then Lady Carmichael once more took up the folded will, and opened and glanced through it.

"Did you quite understand this will when it was read, Stella?"

"Quite."

"Did Mr Lindsey?"

"Yes, I am sure he did."

"And Lilian?"

"Oh yes."

"That is right. Now read it through yourself aloud to me."

It was not a very easy task, but I managed to get through it without incurring my lady's displeasure, and the bequests were a little plainer to me now.

"You see that none of you are remembered?" she said, as I handed the folded paper back to her.

"Yes, my lady."

"You feel sure that Lilian understood that?"

"Quite sure."

"I need not ask you of Hugh Lindsey; I know he understood. Now you may go."

CHAPTER IV.

THE KEY TO THE WILL.

It was Christmas morning, and though there was no keen bright Christmas frost upon the grass and brown hedge-rows, and though there was no bright uncertain Christmas sunshine on the restless sea, yet in every village household at Bryn Arddail there gleamed the real brightness of the season. Hearts meeting after long separation, hearts united in warmth and good will, hearts clinging all the closer which have never been separated or disunited, and solitary hearts learning, at this time above all times, to lean upon Him who is the nearest and dearest Friend of all.

What wonder was it that, when Lilian and I carried our Christmas gifts to those little homes upon the cliffs, and heard whose lessons and whose visits had left this peace and happiness in each, Lilian's face should grow so bright with full content? For of course Hugh Lindsey had never left Bryn Arddail, after all; no, though Mr Macan was so fond of gravely and continually bringing him the name of some imaginary clergyman who was anxious to effect an exchange with him.

It was Christmas morning, as I said, and we were together in our pleasant breakfast-room; not only Lady Carmichael and Lilian and I, but Mr Lindsey, who had been breakfasting with us, and Mr Macan, who had come to spend the Christmas with us, and whose fault it chiefly was that we had so many gifts and tales to linger over.

The low windows, at which we had loved to sit in the summer-time, were closed fast now, and it was around the blazing Christmas fire that we chatted with light hearts and happy faces.

"This is a curious little present," said Hugh, taking a key from the parcel in which he had found it among those addressed to himself. "Is it to allow me access to one of your strong-boxes, Mr Macan?"

"The box which that opens," returned the generous old lawyer, dryly, "will not arrive at the rectory until your marriage day; so you see, how needful it will be for me to have timely notice. Lilian, you must expect plenty of presents soon, my dear—not Christmas ones—for I have been obliged at last to tell the world of your engagement."

"Why?" asked Lilian, blushing brightly.

"For this reason. A certain friend of yours told me a few days ago he was tired of waiting for your return, and was coming down here to urge his suit once more in person, and offer you again the love, and the wealth, and the title, and—the organs, which you have never hitherto appreciated. There was only one way by which I could save this unnecessary pain for either you or him, so I told him of your engagement. And having told *him*, I consider that I have told the world."

Hugh was looking into my darling's face with an eager questioning in his eyes, and she answered the look. From that moment how could any one of us doubt how wholly and entirely her heart was his?

"I did right, I see," remarked Mr Macan, genially; "I generally do. Lady Carmichael, have you no word of admiration for my wise conduct of affairs?"

My lady was unfolding then the little gift that Lilian and I had prepared for her with so much love, and when she looked up from it her eyes were wet behind their glasses.

"Lilian," she said, after answering her old friend's question only with an absent smile, "my presents to you are very simple ones, as you see, but you understand why, because you remember how my money is devoted in my will."

"We remember, auntie," Lilian answered, taking into hers one of my dear old lady's trembling hands.

"Do you remember, Hugh?" asked Lady Carmichael, turning rather wistfully to him.

"Could I forget that happy night?" said Hugh, most gently.

"Though you say you remember," she went on, leaning with one hand upon the breakfast table while Lilian held the other, "I want you to hear that will again. Hugh, will you read it to us this time? Mr Macan, please to give it to him."

Quite steadily and calmly Hugh read through the will which Mr Macan had read to us that night two months before, and which so sternly devoted to other purposes the wealth which was to have been Lilian's; and once or twice while he read Lilian herself bent and smiled into my lady's eyes, though, through all, I fancied I could read a new momentary disappointment in hers. Perhaps she was dreaming of what Hugh might do with only a little of these riches.

"You quite understand it?" questioned my lady, holding her hand for the will when Hugh had finished.

And we all answered, without hesitation, that we quite understood.

"You bear me no ill-will for this?"

And Lilian was the first to answer with the warm denial.

"Then," said my lady, smiling just as she used to smile years ago, when we two orphan girls had learned to love her so dearly, "you will understand the end."

She had not loosed Lilian's hand, but crossing the rug, she dropped the folded will into the heart of the blazing Christmas fire, and stood quietly there watching it burn to ashes.

"Hugh," she said then, still with her eyes upon the fire, "before I knew you, save as the poorly paid clergyman of this poor parish, I saw that you loved my child, and the thought angered me beyond all words. I fancied that I could put a stop to this love, and I tried. I told you what other destiny awaited her, and how impossible it would be for her to wed but with rank and wealth. But I saw that my words could only put a stop to your hope and happiness—never to your love. You were true and honorable, and held aloof. Then my punishment came in witnessing Lilian's quiet pain. I had put an end to *her* hope and happiness too, but could put no end to her love either.

"So dearly I loved her, this punishment grew at last unbearable, and I wondered how I could undo the misery I had wrought, while at the same time I could beyond a doubt prove your love to be—what I *have* proved it. I thought of a plan at last, and my old friend, and yours, has helped me.

"When Lilian was a penniless girl you had the courage to offer her the heart she prized, and I heard the frank and simple truth from both. I was satisfied then that this was a love to last to death, and to be a blessing not only to you both, but to others too. How much more am I satisfied now that I have learned to love you for your own sake as well as for my child's! I have not taken all this time to discover what a wise choice she made, Hugh, though I have never told you so before this happy Christmas morning. There, I have tried you both. Lilian darling, see, there are only ashes left of my old will. That is my Christmas present to you both—to you all indeed, though you will not understand quite yet. And one of my brightest memories is that the love you bore your old aunt has never failed for this unloving deed, but has been true and kind through all. Mr Macan has another will of mine which you will some day hear him read; and when *that* was written, Lilian darling, I remembered my own youth, and the one chance of happiness which I—threw away."

The faltering voice failed here, and I crept to my dear old lady's side.

"Auntie," cried Lilian, with her gentle, clinging caress, "you have always been so kind to me—to all—so good, so good!"

And Hugh raised her hand reverently to his lips.

THE END.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE LONE FISHERMAN (FROM MASS.); OR, THE BULLDOZED OLD MAN.

"The friends of General BUTLER credit him with an intention of organizing a new Democratic party, which shall be made 'the special champion of human rights.'"
—*Washington correspondence of the Tribune.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving of Norwich Cathedral, and other attractions.*

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PROSPECTS.

THE restoration of specie payments completes the return of the country to the normal usages disturbed by the war, and it is fitting and pleasant that the result should have been accomplished under a Republican Administration. Indeed, the career of the Republican party up to the 1st of January, 1879, with all exceptions and shortcomings and abuses and evils that have been known during the sixteen years since it came into power, is more remarkable and more beneficial to the country and human liberty than that of any other party in our history. It has dealt with infinitely greater problems than any other party, and, upon the whole, it has dealt with them wisely. There is much to be deprecated in the details of its history, but certainly very much less than in those of the history of its great rival. Nothing is more remarkable than that the Democratic party, which is called by many of its adherents the true American party, or the party of true American principles, is historically the party of human slavery and of disunion; and the present attitude of parties is largely due to that fact, and to the profound distrust which it produces.

The year opens auspiciously. Business is undoubtedly slowly reviving, and the real power of the country has been shown, as was so well pointed out by Mr. GLADSTONE, by the steady payment of the debt. While the legal tender notes were at par before the day of actual resumption, we had paid more than five hundred millions of dollars of debt, lowered the rate of the interest-bearing debt, reduced taxation, and in the midst of universal prostration of industry the country has emphatically rebuked those who would have tempted it to financial dishonor. These are great facts, and nothing has done more to close the year with confidence and hope than the signal overthrow of doubtful or dishonest financial schemes.

Politically the year opens very quietly. The design, which was seriously entertained, of undertaking a disturbance of the Presidential title, has been wholly frustrated, not only by public indignation, but by the revelation of attempted corruption by Democratic agents. The new fact in the political situation is the frauds at the polls in the Congressional elections in the Southern States. The tendency of this revelation—assuming the facts to be established—is to combine all Northern voters, except the adherents of the Democratic party, against the Democratic nomination in 1880 as representing a control unjustly obtained. The year has witnessed a remarkable change in political prospects, and the situation now points to continued Republican ascendency. The only doubt arises from the reluctance of many Republicans to recognize the distinctive principles of the Administration in regard to the South and to reform on truly Republican. It the spirit of the Executive action in these two points alone had been heartily sustained by the individual party, there would have been hardly a question of the result. For it is precisely those who are alienated by the doubt whether real reforms and progress are to be expected from the Republicans whose support is indispensable to Republican success. Meanwhile real party divisions have largely ceased to exist. There are free-traders and hard-money men in both parties, and in both men who favor the same general policy for the South and for reform. But they hold to their own camps from a feeling of mutual distrust. The election of 1880 is hardly likely to be a contest of principle or policy. It will be traditional and personal, and the most powerful element in it will be that traditional distrust of Southern influence which Southern leaders have had the fatality to increase. The interest of the contest will be confined to a few States. The South will be conceded in every calculation to the Democrats, and New York will be no important if not vital State. This in turn affects the question of candidates. The late election showed that New York is held by the Democrats and Greenbackers. Should they unite, it would not be easy for the Republicans to carry the State. This involves serious considerations for both sides. There is no State in the Union in which sounder financial views are held than by many Democrats in New York. They would not support an unsound man, but, under the circumstances, they would probably decline to vote. That they are perfectly capable of doing this the Democratic abstention from the support of Mr. GREELEY in 1872 shows. Yet some fifty thousand Democrats probably voted the Greenback ticket last November. It will not be an easy task to find a candidate who can satisfactorily unite these two wings, so as to secure the whole vote. Upon the Republican side there is more harmony on the financial question, but there are serious differences as to methods and policies, which will make the selection of a candidate for Republicans also a delicate matter. But the tendency of the State, so far as it can be now guessed, will be Republican.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF NEW YORK.

WITH the beginning of the new year the Legislature of New York takes possession of the new Capitol at Albany, and the citizens of Albany will hold a reception in the building. The old Capitol was singularly and ludicrously inadequate to the requirements of the executive and legislative departments of a great State, but the change is prodigious. It is leaping suddenly, without gradation, from the comparatively modest state of seventy years ago to the imperial splendor of to-day. In the old building the very bareness and simplicity of every room and of all the accommodations may have been supposed to exercise some restraining and moderating influence. It had, at least, the lustre of great traditions and of famous men. In appearance it preserved all the simplicity of the earlier republic. But we must ruefully confess that in this plain and modest and historic building the shameful TWEED corruptions culminated, and in these bare and simple halls very much has been done to degrade our political character and to disgrace our political name.

Purity of legislation and loftiness of political feeling do not, after all, depend upon greater or less splendor of architecture, although it is equally true that no great art can even arise among a sordid and corrupt people. The new Capitol is an immense and imposing building, still unfinished, and erected at enormous cost. It has recently been under most intelligent control, and some of the defects of the original design have been dexterously remedied. As the Legislature seats itself, the natural wish is that its acts may be worthy of the place in which it sits and of the State which it represents. It is a Legislature Republican by a great majority, and its conduct will be closely scanned by friends and foes. As the first assembly in the Capitol which seems built to endure with the hill on which it stands, it will necessarily be a historic Legislature. By every consideration, therefore, it is exhorted to wisdom and dignity.

The loss of tradition and association consequent upon the occupation of a new public building is one of the imagination and sentiment. But they also play some part in public life. The old hall of the Representatives in Washington is now practically a mere vestibule, but it is hardly less interesting to the intelligent visitor than the rococo hall of the actual House; and during the spell of the drowsiest and driest arguments in the Supreme Court room the jaded listener still sees great figures around him, and hears the eloquence of Senatorial debates long silent. The new Legislature begins the traditions of the new Capitol. May they begin worthily!

DEAN STANLEY AND AMERICA.

THE generation of Americans can hardly understand the sensitiveness of our fathers fifty years ago to English comments upon America. The TROLLOPE and FIDDLER and BASIL HALL era followed that of the terrible sneer of SYDNEY SMITH, "Who reads an American book?" the time when PAULDING took up the cudgels for us and "answered back." The war, which showed us to others, revealed us also to ourselves; and if another DICKENS should write another *Chuzzlewit*, we should laugh at the caricature without resenting the extravagance. The recent address of Dean STANLEY at Birmingham shows that accomplished Englishmen who come to this country are now beginning to get beyond the "How very odd!" and to observe differences with a philosophic spirit, and not with that amusing form of barbarism which supposes that what is not familiar is inferior. Dean STANLEY's visit was undoubtedly very agreeable to him personally, and, as a man of scholarship and intellectual acuteness, his observations in a brief tour was very much more valuable than that of many long journeys of another kind of man.

His address, which the dean calls "Aspects of American Life," is a rapid glance at our history and a record of some of his own observations. The spirit in which he treats American history may be seen in the passage in which he speaks of WASHINGTON as "our great countryman, for such he was, the father of the American commonwealth." In the same generous spirit of manly sympathy are his allusions to the piety and munificence that endow great institutions of learning in America, and to the masters of our literature. He finds it impossible to compare our political institutions, because the two spheres of the Old World and the New are incommensurable; but he admits the anticipation, long common to both countries, of a vast future development here for the English race. He does not speak of defects which he says are fully set forth in the teeming columns of our journals, and he quotes from the address of "the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature," Mr. EMERSON, that our civilization is yet incomplete.

This address of Dean STANLEY will certainly show that he can have had no malevolence toward America in offering to write an inscription upon a stone to mark where ANDRÉ was hung. He would evidently be perfectly willing to see a statue or a monument erected to WASHINGTON in England, and he doubtless thinks of them both as Englishmen honestly differing. British opinion in general, however, hardly yet takes that philosophic view of OLIVER CROMWELL and the king. It will be some time probably before statues of GARRISON and GRANT are erected in the Southern States, or of CALHOUN and Stonewall JACKSON in New England. As a matter of fact there has been no proposition to build a monument to ANDRÉ, but to place a stone to mark the place of his execution. Yet it is by the humane and catholic spirit of men like Dean STANLEY on both sides of the sea that international good feeling is fostered, and the reign of peace begun.

PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

THERE is as much sprightly ridicule of the general subject of civil service reform that many of its sincere friends become discouraged, and fear that nothing, after all, is likely to be accomplished. But their real ground of confidence is remembrance of the fact that reform proposes a change in practices which have become firmly intrenched in tradition, and which are gravely defended as necessary under any system of free government by party, and that consequently there must be more than public interest—there must be a public demand—before there can be a real and reasonable change. Like all reforms of the kind in this country, it must come up from the people; it can not come down from an Administration, however strong may be its convictions and earnest its purpose. The native political class, the managers of caucuses and conventions, and generally even members of Congress, are strongly opposed to reform, and politics are practically very much what they determine. But this is no new situation. The real spring of change in our politics is the opinion which lies behind Congress, and which at length becomes strong enough to elect Representatives and to control policy. Leadership has come to mean largely a shrewd guess at the way the wind is going to blow, and adjusting speech and conduct accordingly. But in every free community it is opinion that directs the official agent much more than the agent who determines the opinion.

Those who complain that the Administration has not fulfilled its promise in regard to reform may very easily confound their own wishes and expectations with the purpose of the Administration. We have seen a great many warm and positive statements from able editors of what in their judgment constituted civil service reform, and very severe strictures from the same hands upon the recreancy of an Administration which had failed to do what the able editors thought ought to be done. So, also, many good friends of reform have feared that, if what has been done or left undone should be regarded as reform, the cause itself would be vitally wounded or hopelessly retarded. Both these classes of critics, therefore, have felt it to be their duty to condemn mercilessly the Administration as false to its pledges and to the cause. But this criticism overlooks certain cardinal facts. The first is that there is by no means perfect agreement among the friends of reform as to the methods by which acknowledged evils are to be remedied. They differ, perhaps, also in their estimates of the relative importance of the abuses. There is a large class which holds that reform should contemplate only fixity of tenure during a fixed term, except for actual official offense or incapacity; another class holds to abolition of the fixed term, and to a wholly non-partisan basis of the subordinate service. One man thinks that partisans alone should be appointed, but only upon grounds of fitness; another that removal, under a sound system of appointment, should be discretionary. They all have in view the change of the present system of scramble and favoritism and intrigue and a mercenary control of politics, but they differ as to methods.

Now the President has expressed himself as opposed to four abuses especially: the dictatorial interference of Congress with the Executive responsibility and right of nomination; the interference of office-holders in politics; extortions of money for election expenses from members of the civil service; and arbitrary removals for reasons wholly unconnected with the public service. That much has been done for reform in every one of these directions, no candid man will deny; that the entire system of the civil service has not been reformed, we as frankly admit; and that some things have been done which are not easily explicable from the point of view of a thorough and perfect reform, and of disregard of all the accepted traditions of parties and politics, is undeniable. But it is obviously unfair, under the circumstances, to require of an Administration an ideal consistency upon such a subject. There is no doubt that Congressional dictation has been largely broken up, that there has been very much less official management of politics, that every clerk in the government service feels at liberty to decline to pay election assessments, and that every holder of an office is conscious that faithful official service gives him a security which has been long wanting. All this is certainly due to an Administration which is confessedly eminent for the spotless character and ability of its members, and this is a result which no friend of reform can contemplate without satisfaction. Of course it is only a sign of the progress of opinion. It is in great part the fidelity of the Administration upon this point which has earned for it the bitter and contemptuous hostility of the distinctive political or politician class, and of course nothing that this Administration has done, or that any Administration could do, would bind its successor. Reform of the civil service system, and the rescue of our politics from the debasing and corrupting influence of a vast patronage controlled, not by public, but by mere party and personal considerations, will be achieved only when the public opinion of a district requires of a candidate the soundest views upon the subject. For the friends of reform, therefore, the duty of the hour is agitation, a fair and reasonable presentation of the question, and a patient rejoinder to all adverse arguments. They are not to fold their hands and expect that somehow or other some Administration will happen to do all that is necessary.

THE INVESTIGATION.

THE sub-committee of the BLAINE investigating committee has gone to New Orleans, and it is announced that the President will lay before the committee all the official information that he has received from the Southern States in regard to the violation of the election laws. It is further announced that there are great difficulties thrown in the way of witnesses in Louisiana, and that the United States District Attorney for Louisiana is in personal danger from his activity in officially pursuing the violence and fraud. We have all learned, however, that Southern political news must be weighed carefully before it is accepted as precisely true. Yet, as we have constantly said, the Southern leaders will make a great mistake if they count upon fatigue with the "bloody shirt" to condone very serious offenses which are highly probable, and which in the general conviction of this part of the country are established. There is undoubtedly a more reasonable feeling in regard to Southern outrages than ever before. There is now, more than there has ever been, a conviction that the condition of society in many parts of the Southern States, under Republican ascendency, has been most discouraging, if not intolerable. There is also a rapidly increasing feeling that the remedies are not summary national legislation and martial force, but a greater trust in natural and moral laws and local action.

These are all most hopeful signs. They all indicate a return to normal politics. They all show that "the Southern question" is not unanswerable. But the situation must not be misunderstood. All this does not in the least imply any disposition whatever to acquiesce in the practical annihilation of the new vote in the Southern States, or in

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the carrying of a Presidential election by violence and fraud. There is perfect willingness among all intelligent and patriotic men in this part of the country that the "bloody shirt" shall disappear, and that appeals to sectional jealousy and hatred shall be hushed. There is an earnest desire to reach, so soon as practicable, the best common understanding between fellow-citizens who have been so long and so bitterly estranged. But there is no disposition whatever to buy such an understanding by any winking at practices which, against the Constitution and the law, would work a monstrous wrong to a great class of voters and to the country.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to the people of the States in which such practices are so strongly charged to promote in every way the investigation which has been ordered and undertaken. As we have said, they are more concerned to promote a fair inquiry than any other class, and to secure the punishment of all proved offenders. If it should appear that the remedies in the United States courts are doubtful and uncertain, and that the only efficient action lies in a State initiative, it is equally plain that that initiative can not be evaded safely. If the evidence before the committee should be ample and conclusive, and if it should appear that there was no sentiment in the State, no patriotism, no resolution, equal to the task of sincere pursuit and punishment of crime, there would be no room for doubt that the purpose of those who are able to control Southern opinion and action is to carry the "solid South" at any cost for the purpose of obtaining the control of the government with the aid of two or three other States. Sectionalism in some forms is inevitable, but this would be sectionalism in its worst and most intolerable form, and there could be but one response to it among all patriotic men. Those who have counted upon the fact that there are no "prominent issues" would suddenly find themselves confronted by a very great and vital issue. If the Southern States are honestly, upon a fair vote of all the voters, Democratic, there can be no objection to their "solidity." But if they are solidly Democratic only by means of tissue ballots, of fraud and intimidation, there will be immense objection.

THE CANADIAN COURT.

THERE is a very general feeling among many English Liberals, founded upon Lord BEACONSFIELD's personal character and upon his known views, that his administration tends to a restoration of that personal government which is most repugnant to the English mind. Mr. GLADSTONE has alluded to it in his speeches, Mr. DUNCKLEY has written a striking article upon the subject for the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. KEBBEL, a well-known Tory, has written a good-humored reply. The publication of the third volume of the *Life of Prince Albert*, with its revelations of the political mentorship of the Baron STOCKMAR over the Prince Consort, has stimulated speculation, while the high-handed Jingo method of consulting Parliament only after action has been taken has awakened apprehension. This will be hardly allayed by the article of Mr. KEBBEL, which suggests that the democratization of the House of Commons and the rapid progress of the doctrine that the House is the government compel the consideration of some counteracting force, and the crown may thus become, in Conservative minds, the best barrier against Communism.

The *Spectator*, which is the ablest of the Liberal journals, says that this is really a revolutionary doctrine, because if it be found indispensable to have a truly powerful Executive, if the traditions of the monarchy are to be overthrown, and the king is to govern as well as reign, the country will demand a real king, and will not be satisfied with a dummy or mere figure-head. In other words, it would insist upon choosing a head, and here, practically, would be the republic. The speculation, however, is felt probably to be a speculation only, because few Englishmen believe that Lord BEACONSFIELD's system will survive him. He has undoubtedly thrown a glamour upon the country, and he is sustained by an unreasoning enthusiasm, which is evoked by him personally, and can not be transmitted. When he disappears from the scene, it is idle to suppose that Lord SALISBURY or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or any other Tory or Jingo chief can retain BEACONSFIELD's power or wield his spell.

Meanwhile one of the striking and characteristic phenomena of this policy is what a shrewd and thoughtful Englishman calls "the Jingo experiment of a court in Canada." It is perhaps only natural in citizens of the United States to wonder why the English in Canada prefer provincial dependence to national existence. Canada is not a colony for which England is likely to fight, and in his recently published little volume upon the political destiny of Canada Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH strongly and clearly sets forth the strength and the reasons of the various views of dependence and independence which are held in Canada. He is quite correct in supposing that there would be no feeling or movement in the United States to affect the perfect independence of Canadian action, and there will be here only an amused observation of the "experiment of a court." It is, of course, in accord with Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy of magnifying the imperial crown, to bestow, so to speak, a colonial crown upon the children of royalty. It shows also a sagacious intelligence of a feeling always strong in English colonies, and which makes them, in the familiar phrase, more English than England. But in Canada there seems to be some hitch at the shoulders of the loyal. There are signs of opposition in some details of etiquette, and as a court is but etiquette—"Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony"—such signs are ominous. Tact and care may overcome the beginnings of evil, but it may be found also that there is something in the English mind, especially upon American soil, which demands the real thing, and will be satisfied with no imitation. The court of a political Governor-General is one thing, but a semi-royal court is "neither one thing nor another."

HAND-BOOK OF NURSING.

ONE of the most valuable little books that have been lately published is a manual issued under the direction of the Connecticut training-school for nurses, and called a *Hand-Book of Nursing*, of which LIPPINCOTT is the publisher. It is evidently prepared by some one who has had long experience, and who has a natural vocation for nursing. And there is scarcely a question that a new and inexperienced nurse would ask which is not here intelligibly answered. Indeed, practically to have mastered this hand-book is to become, so far as directions can insure that result, a competent nurse. It is especially a book for the family, giving valuable hints to every one who undertakes the care of the sick, even where nothing but care and proper attention is required. The manual is anonymous, but President PORTER and ex-President WOOLSEY commend it as the work of ladies who are, as the book itself attests, thoroughly competent for the task.

PERSONAL.

How many things of this sort seem to be constantly occurring, yet attract only a momentary interest, notwithstanding the great public benefit they confer! Mr. HENRY THOMAS RICHARDSON, of Wales, who died recently in that country, and was, in conjunction with his father, the inventor of the tubular life-boat, has by his will bequeathed $50,000 at the death of his widow for the purchase and maintenance of life-boats at Pwllheli and Deal. He also gives $15,000 toward Glanygwalian Church, Bala. A church in a place with such a name ought to hear an investment of some kind to rely upon as a steady thing.

—Literary men are still coming to the front. Mr. E. L. PIERCE, of Boston, has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at that city, in place of FRANKLIN HAVEN, resigned. Mr. PIERCE was the intimate friend and biographer of CHARLES SUMNER.

—After the 4th of March next South Carolina will be represented in the Senate of the United States by two one-legged men, General BUTLER having lost a leg in the war.

—Mr. KINGLAKE proposes to bring out, during the present year, the sixth and last volume of the *History of the Crimean War*.

—The last advices from London are that the Prime Minister is looking well, hale, and vigorous for him, and he speaks with all his old fire, force, and finish. His sentences are all as perfect as print, and the epigrammatic style which marks his writings in the freshness and maturity of his powers distinguishes his speeches still. He walks slowly, and does not seem to be over-strong on his legs. His hair is thin, very thin, but the fire still burns in his eye.

—Mr. SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has this to say of Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, the new United States consul at Birmingham: "Mr. SCHUYLER had taken possession of his office some two months ago. He now brings his wife from Paris to take possession of his house in Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, in which from time to time a resident may get something besides soot and smoke and chemical exhalations to breathe. Mr. SCHUYLER, I should say, is much too accomplished a diplomatist to be turned into a provincial consul. But he is entitled to suit himself, and if we can't afford to pay living salaries to ministers and secretaries of legation, we must expect to see the best of them accept posts in which they can exist, and in which their experience and capacity are thrown away. Mr. SCHUYLER has, I suppose, an unrivalled knowledge of Russian and Turkish politics. He is a Russian scholar, speaks three or four other European languages, knows Asia, has written the best book on that central part of it just now most in dispute, and has withal a European reputation as a diplomatist. Hence we send him to a midland manufacturing town in England to certify invoices."

—WILLIAM MOODY, who died a few days ago in Cincinnati, Ohio, holds a remarkable place in the annals of that city. He was the first white male child born in the Miami Valley, and lived in Cincinnati nearly eighty-nine years. He was born March 17, 1790. After a long life of varied fortunes, during which he held several positions of trust and honor, he finally retired from active occupation, and shortly afterward—about six years ago—was made an invalid by paralysis, which terminated in his death. Mr. MOODY was well known to all the old pioneers of Cincinnati, and was intimate with the hero of Tippecanoe, remembered LAFAYETTE well, and was really coeval with the life of Cincinnati—personally acquainted with its history for almost a century.

—President CHADBOURNE, of Williams College, is a true variety man. In addition to his presidential and other duties, he is now temporarily in charge of a twine factory at Williamstown, during the absence of Mr. MARK HOPKINS, Jun.

—Truth is always fresher and stranger than fiction—*i. e.*, when you view it in the proper light. For example, the Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century, when the following incidents occurred. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the aid of two lackeys. He had an immense fortune, which he spent in gratifying every caprice. Was a book lent to him, it was represented as of its owner, and returned in the earl's landau, occupying the place of honor, and attended by four footmen in costly livery, who handed it to the astonished owner. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at the table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, which seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with its white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained that should any, by an instinct of appetite, transgress any rule of good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an antechamber, where he picked his bone in mortification, his place remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

—The late Earl of Dysart, alike well known for his wealth and eccentricities, but respected for neither, left personal property valued at $4,500,000, the largest ever left by an English peer, although it has been surpassed by many mercantile men. The Duke of Cleveland left $5,000,000; Lord WESTMINSTER, $4,000,000. The largest personalty left by a commoner was by Mr. BRASSEY, the contractor, $30,000,000, and next to him Mr. MORRISON (the A. T. STEWART of London), $20,000,000. For several years before his death Mr. MORRISON imagined himself to be on the verge of poverty. The sons of Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. MORRISON have done well, two of the former and one of the latter being in Parliament, and all are men of intelligence and taste.

—Principal TULLOCH, of the Church of Scotland, gave the lecture in Westminster Abbey on St. Andrew's Day. It is the practice of Dean STANLEY to invite ministers of different denominations to perform this service yearly. Some of these "ministers"—MAX MÜLLER, for example—don't profess to have that aggregate of vital piety which would be requisite in any species of Protestant minister on this side.

—Count POTOCKI, an enormously rich old patrician, who died recently in Paris, did not have money enough to enable him to bear a good time. Besides, he hated the idea of having an heir, and so disinherited his son. But as death came to his bedside he changed his mind as well as his will, and the son comes into an income of $400,000 a year, besides a fabulous amount of personal property.

—The sixty-seventh anniversary of the establishment of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, which has for many years flourished under the able management of Mr. HENRY G. PARKER, was celebrated on Saturday, January 4. The *Gazette* is the oldest paper now published in Boston, and its popularity is well deserved.

—Of debaters in Congress General GARFIELD is by many regarded as the strongest. HOOKER, of Mississippi, is one of the most polished orators. S. S. COX and EUGENE HALE are the readiest speakers, KELLEY, EWING, and CRITTENDEN are the financial orators, and BANKS and SAYLER are strong on Parliamentary law and "tie-tacs."

—"I am almost seventy-one," said Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES to a Washington correspondent the other day, "and I expect to live till I am a hundred and fifty. I come of a long-lived race. One of my aunts lived to a hundred and fifteen." And seeing the correspondent scrutinizing her hair, "It isn't dyed," she said, "and it is very abundant, falling below my waist."

—Mr. DAVID A. WELLS is about to retire from the presidency of the American Social Science Association. President GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University, is mentioned as his successor.

—Mr. FARMAN, the American consul at Alexandria, Egypt, has just gone round the world in a rapid fashion, unequalled even by JULES VERNE. He accomplished the journey in sixty-eight days. It took him twenty days to go from Alexandria to San Francisco by Brindisi, Paris, Liverpool, and New York; twenty days also to go from San Francisco to Yokohama; six days after, he reached Hong Kong; in ten days he set foot on shore at Ceylon; and twelve days later he found himself again in Egypt.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD's appearance in Parliament after the reception of the news of Princess ALICE's death is somewhat sarcastically described by a Manchester correspondent. He was perfectly made up in the deepest of mourning, which could not well have been deeper had the Princess ALICE been his own daughter instead of the Queen's. He had on, as far as one could judge, a new black hat, with the deepest of cloth. His scarf was black; his coat, vest, and trousers were of the sablest hue; and altogether a more funereal figure could hardly be imagined than he presented as he walked to his seat with bowed head and soft tread, as if he were in the chamber of death itself. This was very much overacted, and so, for that matter, was the speech in which he moved the address. He overdid the emotion. He presented in voice and manner the picture of a grief which in the nature of things it was impossible he feel.

—King LOUIS of Portugal is not only an excellent monarch, but he has gained distinction as a *littérateur*. An intense admirer of SHAKESPEARE, and regretting that the works of the great poet were not accessible to his subjects, he has set about translating his plays into Portuguese. A handsome edition of *Hamlet* was published some time since, and formed part of the Portuguese typographical exhibit at the recent Exposition in Paris, and now his Majesty's publishers announce that editions will soon appear of *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*, for which as great a success is predicted as his earlier works met with.

—MEISSONIER's great picture of "The Cuirassiers" has just been sold to a Belgian amateur in Brussels for 301,000 francs. The purchaser, who is one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the most intelligent collectors in a land full of rich and well-chosen collections, does not wish his name to be made public at present, as the picture will not be sent to him for some time to come. MEISSONIER has taken it into his atelier for the purpose of retouching, and, in fact, repainting, the foreground.

—Lord DUFFERIN's ability as an executive officer was not more conspicuous during his Governor-Generalship than the constant good nature and unfailing tact that he every where exhibited in his intercourse with the people. Every body in the Dominion seemed to know him personally. Station masters, policemen, country folk of every walk in life, relate with enthusiasm anecdotes of his frankness and cordiality. A devoted mother was asked what she thought of Lord DUFFERIN. She said she had only seen him twice. The first time she had with her one of her children, the delights of whose society she shared with Lord DUFFERIN for a brief ten minutes. Two years later the Governor-General, passing through Quebec, met her again, and his greeting was, "Well, Mrs. ——, how's LILLIAN?" Thus with unending tact and genial grace did the agreeable Irishman win his remarkable popularity. A man who could remember over two years the weakness of a mother and the name of a child is just the man to succeed in the delicate task of governing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Emily B. Souder*, of the Clyde Line, foundered at sea during the great gale on the 10th ult., when two days out from New York, on her way to San Domingo. Nine passengers and twenty-five of the crew are supposed to have been lost. Two of the sailors, who are the only persons known to have been saved, carried the news to Kingston, Jamaica.

The sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Territories have agreed to recommend, 1st, the establishment of a United States court in the Indian Territory, to possess both civil and criminal jurisdiction; 2d, that all the Indians comprising the Five Nations shall be made citizens of the United States, amenable to the Federal laws, and competent to serve on juries in the United States courts; 3d, that the lands now held in common shall be divided and held in severalty, but inalienable for a limited term of years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported from Lahore that Yakoob Khan, son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has come into Jellalabad to submit to the British government, but the news lacks confirmation.—There is considerable contradiction in the reports about the whereabouts of Shere Ali. The impression prevails that the flight of the Ameer may be merely a retreat to prolong resistance in the neighborhood of Herat. A Calcutta dispatch says that he wrote to the Viceroy of India stating that he would return to Afghanistan after laying his case before a congress at St. Petersburg.—An Afghan soldier in the British service was hanged for trying to warn his countrymen of an advance on Peiwar Pass. Eighteen others were sentenced to terms of from seven to fourteen years' penal servitude for desertion.—The British advance on Candahar was begun on the 1st, by both the Khojak and Kojak passes, a good road for heavy artillery having been completed over the former. It is said that there are only three or four weak Afghan regiments and a few hundred irregulars, destitute of artillery, at Candahar.—A strong force of mountaineers has stopped all traffic through the Khyber Pass, and cut the telegraph wires. Three companies of troops with two guns have been sent to clear the pass. At Hazar-pir four mountaineers were publicly hanged for murdering a camp-follower of the Kurum column, and two others were flogged for plundering.—The Viceroy of India reports that Major Cavagnari has received a friendly letter from Syud Mohammed, chief of the Kurur Valley, announcing his intention of coming in. The London *Times*, in its article on the military situation, says: "This may be heralded as the forerunner of intelligence already hinted at, that the districts of Chitral, Swat, and Buner will be incorporated into the Indian Empire. By the occupation of this tract of country an easy and direct road will be opened up from the Punjab to Yarkand and Kashgar, presenting far fewer difficulties than that now followed by the Central Asian Trading Association, which traverses the high mountain ranges of Cashmere and Ladakh, crosses the terrible Karakorum Pass at an altitude of nearly 19,000 feet, and then crossing another range, over 16,000 feet in height, descends to Yarkand, which is barely 4000 feet above the sea-level."

The Græco-Turkish Frontier Commissioners will carry on their negotiations at Athens. The Grand Vizier states that he accepts the principle of the rectification of the frontier upon condition of Turkey retaining a strategical line, and the powers engaging to observe neutrality in the event of Greece raising any further claims or attempting invasion.

Thirty steamers have been chartered at Odessa to convey home a portion of the Russian army of occupation.

A further enormous depreciation of Turkish paper money has occurred. As a consequence, a number of bakers' shops in Constantinople are closed.

It is reported from Ismid that a 38-ton gun burst during practice on the British man-of-war *Thunderer*. The vessel's turret was destroyed, and seven men were killed and forty wounded.

A dispatch from Yokohama says the steamer *Kanagawa Maru*, running between Osaka and Dewa, was totally destroyed by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder that was in her cargo on October 28, and eighty-three persons were drowned.

The Council of the Russian Empire has approved the new rates of taxation proposed by the Minister of Finance affecting stamps, liquors, and cotton other than Asiatic.

General Hidalgo, one of the leaders of the revolution of 1868, and a prominent person at the time of the abdication of King Amadeus, has been ordered to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours.

The Russian government is employing vigorous repressive measures against the students. The Veterinary Institute at Kharkov, where the agitation originated, will be removed outside the town. The Technical Institute at Tschugujeff will be closed altogether. The Medical Academy will issue instructions forbidding the deliberations of students without permission from the academical authorities. Eighty persons were killed and wounded in the riot at Kieff.

The Spanish Supreme Court of Justice has condemned to death Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate King Alfonso in October last. The King reluctantly signed the death-warrant.

A telegram from Ceara, in North Brazil, reports that the deaths in the capital of that province from small-pox numbered 400 daily. The distress in the interior of the province is appalling. The people are devouring carrion and corpses.

Two great fires occurred abroad during the week, one on Christmas, in Hong-Kong, raging all day, and doing great damage; the other in Egypt, at the Abdin Palace, the winter residence of the Khedive, destroying half the building.

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PRINCESS MARIE VICTORIA FRODOHE LEOPOLDINE.
Born May 24, 1874. Died November 14, 1878.

H. R. H. ALICE MAUD MARY, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT (PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND)

BORN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, APRIL 25, 1843; MARRIED AT OSBORNE HOUSE, JULY 1, 1862; DIED AT HESSE-DARMSTADT, DECEMBER 14, 1878.—[See next Page.]

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IN FOR A SCRAPE.

THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE MAUD MARY, second daughter of Queen VICTORIA, was born April 25, 1843. On July 1, 1862, she was married at Osborne House to H.R.H. LOUIS IV., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who succeeded his father June 13, 1877. They have had a family of five daughters and two sons, namely, Princess VICTORIA ALBERTA (we omit the succeeding Christian names), born 1863; Princess ELIZABETH, born 1864; Princess IRENE, born 1866; Prince ERNEST, born 1868; Prince FREDERICK, born 1870; Princess VICTORIA ALICE, born 1872; Princess MARIE, born 1874. Of these children five are still surviving. Prince FREDERICK died June 30, 1873, in consequence of a fall from a window only a minute or two after his mother had been playing with him; Princess MAUD died on November 16, 1878, from an attack of diphtheria, which disease afterward proved fatal to her mother.

In the *Life of the Prince Consort* her Majesty thus refers to the birth of the late Princess: "Our little baby is to be called ALICE, an old English name, and the other names are to be MAUD (another old English name, and the same as MATILDA) and MARY, as she was born on Aunt GLOUCESTER's birthday." With regard to the christening, her Majesty writes thus: "It went off very brilliantly, and ALICE behaved extremely well." In the autumn of 1861 it was officially announced that the Princess ALICE had been betrothed to Prince LOUIS of Hesse Darmstadt. That year was a sad one for the royal family. In March the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, died at Frogmore, while early in December it became known that the Prince Consort was seriously ill. During this period the Princess ALICE tended her father with the most unremitting devotion. From the moment that the illness assumed a threatening aspect she scarcely ever quitted his bedside, and in the result her own health was greatly impaired. On the 14th December the Prince died, and then, in the beginning of her widowhood, the Queen found a most loving comforter in her daughter ALICE, and was thus enabled to bear her terrible bereavement with a composure and a resignation which few or none could have anticipated.

The wedding of the following year was celebrated in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, in consequence of the deep affliction in which the royal family had been plunged. Once again the Princess ALICE showed her keen sense of sympathy—a sympathy showing itself in deeds as well as in words—when in the winter of 1871 she left her German home and went to Sandringham to tend her eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, who was then lying apparently hopelessly ill of typhoid fever. But her sympathies were not confined to her own family. The German people will not easily forget her unostentatious but ever active benevolence, and, above all, the services which she rendered to the sick and wounded during the Franco-German war. She was most anxious, too, to help the poor and suffering in her adopted state, and to help them in such a manner as to mitigate the evils of pauperism. With this object in view, during her visits to London the Princess practically studied the working of the Charity Organization Committee, and also went to meetings of the poor people, after having carefully arranged that her rank should be concealed. In testimony to the breadth of her charity we will only quote one witness, that of the ultramontane *Univers*: "Although a Protestant, the

Grand Duchess warmly interested herself in Catholic charities, and showed many marks of kindness to the religious communities of Hesse. The churches of the Catholic parishes were therefore full of the faithful asking God to preserve their sovereign. The concerning of her subjects will be sincere, for the Queen of England's second daughter has left only good memories in her own country."

The end was near at hand, although the Princess was only in her thirty-sixth year. Together with her husband and children, she spent some weeks of the early autumn in England, chiefly at Eastbourne. On the 3d September occurred the appalling disaster on the Thames to the steamboat named after herself, and it was then, we many will remember, that the Princess sent a sympathetic message to the London Steamboat Company, expressing a fervent hope that the loss of life was not as great as had been reported.

Soon after returning to Darmstadt the terrible plague of diphtheria appeared in the Grand Ducal household. On the 6th November the Princess VICTORIA ALBERTA, then in her sixteenth year, was attacked. Five days later her little sister, the Princess ALICE, was prostrated, as were, in rapid succession, the Princess MARIE, aged four, the Princess IRENE, aged twelve, the Hereditary Grand Duke, aged ten, and the Grand Duke himself. All recovered except the Princess MARIE, whose case from the beginning had been exceedingly severe. But now it came to pass that the loving and tender mother, who had nursed her children and her husband with the most untiring devotion, was destined in her turn to succumb to the malarious influence. The public, already keenly sympathizing with the sorrows of the Princess, was deeply shocked to hear that she herself was seriously ill, and that Sir WILLIAM JENNER had been dispatched to Darmstadt. In spite of the dangerous nature of the disease, much hopefulness was felt up in midnight on Friday, the 13th ult., or it was reported that the Princess had rallied after some sleep, and had taken a good deal of nourishment. The news of the following day, therefore, was the more distressing, because it dashed sanguine expectations. A change for the worse set in during the early hours of Saturday morning; the Princess became unconscious, and gradually sank until her death, which took place at half past seven in the morning.

The 14th December will henceforth be more than ever regarded as a day to be much observed in the royal household of England. Seven years before, on that day, the apparently fatal illness of the Prince of Wales underwent a favorable change. Seventeen years before, on that day, the Prince Consort exchanged the burden of a suffering body for the joyous freedom of the immortal life. In each case there was an unwearied watcher at the sufferer's bedside, and now that watcher has rejoined her father and her two departed little ones.

PANICS IN ENGLAND.

Two years ago the working-men of the United States had reached the height of their suffering from the panic of 1873; food was dear, prices had not yet fallen, the cost of living was excessive, the demand for labor had nearly ceased. Want spread over all our vast fertile territory; even the industrious suffered and perished in the commercial distress produced by a fluctuating currency, a period of speculation, political agitation, fear, distrust, hopelessness. In 1876 we were threatened with a discontented people, violent political movements, riots, rage, even the tramp became a political power, the wildest agitators the agents of a discontented party. That period has passed away, and peace and plenty have returned once more. While we were suffering, England still retained its prosperity, its commercial activity, its appearance of general ease. Its pauperism diminished, its revenue grew, its workingman enjoyed a comparative freedom from the ills that had befallen Germany, France, America. But suddenly all this has changed. A panic, a period of distress, has fallen upon England more severe than any thing it has known for half a century. Trade has almost stopped, factories are closed, mines are valueless, great firms and institutions are bankrupt, but the saddest trait of this unlooked for revolution is the intense suffering of the industrious poor. The accounts of their misery reads like some impossible fable. In the midst of the enormous wealth of England one would suppose that such scenes as are related in the English papers could never occur. Says the *Daily News*: "We drew attention the other day to the distress which has seized our manufacturing districts, and to the horrible details with which the columns of the local newspapers are filled. There has been an such time of suffering since the cotton famine. The numbers on the books of the various agencies for relief, startling as they appear, are hitherto short of what they were at that time; but already stages of destitution have been reached for which it is difficult to find a parallel." It gives instances—one of a woman who in her despair stole cat's-meat from a butcher's shop, and was found soon after with her family devouring it *raw*. She was well dressed, it is said. Honest men thrown out of work, who have never begged, have sold all their furniture, even the vessels to which they cooked their food, the very grate, before they would ask for aid. The sufferers are numbered by hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions. The winter opens on them black with despair. Meantime the ruling party are wasting great sums on shameful wars, in military display, propose an measure of relief for their suffering countrymen; ask for a public grant of money to the famishing Turkish Rhodope. There is no American whose heart does not bleed for the suffering multitudes of Sheffield, Leeds, or Glasgow, who would not rejoice to pour the rich abundance of Kansas or Minnesota into the famished mouths of England's industrious poor.

But the panic, the period of commercial depression, is something with which England has long been familiar. The wealthiest of nations, it seems the victim of a regular recurrence of these disasters. So regularly do they come that an intelligent professor in a recent lecture endeavored to connect them with the sun spots. There was one in 1825–26, one in 1837–39, one in 1847, 1861, 1867, 1873. It is not necessary to go as far to find their causes as Professor Roscoe; they have usually been the results of events altogether mundane and plain to every eye. The panic of 1847 is described by MONRIE EVANS. It came in the midst of a scene of general prosperity; speculation raged in all ranks of life; it was the period of the railway madness, when all England was covered by a net-work of real or imaginary lines of travel and traffic, that were sometimes paid for but never built, and oftener built and never paid for. HUDSON, the railway conqueror, held in his hand the capital of England; noblemen, women of rank and title, clergymen, merchants, laborers, rushed with eagerness to invest their money in wild speculation; $8,000,000,000 were invested, it was estimated, in railways; every kind of mad venture grew popular; the wild revelry rose to an extraordinary pitch. But it fell almost in a moment. The railway projects failed, and ruined rich and poor; the famine in Ireland came to add to the general suffering; a bad harvest in England, food riots in Scotland, completed the destruction of public confidence. Then came failures of great houses as unlooked for as to seem incredible; the governor of the Bank of England failed; the bank trembled; 176 "leading firms," says MONRIE EVANS, "were prostrated in three months." Mr DISRAELI, then in the fire of early ambition, described the national calamity in Oriental imagery. "The uprootings of commercial dynasties in England," he said, "were not less striking than the fall of those political houses of which we have lately heard so much." In 1848–49 kings and bill-brokers, emperors and railway contractors, had fallen together; their disasters may be described, lamented even, but the calamities of the industrious poor in that season of depression are written only in the books of eternal justice.

The next severe panic in England, for we may pass over the memorable season of 1861–63, was that of 1867, one of the most peculiar, most startling, of all. It came without notice, it passed away swiftly, like some furious storm. But it left behind traces of desolation, broken fortunes, ruined reputations, a commercial terror that was almost unknown before. In 1866 English trade was prosperous, the country rich, the people employed profitably, mines, manufactures, commerce, flourishing; there seemed no omen of danger in the future. When suddenly a great institution—a discount company—failed; a strange terror arose, increased, it was said, by the malevolence of speculators; and next the famous house of OVEREND, GURNEY, & Co., one of the oldest in the city, was known to be in difficulty. It had applied to the Bank of England for aid, and was refused. Its deposits had amounted to $60,000,000; its depositors claimed their money. The great house closed its doors, and was found to have wasted in mad speculation the resources of its customers. Its end was covered with fraud, wastefulness, improvidence; it brought with it a general disaster. Another bank soon failed, a fierce excitement arose in London, an immense crowd filled Lombard Street, and all the neighborhood demanding from the different banking houses that are clustered on those scenes of traffic the money they had lent them in their hour of confidence. "At mid-day" (12th of May), says a contemporary writer, "the panic was at its height. Lombard Street was actually blocked up by the crowds of respectable persons who thronged the doors of the banks and other establishments." "While depositors rushed to withdraw their money, a body of on-lookers gathered before each bank or financial establishment, expecting to see in close its doors." One after another the great banking houses were seen to fail; the Bank of London stopped; the European Bank, the Consolidated Bank, and others sank before the general terror; old mercantile firms of undoubted credit and countless lesser ones fell together. The Bank of England withheld its aid, fearful, perhaps, of its own solvency in case of a general demand for money; the immense number of depositors who suddenly called for payment made it impossible for the banks to satisfy them; ten times the amount of the currency of the country was represented by its deposits, and when the panic came there was not money enough to satisfy half the demand. Even the Bank of England, it was said, must have stopped had its depositors pressed for payment. Had the panic continued another day, every bank must have closed its doors. But it passed away, the great body of depositors recovered their confidence, the crowd on Lombard Street disappeared; and it was a fortunate fruit of the peculiar financial terror that it affected only slightly the industrial classes, that the factories remained open, the mines productive, and that seen a new period of prosperity dawned upon the busy people.

None of these commercial disasters seem to approach the present in severity or in probable duration. It is a decay in the resources of England, a decline in values that affects every interest of the nation. The rents of farms, it is said, have sunk one-third; the farmer complains that he can no longer compete as a high rent with the wheat-growers of Russia and America; the manufacturer closes his factory as reduces the wages; the iron trade of England seems almost dead. There is a general depreciation of property, land, even food, that will probably never be repaired. A recent English writer, when war with Russia was imminent, described with much enthusiasm the enormous wealth of his country, the amount it could waste in a mad and useless contest. The whole wealth of England was estimated at £8,500,000,000, or more than $40,000,000,000; in 1815 it had been only about $10,000,000,000. The income assessments since 1815 had increased fourfold; the "potential taxation," said Mr FAWCETT, secretary of the Board of Trade, "might be indefinitely raised, except perhaps the tax on spirits and tobacco." A billion of dollars could easily be spared, he thought, to inflict upon Russia and the Russians all the penalties due to ambition and overbearing greed. Mr SHAW LEFEVRE has recently repeated the flattering record. But a later writer, in less fanciful language, throws a shade of doubt on the brilliant picture. Already a few brief months of panic have diminished the fancied wealth; the vast hoard has been lessened by at least one-eighth, if not one-sixth. The bankruptcy of nations has cost England a billion, the shrinkage in the value of real property is great, and land is estimated to have lost one-fourth or one-sixth its value five years ago. The earnings of the working classes have diminished, it is asserted, "one hundred millions" annually. The value of "British industries" fallen five to seven hundred millions. The capital of the country is slowly wasting away, and amidst a starving people and fading resources England is once more plunged in the perils of war.

Between the two pictures there is no doubt a happy mean. England will recover itself; and every American farmer and trader is personally interested in the welfare of the industrious, untiring population that from London to Glasgow offers the best market for American productions. The prosperity of the English working classes means wealth to the farmer of Georgia and Wisconsin, of Texas and California. They consume the greater part of the wheat, food, cotton, we export, but for their industry and thrift the farms of Minnesota might long have remained idle, and the cotton fields of Georgia a useless waste. Every year nations are becoming more necessary to each other, more useful. England and America are indissolubly connected; the English working classes are our best customers, England our most natural market. Europe has already begun to lean upon America for its necessaries of life, the people of all lands are already beginning to discover their mutual dependence. It is a slow process, but it will prove a sure one. Nature decrees that wars must cease at last. The time must come when even Russia and England shall discover that it is better to aid than to destroy each other. Panics, too, have their lesson: it is the old one of JOSEPH—to save in years of plenty for the pinching times to come.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WINTER IN QUEBEC.

To thoroughly enjoy winter sports it is necessary to be born in a Northern latitude. No Southerner, accustomed to balmy airs, and a flimsy pretense at winter during a few months of the year, can realize the pleasure derived by the Canadians from the amusements dependent upon snow and ice. To them the presence of the former in their cities is by no means the source of discomfort and annoyance that we find it, but a means of facilitating travel and on incentive to all sorts of enjoyable schemes. The winter season in Quebec is recognized by the inhabitants as a natural holiday-time, the summer being devoted to business and important affairs. Sleighing parties are arranged to visit various points outside the city, and a general interchange of visits is made by those who at other times are employed in enterprises of pith and moment. Skaters of all ages and sexes disport themselves on the various ponds, and young people enter with enthusiasm into that most precarious of winter pleasures, tobogganing.

This latter sport, although a source of great delight to those who enjoy spinning rapidly along a decline of snow, careless of a tumble, has never penetrated much south of the chilly Canadian provinces. The toboggan is a thin board curled up at one and and then bent slightly downward, in which position it is secured by cat-gut. Apparently it was originally invented by the Indians, who used the toboggan for drawing heavy loads across the snow, in which, on account of the broad surface it presents, it does not sink. Since being adopted by the white man it has been put to a variety of uses, the principal among which is sliding. The toboggan is usually made long enough to hold one lady and gentleman very comfortably, and being very light, is easily drawn up hill. Having discovered a suitable hill and mounted to its summit, the "fun" is to get into it with a young lady and glide rapidly over the white slope to the bottom. The journey is certainly somewhat exciting, as the toboggan requires careful manipulation when traveling at the rate of an express train, and if unskillfully steered is apt to resent the awkwardness of the occupants by turning, twisting, and pitching them indiscriminately head over heels into the snow.

But whether the traveller designs to take an active part in the recreations of the inhabitants of Quebec or not, the height of the winter is by all means the pleasantest time to visit the Canadian city. Picturesque as it may be at all seasons, a large portion of it is sufficiently dilapidated to gain much in appearance through the snow king's decorative art. Strange to it may seem, also, the thoroughfares are then in a much better condition than at any other time of year. The Canadians have been said to be "cursed with the virtue of content," and however paradoxical this statement may appear at the first glance, a short experience of the indifference with which they regard the increasing dilapidation of their city confirms its truth. The paving of their streets is not a matter to which they seem disposed to pay the slightest attention, and a good freeze followed by a fall of snow, which in their climate remains long enough to become thoroughly packed down, adds much to the pleasures of locomotion. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who in his volume on *North America* devotes short space to British possessions in this part of the world, renews himself to special indignation over the streets of Quebec.

"I feel bound to say that a stranger, regarding Quebec merely as a town, finds much of which he can complain. The foot-paths through the streets are almost entirely of wood, as seems to be general throughout Canada. Wood is, of course, the cheapest material, and although it may not be altogether good for such a purpose, would not create animadversion if it were kept in tolerable order. But in Quebec the paths are intolerably bad. They are full of holes. The boards are rotten and worn in some places to dirt. The nails are gone, and the broken planks go up and down under the feet, and in the dark they are absolutely dangerous. But if the paths are bad, the roadways are worse. The street through the Lower Town, along the quays, is, I think, the most disgraceful thoroughfare I ever saw in any town. I believe the whole of it, or at any rate a great portion, has been paved with wood; but the boards have been worked into mud, and the ground under the boards has been worked into holes, until the street is more like the bottom of a filthy ditch than a roadway through one of the most thickly populated parts of the city. Had Quebec in WOLFE's time been as it is now, WOLFE would have much in the mud between the river and the rock before he reached the point to which he wished to climb. In the Upper Town the roads are not as bad as they are below, but still they are very bad."

All such defects vs these disappear under the magic mantle which covers Quebec in the winter season, and the traveller in exploring the town may be certain of a hard, smooth pathway under his feet, unless he is unfortunate enough to start not during a thaw—an event, however, of very infrequent occurrence. To see Quebec even in the most thorough manner is not an operation that requires any great length of time, for the architectural monuments are few, and vs the points of historical interest are soon exhausted. Among the first, the Anglican and the Roman Catholic cathedrals are the most important. The Anglican cathedral is not an imposing building either in dimensions or decoration, but chiefly interesting from the relics it contains. Within the communion rails are two marble monuments, one to Dr MOUNTAIN, the first Episcopal Bishop of Canada and Quebec, and the other to the Hon. and Rt. Rev Dr SEWELL, who succeeded him. Beneath the altar are buried the remains of the Duke of Richmond, who died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a tame fox with which he was in the habit of amusing himself. The duke was Governor-General of Canada at the time of his death. The Roman Catholic cathedral, called the "Church of the Immaculate Conception," is the largest and, internally, the most magnificent of all the churches in the city. It is situated close to the Upper Town Market, at the head of Fabrique Street. It is divided into a nave and two aisles, the ceilings of the aisles being lower than that of the nave. At the upper end is the grand altar, and in the side aisles are chapels dedicated to different saints. This church was set on fire by shells from the batteries at Point Levi during the siege of Quebec in 1759, and all its ornaments and paintings were consumed, except the altarpiece portraying the Conception. This, however, was so injured vs to require the hand of the artist to restore it to its former condition.

From the steps of the Catholic cathedral the view stretches along Fabrique Street, and we have the scene depicted in our illustration on page 48. Beyond, in the distance, lies the Laurentian range, guarding the river from which it takes its name. On the left of the picture is seen the great pile of buildings which were partly erected in 1644 for the Jesuits' College. The institution was suspended in 1759, and ten years later the property reverted to the British crown on the death of the last of the Jesuit fathers. Since that time the buildings have been used vs barracks. A short walk from the cathedral will bring the visitor to the public gardens on Des Carrières Street. Here stands the famous obelisk erected to WOLFE and MONTCALM in 1827 by Lord DALHOUSIE. The monument, which rises to the height of sixty-five feet, is said to be strictly classical in its proportions, and on the northern side of the sarcophagus, and looking toward the country, is written "MONTCALM," while on the other side, and looking toward the river, is "WOLFE." There is also an inscription in Latin upon the slabs. The admiration accorded these two heroes, victor and vanquished, grows with time. In his recent address delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Dean STANLEY, in speaking of what he calls the "second epoch of American history," says: "Or again, look more northward still, to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General WOLFE, by a miracle of audacity climbed the Heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec to the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his no less chivalrous adversary the French MONTCALM. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, vs they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, vs I have said, it is wrapped in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred."

Outside the city of Quebec there are many points of interest, the most attractive being the famous Plains of Abraham, the story of which is familiar to every student of American history, the citadel, a massive defense, which, together with the buildings connected with it, covers forty acres of ground; and the beautiful water-fall of Mont-

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morency. These falls are on the north of the basin of the St. Lawrence. It is an acknowledged fact that when this stream is full, and swollen by the waters from the winter's snow, it is the most magnificent sight in the Province of Quebec.

The river is contracted at a considerable distance above the falls, and the water rushes madly past between high and vertical rocks with great velocity. Near these rocks are the celebrated "Natural Steps," no doubt formed by the abrasion of the stream. The Falls of Montmorency are higher than those of Niagara, being more than 200 feet; but they are not so broad, being only about 60 feet in width. The rapid shoot of the waters to the summit, the long and seemingly reckless leap as they are torn and dashed into the finest particles of spray and foam at the base, the noise of the fall, and the great height, combine to impress the mind with awe and wonder.

The Falls of Montmorency are visited in winter by parties enthusiastic over the sport of tobogganing. Near the main fall is a favorite place for sliding. Here the spray congeals as it falls; layer after layer is formed in an incredibly short space of time, till a beautiful and glistening cone is raised. But at this place sleds, coasters, or clippers are preferable to the toboggan, as they are less liable to make what in sailors' language is termed "leeway." The sons of the farmers in the vicinity provide these coasters, and also act as guides, for a trifling remuneration.

"TIS AN ILL WIND," ETC.

Oh, the leaves are fluttering down,
Some are scarlet, some are brown,
Some are golden, like the crown
On the little sphinx head
Of my darling, dainty girl,
Too nice for a tangled curl.
Ah, how closely she doth furl
Those silk banners, well bestead!
Fast in bind is fast to find;
See the yellow strands doth wind
In a shining crown behind,
While she sighs for summer dead.

Faster, faster, fall the leaves,
Like the tears of one who grieves;
Carried are the summer's sheaves.
Ah, the wind's a robber bold!
When he stretches his strong hands
Out unto the shivering lands
Absolute are his demands,
And he gets the woodland's gold.
Autumn, frightened from her play,
Finds him swift to seize and slay;
In a night and in a day
He hath made her gray and old!

At her heart he striketh straight;
Hard and bitter is his hate.
Not a little will he wait;
And she withers in his clasp.
All is ready for the snow.
Now, you Goth, you Vandal, go!
From her dead neck take your grasp.
All the eternal things are yours—
Blossoms stricken to their cores,
Blighted fields and leafless shores—
All discordances that rasp.

Only one thing have you done
That from me a smile has won—
I can see it in the sun,
The dear house where lives my love!
You have swept away the screen
Made of summer's leafage green;
Even her window can be seen—
I could see her drop her glove!
Though November's wind is rude,
'Tis an ill wind blows no good;
I the truth, in thankful mood,
Of the quaint old adage prove!

CALEB CUSHING.

AFTER a long, eventful, and successful life of nearly seventy-nine years, the Hon CALEB CUSHING died in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 2d of this month. Up to July last he had been in the enjoyment of health and strength unusual in persons of his advanced age, when he was prostrated by a severe attack of erysipelas, from which he did not rally well. About two weeks before his death he began to fail rapidly, although he was not confined to his bed more than a day or two previous to his decease.

Mr. CUSHING was born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1800. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, commencing practice at Newburyport. His political career began in 1826, when he was elected a Representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return, two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and one on the French revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 was elected from the Essex North district of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig party until President TYLER came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic party. Failing to be confirmed in 1843 as Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President TYLER, he was sent as Commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that empire. Mr CUSHING warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became Colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made Brigadier-General. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated.

In 1850 Mr CUSHING represented Newburyport for the sixth time in the Legislature of his native State, and was active in opposing the election of Mr SUMNER to United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free-soil and Democratic parties. After being two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney-General by President PIERCE in 1853, and held that position four years, dealing with questions of great gravity and complexity. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858, and 1859

Mr CUSHING presided over the Democratic Convention held at Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during the eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on one or two occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866 President JOHNSON, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him Commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. During the Administration of President GRANT he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva, and acquired great fame by the able manner in which he conducted his cause to a successful issue. On his return he published a history of that tribunal, which was favorably received. In 1874 Mr. CUSHING was appointed successor to General SICKLES as United States minister at Madrid, for which position his wise counsel in the management of the *Virginius* case had shown him to be eminently fitted. His departure was delayed by his nomination to the high position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, until the withdrawal of his name by the President when it became evident that the Senate would refuse to confirm the nomination. After his return from Madrid, on the appointment of Mr LOWELL, Mr CUSHING held no public office. Besides his public duties, Mr CUSHING long enjoyed extensive practice as a lawyer, holding briefs in the most important cases coming before the Supreme Court of the United States. His counsel was sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations. A portrait of Mr CUSHING will be found on page 53.

THE "SAN PEDRO ALCANTARA."

OF all the disasters in the Spanish Main, from the discovery of the New World to the present time, none equalled in horrors the burning of the Spanish frigate *San Pedro Alcantara* in 1816. That magnificent man-of-war was in that year sent as a convoy to provision-laden vessels designed to supply the fleet in the Caribbean Sea. Thirteen hundred men were on board, and the treasure chests contained $3,000,000 in silver. When the *San Pedro Alcantara* arrived at La Guayra, Venezuela, a revolution was found to be in progress, and Spanish citizens and churches of the country caused their treasures of gold and silver and jewels to be transferred for safety to the frigate. Several Venezuelan towns were also plundered and destroyed, their wealth being carried on board the vessel. The soldiers and sailors were so exultant in their successes that they indulged in a drunken revel, during which the frigate caught fire. The half-crazed men could do nothing, and when the flames reached the powder-magazine a terrible explosion sent the *San Pedro Alcantara*, with men and treasures widely scattered, beneath the waves—a name which our artist has endeavored to realize in the strong imaginative picture to be found on page 48.

Several attempts have been made at various times to recover the immense treasure with which the frigate was laden, but with comparatively poor success. About a year ago an expedition was fitted out by Captain FULAMBY, an experienced diver, to make another attempt to bring the sunk millions to light. His authority to make the search was derived from the Venezuelan government, and he was to be allowed to continue the work for six years if necessary, paying Venezuela a percentage on all sums recovered. Such ventures have rarely met with much success.

THREE YOUNG HEROES.

ABOUT six months ago three New York lads, WILLIAM O'NEIL (known as "Nan the Newsboy"), GILBERT LONG, and EDWARD KELLY, whose imagination had been excited by reading accounts of the many lives lost by falling or jumping off the docks into the rivers that wash the shores of Manhattan Island, resolved to start a volunteer life-saving corps. Without any flourish of trumpets, they quietly set to work in a practical, business-like way. They fitted themselves out with the necessary appliances—rude, perhaps, but quite effective—without assistance and without the stimulus of publicity or encouragement. There was no announcement of the organization in the newspapers, and weeks elapsed before any record of their achievements appeared in print. Yet since last June they have saved twenty-five people from drowning, often at the risk of their own lives, and until recently without public recognition of their services. They go on duty at seven o'clock in the evening, when they quit work, and patrol the docks till half past ten or eleven, searching from Grand Street on the East River to Pier 36 on the North River, taking in seventy-one piers in all.

Our sketch on page 53 shows these brave lads in their patrol costume, as they appear when making their nightly rounds. Nan, on the right of the group, is a tall, open-faced, broad-shouldered youth, close on twenty, with light eyes, agile-looking, but loosely built. LONG, the central figure, is about the same age and height, but thicker set, has dark hair and eyes, and is also frank looking and open-faced. KELLY is eighteen years old, slim built, and a good deal shorter. He has a long and thin face, a good forehead, regular features, thin lips, and small deep-set brown eyes. He looks pale beside the others, and one would almost think him delicate, but, says Nan, "he will go overboard like any of us" Like the brave Scotchman whom CHARLES READE immortalized in his stirring narrative entitled *A Hero and a Martyr*, they have experienced their full share of the ingratitude of those they rescue from death. "We ain't got no rewards from any body we saved," said Nan, a few weeks ago. "Gen'lly they're gone afore we can more'n look round." In some cases rescued persons have roundly abused their saviors for not handling them more tenderly.

These young heroes perform their brave and humane service without pay. The Humane Society has given Nan a medal, but, it is said, has declined to aid the boys with money or furnish them with proper appliances for their noble work. Captain BOYTON has, however, interested himself in them, and taken steps to have their deficiencies in this respect supplied. He gave them a pleasant dinner recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and promised to give them assistance as well as instruction in the methods of resuscitating the apparently drowned. In the course of the dinner he said: "These boys have demonstrated that there is a great field for humane endeavor along those river fronts, and I expect to see this humble beginning become a great enterprise. There should be room for two hundred volunteers, and I expect to see these young pioneers the properly paid officers of a publicly recognized service. It is a question for New York."

We trust that this question will be answered in a manner worthy of this great city. The lads are as modest as they are brave, and modest heroism is a rare quality at the present day. Only recently they refused the offer of a handsome salary to exhibit themselves in costume for five minutes every night, and they speak of their adventures without a trace of boastfulness. At the close of the dinner referred to Captain BOYTON said to them, "Remember to look for your reward in the consciousness of serving the cause of humanity" "That's the way we does," said Nan, with an earnestness that touched the heart of every one who heard him.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Sunday, 19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Saturday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

THE letter of LEO XIII., published at the close of 1878 in the *Osservatore Romano*, does not speak hopefully of the prospect of peace between the papacy and Germany. It is dated December 24. According to the Atlantic cable report, LEO declares that "from the commencement of his pontificate he has desired peace between princes, peoples, and the Church. He has turned his thoughts in preference toward the noble German nation, *but God alone knows whether the work is near success*. He will continue in the path hitherto pursued, and appeals to the German bishops to obey all laws not contrary to their faith." The letter concludes thus: "We must pray God to lead the noble and powerful Emperor of Germany and his advisers to show more disposition toward good will." We may infer from this language that the negotiations with Germany for a settlement have thus far failed of decisive result.

The most aggressive of the English Low-Church bishops, Dr BARING, of the see of Durham, has resigned his office on account of the infirmities of age. As is the case with so many of the leaders of the English Church, he was a distinguished university scholar. In 1856 he became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and in 1861 was translated to Durham. In the line of his promotion he followed precisely Bishop BUTLER, the author of the immortal *Analogy*, who was first Bishop of Bristol, and died Bishop of Durham. Dr BARING's course as bishop has provoked much controversy. "He has been," says the *Guardian*, "thoroughly uncompromising, we might say, in some respects, unrelenting. Perfectly assured that evangelical Churchmen are the only sound Churchmen, he has thrown the full weight of the episcopal office, of his resolute and vigorous character, and of his long purse into the promotion of evangelical ascendency in his see." Yet even this opponent pays its tribute to Bishop BARING's munificence, his kindness to poor parishes, and his disinterestedness.

An active discussion has sprung up of the proper limits of the revision of the English Bible now going on. This is always a legitimate question, but it is hardly expedient to prejudge the work of the revisers in advance of publication. The changes they have made are thus far presumed to be known only to themselves. At the last Episcopal Church Congress Bishop COXE read a paper in which he argued that the English Bible should be left substantially as it is, and especially deprecated the rejection of 1 John, v 7. The received Greek text, which was originally adopted without the exercise of much critical skill, is admitted to be defective, but how far it should be modified by the readings of manuscripts not used in its formation is a question of prudence. It is generally admitted that the weight of the authority of the ancient manuscripts is against the genuineness of 1 John, v 7.

Mr SANKEY is in London, where he is giving assistance to ministers in their church work. Mr HENRY VARLEY has been so successful in Australia that a tabernacle will be erected in Melbourne for his use. It will be made large enough to seat 3000 persons.

Thanksgivings for the safe return of the Emperor of Berlin have been offered in all the churches of Prussia. When he entered the city the people met him at the gate, and with many demonstrations of joy escorted him home. His right hand is still tied up in a sling. Berlin has been emptied of known members of the Socialist party. One hundred and fifty Socialist clubs, there and elsewhere in Germany, have been closed, and two hundred publications suppressed.

The Chancery Section of the English Court of Appeals delivered on November 23 last an opinion which has a most important bearing on the training of children who are born of mixed marriages. Mrs. AGNA ELLIS, the wife in this suit, is a daughter of Lord CAMOYS, a leading English Catholic. Mr ELLIS, before marriage, made a promise that the children born should be educated in the Catholic faith. Mr ELLIS has repented of his promise, and appeared before the Vice-Chancellor to demand the enforcement of his wish that his three children may be reared in the faith of the Church of England. The decision of the Vice-Chancellor was in his favor. The judges of the Court of Appeal were also unanimously in his favor. They decided that the promise given before marriage was void in law, and that "the father is undoubtedly charged with the education of his children" Said Lord Justice JAMES: "The right of the father to the custody and control of his children is one of the most sacred rights. No doubt the law may take away from him this right, or may interfere with the exercise of it, just as it may take away his life or his property, or interfere with his liberty, but it must be for some sufficient cause known to the law. In the absence of some conduct by the father entailing such forfeiture or amounting to such abdication, the court has never interfered with the father's legal right."

The alleged will of MARTIN LUTHER, having been subjected to careful tests by experts, has been pronounced genuine. It has been long in the possession of the National Evangelical Church of Hungary. It was once the property of CALOVIUS, the great theologian, and went to Hungary with other manuscripts purchased by a wealthy collector. It was again purchased by the Archduchess MARIA DOROTHEA, and presented by her to the Hungarian Evangelical Church. It has been faithfully preserved in the archives of this Church, but has been depreciated this long time by doubts of its authenticity. These doubts are now set to rest. The precious relic has been deposited in the National Museum of Pesth, where it will have a place of honor.

The order of topics for the week of prayer, which begins Sunday, January 5, has already been published in this Intelligence. The suggestion has been made that on Sunday, January 12, public union meetings "be held for prayer, praise, and the presentation of the subject and work of the Evangelical Alliance." The "Women's National Christian Temperance Union" have resolved to employ the entire month in this way, and have called on the affiliated unions to co-operate. The evangelical ministers of Baltimore have, in connection with Mr MOODY, issued an invitation to all the churches of the country to follow up the week of prayer with special evangelistic efforts.

The New York State Baptist Centennial Fund, which was originated in 1876, has reached the goodly sum of $163,946. In accordance with the wise determination of the denomination, it will be applied to the promotion of education. Already Madison University has received from it $12,444, Rochester University, $33,153, Hamilton Theological Seminary, $17,644, and Rochester Theological Seminary, $13,333.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's bill (which will be brought forward when Parliament re-assembles) for the opening of the parish church yards of England to the funeral services of Dissenters shows what persistence will accomplish in carrying a public measure. His first resolution was offered in the Lower House in 1870, he has been defeated time and again, but without delay has renewed the struggle. Already he has secured concessions to the demands of the Nonconformists in partial measures proposed by the Conservative party. Four bills on this subject will be before Parliament in 1879, three of them in charge of supporters of Mr. DISRAELI's government.

The amounts of subsidy money withdrawn in Prussia from the support of Roman Catholic bishops and priests since 1875 show to what extent the clergy of that Church have refused to obey the new ecclesiastical laws. The total sum annually appropriated to their support is $741,115, of this only $174,445 is drawn each year. Of the portion reserved for bishops, one-third is taken; of the portion for the other clergy, only one-fifth.

The venerable Archbishop PURCELL, of the see of Cincinnati, has resigned his episcopal office. In connection with his brother he has for years undertaken to carry on a savings-bank for his people. The bank is embarrassed, and the archbishop no doubt feels this trying position very acutely. His long services and character entitle him to all the help that can be given by his people.

The United Brethren in Christ report for this year 45 Annual Conferences, 153,281 members, 2152 preachers, 2093 meeting houses, 3000 Sunday schools, and 155,150 scholars. The total of contributions for all purposes was $618,516.

The attitude of the heads of the Church of Rome toward English ritualists has been long a matter of debate. True, Monsignor CAPEL, Cardinal MANNING, and Bishop CLIFFORD, who are all in England, go far to meet and help them into the true and only fold. But the Roman correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* reports that this is not the disposition of the Pope and his advisers at the Vatican "The Vatican," says this correspondent, "will never entertain any plan for Anglicans to meet the Roman Catholic Church half way by some process of paring down her doctrines to the ritualistic level. All sly consecrations of bishops, similar to those commonly rumored to have taken place, will be treated as grossly irregular and burglarious." LEO XIII. is disposed to adopt in regard to the ritualistic party a policy of masterly inactivity. He will wait for them to come to him. It is said, however, that Father TONDINI, a Barnabite monk, has formed an association to promote the union of Anglicans and the Eastern Separatists with the Church of Rome.

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SLEIGHING IN QUEBEC.—DRAWN BY L. F. PRANDBOUT.—(SEE PAGE 46.)

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THE BURNING OF THE SPANISH FRIGATE "SAN PEDRO ALCANTARA," IN 1812, OFF THE COAST OF VENEZUELA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[See Page 47.]

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GEORGE HENRY LEWES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 67.]

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

THIS well-known author, whose recent death has already been mentioned in our columns, was born in London on the 18th of April, 1817. On the completion of his education, which included an extensive and varied course of study in England and on the Continent, he became a clerk in the office of a Russian merchant. He soon abandoned mercantile pursuits, first applying himself to the study of medicine, and a little later devoting all his energies to literature and philosophy. After spending two years in Germany he began an active literary career in London, and soon gained a very high reputation as a versatile and brilliant writer, especially upon philosophical and scientific subjects. He was the author of many papers in the leading quarterlies and magazines of England, became editor of the *Leader* in 1849, and in 1865 founded the *Fortnightly Review*, which he was compelled by ill health to leave the following year.

The philosophical works by which Mr Lewes was most widely known are his *Biographical History of Philosophy, from Thales to Comte*, and *Problems of Life and Mind*. His *Life of Goethe* met with great popularity, and it still remains the best account of the life, works, and character of the great German poet. He was, says the London *World*, the most many-sided man in London. In addition to being the profoundest German scholar among Englishmen—not excepting Tho-

THREE YOUNG HEROES—THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KENDLE.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

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as CARLYLE—he was philosopher, essayist, biographer, dramatist, critic, and novelist. A charming companion and a brilliant wit, he adapted himself to his company with perfect ease; and those who clustered round the cheery raconteur of French stories during the ambrosial nights of the old Fielding Club, or listened to his half-playful, half-serious diatribes upon the acting of CHARLES KEAN, could hardly recognize in the speaker the learned biographer of GOETHE, or the profound philosopher of *Blackwood*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Emperor William, after an exile from Berlin for the benefit of his health, returned recently to the imperial palace amid the enthusiastic welcomes of his subjects. The German capital was made splendid for his reception. Triumphal arches were erected before the palace and across the principal streets. Every house, the entire length of the Unter den Linden, was decorated with flags and banners and hung with greens, and in less aristocratic parts of the city there were similar demonstrations. In many of the shop windows was placed a bust of the Emperor encircled with flowers and crowned with laurel. Private citizens, military and state officials, and long lines of troops greeted the Kaiser with marked respect and affection. The aged monarch, not heeding the advice of his physicians, has again assumed all the cares of the government. He busies himself all day with affairs of state, his chief relaxation being an afternoon drive through the Thiergarten. In these drives he himself takes no personal precautions, but he is always accompanied by one of his adjutants on duty, who have pledged their word to each other never to leave him alone in his drives or rides.

In Ceará, one of the northern provinces of Brazil, a distressing condition of affairs exists in consequence of the ravages of small-pox. In the capital of this province, also named Ceará, the deaths from this scourge are reported to have reached 400 daily; and this is in a town of not more than 80,000 inhabitants. So terrible is the mortality that it is said to be impossible to make coffins fast enough for the dead, and the unshrouded victims of the plague are hastily interred in ditches. It is to be hoped that some of the dreadful details which have reached us are exaggerated, but there is no doubt about the fearful ravages of the disease. The Brazilian government is doing all in its power to alleviate the suffering in the infected districts.

A grand celebration took place in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 27, on the occasion of the acceptance by the city of the viaduct or high level bridge connecting the east and west sides of Cleveland, over the Cuyahoga River and the flats. About 12,000 people, undeterred by the severe weather, assembled to witness the ceremonies and join the large procession. Interesting exercises were held at the Tabernacle, on Ontario Street. The work upon this great bridge was commenced in August, 1874, and completed about November 1, 1878. Its length is 3200 feet, and its width sixty feet, except at the pivot span, which is forty-six feet wide. The cost of the entire structure was from $2,000,000 to $2,250,000.

Staten Island and numerous places in the vicinity were recently greatly excited by the report that a lucky farmer on Lake Island had found an ancient urn filled with silver coin. This urn was declared to hold a peck, and very soon this one urn grew to be half a dozen—in the mouths of eager gossipers. Scores of people resolved to abandon regular work, which brought but small pay, and to commence digging for silver, and to find, perchance, gold also. Unfortunately, however, this glittering story of discovered treasure was "investigated," and when it was traced down to its origin it was found to be simply this: A farmer found one silver coin in a lot near his house, and his son jokingly told some companions that his father had found a pot of gold. That is all.

A new department lately established in Hamilton College is the Stone professorship of natural history. The first occupant of the chair is to be Professor A. P. Kelsey, now principal of the State Normal School at Plymouth, New Hampshire. Professor Root, who has been teaching natural history in the college, will now devote himself to instruction in mathematics and mineralogy alone. It is proposed to establish also a department of metallurgy and mining engineering, to be conducted by Professor A. H. Chester.

The first cargo of American wheat ever received at Barcelona, Spain, arrived there about the middle of November, and excited great interest in that city. The cargo consisted of 72,000 bushels, and, according to a dispatch from the American consul at Barcelona, was "immediately recognized as equal to Black Sea and Hungarian wheat." The same steamer that brought it—an English one—was at once chartered to bring another cargo from New York, and it was thought that there would be a demand during the season for twenty-five similar cargoes. These will all be conveyed to Spain in English steamers—a fact that suggests the necessity of direct steam communication between America and Spain, as well as other countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

After the death of Pope Pius IX. a Roman sculptor—Alessandro Malpieri—obtained permission to take casts in plaster of the face and right hand of the pontiff. A copy of these casts which has been received in this city shows that they have been executed with skill, and they are of much interest to students of physiognomy. The cast of the Pope's right hand is a somewhat rare relic, as not many similar ones of famous men exist. Casts were taken of the right hand of Napoleon the Great, Voltaire, and of Abraham Lincoln.

An English officer more distinguished for his bravery than for his literary attainments once said to a friend, in a moment of confidence, "If any lady asks me if I like Tennyson's poems, I say yes, of course, though I never read a line of his. I could," said the gallant soldier, "walk with unflinching courage to a loaded cannon's mouth; but to tell a lady I never read a word of Tennyson's in my life! Good heavens! it makes my very blood run cold to think of it."

Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister of Italy, who was in the carriage with the King and Queen at the time when Passavanti attacked the King, was chiefly instrumental—as will be remembered—in warding off this attack. Cairoli, who himself was severely wounded, thus gives some details not generally known: "I was very fortunate," said he, "that in getting into the carriage I made a mistake. Instead of placing myself opposite the Queen, as I should have done, I sat opposite the King. After the carriage had started I pointed out to his Majesty the mistake that I had made, and wished to change my seat, but the King begged me not to do it, but to stay where I was. If I had not been opposite the King I should not have been able to defend him so efficaciously from the blows of the assassin, who would probably have also attacked the young Prince of Naples."

From a letter filled with pleasant reminiscences of Bayard Taylor, written to the New York *Tribune* by Mr. James T. Fields, we quote one descriptive incident:

"Thirty-two years ago, on a bright spring morning, a young man of twenty-three held out his hand to me, and introduced himself as Bayard Taylor. We had corresponded at intervals since his first little volume was published in 1844, but we had never met until then. He had come to Boston, rather unexpectedly, he said, to see Longfellow, and Holmes, and Whipple, and some others, who had expressed an interest in his *Views Afoot*, then recently printed in book form. No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him. He was tall and slight, with the bloom of youth mantling a face full of eager, joyous expectation. Health of that buoyant nature which betokens delight in existence was visible in every feature of the youthful traveller.

'The fresh air lodged within his cheek
As light within a cloud.'

We all flocked about him like a swarm of brothers, heartily welcoming him to Boston. When we told him how charmed we all were with his travels, he blushed like a girl, and tears filled his sensitive eyes. 'It is one of the most absorbingly interesting books I ever read,' cried one of our number, heightening the remark with an expletive savoring more of strength than of early piety. Taylor looked up, full of happiness at the opinion so earnestly expressed, and asked, with that simple naïveté which always belonged to his character, 'Do you really think so? Well, I am so glad!'"

In memory of the late Dr. David Livingstone a stained-glass window has been placed in Westminster Abbey.

The little Prince of Naples has suffered much in health since the attempt to assassinate his royal father. His nights were disturbed by vivid dreams, in which the figure of the assassin appeared to him, and all the incidents of the affair were reënacted, until he awoke with a cry of terror. It has been found necessary to give the boy a quiet life with his books and playmates, and less of state ceremonials.

Along the Florida coast the bays and harbors have been filled with the dead bodies of fish which have been killed by poisonous waters. It is supposed that the poisoning comes from inland waters, but it not only pervades the coast waters, but extends as far out as 100 miles into the Gulf—at least such is the report, although it seems almost incredible. But the fact exists that the fish trade between Florida and Havana has been nearly ruined by the vast destruction of fish.

If the following incident did not "occur recently," it is too good to be lost:

In the early days of California it was the custom of miners who desired to make "remittances" through the express to receive from the express company coined gold in exchange for "nuggets" and "dust." This business was done on Saturday evenings in a little shanty, next which, unfortunately, there was almost always another, devoted to gambling, where many an unlucky miner lost his all. One Saturday evening a dark-visaged, morose man sat in one of the offices of the express company, looking as if he had not only lost all his money, but every friend he ever had. The door suddenly opened, and in walked a hardy-looking young miner, wearing a pleasant, cheerful face, and with a brisk and business-like manner. Stepping to the plank which formed the counter, he deposited his "dust," took his coin, and was about to go, when, turning again to the clerk, he said, "I think you made a mistake in settling with me last week."

"No, I didn't," answered the clerk, sharply; "it's all right."

"Well, perhaps it is," retorted the miner, "but I know that you gave me forty dollars too much, and," he added, tossing out a couple of double eagles, "here's your money."

The morose man, who had been an attentive listener, rose slowly, moved toward the honest young miner, laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "Young man, don't you feel awful lonesome in this country?"

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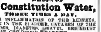

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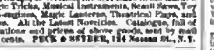

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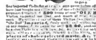

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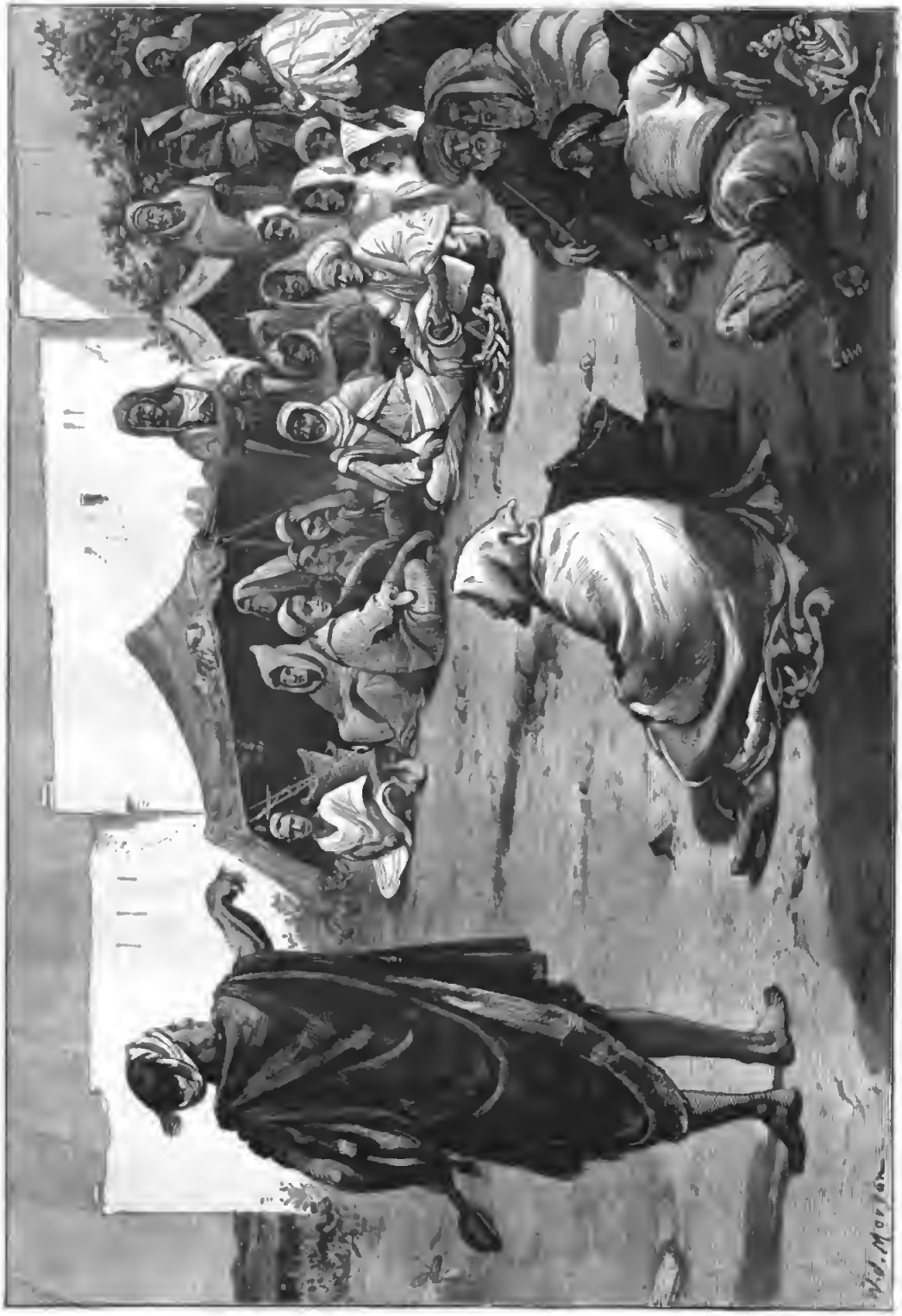

AN ALGERINE STORY-TELLER.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY W. J. MORGAN.]

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THE native Moslem population of Algiers is considerable mixed, but we believe it still contains a good proportion of the Arab or Saracen race element, and it need scarcely be remarked that the love of entertaining fiction and the talent of inventing marvellous or humorous narratives have in all ages been characteristic of their lively Oriental temperament. Learned students of philological and literary antiquities have borne testimony to the abundant share which Arab genius has long since contributed to the "folk lore" and the romantic poetry of Southern and Western Europe. The Italian, Spanish, and Provençal story tellers of the Middle Ages, the composers of innumerable tales or heroic verse, and the ballad-makers and dramatists who came after them in France and England, were much more indebted to the Arabs than they could ever be aware. We should not be at all surprised, were we enabled to listen to this energetic declaimer of a popular legend, and to understand the richly expressive language in which he speaks, if the subject of his animated discourse should turn out to be identical with some of the nursery tales which amused our American infancy, or perhaps with some droll piece of social comedy treated by CHAUCER or SHAKSPEARE in a different style.

The stock of really original plots for narratives of fiction is smaller than any one would think; and the ground idea of a striking dramatic incident or situation has often been transferred, perhaps unconsciously, to stories which have little or no superficial resemblance. But the Algerine story-teller and his delighted audience must be left to their own harmless pleasure, which is quite equal to that of reading most of our novels, and has the advantage of being enjoyed in company and in the open air.

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ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—THE NORWICH CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 60.]

the paper rise steadily in value to the par of gold, so that on the day appointed, without confusion, and even without excitement, the last abnormal trace of the war disappeared, and specie payments were resumed.

It is a consummation of which the Secretary has the right to be very proud, and a service which secures the honorable mention of his name in our history. Undoubtedly it is a result not due to him alone, nor to any man. It is due to the sound public opinion, which has not wavered during the most prolonged trial of industrial inactivity, and which has not been misled by the most ingenious sophistries. Senators and Representatives in Congress, with few exceptions, have been afraid that public opinion was less sound than it really was, and have accordingly trimmed and held their peace, so that Congress has really not represented the real sentiment of the country. Mr. Sherman has constantly advanced in the positiveness of his declarations, deferring to the prejudices, and so far as possible to the convictions, of the opposition, but warping slowly ahead all the time, until the point is passed, and his Secretaryship of the Treasury will always be known as that under which the long suspension ended, and normal financial order was restored.

Resumption will be doubtless maintained, except in the case mentioned by General Garfield in his Chicago speech, of a successful onslaught upon the national banks, and the substitution of greenbacks for national notes. On the day that resumption went into effect a New England Greenback Convention resolved that the paramount issue of that party is that very substitution; but General Garfield very truly said at Chicago on the same day that we must debate the bank question with our eyes wide open to the fact that doubling the amount of greenback notes would compel renewed suspension. We must debate it also with some clear perception of the proper function of banking. Money should be always capital or its representative, and the issues of banks are made to lend capital. Government can not be properly a banker, because it is not engaged in production or trade—operations that produce the necessity of paper money. Of course, to the extent of the present amount of the greenbacks, the government is, under the law, a bank of issue. But this is something to be discontinued, not to be extended. The national banks can, and the government can not, respond automatically to the currency requirements of trade. Fortunately the public mind is now so alive and so well instructed upon the subject that the first movement of the attack upon specie payments, however indirect, will be promptly exposed and understood.

THE INFLUENCE OF CIPHERS.

We agree with one of the ablest Democratic papers in the State, the Buffalo *Courier*, that the Democrats in Congress made a mistake in refusing to look into the cipher dispatches. They can not be in any doubt as to the effect which the publication has produced upon the public mind, and the impression can not be deepened, and may be in some manner relieved, by an investigation. As it stands, silence is a confession. The personal and confidential agents of Mr. Tilden are now by common consent convicted of an attempt to buy electoral votes for him, and all that their party associates say is that probably the Republicans were quite as guilty. Such Democrats, however, forget that their position has been, not that both parties tried to cheat, and that the Republicans were the smarter, but that the Democrats were honest reformers, and the Republicans fraudulent rascals. Do the Democrats propose to go to the country in 1880 upon a platform of abortive cheating? Do they mean to appeal to public support upon the ground that they tried to buy what they allege the Republicans to have bought? They must see that if the country should be reduced to a choice of rascals, it would certainly prefer smart to bungling rascals.

The real strength of the Democrats in 1876 lay, as has been often and truly said, in the disgust with certain Republican practices, tendencies, and leaders, in the feeling that Mr. Tilden was a sincere and able reformer, and in the general desire of change, arising from many causes. But the situation is now altered to a degree that no eloquent expositions of "Jacksonian Democracy" can possibly conceal. The hard times are slowly passing away, and general confidence is returning. The conspicuous uprightness and steadiness of the Administration, with its wise and patriotic policy, are in effective contrast with the wild and dangerous tendencies of the Democratic House, and have restored faith in Republican character and purposes. But, perhaps more than all, the cipher disclosures have utterly dissipated the mirage of Democratic reform, while the proceedings at the Southern polls have aroused a deep and strong determination that such proceedings shall not succeed in capturing control of the national government. This prodigious and significant change in the situation is not likely to be arrested by Democratic acquiescence in the revelations of the cipher dispatches, nor by reiterating that the President is a fraud. The friends of Mr. Tilden, under the circumstances, should be very wary how they invite a rejoinder. The precise situation upon his side is that an apparent result, produced by murder and other crimes, was sought to be finally secured by fraud and corruption.

The Democratic reluctance to touch the question of the ciphers, and the mock-seriousness of alleging bulldozing in Massachusetts as a set-off to the tissue ballots in South Carolina, are both facts which are not lost upon intelligent observers, who also do not forget that the strength of the greenback and fiat-money movement came from the Democratic side, and that in the Maine Legislature the Democrats have practically surrendered to the Greenbackers. It is not a time in which the Democrats can wisely omit to do any thing which would tend to show that they don't believe it to be much of a shower.

GOVERNOR TALBOT'S MESSAGE.

The message of Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, is remarkable not only for the plain and vigorous and detailed recommendations of economy, but for the decisive way in which the Governor pronounces for prohibition and for woman suffrage. He is too good a Republican, however, to propose any thing but a reference of the questions to the people and to their representatives. He thinks that permanent advances in temperance can be secured only by prohibitory enactments, but he confides in the judgment and conscience of the Legislature. But the Governor is nevertheless of opinion that the Legislature need not be elected every year, and he suggests biennial elections.

There is not and has never been a more truly popular or democratic commonwealth in the Union than Massachusetts, and this recommendation of Governor Talbot—a thorough New England Republican—is another illustration of the fact that politics are becoming so engrossing and expensive that some relief must be sought, and in more than half of the States it is sought in less frequent elections. In New York the Governor and chief State officers are elected every third year, the Senate every second year, and the Assembly every year. We do not know that any State which has made a change of this kind has returned or desires to return to a system of more frequent elections. Undoubtedly one of the most beneficent developments of the popular system will be the diminution of the number of elected officers, and the restriction of partisan patronage, which produces most of the mischief of an election. The less plunder there is in an election, the less expensive and exciting it will be; and the more concentrated official responsibility becomes, the better and more economical public service we shall have. Both of these good results are foreshadowed by the political thought and movement of the time.

There is no reason to suppose that the feeling for honest reform which brought Governor Talbot into office will be disappointed in his administration. He is a simple, sturdy man, whose convictions are strong, and whose words are sincere. The contrast between such a thoroughly substantial, honest, direct man and the friend of the salary grab who tried to be Governor as a tremendous reformer, is as conspicuous as a contrast can be.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

In his first letter to the Blaine committee of investigation, replying to their request for such evidence as he might be able to furnish in regard to the matters mentioned in his amendment, Mr. Thurman refers to Mr. Fernando Wood's petition against Mr. Davenport, which Mr. Davenport has earnestly requested may be made the basis of an inquiry, and after referring to some newspaper articles, a speech of Mr. Wallace, and a letter of Judge Kelley, he adds a circular of Mr. George C. Gorham, secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, as showing methods adopted by that committee to raise money for election expenses at variance with the President's order of June 22, 1877. Mr. Thurman's reply shows that he had only very general grounds upon which to rest his inquiry. But the allusion to the circular of Mr. Gorham recalls the request of that gentleman last summer, which was addressed to a very large number of persons in the civil service of the government, and upon which we took the liberty of commenting at that time. Mr. Gorham said that the circular might have been written by any friend of reform. But, alas! every friend of reform, whatever he may have thought of the hand, recognized the familiar old voice distinctly.

We do not know whether Mr. Thurman expects the committee to ascertain that money, however raised, was illicitly used. But the committee would do a public service if it should report its opinion of the practice of assessing persons employed in the civil service for the election expenses of the Administration party. The President's views upon the subject are well known, and he has succeeded in doing much to break up the practice. Every clerk under government is very much more able than formerly to decline the requests of tenders of every kind and degree for campaign funds. The very evident truth that the salary of his place is the wages of faithful service to the government, and not to the party, has become largely a practical truth. The circular of Mr. Gorham, which was ingeniously written, relied upon the conviction, likely to be strong in the mind of every man appointed under a system of patronage, that Administrations come and go, but patronage goes on forever. To the initiated the voice of the circular was that the names of those who did not "contribute" to Robin Hood's exchequer would be duly noted, and although giving was purely voluntary, and although, of course, giving or declining to give would not in any way affect a man's tenure of his office, yet—yet—and the secretary was, very respectfully, an obedient servant.

If Mr. Thurman's party should obtain command of the patronage, we suspect that its Congressional Committee's secretary would specify the precise sum expected, and expected under a very summary process of removal in case of delinquency. For the Senator's purpose in this investigation, however, he must somehow connect the raising of the money with its misuse in the election. That is a branch of the inquiry which he would probably find exceedingly difficult to pursue. But if Mr. Thurman would join in procuring a real remedy for the evil illustrated by Mr. Gorham's circular, it would be as good a public service as he has ever done.

PERSONAL.

The name of Mr. G. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, having been mentioned in connection with the mission to Berlin, a gentleman, speaking by authority, says: "Mr. Childs would not accept the Berlin mission or any other office. His rule on that subject for his own conduct is inflexible. On two occasions when he has been absent in Europe he has left with me authority in writing to say 'no' to any suggestions of his name for office, and I had to use it twice. His view is that so long as he is the publisher of an independent newspaper, both duty and policy demand that he should be entirely free from such entangling alliance as the acceptance of any office would bring."

—A London correspondent states, on authority worthy of high consideration, that on the re-assembling of Parliament in February, an intimation will be made in both Houses that in consequence of her recent bereavement, and from other considerations of a personal nature, the Queen has decided to relinquish the reins of power in favor of the Prince of Wales as Prince Regent.

—Our venerable contemporary, the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, now in the eighty-fifth year of its publication, paid to its stockholders on the 1st instant a dividend of $38 75 per share. The *Commercial* is, in very deed, in a green and vigorous old age, and under the management of Mr. Hastings has acquired a larger circulation than it ever had before. Although decidedly Republican in tone, it nevertheless is conspicuous for its independence, much to the annoyance of those partisans who view with disgust any stepping over the party traces.

—The Buffalo *Courier*, now in its thirty-fifth year, opens the new year in new typographical attire. The *Courier* is among the ablest papers of the country, and was never more ably conducted than since it came under the editorship of that fine poet and scholar, David Gray.

—A successor to Thackeray's tuneful Policeman X has been discovered in one Sergeant Peck, of the London police. This present laureate of the force does not, however, confine himself to ballad poetry. He has written a work called "On Duty"—not an essay, but an epic—of no fewer than 395 stanzas. On two classes of his fellow-creatures his divine wrath is freely expended—one:

"The brutal London rough,
Of whose clan there are enough
To populate a large provincial town;
In their rookeries they thrive—
There's no viler race alive—
And a fearful task it is to keep them down."

And the other, we regret to say, the reporter:

"There's another dreaded foe,
As most policemen know,
Whom they meet with, and who sits at work to court
Like a spider on the watch,
Unsuspecting flies to catch,
Ever weaving a sensational report.

"At the table there he sits,
And his inky venom spits,
And a story strange from nothing can concoct;
And the public, if it knew
Just how much of it was true,
Would often be less edified than shocked."

How unlike their brethren of New York must be the London police reporters!

—Among the clever speeches delivered at the recent annual dinner of the New England Society in this city, that of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was conspicuous for wit, tact, and good sense. Indeed, Mr. Depew has come to be regarded as one of the readiest and best occasional speakers in New York. A contemporary says of him, very justly: "Mr. Depew is a natural orator. He is equally effective on the stump or in the festive hall, before a vast multitude or a select few. There is no theme which he can not decorate with choice flowers of rhetoric, no occasion to which he is not equal. He never makes a failure; no surroundings can disconcert him, no untoward circumstances disturb the silvery thread of his fluent discourse. This speech was one of his happiest efforts, and fully sustained his high and well-deserved reputation."

—Mr. Edmund Yates, in the following note to Colonel Forney, acknowledges the great practical value of his trip to these United States:

"1 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.,
December 17, 1878.

"My dear Forney,—I am delighted to hear that *Progress* is established, and doing so well. I shall always think of it as an offshoot from this parent tree, and take interest in it accordingly. One thing is certain, that if I had not gone to America and received such kindness there, there would have been no *World*.

"I send you my Christmas number, which is selling enormously. Yours sincerely, Edmund Yates."

—The London *Spectator*, one of the leading weeklies of England, alludes in very complimentary terms to Mr. Abram S. Hewitt's address on "The Mutual Relations of Capital and Labor," recently read before the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress at Cincinnati, and says: "Mr. Hewitt's name is familiar to our public as that of the member of Congress for the Tenth District of New York city, and one of the ablest and most trusted members of the late House of Representatives. It may not, however, be equally well known that he is a large iron master in New Jersey, as well as a successful manufacturer in New York, and therefore an employer of labor on a large scale. That his mind has long been working on the labor question is clear from the fact that, if we remember rightly, he was the only foreigner who gave evidence eleven years ago before our first Trade-unions Commission. At any rate, his evidence attracted more attention than that of almost any other witness, and even after the interval of ten eventful years is still very well worth careful study." The *Spectator* "commends his co-operative ideas to the consideration of English employers of labor and work people."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: Both Houses re-assembled, after the holiday recess, on the 7th inst. In the Senate, Mr. Edmunds introduced resolutions declaring the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments of the same authority as the rest of the Constitution, and instructing the Judiciary Committee to prepare a bill for the protection of citizens in their right to vote for Congressmen. In the House, Mr. Acklen, of Louisiana, asked for an investigation of certain charges made against him, but the House voted that it had no jurisdiction.—On the 8th, Senator Booth introduced a bill to reduce the price of public lands within railroad limits to $1 25 per acre. Senator Edmunds submitted a joint rule providing that no bill passed on the last three days of the session shall be sent by either House to the other for concurrence, and that on the last day no bill shall be sent to the President without a three-fourths vote in each House. Senator Grover denied certain newspaper charges reflecting on his administration as Governor of Oregon. The Senate adjourned early, on the announcement of the death of Representative Hartridge, of Georgia, and the House transacted no business.—In the Senate, on the 9th, the Indian Appropriation Bill was reported, with amendments; and Mr. Beck's resolution was passed providing for an inquiry as to whether Secretary Sherman had complied with the law requiring the use of silver in paying the interest on the public debt. In the House, the funeral of Representative Hartridge took place. No business was done.

The New York State Legislature met in the new Capitol on the 7th inst., but only the Senate organized. The Assembly organized on the 8th, and elected Thomas G. Alvord Speaker. The Governor's Message was received and read in both Houses.

The Connecticut Legislature, on the 9th inst., elected the Republican State ticket, as follows: Governor, Charles B. Andrews; Lieutenant-Governor, David Gallup; Secretary of State, David Torrance; Comptroller, Chauncey Howard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Shere Ali, the fugitive Ameer of Afghanistan, reached Mazar-i-Sharif on Christmas-day, with the Russian General Razgonoff. He persisted in proceeding to St. Petersburg. The Viceroy of India telegraphs that it is rumored that Yakoob Khan, finding himself powerless in Cabool, is preparing to follow his father in his flight.—General Roberts telegraphs that he reached Khost on the 6th inst., and that the Deputy-Governor of Khost came there to pay his respects. The next day the general made an attack upon some hostile tribes who opposed his progress, and killed 300 of them. He also captured 100 prisoners, a quantity of grain, and a large number of cattle.—The band of Mahsood Wuzeerees who recently made an incursion into British territory, plundered the inhabitants, burned a tank, and retreated to the hills, has been cut off with heavy loss. The Khyber Pass is now quiet. The British attacked the Zukkakhel marauders, and killed seventy of them; the British lost two killed and ten wounded. This important operation will, it is expected, produce quiet on the frontier.

The plague in Astrakhan is assuming serious proportions. Fugitives have carried the contagion to three adjacent villages. Quarantine has been proclaimed in the district of Enotaievsk. There have been 400 deaths from the disease up to the 4th inst.

The Republicans achieved a great triumph in the Senatorial elections in France on the 5th inst. Of forty-seven Conservatives whose terms expired, only thirteen were re-elected. All the retiring Republicans were re-elected. Fifteen Conservatives were chosen, and sixty-four Republicans. The Republican majority in the Senate will be about fifty-seven. Fifty-six Conservatives elected in 1876 received 15,666 votes, whereas in 1879 they only obtained 3209 votes, thus losing 12,436 votes. Nineteen Republicans elected in 1876 received 6600 votes, and in 1879 received 20,202, thus gaining 14,695 votes.

The elections in Denmark for members of the Folkething resulted in the defeat of the Radical leader, Tauber. The Moderate Left lost fourteen seats, of which the Right gained seven. The Radical Left lost six seats to the Right, and the latter lost two seats.

Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain on the 25th of October last, was executed on the 4th inst.

The Bey of Tunis has sent a plenipotentiary to Paris to arrange the differences with France. The French government is not satisfied with this, and demands an apology to the French consul, the dismissal of the offending functionaries, and an inquiry regarding the dispute with M. Desancy.

The King of Holland was married to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont on the 7th inst.

The British steamer *Bayard*, which sailed from New Orleans on the 4th ult. for Rouen, France, foundered at sea when six days out. All but two of her crew were lost.

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EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM OF ART, MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 68.]

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"TELL ME!"—[BY W. OLIVER, FROM THE EXHIBITION IN THE FRENCH GALLERY.]

"TELL ME!"

THE tender confidences of girlish friendship are not lightly to be made the subject of a stranger's curious speculations, but we can not look at the attitude of these two maidens, seated on a bench at the sea-side, the one forgetful of her pitcher, the other of her knitting, both intent upon that engrossing theme, a half confessed love affair, without trying to guess the purport of their conversation. That one of them is deeply in love with somebody, or imagines herself to be in love with him, may be read in the soft but steadfast gaze directed nowhere, the air of fondly rapt distraction, the folded hands, and passive expectancy with which she meditates upon the absent idol of her affections. The other girl has not yet been told who he is, and she is neither more nor less impressive upon such matters than the generality of her sex. "Tell me!" or rather, at least, "Only tell me!" You know I never will tell my body else." This is the burden of her persuasive entreaty, which is pretty sure to earn its desired boon of a communication of her friend's secret. Let us hope that it will be received with generous sympathy, and also that there will be a happy future in store for a couple of true lovers, while the confidante may, in due time, be called upon to officiate as a bride-maid at the village church.

ART IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE beautiful building known as Memorial Hall in the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, contains a very interesting collection of specimens belonging to the Pennsylvania Museum of Art and to the Industrial School in North Broad Street. The first comprises an extensive assortment of articles in porcelain, bronze, etc., tastefully and conveniently arranged for inspection and study in the main hall of the building, while other rooms are devoted to special collections from India, China, Japan, and other countries, to specimens of artistic furniture, and to architectural designs and decorations. The collection attracts much attention, and serves the excellent purpose of keeping up popular interest in the arts that enable families to beautify their homes at a moderate expense.

The small engraving at the lower right-hand corner of the page shows the drawing class room of the Industrial School—an institution which has done good service in the interests of art education in its various branches. At present we are not able to compete with the older countries of Europe in the products of industrial art, but the institutions of this character that are springing up in our larger towns and cities, if judiciously managed and supported, will soon enable us to rival them successfully.

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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1186.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOW IS VOWED.

Only a chosen few had been bidden to Mrs. Tempest's wedding. She had told all her friends that she meant every thing to be done very quietly.

"There is so much that is saddening in my position," she said, pensively. But she was resolved that those guests who were asked to lend their countenance to her espousals should be the very best people.

Lord and Lady Ellangowan had been asked, and had accepted, and their presence alone would lend dignity to the occasion. Colonel and Mrs. Carteret, from Copse Hall, the Chapnells, of Chapnell Park, and about half a dozen other representative land-owners and commoners made up the list.

"There is such a satisfaction in knowing they are all the best people," Mrs Tempest said to Captain Carmichael, when they went over the list together.

His own friends were but two, Major Ponterson, his best man, and a clerical cousin, with a portly figure and a port-winy nose, who was to assist Mr. Scobel in the marriage service.

It was a very pretty wedding, the neighborhood declared unanimously, despite the absence of that most attractive feature in more youthful bridals—a string of girlish bride-maids. The little church at Beechdale was a bower of summer flowers. The Abbey House conservatories had been emptied; the Ellangowans had sent a wagon-load of ferns and exotics. The atmosphere was heavy with the scent of yellow roses and stephanotis.

Violet stood among the guests pale as marble, no gleam of color on her cheeks except the wavering hues reflected from the painted windows in the low Gothic chancel, the ruddy gold of her hair shining under the Vandyck hat with its sweeping feather. She was the loveliest thing in that crowded church, whither people had come from ten miles off to see Squire Tempest's widow married; but she had a spectral look in the faint light of the chancel, and seemed as strange an image at this wedding as the ghost of Don Ramiro at Donna Clara's bridal dance.

Violet did not look like the malevolent fairy in the old story, but she had a look and air which told every one that this marriage was distasteful to her.

When all was over, and the register had been signed in the vestry, Captain Carmichael came up to her, with both hands extended, before all the company.

"My dear Violet, I am your father now," he said. "You shall not find me wanting in my duty."

She drew back involuntarily; and then, seeing herself the focus of so many eyes, suffered him to touch the tips of her fingers.

"You are very kind," she said. "A daughter can have but one father, and mine is dead. I hope you will be a good husband to my mother. That is all I can desire of you."

All the best people heard this speech, which was spoken deliberately, in a low, clear voice, and they decided inwardly that whatever kind of wife Captain Carmichael might have won for himself, he had found his match in his step-daughter.

Now came the drive to the Abbey House, which had put on a festive air, and where smartly dressed servants were lending their smiles to a day which they all felt to be the end of a peaceful and comfortable era, and the beginning of an age of uncertainty. It was like that day at Versailles when the Third Estate adjourned to the Tennis Court, and the French Revolution began. People smiled, and were pleased at the new movement and expectancy in their lives, knowing not what was coming.

"We are bound to be livelier, anyhow, with a military master," said Pauline.

"A little more company in the house wouldn't come amiss, certainly," said Mrs. Trimmer.

"I should like to see our Champagne cellar better stocked," remarked Forbes, the butler. "We're behind the times in our sparkling wines."

Captain Carmichael entered the old oak-panelled hall with his wife on his arm, and felt himself master of such a house as a man might dream of all his life and never attain. Money could not have bought it. Taste could not have created it. The mellowing hand of time, the birth and death of many generations, had made it beautiful.

The wedding breakfast was as other wedding feasts. People ate and drank and made believe to be intensely glad, and drank more sparkling wine than was good for them at that abnormal hour, and began to feel sleepy before the speeches, brief as they were, had come to an end. The August sun shone in upon the banquet, the creams and jellies languished and collapsed in the sultry air. The wedding cake was felt to be a nuisance. The cracker bonbons exploded faintly in the languid hands of the younger guests, and those ridiculous mottoes, which could hardly amuse any one out of Earlswood Asylum, were looked at a shade more contemptuously than usual. The weather was too warm for enthusiasm. And Violet's pale set face was almost as disheartening as the skeleton at an Egyptian banquet. When Mrs. Tempest retired to put on her travelling dress Violet went with her—a filial attention the mother had in no wise expected.

"Dear girl," she said, squeezing her daughter's hand, "to-day is not to make the slightest difference."

"I hope not, mamma," answered Violet, gravely; "but one can never tell what is in the future. God grant you may be happy!"

"I'm sure it will be my own fault if I am not happy with Conrad," said the wife of an hour; "and, oh, Violet, my constant prayer will be to see you more attached to him."

Violet made no reply, and here happily Pauline brought the fawn-colored travelling dress, embroidered with poppies and corn-flowers in their natural colors, after the style of South Kensington—a dress so distractingly lovely that it naturally put an end to serious conversation. The whole costume had been carefully thought out, a fawn-colored parasol, edged with ostrich feathers, a fawn-colored bonnet, fawn-colored Hessian boots, fawn-colored Swedish gloves with ten buttons—all prepared for the edification of railway guards and porters, and Scotch innkeepers and their valetaille.

Verily, there are some games which seem hardly worth the candle that lights the players. And there was once upon a time an eccentric nobleman who was accounted maddest in that he made his wife dress herself from head to foot in one color. Other times, other manners.

Violet staid with her mother to the last, received the last embrace—a fond and tearful one—and watched the carriage drive away from the porch amidst a shower of rice. And then all was over. The best people were bidding her a kindly good-by. Carriages drove up quickly, and in a quarter of an hour every one was gone except the vicar and his wife. Vixen found herself standing between Mr and Mrs. Scobel, looking blankly at the old hearth, where an artistic group of ferns and scarlet geraniums replaced the friendly winter fire.

"Come and spend the evening with us, dear," said Mrs. Scobel, kindly; "it will be so lonely for you here."

But Violet pleaded a headache—a plea which was confirmed by her pale cheeks and the dark rings round her eyes.

"I shall be better at home," she said. "I'll come and see you in a day or two, if I may."

"Come whenever you like, dear. I wish you would come and stay with us altogether. Ignatius and I have been so pleased with your conduct to-day, and we have felt for you deeply, knowing what a conquest you have made over yourself."

The Reverend Ignatius murmured his acquiescence.

"Poor mamma!" sighed Violet. "I am afraid I have been very unkind."

And then she looked absently round the old familiar hall, and her eye lighted on the squire's favorite chair, which still stood in its place by the hearth. Her eyes filled with sudden tears. She fancied she could see a shadowy figure sitting there. The squire in his red coat, his long hunting whip across his knee, his honest loving face smiling at her.

She squeezed Mrs Scobel's friendly hand, bade her and the vicar a hurried good-by, and ran out of the room, leaving them looking after her pityingly.

"Poor girl," said the vicar's wife, "how keenly she feels it!"

"Ah!" sighed the vicar, "I have never been in favor of second marriages. The widow is happier if she so abide, after my judgment, as St. Paul says."

Vixen called Argus and went up to her room, followed by that faithful companion. When she had shut and locked the door, she flung herself on the ground, regardless of Madame Theodore's masterpiece, and clasped her arms round the dog's thick neck, and buried her face in his soft hide.

"Oh, Argus, I have not a friend in the world but you!" she sobbed.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

A strange stillness came upon the Abbey House after Mrs. Tempest's wedding. Violet received a few invitations and morning calls from friends who pitied her solitude, but the best people were for the most part away from home in August and September; some no farther than Bournemouth or Weymouth; others roaming the mountainous districts of Europe in search of the picturesque or the fashionable.

Violet did not want society. She made excuses for refusing all invitations. The solitude of her life did not afflict her. If it could have continued forever, if Captain Carmichael and her mother could have wandered about the earth, and left her in peaceful possession of the Abbey House, with the old servants, old horses, old dogs, all things undisturbed as in her father's time, she would have been happy. It was the idea of change, a new and upstart master in her father's place, which tortured her. Any delay which kept off that evil hour was a blessed relief; but, alas! the evil hour was coming, it was close at hand, inevitable. That autumn proved exceptionally fine. Scotland cast aside her mantle of mist and cloud, and dressed herself in sunshine. The Trossachs blossomed as the rose. Gloomy gray glens and mountains put on an apparel of light. Mrs Tempest wrote her daughter rapturous letters about the tour.

"We move about very slowly," she said, "so as not to fatigue me. Conrad's attention is more than words can describe. I can see that even the waiters are touched by it. He telegraphs beforehand to all the hotels, so that we have always the best rooms. He thinks nothing too good for me. It is quite saddening to me to see a herd of travellers sent away homeless every evening. The fine weather is bringing crowds to the Highlands. We could not have travelled at a more favorable time. We have had only a few showers, but in one, on Loch Katrine, my poor fawn-colored dress suffered. The scarlet of the poppies ran into the blue of the corn-flowers. Is it not a pity? I was quite unconscious of what was going on at the time; and afterward, when I discovered it, I could have shed tears.

"I hope when you marry, darling, you will come to Scotland for your honey-moon. The mountains seem to appeal to one's highest feelings. There are ponies, too, for the ascent, which is a great comfort if one is wearing pretty boots. And you know, Violet, my idea that a woman should be essentially feminine in every detail. I never could bring myself to wear the horrid clump soles which some women delight in. They seem to me to indicate that strong-minded and masculine character which I detest. Such women would want the suffrage, and to have the learned professions thrown open to them. I meet ladies—or, at least, persons calling themselves such—in horrid water-proof costumes and with coarse cloth hats. Hideousness could go no farther. And though I regret the wreck of my fawn-color, I can but remember with satisfaction what Theodore always says to me when she shows me one of her chefs-d'œuvre: 'Mrs. Tempest, it is a dress fit for a lady.' There are scandalous wretches who declare that Theodore began life as kitchen-maid in an Irish inn, but I, for one, will never believe it. Such taste as hers indicates a refined progeniture."

With such letters as these did Mrs. Carmichael comfort her absent daughter. Vixen replied as best she might, with scraps of news about the neighbors, rich and poor, the dogs, horses, and garden. It was hateful to her to have to direct her letters to Mrs Carmichael.

The days went on. Vixen rode from early morning till noon, and rambled in the forest for the best part of the afternoon. She used to take her books there, and sit for hours reading on a mossy bank under one of the boughy beeches, with Argus at her feet. The dog was company enough for her. She wanted no one better. At home the old servants were more or less friends—their faces always pleasant to see. Some of them had lived with her grandfather; most of them had served her father from the time he inherited his estate. The squire had been the most conservative and indulgent of masters, always liking to see the old faces. The butler was old, and even on his underling's bullet-head the gray hairs were beginning to show. Mrs. Trimmer was at least sixty, and had been getting annually bulkier for the last twenty years. The kitchen-maid was a comfortable-looking person of forty. There was an atmosphere of domestic peace in the offices of the Abbey House which made every body fat. It was only by watchfulness and tight lacing that Pauline preserved to herself that grace of outline which she spoke of in a general way as "figure."

"And what a mite of a waist I had when I first went out to service!" she would say, pathetically.

But Pauline was now in Scotland, harassed by unceasing cares about travelling bags, bonnet boxes, and extra wraps, and undervaluing Ben-Nevis as not worth half the trouble that was taken to go and look at him.

The gardeners were gray-headed, and remembered putting the first fuchsia slips that ever came to the Forest. They had no gusto for new-fangled ideas about cordon fruit trees or root pruning. They liked to go their own way, as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them, and, with unlimited supplies of manure, they were able to produce excellent cucumbers by the first of May, or a fair dish of asparagus by about the same time. If their produce was late, it was because nature went against them. They could not command the winds, or tell the sun that he must shine. The gardens at the Abbey House were beautiful, but nature had done more for them than the squire's old gardeners. The same rose-trees budded and bloomed year after year; the same rhododendrons and azaleas opened their big bunches of bloom. Eden could have hardly owed less to culture. The noble old cedars, the mediæval yews, needed no gardener's hand. There was a good deal of weeding and mowing and rolling done from week's end to week's end, and the borders were beautified by banks of geranium and golden calceolaria and a few other old-fashioned flowers; but scientific horticulture there was none. A few alterations had been begun under Captain Carmichael's directions, but the work languished in his absence.

It was the beginning of September, and the travellers were expected to return within a few days, the exact date of their arrival not being announced. The weather was glorious, warmer than it had been all through the summer, and Vixen spent her life out-of-doors. Sad thoughts haunted her less cruelly in the great wood. There was a brightness and life in the forest which cheered her. It was pleasant to see Argus's enjoyment of the fair weather; his wild rushes in among the under wood; his pursuit of invisible vermin under the thick holly bushes, the brambles, and bracken, his rapturous rolling in the dewy grass, where he flung himself at full length, and rolled over and over, and leaped as if he had been revelling in a bath of freshest water; pleasant to see him race up to a serious-minded pig, and scrutinize that stolid animal closely, and then leave him to his sordid researches after edible roots with open contempt, as who should say, "Can the same scheme of creation include me and that vulgar brute?"

All things had been set in order for the return of the newly married couple. Mrs. Trimmer had her dinner ready to be put in hand at a moment's notice. Violet felt that the end of her peaceful life was very near. How would she bear the change? How would she be able to behave herself decently? Well, she would try her best, Heaven giving her strength. That was her last resolve. She would not make the poor frivolous mother unhappy.

"Forgive me, beloved father, if I am civil to the usurper," she said. "It will be for my mother's sake. You were always tender and indulgent to her; you would not like to see her unhappy."

These were Vixen's thoughts one bright September morning, as she sat at her lonely little breakfast table in the sunny window of her den, with Argus by her side, intensely watchful of every morsel of bread and butter she ate, though he had already been accommodated with half the loaf.

She was more amiably disposed than usual this morning. She had made up her mind to make the best of a painful position.

"I shall always hate him," she told herself, meaning Captain Carmichael; "but I will begin a career of Christian-like hypocrisy, and try to make other people believe that I like him. No, Argus," as the big paw tugged her arm pleadingly—"no; now really this is sheer greediness. You can't be hungry."

A piteous whine, as of a dog on the brink of starvation, seemed to gainsay her. Just then the door opened, and the middle-aged footman entered.

"Oh, if you please, miss, Bates says would you like to see Bullfinch?"

"To see Bullfinch!" echoed Vixen. "What's the matter? Is he ill? Is he hurt?"

"No, miss; but Bates thought as how maybe you'd like to see 'un before he goes away. He's sold."

Vixen turned very pale. She started up, and stood for a few moments silent, with her strong young hands clinched, just as she gripped them on the reins sometimes when Arion was running away with her and there were bogs in front.

"I'll come," she said, in a half-suffocated voice.

"He has sold my father's horse, after all," she said to herself, as she went toward the stables. "Then I shall hate him openly all my life. Yes, every body shall know that I hate him."

She found the stables in some commotion. There were two strangers, groomy-looking men, standing in front of Bullfinch's loose box, and all the stable-men had come out of their various holes, and were standing about.

Bates looked grave and indignant.

"There isn't a finer horse in the county," he muttered; "it's a shame to send him out of it."

Vixen walked straight up to the strange men, who touched their caps, and looked at her admiringly; her dark blue cloth dress fitted her like a riding habit, her long white throat was bare, her linen collar tied loosely with a black ribbon, her chestnut hair wound into a crown of plaits at the top of her head. The severe simplicity of her dress set off her fresh young beauty.

"She's the prettiest chestnut filly I've seen for a long time," one of the grooms said of her afterward. "Thorough-bred to the tips of her ears."

"Who has bought the horse?" she asked, authoritatively.

"My master, Lord Mallow, miss," answered the superior of the men. "You needn't be anxious about him, he'll have a rare good home."

"Will you let me see the order for taking him away?"

"Your groom has got it, miss."

Bates showed her a sheet of paper on which Captain Carmichael had written:

"Trossachs Hotel, September 1, 1878.

"The bay horse Bullfinch is to be delivered, with clothing, etc., to Lord Mallow's groom.

"C. Carmichael."

Vixen perused this paper with a countenance full of suppressed rage.

"Does your master give much money for this horse?" she asked, turning to the strange groom.

"I haven't heard how much, miss." Of course the man knew the sum to a penny. "But I believe it's a tidyish lot."

"I don't suppose I have as much money in the world," said Vixen, "or I'd buy my father's horse of Captain Carmichael, since he is so badly in want of money, and keep him to a farm."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the groom, "but the hoss is sold. My master has paid his money. He is a friend of Captain Carmichael's. They met somewhere in Scotland the other day, and my lord bought the hoss on hearsay, and I must say I don't think he'll be disappointed in him."

"Where are you going to take him?"

"Well, it's rather an awkward journey across country. We're going to Melton. My lord is going to hunt the hoss in October, if he turns out to my lord's satisfaction."

"You are going to take him by rail?"

"Yes, miss."

"He has never been by rail in his life. It will kill him," cried Vixen, alarmed.

"Oh no, it won't, miss. Don't be frightened about him. We shall have a padded box, and every thing tip-top. He'll be as snug and as tight as a sardine in its case. We'll get him to Leicestershire as fresh as paint."

Vixen went into the loose box where Bullfinch, all unconscious of his fate, was idly munching a mouthful of upland meadow hay. She pulled down his noble head and laid her cheek against his broad forehead, and let her tears rain on him unheeded. There was no one to see her in that dusky loose box. The grooms were clustered at the stable door, talking together. She was free to linger over her parting with the horse that her father had loved. She wound her arms about his arched neck, and let him lick her hand.

"Oh, Bullfinch, have you a memory? Will you be sorry to find yourself in a strange stable?" she asked, looking into the animal's full soft eyes with a pathetic earnestness in her own.

She dried her tears presently; she was not going to make herself a spectacle for the scornful pity of stable-men. She came out of the loose box with a serene countenance, and went up to Lord Mallow's groom. "Please be kind to him," she said, dropping a sovereign into the man's ready hand.

"No fear of that, miss," he said. "There are

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very few Christians that have so good a time of it as our 'coon."

That sovereign, taken in conjunction with the Gonner's beauty, quite vanquished Lord Mallow's stud groom, and very nearly bought Violet Tempest a cornet.

Bullfinch was led out presently, looking like a king; but Violet did not stop to see him go away. She could hardly have borne that. She ran back to the house, put on her hat and jacket, called Argus, and set out for a long ramble, to walk down, if possible, the angry devil within her.

No, this she would never forgive—this sale of her father's favorite horse. It was as if some creature of her own flesh and blood had been sold into slavery. Her mother was rich, would squander hundreds on fine dresses, and would allow her dead husband's horse to be sold!

"Is Captain Carmichael such a tyrant that mamma can not prevent this shameful thing?" she asked herself. "She talks about his attention, his devotion, as if he were at her feet, and yet she suffers him to disgrace her by this unparalleled meanness!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MYSTERY OF AFRICA.

Mr. Stanley's successful exploration of the great African river has revealed almost the last secret of the mystery of ages. It is only within the last twenty years that civilized nations have been able to form any clear notion of the interior of the vast continent of the black races. No one knew whence came the rivers that on either side made their way to the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean; no civilized eye had rested upon the lofty peaks of the table-land in whose bosom lie the deep chasms that have held the African lakes hidden in all the past. The sources of the Nile, the growth of Egypt, its offspring, and the earliest scene of mental progress, the annual overflow, the boundless fertility that follows it, had touched the curiosity of ancient travellers. The question was debated at Rome and Athens whence came these wonderful waters. It was decided almost with correctness. Strabo, in the age of Virgil, points out the annual rains of the interior as the cause of the overflow, and hints at the existence of the African table-land. But the suggestion was lost or neglected. The Nile was the mystery of the Middle Ages. Rome, Carthage, even the Arabs, seem to have known nothing of the immense population that existed beyond the desert, the vast lakes shut in on all sides but one by a frowning barrier of mountains, the mighty streams that broke from the everlasting hills, the Congo sweeping through forest and jungle thousands of miles to the Atlantic, the White Nile carrying the waters of the Victoria Nyanza to the port of Alexandria, or even the rivers that fall into the Indian Ocean.

The Nile was the first pathway of the discoverers, but failed to lead to any clear knowledge of the interior. Nearly fifteen hundred miles from its mouth is Khartoom, where the river divides into two affluents that come from the heart of the continent—one is the White Nile, the other the Blue. The Blue is a bright, clear, rapid stream leading into Abyssinia. At Khartoom it has a swift, brilliant flow. It seems the real continuation of the Nile, and Bruce in the last century passed up its fertile valley, discovered Lake Dembea at its source, and fancied he had reached the famous spring-head of the Egyptian river. He claimed to be the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, and was mistaken. But the White Nile, the other branch, was long neglected. It is a slow, sluggish stream, hidden at its mouth by an island, its depth and volume scarcely to be discerned until one embarks upon its waters. Bruce neglected it. It was not until 1827 that a French traveller, M. Linant, visited it, explored its shores for some hundred miles, and brought it to the notice of the Egyptians. From that time it grew rapidly to be a great pathway for the traffic in slaves, ivory; its shores were found to be populous and prosperous; the Egyptian traders covered, ravaged them with the horrors of the slave-trade, and fixed its seat at Gondokoro. Here the exploration of the White Nile ceased. No one was able to pass far onward to the vast hills of Africa, its unrivalled lakes; and four hundred miles from Victoria Nyanza the progress of discovery was checked. So short was the distance that separated modern curiosity from the revelation of the geographical mystery, yet its hopes seemed vain; the wilds, the savages, the cruelty of the Turks, the fierce hatred of the natives, had apparently shut the gates of the interior to European science.

From the discoveries of Stanley, Speke, Livingstone, Schweinfurth, Burton, it appears that in the heart of the continent an immense group of mountains, elevated plains, walls of rock inclosing inland seas—a country where the heavy annual rains fill all the soil with water, all the chasms in the rocks with lakes—compose a singular territory, the chief source of the fertility of Africa. It is a mysterious, unknown land, that had escaped for ages the scrutiny of civilization, and even a few years ago was never dreamed of by geographer or poet. Its people are black, savage, ignorant, yet formed into despotic monarchies not unlike that of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, at least in degree. The Emperor of Uganda is the state, the law; his nobility his cooks and barbers; they grovel on the ground before him, whine, make strange noises. He cuts off his subjects' heads for pastime, enforced upon them all an attention to dress, form, obedience, ceremonial, that strongly recalls the usages of Versailles. His thousands of wives lived in comparative splendor; but the carrion crows hovered perpetually around the palace of the king, never disappointed of their prey: an execution took place every day. Schweinfurth has a still more remarkable picture of an African prince. It is a cannibal, the lord of many lands, who feeds each day on human food. He has immense palaces of wood, lofty halls. He sometimes dances in the midst of his wives and courtiers alone. On his head is the skin of a black baboon, over it a plume of feathers; he was adorned with the claws and tails of animals, danced with furious gestures for hours. He was tall, slightly formed, yet powerful, we are told, of immense strength; with a European nose, but, as one might suppose, no pleasing expression. One who feeds on human flesh could hardly look candid and complacent, however sincere. But the most remarkable trait of this singular region is that it should so long have remained unknown and unexplored. About thirty years ago the report of two Protestant missionaries (1848) opened a new path to the heart of Africa. They had settled on the coast near Zanzibar, and made their way into the interior. They brought back a report of high table-lands, of mountains covered with snow, of vast lakes; and to Messrs. Rebmann and Krapf we owe the first step to the discovery of the mystery of the continent. The attempt to reach the sources of the Nile from Gondokoro was apparently abandoned; all future travellers would start from the eastern coast, and follow the path so natural, yet so long concealed. It is difficult to see, now that the way is pointed out, why no European had before attempted to ascend the slowly rising country from the coast, why the Portuguese had never explored it, or the Arabs, the Egyptians, and Abyssinians. When once the discovery of the missionaries had been made public, the great lakes and mountains of Africa filled the fancy of the adventurous; the heroes of travel turned their attention to the new problem; it was soon solved.

In 1857–59 Burton and Speke made their way from Zanzibar to the rising land. Burton fell ill; Speke went on alone, and reached the shores of an immense inland sea, said to be four hundred miles in length—it is really two hundred—the Victoria Nyanza. He had found the source of the Nile, for from this great reservoir a cleft in the rock flows down the sluggish waters of the White Nile, to mingle at Khartoom with the father of rivers. He had reached a point about five hundred miles above Gondokoro when he was forced to return. Once more, in 1860, Speke set out with his friend Captain Grant from Zanzibar to complete his discoveries, and prove, what he had already fancied, that he had solved the problem of ages. It was a difficult but not unprecedented journey, not so remarkable as Stanley's, not so painful as an arctic voyage. The two friends reached Kazeh in October, 1861, plunged into the wilderness, and were lost to sight. They remained hidden for more than a year. No civilized eye watched them as they slowly made their way through robbers, savages, disease, impending death, the native tyrants, the horrors of the waste, no friendly hand was near, except among the natives. But here they were evidently disappointed or overjoyed to find that men have human hearts even in the wilds of Africa. On the fair uplands of Karagwé they met with a liberal king, a fine country, hills covered with cattle, a delightful region sloping down to the lake. The next king they met with was Mtesa of Uganda; it was at his court on the upper shore of the Victoria Nyanza that they saw the refinements of African courtesy, the peculiar parody on the despotisms of Asia and Europe. Mtesa, king of the lakes, had made all his people neat in their dress of bark cloth, their robes of antelope skin; they are quick and lively in their movements, at the peril of their lives. They grovelled on the earth, whined like happy dogs when their master awarded them a present or a whipping. Mtesa was a young man of twenty-five. He was fond of yachting, sport, and even used, we are told, a handkerchief—was very neat. Speke became his friend, and, unlike some Americans at European courts, refused to grovel, whine, even stand in the sun before the royal despot, and was excused. But the most wonderful of all the objects they saw in the new land was the magnificent Nyanza, whence flows the broad current of the Upper Nile. The lake is 3740 feet above the level of the sea. It lies in a vast rift or chasm several hundreds of miles long, shut in by mountains. Yet its sides are low, marshy, covered with reeds, its form that of a boy's top, the sharp end pointing nearly directly south. The climate is fine and healthful, the views often soft and graceful, sometimes awful, grand; the land is fertile, and a busy population might some day gather around this mighty lake. It is only a few hundred miles from the Indian Ocean, and a railroad may at no distant period connect the head of the Nile with the harbors of Zanzibar.

Soon Speke was anxious to press on to the haunts of civilization, the bearer of extraordinary news. He passed, after a long delay, down the fair waters of the White Nile, left it to cross the country to Gondokoro, was met there with wild, joyful surprise by Baker (1863). His wonderful discovery filled the world with curiosity and delight; yet it should be remembered to their honor that it was the two modest missionaries who first saw "the silver-crowned summits" of the heart of Africa. Since 1863 the path to Uganda has become familiar to Christian and Arab, the slave-trader, the explorer; Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, added to the progress of knowledge. The chain of lakes was defined, the table-lands described: the sources of the Nile are as well known at last as those of the Hudson.

Yet one question remained, perhaps the most important of all: Did any great river flow from the central lakes into the Atlantic? To decide it Stanley threw himself into the wildest haunts of the negro, the unknown centre of the continent, sailed down the mighty Congo, discovered another Mississippi, gave it to mankind. It seems the last great achievement in exploration. There is nothing left to rival it. No other river remains to be discovered. The earth is exhausted. The heroes of travel must sigh for new worlds of wonder. It is impossible to say what may be the future history of these immense outlets of traffic and travel, these mighty rivers that nearly meet in the lakes of Middle Africa; of the fair and fertile region so recently discovered, so well suited to the wants of man. Imagination may paint the Congo and the White Nile converted into scenes of busy trade, their banks lined with villages, their sources joined by canals, their cities splendid, their people content. Yet it is doubtful if any age can show a more perfect solution of a great problem. One regrets that the mystery of Africa exists no more.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the many volumes published within the past twenty-five years by the United States government to illustrate geological and other explorations, there are none which exceed in typographical beauty and general execution the quarto upon the systematic geology of the fortieth parallel, by Mr. Clarence King, the geologist in charge of the survey. This work was commenced by Mr. King in 1867, and has thus occupied eleven years in the prosecution. Although marked Vol. I., this is the last, and contains the summary of the general results of the remaining five. The volume embraces over 800 pages, printed in the admirable typography of the best work of the government printing-office, and is illustrated by twenty-eight plates, and twelve analytical geological maps, all of admirable execution. The value of the work in a scientific point of view is shown by the fact that it is the crowning labor of the author. For an analysis of this volume reference must be had to the *American Journal of Science*, the *American Naturalist*, and other special serials.

We have already referred on several occasions to the excellent plan adopted by the Zoological Society of the Netherlands for carrying on deep-sea research by means of a portable laboratory which can be readily moved from place to place, and set up so as to furnish the necessary facilities to investigators. During the summer of 1878 the station was on the island of Terschelling, in the Zuyder Zee, and during the two months it was in operation it was visited by a number of specialists.

During the past summer discoveries of a very interesting series of fossil forests were made by William H. Holmes, of the Hayden Geologic Survey. The fact of the occurrence of abundant fossil wood, and in some places of fossil trunks *in situ*, had been noted by former visitors to the Yellowstone Park, but nothing had been learned of the manner in which the forests had been preserved, neither had their great extent been suspected.

It is found that an extensive series of forests has been buried in the sedimentary formations of the volcanic tertiary, especially in the region drained by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. From the bottom to the top of the highest cliffs rows of upright trunks may be seen, weathered out and ranged along the ledges like the columns of a temple.

Throughout a long period of subsidence a constant alternation of land and sea seems to have been kept up by the irregular deposition of fragmentary volcanic products, so that numberless forests grew and sank, one after another, beneath the sea. Fully 6000 feet of the tree-bearing strata were formed before the final upward movement began. These same strata now cap some of the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and cover an area of upward of 10,000 square miles. The silicified trunks are in many cases from twenty to thirty feet high, and fairly rival the giant trees of California in dimensions.

We have already referred to the discovery by Captain Johannesen of a new island in the Arctic Ocean. Few persons engaged in the commercial marine have made so many important observations and discoveries as Captain Johannesen in the course of his various trips to the polar seas in search of the walrus. He reports that during his cruise in 1878 the sea north of Nova Zembla and the Kara Sea were remarkably free from ice, in consequence of the constant southwest winds, and that the boundary of the firm ice must have been very far north. With a steamer he thinks he might have been able to penetrate further north than Franz Joseph Land.

The expedition organized by the committee of the African Exploration Fund, under Mr. A. Keith Johnston, of which we have already made mention, left England in the early part of November, with the special object of exploring the country between the eastern coast of Africa and the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Mr. Johnston is accompanied by Mr. J. Thomson, a young geologist and naturalist. The expedition will start from a point twenty-five miles south of Zanzibar, and proceed to the above-named place on Lake Nyassa, a distance of 300 miles, and then will undertake the examination of a mountain range said to be 15,000 feet in height to the northeast of the lake. After this is completed, should the resources permit, a region 190 miles in width, between Lake Nyassa and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, will be explored.

The Royal Geographical Society is about publishing a new monthly series, under the title of Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, the first number to appear in January, 1879.

Mr. Poliakoff, an eminent Russian investigator, has lately found in Russia rough stone implements of the paleolithic period, and so mixed with the bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, and fossil ox as to prove without doubt the coexistence of man with these extinct mammals.

An interesting addition to the collections of the National Museum in Washington consists of a large specimen of the spiny shark (*Echinorhinus spinosus*), belonging to a family, genus, and species hitherto unknown in North America. It was obtained by Mr. E. E. Small, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, from Mr. Abbott, who had found it stranded on the shores of Cape Cod. The specimen is about eight feet in length, and is unusually stout in proportion, and, as a special peculiarity, is covered with spinous points, each setting on a plate inserted in the skin, something like the scales of the sturgeon.

A mould has been taken of the specimen, and a cast will be made in papier maché, and added to the already very complete collection of models of American fishes in the National Museum. This fish is but little known, a few specimens only having been recorded as occurring on the coast of Europe. It is said, however, to be more abundant about the Cape of Good Hope.

Professor J. D. Carus, in a recent number of the *Zoologischer Anzeiger*, announces the fact of his having engaged in the preparation of a great work upon the cephalopods, or cuttle-fish family, and is very desirous of an opportunity of studying and comparing the Northern species, especially the eledone, the sepia, sepiola, and rossia, most of which genera are known to occur off the coast of the United States. The eminence of Professor Carus as a naturalist is a guarantee on the subject of the use he will make of material of this kind submitted to his criticism.

Professor Leith Adams has succeeded Professor Harkness in the chair of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, leaving the Royal College of Science at Dublin for that purpose. This announcement is of some interest in this country, as Professor Adams was stationed for many years in New Brunswick, as surgeon in the British army, where he collected materials for an attractive volume, entitled *Field and Forest Rambles*, containing a great deal of information in regard to the wild animals of the Northern States and the British Provinces.

An earnest appeal is made for assistance to the fishermen of Heligoland, that curious little British island off the German coast, which suffered very severely by a storm on the 15th of November last, resulting in the loss of about fifteen boats, and a portion of the crews.

We have briefly referred to a telegram received from Professor Nordenskjöld announcing his arrival at the mouth of the Lena on the 27th of August, and fuller details of the same date by letter addressed to Mr. Oscar Dickson, the patron of the expedition. The *Vega*—Professor Nordenskjöld's vessel—left Dickson Harbor, at the mouth of the Yenisei, on the 10th of August, and reached Actinia Harbor, situated in a sound between Taimyr Island and the mainland, on the 14th, where they remained several days. An immense variety of interesting marine invertebrates was taken by the dredge and trawl, although the higher forms of life were very rare, only the snow-bunting, a few waders, and two or three species of geese being at all conspicuous.

Cape Chelyuskin was reached on the 19th, and on the 20th the route east by south was found impracticable on account of drift ice; but the ice field was escaped by sailing to the northwest, and land was sighted, which was found to be the northeastern extremity of the eastern Taimyr peninsula. The sea was completely free of ice, and a great variety of animal life was again met with, among them several forms of crinoids. The voyage being continued, on the 24th of August land was again seen, which proved to be an island near the mouth of the river Katanga, whence the party proceeded to the mouth of the Lena, since which nothing has been heard from Professor Nordenskjöld, excepting a vague rumor brought by some whalers from Siberia to the effect that a large ship had been seen floating in the ice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man from the country was in town the other day, and entered a photograph gallery to have his picture taken. After seating him, the operator told him to assume a pleased expression. "Think of something cheerful," he said; "think of your girl." A terrible scowl took possession of the young man's face, and jumping up, he exclaimed: "Think of the deuce! She went home with another fellow last night, and she can go to thunder, for me!"

The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room, that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister and eats him out of house and home, that's called a donation party.

No one need get discouraged if he only remembers that he will always be worth $30 anyway—to medical students.

A hard thing to sharpen.—The water's edge.

An Irish agent having been instructed to raise rents, called a meeting of the tenants and apprised them of the intention. "You can afford it," said he; "see how prices have risen." Silence was broken by an old farmer, who said, "Yes; there is no denying all that. It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now, be jabers, it can't be done under two." The rents have not yet been raised.

"Yes," said a young lady, who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my part, I am so easily decomposed."

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a soft time of it.

Why is a lazy man like a magician?—Because he works by spells.

One of our Devils.—"Some things," said an excited politician, "can be foreseen and foretold; and I now foresee and I will now foretell that the day will soon come when our liberties will be no more. This is as certain, my fellow-citizens, and it is as sure as that Romus founded Rome."

A prima donna is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

When does rain become too familiar with a lady?—When it begins to patter on her back.

Neal Dow, the great temperance reformer of Maine, had a narrow escape the other day. For a whole generation he has been regarded as a consistent teetotaler. But a tramp solemnly swore that he and Neal Dow stood at the same counter and imbibed brandy and water. Things looked a little serious for a while, and the temperance folk in that far-off region felt that even the greatest of us will once in a while have a fall. The tramp, however, on cross-examination, explained that he drank the brandy and Neal Dow the water, and the whole State of Maine breathed freely once more.

THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

THE horrible scenes enacted during the French Revolution ought surely to serve for all time as a warning of what the consequences may be of an attempt to right social and political wrongs by a violent overthrow of existing institutions. The watch-words of the men that inaugurated the Reign of Terror, made Paris a slaughter-house, and filled her streets with the best blood of France, were the same that animated our forefathers in their glorious struggle for independence; but whereas with them freedom and equality meant also wisdom and self-control, with the maddened populace of Paris liberty was license to destroy, and equality a general reduction of all to one degraded level. The nation had been outraged by its rulers, and vengeance was meted out by the guillotine. Rank and aristocracy had brought with them oppression and indignity, and a remedy must be found in a general annihilation of all such evil agencies. Thus a general levelling process was inaugurated; but those who begun it were blind to the fact that, although society may be brought to a dead level, it can not be kept so, that it can not exist but with officers and leaders, that, to quote the simile of one of our own historians, "a ship's crew may mutiny and hill every officer on board, it may for a time enjoy absolute equality of rank and influence, but the moment there is an attempt made to move the vessel, equality vanishes—somebody must decide what shall be done, and that very fact raises somebody to distinction."

At present there is, if we may trust appearances, but little left in our own country of the violent and Communistic spirit that two summers ago destroyed property and threatened the lives of many honest and industrious citizens; but while Nihilism is spreading itself throughout Russia, German Socialism aims two shots at the hoary head of a benign and amiable emperor, and the industrial population of England marches in armies to demand relief from capitalists, we shall not spend our time amiss in recalling—apropos of the heart-rending picture before us—some of the incidents of that awful period when France was subjected to the rule of an infuriated mob, which finally learned to slaughter with equal gusto the obnoxious aristocrat and its own most popular leaders.

The scene in our engraving has to do only with the loss of one valued life; but the frowning walls of the great French prison-house recall the awful time when thousands of the same class were ruthlessly murdered in the prisons of Paris, the terrible days for which history finds no parallel, and which figure in the records of the French Revolution as the "massacres of September." It was at this time that the rage of the mob against their rulers and the whole hated aristocracy culminated. But a few weeks before the king had been driven from his palace to seek a treacherous shelter among the members of the so-called National Assembly, and since then the emissaries of that body had filled the prisons of the capital with thousands of innocent persons, whom they branded with the name of "conspirators." To dispose of them, helpless and confined as they were, was a simple matter in the minds of men like DANTON and his confederates. It needed but the frenzied co-operation of a few mad associates athirst for blood, and the work was soon planned. At three o'clock in the morning, on a brilliant Sunday in autumn, a band of three hundred hired assassins, accompanied by a frantic mob, entered the prisons and began the work of death. In the yard of the first prison twenty-four priests were hewn in pieces because they refused to take the revolutionary oath. In some instances the assassins, stained with gore, established tribunals, and a few minutes, often a few seconds, disposed of the fate of an individual. The massacres continued from the 2d to the 6th of September and during this period more than five thousand persons perished in the different prisons of Paris.

There is an attempt at concealment made any where of the fact that these helpless men and women were put to death by public authority, an suggestion that these deeds of horror were the blind, senseless ebullition of the cowardly cruelty of a few savage miscreants starting out from amid the low populace of Paris. As if to finish the disgrace of the French nation, and to show the character of the instigators of these enormities, there actually appears among the common documents of history a circular address of the 3d of September, which was countersigned by DANTON, then executive Minister of Justice, and by the members of the Committee of Public Safety, by DUPLAIN, MARAT, and others, to the number of six, and sent out to all the departments of the kingdom, and which concludes in the following manner: "Aware that a horde of barbarians are advancing against us, the Commune of Paris hasten to inform their brethren of all the departments that a number of ferocious conspirators confined in the prisons have been put to death by the people—an act of justice which appeared to them indispensable—to restrain by terror those legions of traitors lurking within the walls at the moment the citizens were going to march against the enemy; and no doubt the whole nation, after the long series of treasons which have led them to the abyss, will be glad to adopt these means, so useful and so necessary, and all the French will cry, like the Parisians, 'Let us march against the enemy, but do not fo[illegible] brigands on our the th[illegible] dren.'" In this way [illegible] Men who had been [illegible] start up from their [illegible] hands, and destroy the[illegible] who had left Paris to [illegible]

It is not easy to [illegible] what specious reasoning [illegible] rive at such a project [illegible]

"TOO LATE!"—[illegible]

r R. C. Woodville.]

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o massacre in cold blood

thousands of their fellow-citizens, but there is abundant evidence to prove that it was done. Among the records of the Revolution there is a series of memoirs printed by the Rapports frères, of Paris, one of which is dedicated to this particular subject—the "days of September." At the end of it there occurs a statement of the sums disbursed by the treasurer of the Commune for expenses, where, disguised under different pretences and phrases, the fact shows clearly out that the whole of this horrible massacre was systematically arranged and paid for. On one page it is ordered that 1463 livres should be advanced to —— "to pay those who were working to preserve the salubrity of the air" (this is the phrase used) on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of September, and "Travailleurs" (workers) was the cant phrase to describe the assassins during these days of massacre. Women were seen bringing dinners to their husbands who were "at work" in the prisons of Paris. In other articles of the account there are regular sums charged for carriages to carry away the dead bodies, quicklime, etc., with which to bury them. These with other entries show that the whole was systematically arranged—assassins hired, carts provided, preparations of every kind made for the disposal of the dead bodies. "Never," writes the English historian William Smith, "was such a ledger of horrors!"

Carlyle says of the history of this period that it is "written in hysterics," but if this is true of the calmer record of the historian, what may we not expect from the testimony of those who were eye-witnesses of these terrible events, and who survived to tell the story with their pens? In the same publication from which we have just quoted are to be found three memoirs from different individuals who were in the hands of these ruffians for a considerable time, but who in the event were not massacred. From their records we can select but a few extracts, but these will be in themselves a sufficient description of what was seen and felt by many delicately reared and sensitive men and women during this hideous period. The first memoir is from M. De St Méard. He was a royalist, was arrested on the 22d of August, and conducted to the Abbaye Prison. Here he remained during the "days of September," and the following is the description of the agonies endured by him and his fellow-prisoners during the night of the 2d of that fatal month:

"About midnight the agitation of the people augmented every moment, and was at its height when they came for M. Duranzane, of the body-guards, and we soon after heard his cries of death. Soon after they dragged two more of our companions from us, and I saw that my hour was fast approaching. At last, at one in the morning of the Tuesday, after an agony of thirty-seven hours, to which no death can be compared, and after having a thousand times drunk to the dregs the cup of [illegible], the doors of my prison opened. I was called for; I appeared, was seized upon by three men, and dragged through the dreadful wicket. By the light of two torches I perceived the dread tribunal upon which life and death were now to depend. The president, in a grey coat, his sabre at his side, was resting against a table, on which were papers, a writing desk, pipes, and some bottles. The table was surrounded by ten persons, sitting down or standing; two were in a sort of jacket or apron; others were stretched out and sleeping upon the benches. Two men in shirts all stained with blood, sabres in hand, guarded the door of the wicket. An old turnkey had his hands on the bolts. In the presence of the president, three men had their hold upon a prisoner, who appeared about sixty. They put me aside, while two national guards presented to the president a paper from the section of Croix Rouge, claiming the prisoner. 'It is in vain,' said the president, 'these demands for people who are traitors.' 'This is frightful,' cried the prisoner; 'your judgment is an assassination.' 'I have washed my hands of it,' said the president. 'Conduct M. Maréal.' The words were scarcely pronounced when they pushed him into the street, and through the opening of the door I saw him massacred." M. De St Méard then gives the particulars of his own trial, wherein he saved himself by his courage and presence of mind. The next day he says he took a walk in one of the public streets. He saw some rub their eyes to make out whether it was he; he saw others start back as if they had seen a spectre; others ran up and embraced him, even those with whom he was not acquainted.

The next narrative is by Madame De Fauvel Lepître, but it is told at too great a length to make quotation possible. This lady was the niece of the Abbé De Rhuthiac, who had been to her a second father. At the time when he was dragged to prison as a conspirator against the Commune, the aged ecclesiastic was so infirm that he ordinarily kept his bed, being unable to walk. He was, however, taken to the Abbaye, and although warned repeatedly that the prisons were not safe, his devoted niece was determined to share his imprisonment. Finally they were separated, but such information was given her that she was led to believe the helpless sufferer in good hands and safe. She was then brought to her own trial, and was dismissed by the president of the tribunal. "You are free, madame, and may go out." "Do not go out," said one of the judges; "this is not

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a good opportunity." The poor lady was, however, all impatience to rejoin her uncle, and some ruffians near encouraged her to make the attempt. Had she left the court-room she would have been massacred, and this might have occurred had it not been for the interference of M. Pocher, one of the few humane men who still preserved some respect for human life. He procured a regular order from the president, and conducted the lady through the fatal court-yard—where she had to step through the blood and over the limbs of those who had been slaughtered—and brought her safe, supported by himself and a friend, to the bosom of his own family. Here she was implored to remain and find an asylum, for, as she was told with all gentleness, no other remained to her, her uncle had been massacred!

These stories are told by the sufferers themselves, but from another record of these horrible September massacres we call a story which shows the treatment received by women whose tortures ended in death. The Princess LAMBALLE, the intimate friend and attendant of the royal family, was first arrested and then brought before the tribunal established in each prison, where, when she saw herself surrounded by men whose faces, clothes, and weapons were covered with blood, she sank into a swoon. When at length she recovered, her judges asked her if she knew any thing of the plots at the court on the terrible 10th of August, the day when Louis XVI. and his family were driven from the palace by an infuriated mob, and forced to take refuge in the hall of the National Assembly. "I am ignorant," she replied, "whether there were any; I are sure I know of none." She was then told to swear fidelity and equality, and hatred to the king and queen and royalty. "I will readily swear the first two," she said, "but I can not swear the last; it is not in my heart." "Swear," whispered a by-stander; "you are dead if you do not." She made no reply, but, covering her face with her hands, made a step toward the gate. She had scarcely passed the threshold when she was struck by a sabre. A second swoon followed, when she was seized by ruffians, dragged near the dead bodies, and massacred. Barbarities followed that it is impossible to describe. As a last act of infuriated malignity, her head was brought on a pike to the windows of the Temple, that the royal prisoners there might see in the instance of this unoffending lady how fatal was the distinction of having been the ornament of their court and the associate of their domestic pleasures.

Such are some of the incidents connected with the prison massacres of the "days of September." Such was France under the Commune of 1792—a body that attempted to right abuses by overthrowing the authority of law, annihilating the rights of property, and substituting a uniform democratic equality for the hated ascendency of rank, wealth, and intelligence. Thus, in the name of a false liberty, liberty itself was rendered impossible, and in the name of humanity the earth was strewn with ruin and with blood. As CARLYLE cries, in his wild and gleaming record of those fearful days, "Of such stuff are we all made; on such powder-mines of bottomless guilt and criminality—'if God restrained not,' as is well said—does the purest of us walk." Certainly no such lesson in the history of the world is enough to show that no good thing can obtain, no happiness exist, when the fundamental conditions of social order are shaken, when men have ceased to obey and trust one another, when class is arrayed against class with all the bitterness of hostile castes, when faith in the common interests of a nation has disappeared, and when the rights of labor are urged against those of capital by the voice of ignorant frenzy and fanaticism.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LONDON, *December 28, 1878.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The death of Bayard Taylor has caused a profound and painful sensation in England. He enjoyed a very high reputation here, and had many personal friends in London. His appointment as minister to Berlin had reflected honor on the Administration of President Hayes, and when he passed in London for a day or two on the way to Berlin there were strong efforts to detain him, and he was compelled to refuse many offers of hospitality. I had the pleasure of being present at an interview which then occurred between Bayard Taylor and Carlyle. The veteran author of Chelsea was almost tender toward the minister whom he found cherishing the purpose of writing a biography of Goethe—a work which Carlyle believed it to be much needed. He discussed at length all the knotty points of Goethe's career, and gave Taylor many hints of value. In this he was only doing what the Goetheans of Germany had already done, and have been doing since; for it had been generally conceded that Bayard Taylor was the fittest man living to tell the true story of Goethe's life, and facts never published were pouring in on him when his life was cut short. There is a keen desire here to know in what state his important materials have been left, and much sorrow is felt that he could not live to complete it. The *Life of Goethe* by the late G. H. Lewes has never been regarded as satisfactory by those who have studied the subject most thoroughly. But the deaths of both Lewes and Taylor, such admirable interpreters of the best German thought and literature, are indeed heavy calamities to come at one time.

I shall never forget the solemnity with which Carlyle bade adieu to Bayard Taylor. With an evident feeling that his own life must soon terminate, he repeated Goethe's ode:

"The future hides in it gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it daunting us,
Onward!"

His voice trembled a little when he came to the lines:

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

Then Bayard Taylor took up the strain, and in warm, earnest tones repeated the remaining verses in his perfect German. Carlyle seemed deeply moved. As we left he took Taylor's hand and said, "I hope you will do your best at Berlin to save us from further war in Europe." (It was just then that the danger of war between England and Russia seemed imminent.)

When Carlyle was first introduced to Bayard Taylor it was with the announcement that he, Taylor, was writing a life of Goethe. The old man's experience of literary ambitions among men of a younger generation then his own made him a little retractile at first, and he said: "But are there not already lives of Goethe? There is Blank's *Life of Goethe;* what fault have you to find with that?" Bayard smiled at the transparent trap, and began showing the errors of the biography mentioned, with such knowledge and cogency that Carlyle broke out into his ringing laugh, and said, "I couldn't read it through," meaning the work concerning which he had just challenged Taylor. His cordiality from that moment show of his full recognition of the man before him.

When Bayard Taylor was last here I had the pleasure of bringing him into acquaintance with Max Müller, who was just then delivering his Hibbert Lectures at Westminster Abbey. The two first met at dinner, and struck up a friendship almost hungrily. They talked away briskly while others listened, now rolling out German and now English, equally fluent in the two languages, and when they parted it was with a promise exacted by the professor that Bayard should visit him at Oxford. Bayard said afterward that after meeting Max Müller he understood the secret of the value he had derived from the professor's works in his own poetic studies: "It is the *humanity* underlying his scholarship." The proposed visit to Oxford could not take place at that time. Instead of it Bayard wrote a cordial letter to Max Müller, which the latter has just shown me, in which he assured him that in the coming season he would certainly visit London and attend the commemoration at Oxford. Alas that such a fair prospect should now be forever faded! I have to day a letter from Max Müller in which he speaks of the pleasure with which he had sent Taylor his new volume, as "one of those few for whom they [the lectures] were more especially written, and whose approval would have been a real reward." He speaks with warm appreciation of our "great countryman," and with profound sorrow concerning his death.

That death, indeed, must seem terrible to those who remember the happiness which immediately preceded it. The appointment in Berlin seemed the culmination of as brave and busy a life as has been lived in our time. Bayard Taylor was once walking along a street in London with Thackeray, his warm friend, and they stepped into the atelier of Baron Marochetti to see a little group of sculpture which the artist had desired Thackeray to inspect. It was a boy playing a dragon. As they left the room Thackeray said to Bayard, "Every man has his dragon. I have mine. What is yours?" Taylor replied, instantly, "I have two—Luxury and Indolence." Thackeray remarked, "Now that's curious, for those are just the same as mine." The world may well wish there were more dragons, if it could be sure they would be so bravely slain as they had been by those two men. With the finest artistic sense and feeling, with a delight in every oasis of leisure which afforded a little repose along his life pilgrimage, Bayard Taylor did such vast and various service to the culture of his time that, as the *Daily News* well remarks, the world will be astonished to learn that he reached only fifty-three years.

He told me when he was here that what pleased him most about his appointment was that he had not asked for it, nor had his friends used any private influence to obtain it. President Hayes sent for him, and said that from the moment that the office became vacant he had felt that he, Taylor, was the right man for it, and further assured him that, in carrying out his purpose of writing the work he had undertaken, every assistance and furtherance which the government could bestow might be counted on. The and the felicitations and festivities with which his friends accompanied his departure had filled almost to overflowing the poet's cup of joy, now broken and dashed on the ground.

There have been many translations of "Faust," but it is conceded that Bayard Taylor's is the most valuable of them all. "This," says a writer in to-day's *Daily News*, "was not merely a successful, but, as far as we know, a unique performance. It not only gave a complete rendering of the formidable second part, which most translators avoid, and thereby destroy, as far as a translation may, the unity of what is, after all, strictly one poem, but it put the whole into corresponding English metre, with the almost endless double rhymes of the original faithfully reproduced on our tongue. This would have been in any case a *clever tour de force*, but Mr Taylor made it something much more and much better. He made a genuine and a poetic translation of 'Faust,' and in this sense may fairly be said to have added something to the literature of the world." To this it may be added that the notes he appended to the poem represent a wealth of research unparalleled in the large "Faust" literature and "Faust" mythology, and that his translation of the second part of "Faust," taken together with his notes thereto, for the first time opened to both German and English readers the actual scene of a great work before sealed even to the majority of scholars. This is not alone my own opinion, but also that of men far more competent than myself to estimate this great—and now, alas! monumental—work.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

THE game of proverbs is excellent for drawing out thought and wit. When it is played, one member of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well-known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "shooting proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room, and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire!" At the word "fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one. "Nouns" is another amusing game, and can be played by the old as well as young. In this, one of the company thinks of one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavor to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out-of-the-way object out of mystery into the light of day. "Trades" is also amusing. In this game each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company, who is named by the rest, makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and calls haphazard upon the representative of each business to name some noun which belongs to his trade. Thus a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice, and if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. Another good game is called "dumb crambo." When playing it, half the party leave the room, and those who remain choose a verb which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return, they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word fixed upon, and they consult together to find out what it is. Instead of speaking their guess they act it. If they guess right, they are applauded, if they fail, they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit. None of these games are particularly new, but they are amusing, nevertheless.

A FLOOD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, there was a young damsel called— But perhaps I'd better not mention her name; she's changed it now, in any case, and to save poor lady's feelings I'll call her Mollie Muldoon—sweet Mollie Muldoon. Her own name was rather an Irish one, and we'll stick to the nationality, because with it go the Irish eyes, and the changing color, and the warm, fickle, tempestuous, loving, blundering, devoted heart. Now a more delightful creature it would be hard to find, for she had that incomparable nature that blends the child with the woman; and whereas she could romp and play like a kitten in seasons of frivolity, you might in a dire and serious extremity search the wide world over for a wiser or maturer judgment. She had the most wonderful knack of taking a shabby house, and going over it from top to bottom, with a touch here and a brush there, and a little adornment over yonder, so that, when she was through, the metamorphosis would be startling, and one would declare that under the hill pleats of her house dress she concealed the wand of a fairy.

"But, oh! mamma, it will get all mussed up again; and it won't bear many more goings over. I'm afraid to sweep very hard for fear the carpets will fall to rags; and the walls are awfully cracked this year—the paper is peeling off from sheer age; and when the time comes that I can't patch up and fix things, I shall just lie down and die." Her mother looked at her with a placid expression of compassion. Mollie's eyes were shining like sapphires, her cheeks were like the roses of June, her dimpled elbows had burst through the fashionably tight sleeves of her house dress, and the line from her chin to her throat lacked a little of the artistic curve, to plump and round was sweet Mollie Muldoon.

"I'm not afraid of your dying just yet, my dear," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Well, I'll do something desperate; you see if I don't!" said Mollie.

But nobody minded this threat. Not but that we all felt sorry for her; it was dreadful to be so poor and so proud. Every body knows that poverty and pride are like oil and water, and won't go together very well; and it could not be denied that Mollie's beauty and grace were sadly salted in the stinted means of life doled out to the widow Muldoon and her two children. When Mr Muldoon was living they had all the luxuries that his handsome salary and generous heart could devise; but the bountiful heart became cold in death, and the handsome salary ceased long before Mollie was old enough fully to enjoy either the one or the other. It was only a mercy from Heaven that Mrs. Muldoon's father outlived her husband, and was able to allow her a small income, or Heaven knows what would have become of sweet little Mollie, with her yearnings after fashionable furbelows and surroundings.

Poor little Mollie! Many a time I've seen her beautiful eyes filled with tears of rage and mortification over an abortive attempt at making a dress with puffs and frills out of a small pattern; but not the same presently with some old underskirt of her mother's, or aunt's, or grandmother's, and with a few touches of her magic fingers the whole fabric would fall together, colors and all, as gracefully as a rainbow, and then her eyes would shine again, and her dimpled chin go up in the air with the true pride of genius.

"Just look at that Mollie Muldoon," said Fanny Sharp, as Mollie went by; "she's ruining her mother, the way she dresses."

"Pride goeth before a fall," croaked old Granny Sharp.

It was only a week to two after that I heard from Mrs. Muldoon's own lips the confirmation of a rumor that had been going about for months—that Mollie was actually engaged to be married to young Adolphus Dacre. The Dacres had been given over by one whole little community long since. They had treated the church scandalously, hiring the best pew, and never paying a penny on it; the grocer had refused to give them any further credit; the butcher's cart drove right by their door; and Mike Maloney, the milkman, had been seen sitting upon the front stoop of the Dacres', waiting, he said, for one of two things—his money or the liver of Mr. Dacre.

"And of course," said Mollie, "as long as these miserable trades-people held out, and treated the Dacres with respect, the whole aristocracy of Dubbleton followed suit; but now that the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker have given them up—"

"It's a case of the rotten potato," said her seventeen-year-old brother Jack.

"Have you too turned against Dolph?" said Mollie.

"I!" replied the lad, with mock tragedy. "Never! As a friend of mine, he's A 1, and no mistake; but I don't take much stock in Dolph as a brother-in-law. It's all he can do to keep himself in check."

"Mamma, will you make Jack stop talking slang?"

"I beg pardon," said Jack; "what I meant to say was that under existing circumstances Mr. Adolphus Dacre finds it exceedingly difficult to supply his own individual necessities, and positively declines any inducements to take in the matrimonial racket."

"Declines ma?" said Mollie, with scornful emphasis.

"Declines the whole feminine generation," said Jack.

That very day, which was a freezing one in December, Mollie was seen down upon the skating pond executing with marvellous grace and facility the intricate evolutions of the outer edge, and with her was Dolph Dacre. Whatever might have been his inclination toward the feminine generation in general, it was plainly evident that to Mollie in particular his whole heart and soul went out in fond emotion. His face was of the same mobile tendency as Mollie's, and love, admiration, devotion, idolatry, beamed in every line of it.

"It's a shame to part them," said the romantic lookers-on.

"It's ruinous to have them so much together," said the prudent; but Mollie and Dolph went gliding on, their hands locked together, their glad hearts caring no more for fate than for the freezing wind.

"Dolph is a bang-up skater," said Jack, that night at supper. "That patch in his left boot loosened his skate, or he'd have been the top of the heap. If he could only get a pair of shoes—"

"Do you mean to say," said Mollie, the morsel upon her fork suddenly becoming distasteful to her—"do you mean to say Dolph Dacre can't get as many shoes as he wants?"

"Why, sis, if it comes to that, can I? Can you? Poverty is a blamed uncomfortable thing, but I hope it's an disgrace."

"It is a disgrace. It's a hideous, heinous, unbearable crime," said Mollie, and pushed her chair away, and went up stairs to cry her pretty eyes out.

Her mother found her with her head buried in the pillow, her whole little body quivering with excitement.

"Why, Mollie, my child—" began poor placid Mrs. Muldoon; and then the young termagant turned upon her.

"It's your business," she cried, "to put an end to this madness between Dolph and me. Do you think it's a very nice thing to have your daughter—papa's daughter—engaged to be married to a man that can't afford to buy himself a pair of shoes?"

"A little temporary embarrassment, my child."

"A little temporary fiddlestick!" broke in Mollie. "It's for ever and ever, and hopeless, and I wish I was dead!" Here she began to sob again.

"What can I do?" said poor Mrs Muldoon.

"You can break off the engagement—forbid him to enter your doors—insult him—tell him you won't give your daughter to a pauper—make him as mad he'll never look at me again."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the poor lady, her own cheeks beginning to burn. "I admire and respect the young man too much to cause him any unnecessary suffering; but I'll tell him to give you up, for his own sake as well as yours."

That night Mollie implored Jack to lock her in her room and take away the key. "Mamma's going to have a talk with Dolph, and I don't want to interfere," said Mollie.

Jack consented, he said, for the mutual benefit of those concerned. It was a case *de lunatico inquirendo*. Mamma would attend to the lunatic down stairs; he would hold guard over the one in the upper chamber; and it being about time for Dolph's usual evening visit, Jack turned the key in Mollie's door, and went whistling into the adjoining chamber. The case of madness below was easily disposed of. Poor Dolph met Mrs. Muldoon half way. He confessed it was the merest presumption upon his part to aspire to the hand of a creature so fair and sweet and supremely perfect; he owned that his pecuniary prospects were hopeless, and his future a blank season of despair. He would trouble her no more, and might God bless her and prosper her! And here the poor fellow grew as pale that Mrs. Muldoon began to comfort him and cry over him

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as woman will; and their broken voices mounting up the dilapidated chimney opening to Mollie's room above, she started to her feet and ran over to the door.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, "let me out this instant."

"Not much," said Jack.

"Jack, listen to me," begged Mollie.

"'Juliet, hear my cry,'" said Jack.

"I'm not going to do any thing foolish, Jack."

"'Juliet, I am not mad,'" said Jack. "Now here, sis, it's no go. 'This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.'"

"Jack, I've got three dollars that Aunt Cynthia gave me towards my walking suit: you shall have it for your club skates if you'll let me out."

"Hist! What is this I hear?" said Jack. "Bribery! Corruption! Woman, would you insult me? Three dollars, did you say? And I've got fifty cents. [illegible]ery! a pretty sum of money—"

At that moment was heard the broken voice of Dolph: "Good-night—good-by." The front door closed upon the despairing lover.

"Hang it!" said Jack, "I was just beginning to [illegible]."

"I can get him back again," said Mollie; but she found this not so easy, after all. Dolph had a pride of his own, that had long battled impotently against his love. He had always mourned his inability to buy little trinkets for Mollie, or lay some befitting token upon the shrine of his idolatry; and now that Mrs. Muldoon had shown him the serious injury he was unwittingly doing the one being he adored, it was enough. He came no more to the house; the skating pond missed its champion; the main street lost its most graceful promenader; no more little billets-doux went into the vest pocket nearest his heart, or lay in the perfumed recesses of Mollie's battered writing-desk. The broker's office where Dolph was employed opened late and closed early, for there was very little business doing in those times of commercial depression, but he haunted the busy streets of the financial centre with so haggard and distracted an air that he passed for a youth who had ventured his all upon some rotten security and lost it. Which, indeed, was the truth in more ways than one.

Mollie, who had not looked for this firmness of resolve upon his part, began to grow pale and listless; she also forsook the familiar haunts that love had made so delightful, and busied herself more than ever with patching up the outward appearance of her toilet and the shabby surroundings at home. She grew less plump, less rosy; faint lines of thought traced her fair white brow; her eyes took a shade of melancholy in their depth that made them a deeper, softer, darker blue.

"She's losing her health," sighed poor Mrs. Muldoon.

"She's more beautiful than ever," said Mrs. Cynthia Cinqbar, Mrs. Muldoon's fashionable sister; but even this lady could not but confess that the tender grass green she had always adapted to Mollie's complexion did not become her as of old, and that crimson tint which still burned in the heart of the roses had fled from the cheeks of sweet Mollie Muldoon.

It was midsummer, and Babbleton was at its loveliest and best, and it became necessary for fashionable people to leave it at once. Among the arrivals at a popular watering-place might have been noticed the names of Mrs. Cinqbar and Miss Mollie Muldoon, and within a month letters began to reach Babbleton that made the heart of poor Mrs. Muldoon beat with alternate hope and fear.

"Mollie behaves like an angel," wrote Mrs. Cinqbar; "and if you show the least discretion and sense in following up this providential opportunity of hers, it will be the luckiest thing in the world for you all. Mr Fithian is a man of distinction and influence as well as wealth, and will be sure to give Jack a push in life. We should all of us be exceedingly grateful for Mollie's success; and I do hope you'll manage to get that mouldy dining room of yours repapered and painted before Mollie's return. Jack might help in these things during his holidays, and I'll see that you have presentable linen and china for the table. If you lived within the pale of civilization, Mr Fithian needn't, of course, stay to a meal; but no one can tell what may happen in that miserable Babbleton, in the way of a flood, or hurricane, or something."

Mrs. Muldoon did her feeble best, aided by some abortive efforts of Jack, whose invention far outran his executive ability; but when Mollie came back the whole domestic ménage began to wear an air of comfortable serenity. Mollie soothed the fear and fluster of her mamma, altered her old black silk to the newest style, coaxed and bullied Jack into a soul recognition of the inevitable, and every thing went merry as a marriage bell. Aunt Cinqbar was astonishingly generous, for one of her cautious proclivities, and other relatives, who had hitherto been as adamant to the calls for relief, became plastic as putty in the face of this joyful extremity.

Mollie's wedding trousseau far exceeded her wildest ambition; and as she had considerable versatility of soul, those smooth expanses of silk and velvet took some such a shape to her as the lump of rough marble to the sculptor, or a nicely stretched canvas to an artist. Her eyes began to glow before the scissors snipped into the material; and when the whole ideal conception was realized, and particularly as the train hung well, and she was fitted to a nicety, she was wildly happy.

Only once was there an open allusion to Dolph. When it was proposed that the bridal couple should kneel during the benediction, "No, no," cried Mollie; "men never kneel gracefully, at least there are very few—only one; but never mind."

Two or three hours after, her mother came upon her unawares, and found her with her face bowed upon her hands. When it was lifted, it was wet with tears; but she would bear no caressing, and only said she was tired, and so glad the storm would prevent Mr Fithian from coming down. In truth, it was a day on which no man, beast, or reptile would care to be abroad. Heavy black clouds hung over Babbleton; the wind swept wildly through the deserted streets, increasing at nightfall to a hurricane, howling and shrieking like an unloosed demon about the dwellings of that hapless suburb, tearing ruthlessly the gimcracks of flimsy architecture from roofs and balconies, uprooting trees and shrubs, rocking Mollie's bedstead like a cradle, and at last sending a brick with direful accuracy straight down Mrs. Muldoon's chimney through the kitchen stove-pipe, blocking up the damper, and frustrating the baking of a lovely meat pie that Mollie had made for supper.

Then the heavens opened, and the rain fell, and such a rain! A bucketful at a drop, Jack said, when he came home from town. He was wet to his knees, and declared that, two blocks below, a raft was plying from corner to corner; the boys were getting out their boats, and if the storm continued, the city of Venice would be nothing to Babbleton. As the kitchen fire had gone out, Jack's clothes were put to dry in the dining-room; the meat pie was still in its dough casing, but the coffee was warm, and there was plenty of cold ham in the larder. "And with ham and pickles," said Jack, "we can defy the elements."

So they all sat down to supper, Mollie's hair in one braid down her back, and the bib of her kitchen apron still tucked under her chin, when suddenly there was a ring at the bell.

"If that's Mr. Fithian," said Mollie, "I shall die. Do run up and see, Jack."

Then Mrs. Muldoon and Mollie waited in breathless silence, and as the house was small, and its acoustic properties accommodating, the smoothly modulated tones of Mr Fithian came distinctly to their ears. "Is Miss Mollie in?" Jack rather thought she wasn't out. Then the parlor door opened and shut, and Jack came below.

"He's more like Mephistopheles than ever to-night," said Jack. "He's always tall and lean and cadaverous, but he's a spectre now, and 'his eyes have all the gleaming of a demon in their dreaming.'"

"Is he very wet, Jack?"

"Wet! He's drowned. But he's as polite as a mounseer; he's holding two quarts of water at this present minute in his high hat, and smiling blandly the while the rain drops over his marble brow."

Mollie went bravely up into the parlor. Now there is this about the grace of youth, that it is invincible; and Mr. Fithian had never found Mollie so charming as when she stood there before him with her kitchen bib on, and her hair in one braid down her back; but, on the other hand, a gentleman of Mr Fithian's physique and style and age can be awfully brought to grief by two hours' wading in a tempest. His devotion was supreme, and merited a better acknowledgment at the hands of Mollie; but we all know the weakness and ingratitude of human nature. His overcoat and high hat and overshoes were thrown together in a wet mass upon the rack; Mollie saw them as she passed through the hall, and her heart sank within her. Did he expect to remain? With the kitchen fire out, and the back area filling with water, and nothing in the house but ham and pickles, did this alien and stranger expect to be asked to share their humble hospitality? He stood there, pretending to look at a book upon the marble table, while the water fell from his coat tails in a pool.

Mollie grew paler and paler in her sore perplexity, and Mr. Fithian felt a slight premonitory chill run down his vertebræ. He thought of rheumatism, pneumonia, a congestive chill. Despair lent him courage; he went over to Mollie, and endeavored to take her in his arms; but she drew back—it was bad enough when he was dry.

"You—you are so wet!" said Mollie.

"I know it," he said. "Can't I go somewhere and get dry? Let me go down stairs, Mollie, to the kitchen fire; surely you don't mind me, darling. Run down and ask your mother's permission."

Mollie knew the fire was quenched by the brick in the kitchen stove-pipe, but she went down nevertheless—any thing to get away from this miserable man.

Her mother met her at the stairs with a pale face and outstretched hands. "Don't come down, Mollie; the whole lower floor is flooded; the heater is out."

Mollie went into the parlor again. "There isn't one spark of heat in the whole house," she said to Mr. Fithian.

"Perhaps, under these circumstances, it would be better to retire to the upper chambers," said Mr. Fithian, whose teeth were now beginning unpleasantly to chatter.

"Yes, we'd better all go to bed," said poor Mrs. Muldoon; "we can at least be dry and warm there."

At that moment a portentous drop fell straight from the ceiling upon the sparsely covered cranium of Mr Fithian.

"Great Heaven! the roof is leaking!" cried Mrs. Muldoon; and rushing up stairs, they found a stream of water in the upper chamber gradually making its way to the floor below. It leaked from under the closet door. In that closet hung the better part of Mollie's bridal trousseau. She walked with a faltering step and a beating heart to the door, opened it, and took one quick gasp to catch her breath. A gust of wind blew her one braid of hair over her eyes, the rain came pelting down; the sky-light had blown off; the pretty conceits of silk and velvet, the unrivalled conceptions of the dress-maker's brain, the ribbons and lace and all the dainty finery there, had fallen a prey to the devastation of the elements. It was all over. Mollie was pale, but calm. She walked down stairs again with a firm step. As she went she heard a familiar voice in a subdued whisper:

"This floor is all right now, Mrs. Muldoon; the drain was clogged. Now Jack and I will get at the kitchen stove."

It was the voice of Dolph Dacre, the sweetest melody the world held for poor little Mollie Muldoon. Nothing could have kept her then from descending to the kitchen floor. It was wet and cold, and feebly lighted by the struggling flame of a solitary lamp, but Mollie suddenly found it radiant. It was warm, it was glowing, it was delightful. Dolph stood there, in his shirt sleeves, holding the kitchen stove-pipe, while Jack was extracting the intruding brick. His luxuriant locks were blown across his brow, a bar of soot extended Dolph's mustache, but, oh! the invincible grace of youth! Mollie looked at Dolph with clasped hands and pleading eyes.

"Hold on, Jack," said Dolph, and dropped the stove-pipe.

"What's the row?" said Jack, and looking up, found Mollie clasped to Dolph's bursting, exultant heart.

"It's all over, Dolph," sobbed Mollie. "I did the best I could, but every thing's spoiled. And what's the use? All the poor man can do is to get away, and stay away forever."

"I'll go for some conveyance for him, if you say so, Mollie," said Dolph, who had a compassionate heart.

"If you only would," said Mollie.

And he did. Mr. Fithian was quite ill for several weeks, and somehow in gaining one fever he lost the other. At all events, when Mollie was married, the other day, to Dolph Dacre, among the wedding presents was a set of silver from Mr Fithian; and whether he meant it for satire or a religious exhortation nobody knew, but this inscription was neatly engraved upon the coffee-urn: "A foolish man built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Saturday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The company of English revisers of the New Testament have completed their final revision. They have, since June, 1870, held eighty-five sessions, and have spent 397 days in this work. The average attendance has been fifteen out of the whole number—twenty-four. The suggestions of the American company, not yet decided on, remain to be considered, when the task will be complete. The New Testament will be published without delay for the completion of the Old—most probably within two years.

The government of Austria takes the supervision of family worship, and forbids it in some cases. A few simple folk in the empire who had changed from the Catholic to the evangelical faith, and who have reformed their lives too, tell this story: "On a certain Sunday, while the family of —— were holding morning family worship, at which none but the family and two lodgers were present, the police appeared, drove us all out of the room, and bade the household to get to work, telling them that if they wanted to pray they must go elsewhere." Again and again the officers have appeared, and have repeated this proceeding. No charge of disorder or political design is made against these humble converts. They have been fined and imprisoned also for the offense of worshipping God in their own homes. There is nothing like a paternal government—for superintending family prayers.

The overture of the last Presbyterian Assembly on Representation has so far been received with favor by the Presbyteries. It proposes one commissioner to the Assembly for every 2000 communicants. Fifty-one Presbyteries have voted—31 in favor and 20 against. Among the affirmative Presbyteries are Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington; among the negative are New York, Brooklyn, and St. Louis.

A blow given to Mormonism is a public benefit, and such a blow has been given by the Supreme Court of the United States. A late decision pronounces the laws of Congress forbidding polygamy to be constitutional. The fact that such a decision has been required, on an appeal from the courts of Utah, shows with what tenacity the Mormons adhere to this scandalous practice. A thorough enforcement of the law should not be impossible in the present state of society throughout the Territory.

Of the fourth of the Yale Lectures delivered by Bishop SIMPSON before the Divinity School of New Haven, the *Independent* of January 9 says: "The address was thoroughly practical in its tone, and was delivered with the lecturer's customary vigor and earnestness. The bishop speaks with an intense conviction of the importance of the minister's work, based on a long personal experience, and it is this fact which gives his words such influence, and renders his lectures so popular among the students."

The Year Book of the Unitarian churches of the United States for 1879 does not state the number of members. The number of societies is 358, against 353 in 1878 and 348 in 1874—a gain of ten in five years. The number of societies without pastors is 99—more than one-fourth of the whole. "But of these 99," says the *Christian Register*, "there are not more than 25 which have the ability to support a minister; for we must not only deduct the unburied dead ones, but a large number of small or declining parishes in the East, and a still larger number of mere preaching stations in the West, where little groups of liberals have a nominal organization." The number of ministers is 401, which is 43 more than the whole number of societies; deducting, however, those who are disabled by sickness or age, and those who are engaged in philanthropic or educational work, the number available as pastors is about 300. Among the ministers who have been ordained for a longer period than half a century, and who are well known to the country, are FREDERICK H. HEDGE, of Cambridge; ORVILLE DEWEY, formerly of New York; WILLIAM H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia; and FREDERICK A. FARLEY, of Brooklyn.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor TYNDALL has recently made a restatement of his religious opinions. His language shows that he has not been misunderstood. He rejects materialism; he admits religious feeling as a fact of human consciousness; he denies, however, that there is an objective correspondent to this feeling. He says, "It is against the mythologic scenery, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that science enters her protest." Professor TYNDALL does not hold the conviction universal among Christians, and so well expressed by Archdeacon WILBERFORCE, that "religion, being a divine reality, implies the existence of certain outward facts, external to ourselves, which have a being independent of our thoughts, and are the object of our consideration. Neither can it flourish unless the subjective action of our thoughts be maintained by the presence of such objective realities."

A formula has been agreed upon between the Pope and the Italian government for obtaining the royal exequatur by bishops, the patronage of whose dioceses is claimed by the crown. A petition to the Parliament has been drawn up by the Northern Italian bishops asking a relaxation of the law which subjects candidates for the priesthood to conscription. Other bishops will, it is said, unite in this petition. If they do, it will be a recognition of the government, which has hitherto been refused.

The way they have in England of quarrelling over religion is amusing. Mr. TOOTH quarrelled with his wardens, fought the police, the judge of the Court of Arches, was sent to prison, was released, took a trip round the world, came home, and quarrelled with his substitute, the Rev. MALCOLM M'COLL. The Rev. A. H. MACKONOCHIE has had his quarrel with the courts. He has been suspended and what not, but won a victory in the Lord Chief Justice's Court on an appeal. And now the judges are quarrelling about religion. Lord PENZANCE has reviewed the decision of Chief Justice COCKBURN in the MACKONOCHIE case, no doubt tartly; and the Chief Justice reviews Lord PENZANCE in a pamphlet of sixty-four pages. Lord COCKBURN lays about him with the fury of an inquisitor. "The style and tone of your judgment," he writes, "and its offensive and unprovoked attack on myself, have excited in my mind a degree of astonishment equalled only by my sense of injustice at finding," etc., etc. Whether a quarrel will now break out in the High Court of Appeals, whither one of the cases has gone, is of course unknown; but such an end would only be of a piece with all that has preceded.

The colored Baptists are very numerous in Richmond, Virginia, and they are very prosperous. The "Old First Church," which has a great fame, reports for 1878 1115 baptisms. There are eight or nine other churches of colored Baptists in that city. Their ministers are men of energy and character. Among them is the Rev. JOHN JASPER, usually known as "the philosopher," who stands firmly to his faith that "the sun does move." On this topic he has preached and lectured copiously.

The Convocation of the Free Church of England has entered into negotiations with the Reformed Episcopal Church for union, or at least friendly association. In December last the St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church of Montreal, an edifice of stone purchased of the Baptists, was opened for the first time by its new occupants. The rector, Dr. USSHER, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Archbishop USSHER.

The annual summary of contributions in 1877 to the British societies organized for promoting foreign Christian missions has been published by Canon SCOTT ROBERTSON. The increase over the year 1876 is £52,000. The Church of England missions have received £466,072; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £163,845; English Nonconformist societies, £324,321; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £139,011; Propaganda of the Roman Catholic Church in England, £7683. The total of all contributions to sixty-seven societies for 1877 is £1,100,788. This total is exclusive of income from investments and contributions from beyond Great Britain.

We have at length an official declaration of the present prospect of peace between the Vatican and Germany. A motion having been offered last month to the Prussian Diet for the modification of the law of May, 1875, which suppressed the religious orders, Dr. FALK said that the government was "not disposed to retract any of its measures." Still further he added, "The Pope has frequently given expression to his wish for peace, and therefore it has become the duty of the government to try and find by negotiation the basis for an understanding; but the nature of such a basis has already been laid down in the well-known letter of the Crown Prince to his Holiness, according to which we must leave out those debatable points of principle which lead on no principle to antagonism. ....But the peace must be a possible peace, not one that calls on the state for unconditional submission, but one that bids it retrace the steps it has taken, in order to reconstruct its own position, and to be fair to all confessions. Such a peace would find no epithet strong enough to characterize it, and history warns us that after a time the same questions left unsettled will crop up again and renew a state of conflict." If all this does not mean that Germany refuses to yield the supremacy it has assumed over the administration of the Church, it means nothing.

It was stated also by Dr FALK that the law of 1875 distributed over four years the work of dissolving the monastic establishments which were devoted to education. There were at that time in Prussia forty-four orders of this kind, maintaining 919 establishments. Of this number 784 have been suppressed, and substitutes provided. Dr FALK declared emphatically that the government "would not give back the schools into the hands of the religious orders."

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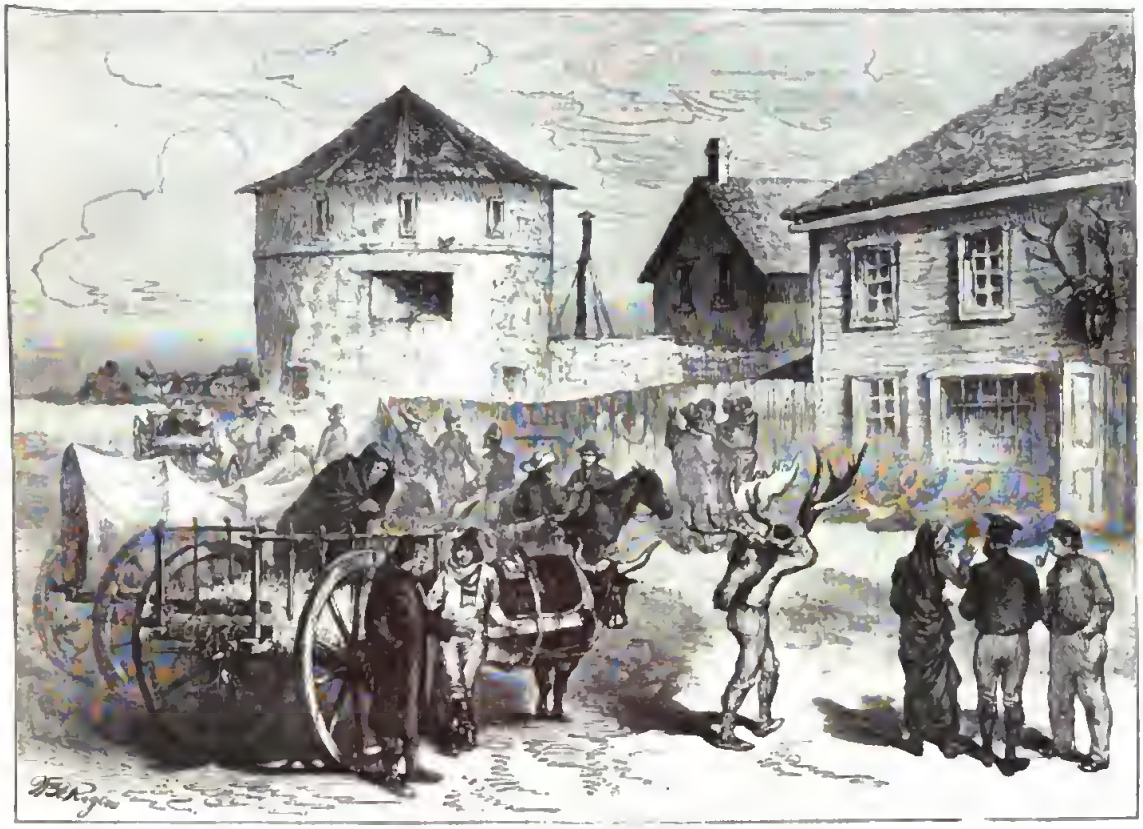
A FABLE.

An Ass congratulated a Horse on being so *ungrudgingly and carefully provided for*, while he himself had *scarcely enough to eat, nor even that without hard work*. But when war broke out, and the heavy armed soldier mounted the Horse, and riding him to the charge, rushed into the very midst of the enemy, and the Horse, being wounded, fell dead on the battle-field, then the Ass, seeing all these things, changed his mind, and commiserated the Horse.

Moral.—When the battle was over, the Ass was the same old Ass.

THE ASS AND THE CHARGER.



TRADERS AT FORT GARRY, MANITOBA.

STANDING ROCK, THE SACRED STONE OF THE SIOUX.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTHWEST.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 76.]

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SKETCHES IN THE NORTHWEST.

OUR first illustration on page 73 gives a view of old Fort Garry, the principal trading post of the Hudson Bay Company at Manitoba. The sketch shows a portion of the fort, which is a formidable defense against Indian attacks, although it would not be much of an obstacle in the way of ordinary artillery. The building on the right is the company's store, where Indians and white trappers dispose of their furs and other spoils of the chase, and obtain in return supplies of food, ammunition, clothing, and any articles of outfit they may need.

The lower illustration shows an interesting ceremony observed by the Sioux about the famous "Standing Rock," situated near the Missouri River in Northern Dakota. This rock is of a very peculiar shape, and with it are connected several Indian legends. Among the Sioux the one most generally believed is that the stone was, many years ago, a young and beautiful Indian girl, whose betrothed was slain in battle. She mourned for him with the deepest and most constant sorrow, and although many warrior suitors sought her in marriage, she remained true to her first and only love. When she died, many years afterward, the Great Spirit transformed her body into this stone, so that, instead of mouldering in the dust, it might remain forever as a memorial of her love and fidelity. It is an object of great veneration among the Sioux, who visit it frequently, strew tobacco leaves, medicine bags, food, and trinkets around it, and paint the surface with rude, fantastic designs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE following important advice is given to the columns of one of our leading daily journals:

"Air your rooms two or three times a day during the cold snap. It is generally after a period of tightly closed doors and windows that diphtheria and scarlet fever are most virulent."

Many persons have a vague impression—which, vague as it is, influences their daily habits—that cold air is necessarily pure air; and as the air within the house naturally becomes cooler during the night, they neglect, during a cold "spell," to open windows and thoroughly ventilate their rooms. Exactly how scarlet fever and diphtheria originate may be still a disputed point among physicians; but there can be no question that if miasma and contagion are floating in the atmosphere, nothing will more surely scatter them than an abundance of the freshest air. If sewer gas permeates a house, there is more safety in fresh air than in any thing else short of radical changes in the plumbing, the last of course being of paramount importance if defects are suspected. But it often happens—cases have lately occurred—that in residences where the plumbing arrangements were supposed to be perfect, these dreadful diseases appear, and are very fatal. Unsuspected defects are usually discovered after death has claimed some victims. Thorough ventilation would in many such instances prevent or at least modify the diseases.

At the present time scarlet fever and diphtheria are so prevalent that much anxiety is felt lest they become epidemic. These diseases are often combined, and then are exceedingly fatal. The Board of Health has adopted many measures of prevention to the spread of these diseases. Families in which cases of scarlet fever or diphtheria occur have been notified that all their children must be kept from school until there is no possibility of carrying the contagion, and sick children should be isolated as completely as is possible. If parents and teachers would actively use, and inculcate the use of, some simple precautions when such contagious diseases are prevalent, the spread of them would be materially checked.

Among the long-to-be-remembered catastrophes of 1878 may be mentioned the wreck of the steamer *Metropolis* on the North Carolina coast, causing the loss of about one hundred lives; the capsizing of the training ship *Eurydice* in the British Channel, with loss of 300 persons; the collision between the *Grosser Kurfürst* and the *König Wilhelm* in the English Channel, 280 persons being lost; the destruction of the town of Cua, in Venezuela, by an earthquake; a colliery explosion in Haydock, England, and another in Wales, causing together a sacrifice of 461 lives; and the destruction of the Hungarian town of Miskolcz by a storm, 300 lives being lost. These stand out prominently, although there were numerous other disasters at sea and on land, by fire and by flood.

Brazilian trade with the United States has assumed such proportions that a movement has been made to establish an American banking house with a branch at Rio Janeiro—an arrangement which would remove one of the chief disadvantages with which American merchants have to contend in their efforts to build up such a trade with Brazil as justly belongs to a country which purchases yearly more than one-half of Brazil's entire production.

On January 3, 1879, the mercury fell to 3° below zero, that being the lowest point recorded by the thermometer at the Signal Service Office in this city for ten years, with the exception of one day in 1873, when for two hours only the mercury stood at 6° below zero. From various other places, particularly from the Northwest, severe cold was reported, as follows. Below zero—Yankton, 18°; Cheyenne, 10°; Breckinridge, Minnesota, 40°; Omaha, 20°; St. Paul, 13°; Leavenworth, 12°; St. Louis, 8°; Chicago, 13°; Indianapolis, 10°; Cincinnati, 9°; Detroit, 11°; Louisville, 6°; Nashville, 1°; Pittsburgh, 11°; Washington, zero; Philadelphia, zero.

A complete bridge of ice, three and a quarter miles in length, was formed on the Hudson River between Nyack and Tarrytown on January 5. It was patronized by a large number of foot-passengers.

Not long ago the Earl of Beaconsfield was presented with a gold and silver casket by the English residents in California. This token of regard seems to have touched a tender spot in the heart of the great English statesman; and with more genuine feeling than he has usually manifested he in return assured them of his gratitude and sympathy, and that he should never forget their kindness.

During the intense cold of Saturday, January 4, the Chicago Post-office Buildings were destroyed by fire. The fire probably originated in rooms adjoining the engine-room, where the carpenter of the building made repairs, and the flames spread with great rapidity. All the employés of the post-office escaped, although with some difficulty. The mails were safely removed, and most valuable papers were locked in the vaults; but many important documents were doubtless destroyed. Postal business will be transacted for the present in the old Singer Building, at the corner of State and Washington streets.

Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain last October, was executed in Madrid on January 4.

A sudden "snap" of cold weather, such as we have recently experienced, is a severe test of temper and patience. We are never quite prepared for the thermometer to go below zero, although we might well remember that in this vicinity it is liable to do so once or twice at least every winter. But "below zero" is always unexpected by us. We suddenly become conscious that ordinary care and ordinary arrangements have failed to secure ordinary comfort. The water-pipes have frozen up or have burst; plumbers are too busy to attend to our calls; scores of household inconveniences appear that never show themselves in mild weather; and when, muffled up and impatient of delay, we venture out of doors, icy pavements, overcrowded horse-cars, belated "elevated" cars, ice-delayed ferry-boats, and contact with people irritated by the piercing cold and the extraordinary impediments to locomotion, often make it not a little difficult to preserve a calm and kindly frame of mind. It is well to remember that the discomforts we suffer in a cold snap or after a great storm are not peculiar to ourselves. And yet every citizen, both in his private and public capacity, should give his best *forethought* to prevent the recurrence of difficulties at such times which are preventable.

WHAT WE EAT.

THE adulteration of food and drinks has become almost as general as the use of those articles itself. Scarcely an article used by man in civilized countries has escaped this process where it was possible to unite some cheaper substance with it. Flour, coffee, tea, sugar, butter, and a hundred other articles, are well known to be the commonest articles that undergo this adulteration process. The methods have been so often exposed that the public are tolerably acquainted with the manipulations these substances undergo at the hands of experts.

Bread, truthfully called the staff of life, is no exception to this rule.

The *Evening Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the result of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people.

From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are taken:

Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda, and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents, a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking powder manufacturers. It is admitted by all medical authorities that cream of tartar leaves no injurious substance in the bread; alum, on the other hand, is in itself a dangerous astringent, and there is wide and deep-seated prejudice against its use. In England and other countries the adulteration of food with alum is forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The chemical effect of alum used in bread to whiten it is to form two salts of alumina—the sulphate and the phosphate of alumina. When used in baking powder the alum forms a third salt, the hydrate of alumina, as well as the other two. This hydrate of alumina is far more easily soluble than the other two; hence any objection that may exist to the use of alum alone in bread applies with greater force to its use in baking powder. This fact can be proven by the following named authorities:

Parkes is the leader of the new school of hygiene in England. In his "Treatise on Hygiene," he says: "Looking then to the positive evidence, and the reasonableness of that evidence, it seems to me extremely likely that strongly alumed bread does produce the injurious effects ascribed to it." These effects, as he previously states, are indigestion, griping, constipation, and kindred troubles resulting from irritation of the mucous membrane, produced by the astringent properties of alum.

In Dr Hammond's work on hygiene, written in 1860, the following passages occur: "Alum acts by rendering the albumen [in the bread] less soluble." "The use of alum in bread is injurious, both because it tends to conceal the bad quality of the flour employed, and because it is capable of exercising an injurious effect upon the bread by rendering it indigestible. It is also probable that the continued ingestion of alum is calculated to disorder the healthy action of the digestive system."

Persons who have not strong constitutions, growing girls, young children, and nursing mothers, are particularly liable to the evil effects produced by this use of alum. Heartburn and the prevalent forms of indigestion are often solely traceable to the action of alum on the delicate coats of the stomach. Those who think the size of the dose is too small to be dangerous, will see by the accompanying analysis that the dose is not so small after all; moreover, even a small dose may have serious results.

To make sure of knowing the action of alum, the *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect when used in baking powder from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability, such as Dr Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General of the United States, Professor Willard Parker, M.D., and Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D.

Dr William A. Hammond, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth Street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking powders. Alluding to the claim advanced that the alum was neutralized and changed into an insoluble salt, he said that this was a wholly improbable assumption, since such a perfect change could not take place unless the amounts of the alum and the bicarbonate of soda were combined in the exact chemical ratio necessary for each to absorb all of the other. Not only was this impossible in the manufacture of large quantities of baking powder, but the homogeneous character of the compound could not be exactly maintained throughout the whole mass, and therefore there would be sure to be a certain amount of free alum in any bread made with an alum baking powder. But even if the exact proportion were maintained, the salts formed would retain their injurious properties, as they would be dissolved in the gastric juice. The gastric juice contained not only lactic acid, but a large amount of hydro-chloric acid, and both the sulphate and hydrate of alumina would be dissolved. The phosphate might not be, but in that case the bread would be deprived of one of its most desirable ingredients, making the use of alum not only dangerous to the stomach, but deteriorating to the food.

"The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitably tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Professor Willard Parker said that if alum was substituted for cream of tartar in baking powder, in his opinion such powder would be injurious to health.

Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., considers that alum has its uses, but it should not be ignorantly taken into the stomach in food. A substance which can derange the stomach, and in certain cases produce vomiting, should not be tolerated in baking powder.

Dr. Le Grand N. Denslow, of No. 223 West Twenty-third Street, gave the following as his opinion on this subject: "Bread containing the salts of alum, which are freely soluble in the gastric juice, is undoubtedly prejudicial to health, the salts acting as irritants to the stomach."

Having obtained the foregoing medical opinions, the reporter investigated a number of brands of baking powder. The Brooklyn Board of Health and the New York Board of Health have both ordered an official investigation of baking powder, and the chemist of the Brooklyn Board has made his report. In this report, a striking feature has not generally been noticed. He reports that in a "sample can" of one brand, Dooley Brothers Yeast Powder, he could find no alum, while in the ordinary cans of the same brand he did find alum. "Sample cans" are generally furnished by the manufacturers to the retail dealers to be given away to customers as an inducement to use that brand thereafter. Dr McCorkle, chemist to the Brooklyn Board, reported finding alum in the powder of the Patapsco brand also, manufactured in Baltimore.

There are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking powder manufactured in this country, and, while some of them are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the majority have only a local sale near their respective places of manufacture. Through Dr Henry A. Mott, Jr., the well-known chemist for the Indian Bureau, one of the most competent, trustworthy, and careful experts of this country, the following analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing.

Dr Mott's report is as follows:

Dear Sir,—In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analysis of sixteen baking powders, in all of which I found alum as an important ingredient:

DOOLEY'S BAKING OR YEAST POWDER, DOOLEY BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Constituents.	Dr Mott.	Prof. Horton.	Prof. Schedler.	Dr. Stillwell.
Burnt alum	19.45	26.078	27.82	29.00
Bi-carb. soda	24.17	24.878	25.36	23.00
Sesqui-carb. ammonia	8.01	2.012	2.86	2.00
Cream of tart.	None.	None.	None.	None.
Starch	47.87	47.000	44.50	45.40
Total	100.00	100.000	100.00	100.00

PATAPSCO BAKING POWDER, SMITH, HANWAY, & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Constituents:	Dr. Mott.	Prof. Schedler.
Burnt alum	6.10	6.14
Bi-carbonate of soda	6.61	6.36
Cream of tartar	None.	None.
Starch	87.17	87.46
Total	100.00	100.00

CHARM BAKING POWDER, BOHRER, CHRISTIAN, & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Constituents:	Dr Mott.	Prof. Patrick.	Prof. Schedler.
Burnt alum	30.08	29.46	29.50
Bi-carbonate of soda	31.82	36.03	31.10
Carbonate of ammonia	—	—	—
Cream of tartar	None.	None.	None.
Starch	38.10	38.60	38.37
Total	100.00	100.00	100.00

The Regal Baking Powder, C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee, Wis., and Grant's Yeast Powder, J. C. Grant, Philadelphia, Penn., were analyzed by Professor Schedler alone as follows:

Constituents:	Andrews's Baking Powder.	Grant's Yeast Powder.
Burnt alum	22.83	19.18
Bi-carbonate of soda	21.70	20.14
Sesqui-carb. of ammonia	—	1.00
Sulphate of lime	—	1.30
Cream of tartar	None.	None.
Starch	55.00	58.44
Total	100.50	100.00

I have found that the following named baking powders also contained alum: the Queen, Bennett & Sloane, New Haven, Conn.; the Kellogg, J. C. Kellogg & Co., New York; the Vienna, Church & Co.; the Orient, Crouse, Walrath, & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; the Amazon, Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.; the Lakeside, C. O. Perrine, Chicago; the Twin Sisters, Union Chemical Works, Chicago; the Superlative, A. W. Zietlow, New York; the King, Jewett & Sherman Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; the Economical, Spencer Bros. & Co., Chicago; and the Excelsior, L. E. Taylor, Chicago. Yours very truly,

HENRY A. MOTT, JR., PH.D., E.M.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter questioned some of the manufacturers of baking powder.

One of the manufacturers visited was the Royal Baking Powder Company, No. 171 Duane Street. Mr. J. C. Hoagland gave the following replies:

REPORTER. "What is the cause of the present excitement about baking powders?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers. The extensive use of alum was discovered by Dr. Mott in analyzing a number of powders offered to the Indian Bureau, of which he was appointed chemist, and it was exposed by him in an article in the *Scientific American*."

REPORTER. "Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking Powder?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "No, sir."

REPORTER. "But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces. Cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents per pound, while alum costs less than three cents."

REPORTER. "You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits."

REPORTER. "Why, then, do you not use it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking Powder for the sake of a few years of illegitimate profit."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.—*N. Y. Post.*

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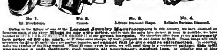

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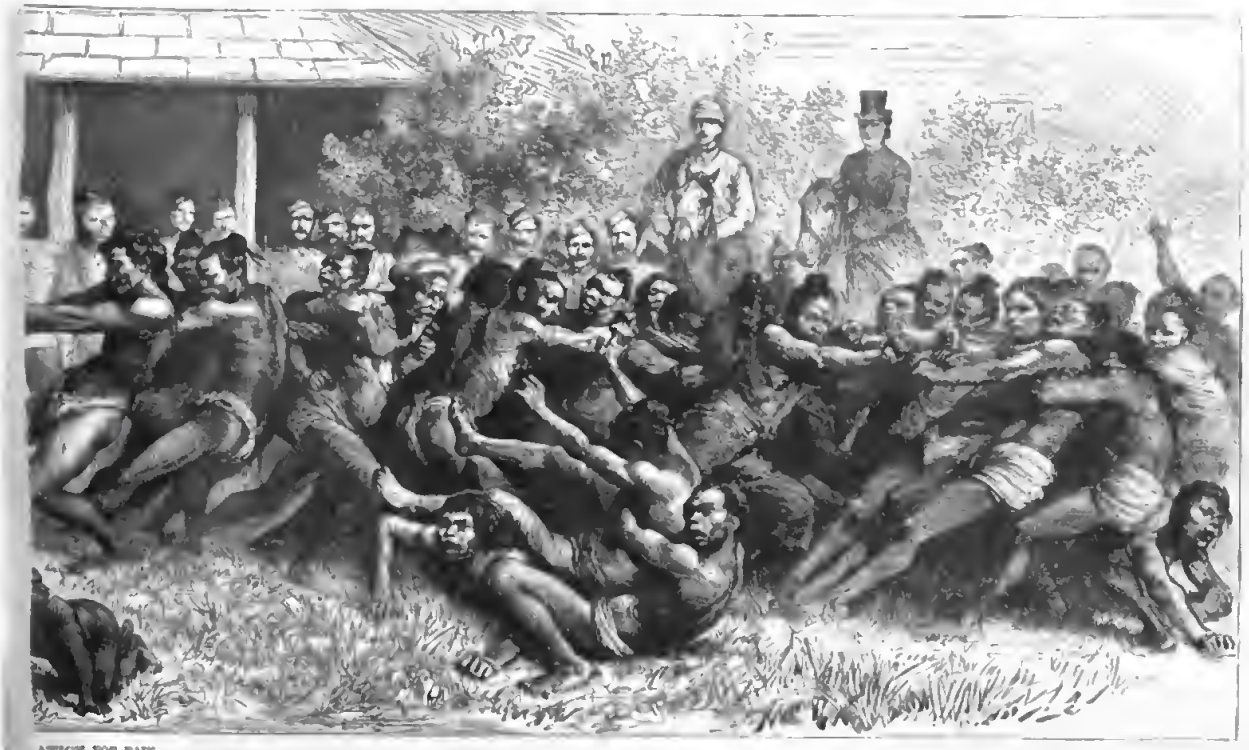

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None of the opin- ers of the Burmese occurs to that of Mr tropical work on this BIRDWOOD, and en- *Elephant*. He says s were a humorous, ment, however, rath- of their drapery was especially were ornamented. This d coats of mail, and as were used in a ie gay."

derives its peculiar to Burmese traditions, the depository of relics of the last four Buddhas, viz., the staff of KAKUTHANDA, the water dipper of GAUNAGUN, a garment of KATHAPA, and eight hairs from the head of GAUTAMA. Burmese pagodas, it may be observed, are *not* temples, but monuments erected to the memory of GAUTAMA, and they are all supposed to contain sacred relics, and consequently are objects of worship to the Buddhist. On small tables in front of the large idols, or at their base, as seen in our Illustration, large numbers of tiny images are frequently lying scattered about. A pious Burmese who purchases an idol first has the ceremony of consecration performed by the rahans (holy men). He then takes his purchase to whichever sacred building is most convenient, and there places it within the shelter of the temple, or even on the ground outside, nor does he ever again seem to have any anxiety about its preservation, but leaves the divinity to shift for itself. Some of these idols are made of marble that is found in the neighborhood of the capital of Burmah, and admits of a very fine polish; many are formed of wood, and gilded, and a few are of silver. The latter, however, are not exposed and neglected like the others. Silver and gold are rarely used except in the composition of household gods.

Diminutive idols are not, however, the only offering the devout Burmese lay at the feet of their idols. An eye-witness of the ceremonies that take place during some of the great religious festivals tells us: "Men bearing paper umbrellas, fruits, flowers, and other gifts crowd the image-houses, present their gifts to the favorite idol, making their *shed-ko*, and say their prayers with all dispatch. Others are gluing more gold-leaf on the face of the image, or anointing him with crackers, the explosion of which in sewing interferes with the sanctity of the worshippers. The women for the most part remain outside kneeling on the sward just at the entrance of the temple, where a view can be obtained of the image within." On another occasion we read: "The umbrellas brought were so numerous that one could with difficulty thread a passage through them. Some were pure white, others white and gold, while many boasted all the colors of the rainbow. They were made of paper beautifully cut into various patterns. There were numerous altars and images, and numberless little Gautamas; but a deep niche or cave, at the far end of which was a fat idol with a yellow cloth wrapped round him, seemed a place of peculiar sanctity. This recess would have been quite dark had it not been for the numberless tapers of yellow wax that were burning before the image. The closeness of the place, the smoke from the candles, and the fumes from the quantity of crackers constantly being let off rendered respiration almost impossible. An old pon-gyee (priest), however, the only one I ever saw in a temple, seemed quite in his element, his shaven beady head and coarse features looking ugly enough to serve for some favorite idol, and he seemed a fitting embodiment of so senseless and degrading a worship. The beating a bell with a deer's horn, the explosion of crackers, and the rapid muttering of prayers made up a din of sounds, the suitable accompaniment of so misdirected a devotion."

When the ceremonies at the temples come to an end, the Burmese worshippers wear out the rest of the day in such amusements as boxing, dancing, singing, and theatrical exhibitions. These last offer a singular study in hideous art. Among our sketches will be found the portraits of four actors. The artist to whom we are indebted for our group of engravings says of the first two figures: "The man is in court dress. A false beard is worn, because the Burmese have none natural.

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ly. The forward bending of the woman's arm is considered very fine by the Burmese male sex, and it is therefore adopted by the female.

"The 'tug of war' is a ceremony resorted to by the Burmese in times when there is such a scarcity of rain that fears of a failure in the paddy crop are entertained. It is exactly the same as the old game of 'French and English.' Instead of a rope, long canes, such as are used here for mooring timber rafts, are twisted together, and spokes are thrust through to give a firm hold. The sides are taken by men from different quarters of a town, or in the jungle by men from different villages. Each side is marshalled by two drums of the 'tom-tom' variety, called 'bone shay,' and a dreadful instrument like a short flageolet. A few pon-gyees (priests) are generally to be seen squatting close by, chewing the everlasting betel-nut, reading their laws, etc., graven on slips of palm leaf, and every now and then giving a shout of encouragement. When all is ready the drums' discordant sound gives the signal, and the 'tug of war' commences, each side endeavoring to pull the other over a cross-road or other distinct line of demarcation, amid shouts and yells of the most vigorous description. There is no advantage in vanquishing—the 'tug of war' brings rain to the just and unjust equally."

In their home life the Burmese are a simple-minded people, frank and courteous among themselves, and hospitable to strangers. They appreciate a quiet life, smoking, gossiping, and sleeping throughout the day, and listening to wild music and singing throughout half of the night. Their houses are built of teak wood, palm leaf, bamboo, rattan, and grass, and are generally raised upon piles four or five feet from the ground as a preservative against fevers bred by the great dampness of the climate, and to provide against the inundations of the rainy season. Native villages often consist of but one long and broad street, running through what is almost a jungle of date, banana, palm, or other tropical trees, and beneath these, nearly concealed from view, are the little bamboo huts, artfully carved monasteries, and tapering pagodas. The costume of the Burmese is remarkably simple. Both sexes wear a short white jacket, called an *engie*, and the male a *putso* (a piece of silk or cotton cloth, usually the former) of gay color, about a yard in width and four or five in length, wound round the loins. The women wear a *tamein*, which is a nearly square piece of cloth or silk, sufficiently large to wrap round the body, but fastened merely by tucking one end within the other, and consequently it gapes at every step and discloses nearly the whole of one leg; but this exhibition, being "the custom," is not deemed immodest. The men wear gay-colored *goungbounge* (bandanas), in adjusting which they sometimes entwine a thick lock of hair; the women wear no head-covering. Both men and women wear their hair long; the former gather it in a bunch on the top of the head, and the latter comb it straight back from the forehead and tie it in a knot behind. Both sexes commonly go barefooted, though the women sometimes wear a sort of leather sandal made after the classical Roman model.

OF COURSE!

"GWENDOLEN!" from Mrs. Olivia Glenmoreland's sanctum.

"Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glenmoreland's studio.

"Yes, ma'am—yes, Sir," from the pretty little maid running up the stairs. She stops a moment when she reaches the landing, as though considering which summons to answer first, and as she pauses, a handsome young man leans over the baluster and looks down upon her, and as he looks he thinks that never gazed he upon a prettier picture.

A slight, graceful young girl, with serious dark eyes, delicately cut features, clear pale face, and light wavy brown hair, showing little specks of gold as the sunlight falls through the hall window upon it, parted simply on the low broad brow and rippling away behind the lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian coil at the back of the small round head, in a closely clinging dress of some soft dark material, with a knot of garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister knot on each lace-trimmed pocket of the dainty white apron.

"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming conscious of his presence, looks up with a smile, "will you pose for me?"

"As soon as I can, Mr. Denys," she replies, in a voice softer and sweeter, but as frank and cheery as his own. "Your father and mother have both called me. I must attend to them first." And as the handsome head is withdrawn, she enters the room on the right, which one can see at a glance is the den of a sculptor, and a sculptor who, if it be true that "good order is the foundation of all good things," can never hope to attain any wondrous height in his profession. Half-finished statuettes and busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos in clay, plaster, and marble, are standing and lying about in the greatest confusion. Over Shakespeare's dome-like forehead droops a broad-brimmed hat; from the throat of a dancing faun stream the long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a flower girl offers with her flowers a pair of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled collar. The sculptor himself—an odd-looking man with whitish black eyes, and a massive head covered with a tangled mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread gleaming here and there—attired in a blouse, the back of which alone gives a hint of its original color, is regarding with critical gaze a half-modelled bust on the table before him, which in turn regards him with the blank stare peculiar to its kind.

"Ah! there you are," he says, approvingly, as Jessie comes quietly in. "It is well. I want your nose, my child. 'Tis just the nose for Elaine. Couldn't find a better if I searched the wide world o'er. Stand over there by Hercules—that's a dear—and look at Mephistopheles." And he commences to sing in a strong if not altogether musical voice the "Gold Song" from *Faust*, as the voice from the opposite room calls again, "Gwendolen!"

"Can you spare my nose a little while, Sir?" asks the model, still looking steadily at the grinning tempter in the corner, but with a gleam of mischief in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs. Glenmoreland is calling."

"Oh! ah, yes. Gwendolen"—working away. "How long have you been Gwendolen?"

"For two weeks past, Sir. Ever since my mistress began 'The Princess and the Dairy Maid.' May I go, Sir?" still, best of models, with her eyes fixed on the fiend.

"You may; but come back soon; for kings may die and emperors lose their crowns, but Art is deathless, and forever reigns."

"Yes, Sir," assents Jessie, demurely, and trips away.

Mrs. Glenmoreland, sitting before her desk, on which is piled many sheets of paper covered with eye-exasperating chirography, her right hand nervously waving her pen about, her left grasping her fluffy fair hair, as its great derangement, allows the wrinkle of perplexed thought on her brow to melt away as the pretty girl appears.

"Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims, turning suddenly toward her, and thereby scattering the pile of manuscript in every direction, "I want your ear. She has the most correct ear"—this to an elderly lady who is sewing industriously by a small work-table in the centre of the room. "Now my *prose* is excellent, and my poetry not *bad*—so I am told; but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme exactly, and that sort of thing is only allowed to the very *greatest* of poets. I'm introducing a battle song in the last chapter of my novelette, and I'm in doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—'rah' and 'war.' *Are they true, or are they not, Gwendolen?*"

But before Gwendolen, who is on her knees picking up the scattered papers, can reply, somebody comes down the stairs with a rush, and bolts into the sanctum.

"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained fingers," he says. "But all the same I must have Browneyes; I want her arm. My grape-gatherer is waiting for the wherewithal to gather the grapes."

"*Is it—I mean are they?*" asks Mrs. Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the manuscript on the desk again, and places a paper-weight upon it. And then she smiles at her son, who, after tenderly ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses the brow beneath it.

"I don't think they are," modestly answers Jessie.

"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is dipped into the ink again.

"And now, Browneyes, your arm—your arm!" cries Denys, striking a melodramatic attitude.

"I'm afraid you can't have it just yet, Mr. Denys. I have promised your father my nose for an hour or so," says Browneyes, dropping a cunning little courtesy.

"By Jove! is the governor at work again? Ten to one he never finishes it. I'll look in on him for a moment or two; he'll turn me out at the end of that time. By-by, mamma."

"I really don't know what we would do without her," says Mrs. Glenmoreland, musingly, letting her pen fall and blotting the sheet before her as the young people vanish.

"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes, Jessie, or whatever her name is?" inquires the elderly lady (who, by-the-bye, is an aunt of the author's, on a visit to her niece for the first time in fifteen years).

"Known as Jessie to her sponsors in baptism," explains Mrs. Glenmoreland, "but Denys has always called her Browneyes, and I have a habit of giving her the name of my heroine for the time being: it helps to keep my story in my thoughts. Dear, dear, how many names the little girl has answered to since she came here four years ago! And she has never objected but to two—'Phantom of Yellow Hill,' and 'Hag of Murder Creek.' And I don't much wonder at her not liking *them*."

"Neither do I," says the aunt, with a grim smile. "But you have never told me any thing about her. Who is she?"

"Haven't I? Well, as I can't take up the thread of my poem—that horrid Denys!—I'll take up the cat"—lifting a pretty white and black kitten from the floor—"and narrate for your especial benefit. You know when Gerald and I were first married we were very unpractical—"

"I should think so," interrupts the elderly lady, with a decisive nod. "One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a sculptor of nineteen."

"But dear mamma, with whom we lived," her niece goes on, "made life easy for us until nine years ago, when she died. Then for five years all was experiment and confusion. At first we tried boarding; but the people with whom we boarded objected to our breakfasting at odd moments between eight and twelve, and thought it unreasonable that we should expect little suppers at midnight. And, besides, they also complained that Denys—then only twelve, but already developing the artistic—used their best saucers, plates, and things to mix paints on; and when the dear boy borrowed the marble slab of the parlor table for the same meritorious purpose, they became so very violent we were obliged to leave. Then we tried furnished rooms; made coffee over the gas in the morning, and dined at the restaurant in the evening. But we were soon obliged to give up *this* mode of life, the principal reason being that the bill of fare proved such a temptation: and to our shame be it said—having the most uncertain of incomes—that when our ventures were successful we weakly succumbed to the tempter, and ate birds on toast, and broiled chicken, and omelette-soufflé, and terrapin, and all sorts of expensive good things, as long as our money lasted, and in consequence were restricted to bread and cheese and dried beef in the privacy of our own apartments for a week or more after. At last, after having dined sumptuously one day, with a few invited guests, off a medallion and a three-columned story, and then being obliged to live for two weeks on one short column, we concluded to try boarding once more, renting a room at the same time in the Raphael Building, where Gerald could fling his clay and plaster about to his heart's content, and Denys, who wouldn't go to school, and *would* paint, might be out of the way of the landlady's china. But, my dear aunt, the other fellows were in that studio from morn till night; indeed, several of the most impecunious spent their nights there, and there was very little work done, and such bills for beer!

"Then fortunately—that is, not fortunately, but providentially—no, I don't mean that either, but I won't waste time seeking for the proper expression—Gerald's old uncle died, and left him this house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,' said I, and we went. Heaven save the mark! *I* never could make change; neither could Gerald, and as for Denys, he and the arithmetic are and always have been perfect strangers. The result of this ignorance could not fail to be an expensive one. Every body cheated us. The servant-girls wore my best dresses to wakes and parties, and one of them once had two of her friends concealed in the house for three months, waxing strong and stout on our provisions, and when at last they were discovered, declared that she never knew they were there at all at all.

"And we were forever in debt, and fast losing our senses, when my dress-maker, a dear, good-hearted Englishwoman, who used to give me advice, housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort of way, which I would have taken if I could have remembered it, died, after a long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old daughter. The child looked up at me with those wonderful brown eyes when I asked her, after her mother's funeral, 'And what will you do, my dear?' and said, 'I don't know, ma'am; I have no relation but a grandfather out West, and he has just married again, and I don't think he wants me.' I gave her a kiss, and told her to come home with me. And she came, and since then life has been more than endurable. She proved to be the cleverest little thing that ever lived, intimately acquainted with the arithmetic and heaven's first law, and has learned to manage every thing and every body in the house with marvellous tact and skill. And the manner in which she understands my absent-minded ways and contrary orders is absolutely wonderful. Who else, for instance, would know that often when I say 'shoes' I mean 'hat,' and *vice versa?* and who else could translate 'both dark and white meat and the Chinese, you know, my dear,' into 'chicken salad and rice pudding?' She's a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses like an angel, and—"

"Has she no lovers?" asks the elderly lady, looking solemnly over her spectacles.

"Lovers! Bless you, no. Never the slightest sign of one. Her mother was an old maid; that is, she wasn't when—I mean she was before she was married. Lovers? Good gracious! don't speak of such a thing. I should *murder* them. And I'm quite sure Alicia—the name of my next heroine," she explains, in answer to a questioning look from her aunt—"has never dreamed— Was that a knock at the door? If it be Alicia, *enter;* any body else, *depart immediately*."

The door opens in obedience to this command, delivered in a loud voice with much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters with downcast eyes and a black-edged letter in her hand.

"I don't want it! I *won't* have it!" almost screams her mistress. "I *hate* black letters. Take it away."

"It is not for *you*, ma'am. It is mine; and—and" (with faltering voice) "I fear I must leave you."

"*Leave* me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland, starting to her feet and dropping the cat, and in her excitement she seizes the worn garment the elderly lady has been carefully patching and darning for the last hour from that worthy person's hands and rends it from top to bottom. "Leave me! What can you—what *do* you mean?"

"My grandfather has sent for me, ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says it is my duty to come and live with him, as I have no other relative in the world."

"*And you are going?*" demands Mrs. Glenmoreland, in tragic tones.

"I do not know how to refuse."

"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland, loudly, running across her room and flinging the door wide open. "Come here *instantly*."

In flies her husband, a lump of clay in his hand, and down rushes Denys, palette on thumb.

"Thunder and Mars! my darling, what's up?" asks Gerald.

"By Jove! mother, how you frightened me! Thought the house was on fire," says her son.

"Gwendolen—Jessie—Browneyes—Alicia—she," pointing at the weeping girl, "is going away, never to return."

"Going away?" repeats her husband, striking his head with his right hand, and then stalking wildly about the room, totally unconscious that he has left the lump of clay amongst his raven curls.

"Browneyes leaving us forever," reproachfully cries Denys.

"After I've loved her all these years," sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.

"And *I've* loved her all these years," says Mr. Glenmoreland.

"And I've—" begins Denys, and then stops with a blush that is reflected in the girl's sweet face.

"Going to her grandfather—horrid old heathen!—who never thought of her before he killed her step-grandmamma, and who only wants her now to save the expense of hiring a housekeeper and nurse, which he is well able to do, the venerable wretch! And she thinks it her *duty* to go, because he's her 'only relative.' And I've always felt as though I were her mother;" and overcome with emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into her chair again.

"And I as though I were her father," asserts the sculptor.

"And I as though I were her broth—" says the painter, and stops in confusion as before.

Jessie turns from one to the other with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I shall never, never be as happy any where as I have been here. I would have been content to have served you all my life. But how could I reconcile it to my conscience if, without sufficient reason, I disregarded the appeal of my only relative, and that relative my mother's father?"

"But he *needn't* be your 'only relative,'" says Denys, earnestly, flinging his palette, paint side down, on his mother's silken lap, and springing with one bound to the young girl's side. "There can be other and *nearer* relatives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I never knew how dearly I loved you till this moment. I can not bear the thought of losing you. I want your *hand* and *heart*. Take me for your husband, dearest, and then your duty will be to share my fortunes for evermore."

Jessie, the innocent child, holds up her pretty mouth for his kiss before them all—the cat is playing with her grandfather's letter—and a wonderful smile turns to diamonds her tears.

"The very thing!" proclaims Mr. Glenmoreland.

"*Of course*," says his wife. "Why didn't you think of it before, you tiresome boy, and save all this bother? And now go away, all of you. I have an idea for a story."

MARY-ANNER BY THE KITCHEN RANGE.

When blackest smoke the pans and pots
Were thickly covered, one and all,
On rusty nails 'midst greasy spots
The dishes hung on the dingy wall.
The empty street looked sad and strange;
No follower raised the clinking latch;
Weary and worn she kept her watch
Beside the fireless kitchen range.
She only said, "Tis 'ere so dreary;
When *will* they come?" she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I wish I was in bed!"

She had sat there since early even—
The family were at the play;
She looked for them about eleven,
And now 'twas nearing break of day.
She heard the howling of the cats
Upon the leads against the sky,
She drew the tattered curtain by,
And glanced toward the chimneyed flats.
She only said, "The night looks dreary,
They do not come," she said;
She said, "I am that blessed weary,
I wish I was in bed!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Starting, she heard a drunken row;
A cock crew loudly long ere light,
From his dark den a dog's bow-wow
Came to her: shifting seat for change,
She nodded off into a doze,
Till a chill draught congealed her toes,
And woke her, by the empty range.
She only said, "Oh, lor, 'ow dreary!
When *will* they come?" she said,
She said, "I do feel dreadful weary.
I wish I was in bed!"

About her, up the grimy wall
In swarms, the slow black beetles crept;
Behind the fire-place singing small,
Their shrieking note the crickets kept;
Hard by a clock ticked on alway,
Indifferent to light or dark;
She waked and watched the hands, to mark
The slow hours creep toward the day.
She only said, "My lot is dreary,
When will they come?" she said,
She said, "I'm getting wuss than weary,
I wish I was in bed!"

And ever as her dip burned low,
She stuffed it in her artless way
With moistened fingers, to and fro
She saw her shuddering shadow sway.
But when the dip burned *very* low,
She sat and let it smoke and flare,
Till soot flakes fell onto her hair,
Upon her nose, across her brow.
She only said, "This is too dreary,
Why don't they come?" she said,
She said, "Oh, gracious, *ain't* I weary!
I wish I was in bed!"

All night within the empty house
Steps as of burglars crept and creaked—
Or so it seemed to her, the mouse
Behind the yawning wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about;
Odd faces gloomed through the doors
Odd shivers shook the upper floors,
Odd voices seemed to call without.
She only said, "It's all so dreary;
When *will* they come?" she said;
She said, "Oh dear, just ain't I weary!
I wish I was in bed!"

The cowl's harsh creak upon the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Of the wind's sudden whisk and whoof
Amidst the houses, did all confound
Her brain: she gripped her elbows blue,
She sniffed, and yawned, and rubbed her nose,
She beat tattoos with heels and toes,
And round her neck her apron drew.
Then said she, "This is *dismal* dreary;
They'll never come," she said;
She groaned, "I'm right down dog-gone weary.
When *shall* I get to bed?"

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DES MOINES SPEECH.

"LET us labor for security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion; encourage free schools; resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall go to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither State nor nation shall support any institution save those where every child may get common-school education, unmixed with any atheistic, pagan, or sectarian teaching; leave the matter of religious teaching to the family altar, and keep Church and State forever separate.

"U. S. GRANT."

OUR MODERN ULYSSES ON HIS TRAVELS.

ULYSSES. "I say, Neptune, all Grecian History need not repeat itself; therefore you had better not land me there."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a series of sported Sketches of "Tiger-hunting in Lower Bengal," and other popular and attractive features.*

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THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THE late dinner at the Lotos Club, at which men of all parties cheerfully hobnobbed together and hectored each other upon political differences, was a fair illustration of the actual political situation. There is a general lull in politics, and only the most languid interest in the various movements for party advantage which are going on. The only ripples on the stagnant surface of affairs are the various little efforts of gentlemen who are supposed to be candidates for the Presidential nomination to say nothing and to do nothing which may compromise their chances. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS points out in his eulogy on Mr. SEWARD that as formerly the Presidency was held to be the reward of conspicuous public service, the present method of securing a nomination seems to be avoidance of "a record." The availability of a candidate seems to mean that he has said and done nothing to which any body can object, and hence we see gentlemen of distinction and utility incessantly dancing among eggs, and instead of showing that they have strong opinions upon mooted questions, and strongly stating them, they talk platitudes and "buncombe." The moment that a man perceives himself to be a possible or probable candidate he assumes a tone and an air which make every intelligent citizen in the country receive what he says and does with amused incredulity. He sends handsome contributions to Roman Catholic fairs; he talks non-partisan wisdom at agricultural meetings; he dispatches safe generalities to Jacksonian associations. Every thing that he does has, as it were, a thoughtful eye upon the Convention, and there are rumors of arrangements and organizations to secure this and that delegation. There is so much of this kind of thing going on that Professor VON HOLST, the author of the *Constitutional History of the United States*, who is now in the country pursuing his researches, may well wonder whether the American theory has already broken down, so that the candidate is not the citizen whose conspicuous service naturally commends the performer, but the clever manager who succeeds in manipulating the Convention.

It is, however, instructive to observe that, as a rule, those who plan, and "lay pipe," and consult, and consider, and "leave nothing undone," generally fail to secure the nomination. The only striking instance since that of Mr. BUCHANAN of a politician steadily working to get it and actually obtaining it is that of Mr. TILDEN. He shaped his career as Governor of New York with a view to the Presidential nomination, and he secured it. But the result was due less to his management than to the fortunate political and general situation. Except for that, Mr. TILDEN would have failed like the rest. There is nothing in experience, therefore, to encourage the "shifty" vigilance of the candidates to avoid committing themselves, or to raise the cry of some passing whim as the great principle of a contest. If Mr. THURMAN had adhered steadfastly to the Jacksonian doctrine of hard money instead of coquetting with inflation, and if Mr. CONKLING had spoken in the Senate when it was his duty to speak instead of waiting until speaking was necessary to secure his re-election as Senator, they would not have lessened their chances of the Presidential nomination from their respective parties. It is pitiful to think what a vast amount of pains is lost despite the most instructive experience. Nothing political on either side now occurs which is not at once understood to be a movement showing how "devilish aly" is the Joey B. of one side or the other; and the public gazes uninterestedly, wondering what unknown competitor will at the last moment ride into the lists and bear away the prize from these masters of busy schemes. This situation is the more pronounced because at a time when parties mainly represent traditions personal politics become more prominent. And that our present party significance is chiefly traditional will not be denied. The Republican party is unquestionably very strong, but there is not one real question upon which there are not many Democrats in cordial accord with it, while there are most inconsistent opinions held within its own pale. The same thing is no less true of the Democratic party. Neither party is a unit upon any vital issue. It is not a unit as the Whig party was upon the general question of banks, a tariff, and internal improvements, as the Democratic party was a unit upon the removal of the deposits, upon the non-chartering of a bank, and upon hard money, or as the Republican party was a unit upon the non-extension of slavery or the uncompromising prosecution of the war. Both of the great parties now represent traditions and tendencies, not progressive policies. Nobody can pretend to say what the Democratic party would do if it should obtain complete control, except that it would make a clean escap of the offices and call it reform. That it would really reform any thing, that it would improve the customs laws, confirm resumption, modify the tariff, agitate payment of Southern claims, improve the Indian service, reduce taxation, simplify administration, not only nobody knows, but nobody, except he be a Democrat, believes.

That is to say, the Republican party is in power, and the Democratic party represents nothing whatever but a personal change, not a system of measures, not a national policy. The decisive vote, therefore, will be determined by party traditions and tendencies. The question in best will really be a further, upon the whole, considering the events of twenty years, considering human nature and the force of party passion, the public peace and prosperity are more likely to be promoted by intrusting the government to a party made up as the Democratic party is, strong chiefly in the Southern States, with its "record" and its gravitations and its necessities, or to one composed as the Republican party is, with its traditions and its essential character. This, of course, is not the best or the most normal situation. An election plainly ought not to turn upon the greater or less degree of confidence in parties, but upon the comparative wisdom and advantage of the general policy proposed by them. But the situation must be taken as it is, and votes must be governed accordingly. A late Washington letter in the *Herald* describes a leading Republican politician as mourning that the party simply maintained the *status quo*, and does not advance. He wishes somebody would "lead" it and give it a forward impulse; but, as the letter-writer says, the complainant has himself not the pluck to do it, although he says the man who would do it would command the nomination. The reason is that he does not himself believe what he says. To give the party a forward impulse is to divide it at once. Let it declare itself uncompromisingly a national hard money party on the New York, Massachusetts, or Connecticut platform of last year, or for a non-partisan civil service, or for a protective tariff, or for whatever positive policy it might choose, and it would instantly begin to break. Both parties maintain themselves by refusing to have a positive policy, and by clinging to their traditions. In this position they will probably enter upon the election of 1880, and the advantage will be greatly with the Republicans, because their standing with those whose votes will control has been much strengthened by this Administration. The anti-Republican arguments which were strong in 1876 will be pointless in 1880. But there are no new ones.

A DUTY OF CONGRESS.

THAT Mr. EDMUNDS's Electoral Bill received but three Democratic votes in the Senate, although one of them was the weightiest Democratic vote in that chamber, showed that the question of determining the election was to be made a party question, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the committee of the House has decided to report adversely upon Mr. EDMUNDS's bill, and to support Mr. SOUTHARD's. Upon the essential point of a dispute, Mr. SOUTHARD's bill provides that the judicial decision of the State shall be final unless reversed by the vote of both Houses of Congress, and that if there be two decisions, each claiming to be valid and chief, that one of the two which both Houses accept shall be conclusive. If there be a controversy and no judicial decision, the contested vote shall not be counted without the consent of both Houses. We can see no advantage in this bill over the propositions of Mr. EDMUNDS, and that his plan should have been made a party question recalls the reply of Mr. EDWARD DICEY to the late Copyright Commission in England, that if a proposition for international copyright between England and America should be made in the United States, it would instantly become a party question, and be favored or opposed according to the party character of those who first made the proposition.

Mr. BAYARD is said to have remarked of Mr. SOUTHARD's plan that it does not meet some of the chief difficulties of the situation, such, for instance, as the function of the Vice-President. Under the loose wording of the constitutional clause as it stands this could be the source of very great peril. The present provision is that certified lists of votes shall be sent to the President of the Senate, who shall open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. This is all that relates to the Vice-President. But if two or twenty certified lists of different votes are sent to him from a State, what is to be done? May he decide among them? Must he open all papers purporting to be certificates of votes, and must such votes be counted? If not, who is to determine, and by what authority? Those who insist that "the Constitution is enough" are either ignorant that the Constitution does not settle these vital points, or else they propose to run for luck. Excellent arguments, as we know from ample experience, may be made on both sides. But the business of Congress is to decide what shall be done.

We trust that General GARFIELD and the Republicans, Mr. HEWITT and the Democrats, in the House, will refuse to allow as purely patriotic and necessary a bill to be made a party measure. It is merely a provision for the avoidance of very grave dangers in a most vital part of our political system—dangers long foreseen and verified by appalling experience. A constitutional change may be desirable, but that is not now practicable in time for the next election, and yet it is in no way hopefuled by a present remedy of proved evils. That is what legislation at this session may provide, and that is the object of the bills presented. The subject was carefully and admirably treated in Mr. MORTON's report of May, 1874, which is a good illustration of his peculiar sagacity and ability. He foresaw clearly, as all intelligent publicists have foreseen, the very kind of perils that appeared in 1876—perils for which a simple and easy provision is found in a very few regulations. There could never be a better time than this for the adjustment. There is no violent party feeling. The issues upon which the election of 1880 is to be joined are not as yet apparent, and there is a universal conviction that the matter should be arranged during this session. Moreover, republican character itself suffers if, after such an experience of the necessity of legislation, legislation is delayed.

THE CIPHER INVESTIGATION.

IT is decided that the cipher dispatches are to be investigated. The nature of the charges involved in them, however, is such that if there had been any satisfactory explanation of them, it would have been made at once. The reply which Mr. MARBLE made after long hesitating was a confession that no adequate reply was possible. The disclaimer of Mr. TILDEN was also long delayed, and undoubtedly impressed the public, when taken in connection with what was known of his conduct, as technically conclusive, but unsatisfactory. The country was bound to take his word that he knew nothing of them, but how it was possible for him, of all men, at that time, not to know the most important things that his most confidential agents were doing, as how, when the fact that they were engaged in great crimes on his behalf was brought to his knowledge, he was neither surprised nor indignant, and apparently cared to do nothing, certainly tried to do nothing, to clear up the mystery—all this has persuaded the country that there were very extraordinary proceedings, of which, under the circumstances, if he were not cognizant, it is very fortunate that the plot miscarried, and so prevented his accession to the Presidency. It is too late to urge on behalf of Messrs. PELTON, MARBLE, WEED, and company that every body is to be held innocent until proved to be guilty. For many months they have been daily and publicly charged, upon evidence apparently conclusive, with attempting to buy the Presidential decision, and they knew that it was not a case in which they could plead that it was a charge of party spite which they were not bound to regard. All that was necessary—but it was imperative—was that they should deny absolutely that they had done any thing criminal, and to prove it they had only to publish the cipher with the key, and explain every doubtful appearance.

If they could not do this, they could do nothing. The investigation may show agility and dexterity upon their part, and some misreadings of ciphers may be exposed. But if any serious or vital misreadings could be established, they would not have been left until now. Yet it would have been a serious public wrong to omit an official investigation. The country has the right to the most formally and legally conclusive settlement of the matter, however persuaded it may be already. For the crime of which these dispatches are the evidence is one of the most monstrous possible under a free government. It is an assault upon the country at the most vital point, and there is no disgrace which should not be visited upon those who are proved to be guilty of it. If cheating at cards in a private parlor expels the player from respectable society, what shall be the penalty of cheating in the result of an election involving the legal expression of the will of a people in their government? To say that these men were simply paying or offering to pay the members of the boards to do right is merely to say that every litigant may bribe the judge to decide a case in his favor. There is no excuse or mitigation of the crime disclosed in the dispatches, and it is to be expected that the formal investigation will dispose finally of the chief offenders.

There has been a kind of attempted "set-off" to this matter in the allegation that the Republicans are not clean enough to raise the cry of fraud; that it is ridiculous for them, after the Louisiana revelations, to affect virtue; and that if their cipher dispatches were only known, they would be probably a great deal worse than those that have been disclosed. Of course this is simply puerile. In Louisiana the law and the presumptions were all in favor of the Republicans. The law was made to meet the very kind of holdering which was proved. That it may have been stretched, and that there were suspicious circumstances, we certainly have always acknowledged. But nothing could be more ludicrous than the failure, with all preparations made, to establish any kind of Republican foul play. The POTTER investigation was not ordered until the Democratic managers thought that they had "a sure thing." But the very first witness, who was intended to crush the Administration and convict Mr. SHERMAN, was ANDERSON, from whom the investigation and the Democratic party have never recovered. As for ciphers, Mr. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, offered to explain his, but nobody apparently cared to hear. Indeed the whole "set-off" amounts to saying that there are as great rascals among Republicans as among Democrats. But it has not been yet thought worth while to open the prisons and close the courts because there are scoundrels who are not accused, nor tried, nor punished.

A WORD WITH THE CHICAGO "TRIBUNE."

THE Chicago *Tribune* apparently misunderstands our view of the assignment of reasons for his official action by the President to the Senate. It seems to suppose us to be serious, even if the President removed the late Customs Collector in New York because of his disregard of the official charges preferred against Mr. LYDECKER, that the President shall refuse to say so. There is no need of misapprehension, however, because the case is very clear. The President ought certainly never to propose a change in an office without good reasons. But of the validity of those reasons he, and not the Senate, is the judge. Under the uniform and accepted practice from the beginning, his commission of an officer for an unexpired term in the place of an incumbent is held by the Senate to be a declaration, upon his responsibility, that a change should be made; and the practice has been that the change was confirmed by a friendly Senate, unless personal disqualifications were known. As Mr. WEBSTER said in 1835, removals have always been effected by making other appointments. He found no exception. He used this fact for the purpose of his famous argument, but the fact remains.

Where does the Chicago *Tribune* find the authority of the Senate to ask the President for his reasons either for removing A or for nominating B? For official action good reasons are assumed. It is not to be supposed that the President would demand of the Senate their reasons for rejecting his nominations. He presumes their reasons to be satisfactory to them, and he acquiesces. He is entitled to precisely the same consideration. Especially when he has publicly stated that, in his judgment, officers should not be suspended or removed without good cause, is he to be supposed to know good cause when he proposes a change. That such causes may not be known to the Senate, or, if known, not admitted to be sufficient, is not a reason for requiring the President to state the grounds of his action. Those grounds must satisfy him, not the Senate, and the new nomination is evidence that they do satisfy him and justify his action, whether they satisfy the Senate or not. It is obvious that if, with every nomination he made, the President should undertake to

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explain the reasons of his action, the public business would be suspended. It is just as reasonable to require and to give reasons in every case as in any case; and if the explanations were not satisfactory, there should certainly be opportunity for answering objections, and of vindicating the Executive action. Public business, we say, could not proceed upon such terms. This is a wholly different question from that of removals for cause alone, and for cause proved. A President holding our views would never propose a removal except for cause which, in *his responsible judgment*, was proved, and justifying his action. If then we are asked why he should hesitate to communicate his reasons, we reply, because constitutionally he is to transmit to the Senate his conclusions, and not the processes by which he reaches them, and this for very obvious reasons of public convenience.

Take the very case mentioned by the Chicago *Tribune*. That paper says that the Secretary of the Treasury constituted an extraordinary commission to investigate alleged great frauds in the New York Custom-house, and upon its report summarily suspended Collector ARTHUR. Presumptively, therefore, the President satisfied himself by careful inquiry that a change to the Collectorship should be made, and by the nomination sent to the Senate when it met he proposed to make the change permanent. But if he is to send the reasons to the Senate, the Senate may not agree with him. May he then argue the matter with the Senate? If not, why should he send the reasons? Moreover, the Chicago *Tribune* in saying that the suspension of Collector ARTHUR followed the report upon the LYDECKER case seems to forget that that first report was dated June 25, 1878, while the President had proposed the removal of Mr. ARTHUR in November, 1877. The LYDECKER charges were evidently not the only reason for his action. But, however this may be, the case is not changed. The President is not by any understanding bound to supply the Senate with reasons that would satisfy it. He is only bound to inform it that there are reasons satisfactory to him. Of course the whole question remains whether, as the Constitution makes an appointing power of two parts, and as the power of removal is incidental to that of appointment, removal can be properly effected without the concurrence of both parts. Mr. WEBSTER said that by the first Congress and by unbroken practice the right of the President alone to remove had been established, yet established, as he thought, wrongly, but irrevocably. The Tenure-of-office Act was an attempt to restore what Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CALHOUN both thought to be the true constitutional practice. But it was soon modified to return to the traditional usage. The Senate substantially relinquished the right of asking reasons for the Executive action. If it now proposes to return to the principles of the Tenure-of-office Act, let it do so fairly, after proper consideration, not indirectly and sneakingly by the action of a committee, proceeding not upon general and public grounds, but for a particular and personal purpose. The President's reasons for the removals and the appointments are that he thought them expedient for the public service, and he proposed them upon his official responsibility. It may be a power much too great to confer upon the Executive. That is another question. But while it is indisputably his power we shall not object to its honorable and conscientious and patriotic exercise.

Since this article was in type Secretary SHERMAN has sent a statement of reasons to the Senate for the removal of the late customs officers. This statement, according to the reports, was criticised by Mr. CONKLING with his usual candor, courtesy, and urbanity. Our own opinion remains unchanged, that it is neither the duty of the Senate to ask nor that of the Executive to give the reasons of official action taken under constitutional responsibility.

RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

GOVERNOR TALBOT, of Massachusetts, told the Legislature in his Message that he hoped it would not forget that the late campaign was fought upon a platform of retrenchment and reform, and that the voters would of course expect some practical action to that result to be taken. A proposition has been accordingly made proposing a general reduction of salaries upon a prescribed scale. But while there are in every service founded upon party patronage a great many more offices than are necessary, and while some of them are extravagantly salaried, yet, upon the whole, public officers are not extravagantly paid. We heartily agree in general retrenchment, because there are so many more salaries paid than there should be. But it is very evident that this is one of the mischiefs that would be corrected by a reasonable system of appointment. Indeed, it would be a reform rich in good fruits of many kinds.

The obvious objection to very low salaries, or salaries graded by the mere supply of applicants for places, is that it tends to wasteful expense by procuring poor work and poor workmen, and by stimulating dishonesty. It is an axiom that any man can be found to fill any place at any salary. Perhaps some peculiarly unwholesome consulates and exposed frontier post-offices should be excepted, but the rule is still quite universal. It would be found that if places can be filled when the salary is reduced by five per cent., there will still be a throng of applicants if the reduction should be ten per cent., or fifteen per cent. It was a Collector wise in his generation who said to or that there were thirty men ready to take every place in the Custom-house, "with all incumbrances," by which he meant any amount of extortion for election expenses. But although places can be filled at any salary, it is not necessarily good economy so to fill them.

If in any administration of affairs, in the nation, State, or city, real retrenchment and reform were desired, three things should be done: first, ascertain what places are properly necessary; second, fill them with the best from among qualified applicants only; third, pay them fairly. General BUTLER, when he proposed himself as the candidate of the cardinal virtues for the Governorship of Massachusetts, frankly said, what he and every other practical politician knows, that under our present system offices are extravagantly multiplied. The abolition of superfluous places would be the first step of reform. Merely to scale down salaries will not promote efficiency, and may do great injustice. Plainly, also, the reduced salary, seeming to the incumbent a wrong, inclines him to greater willingness "to do himself justice" by making up the difference in some other way. The subject of salaries, and especially in New York, is a most important one. Last winter something was proposed. There are certain offices in the State which are enormously paid, and which are the great political prizes for that reason. They are, indeed, enormously taxed for party expenses, and no man is suffered to hold them long. But there is no reason for such extravagance. It continues because all parties look upon it as a placer which each hopes to work for its own advantage. Retrenchment and reform, however, can not be secured by paying somewhat smaller salaries for sinecures. They begin with the abolition of sinecures.

A WINTER FORM OF THE FLOWER MISSION.

WE have often commended the Flower Mission, one of the most beautiful and useful of our charities, and as we were made the medium of a striking appeal to its management, we gladly reproduce the letter that was sent us, and which has been most promptly answered:

"FORT E., MONTANA TERRITORY,
Friday, December 6, 1878.

"MADAM,—The fame of your gracious charity of the Flower Mission to the poor and afflicted of New York, which reaches even to these far-off mountains, emboldens me to solicit your kind co-operation in a little project of my own. I am in charge of the post hospital here, and though the government furnishes liberally food, medicine, and clothing, it makes no provision for adornment, nor allows any expenditure in that direction. Our ward is comfortable and neat, but I have often wished that we had something instead of bare white walls or the bleak and barren landscape for the tired eyes of the poor sick and wounded boys under my care. If some of the kind ladies of your Mission could send me a few pictures, I could get some of the ingenious artisans in the fort to make frames for them, and you can hardly imagine how it would brighten up the ward and cheer the lonely days of my poor sick boys. If I might venture to hope that my appeal should meet with a favorable response, I would beg to suggest that, to get the effect of colors to relieve the bare walls, inexpensive chromos would be most suitable.

"Excuse the liberty I take in appealing to you in behalf of the poor boys who lie helpless day after day, staring at whitewashed walls. Last year a Nez Percé bullet confined me to a bed for several months, and I know how tired I used to get of the blank whiteness. Very respectfully, G—— G——,
"Hospital Steward United States Army."

The secretary of the New York Flower Mission responds that unframed chromos, photographs, and Japanese scrolls or pictures (which, from their brilliant coloring, will be very acceptable) may be sent to the "Secretary of New York Flower Mission, No. 239 Fourth Avenue," and they will be forwarded to this and other similar post hospitals.

PERSONAL.

N. P. HILL, the newly elected United States Senator from Colorado, is a college man, and formerly professor of chemistry in Brown University. For some time past he has been superintendent of the Boston and Colorado Smelting-Works, at Denver.

—A late Washington paper says that occasionally, in Washington papers, Mr. WADLEIGH, of New Hampshire, is alluded to as "a weak Senator," which is not true. He is rather indolent, but, on the whole, likes to be Senator, though he has not cared enough about it to exert himself to build up a high reputation in the Senate. He is of good repute among lawyers, being one of the best in New Hampshire. He is a man of great reserved mental force, and his attainments are far above the ordinary Congressional standard. He reads and writes in several languages, and possesses the finest private library in New Hampshire.

—From a long, bright, and very complimentary article on STORY, the sculptor, recently published in the London *World*, we quote this pleasant paragraph:

"When one reflects that, graduating at Harvard College and the law school of Cambridge, he delivered the poem of his graduating class, wrote three volumes on legal subjects (besides editing several volumes of the reports of the law cases of his father's court), many articles in *Blackwood*, three volumes of poems, the dramatic poem *Nero*, a tragedy in verse, *Stephania*, two or three comedies for his own little theatre, and that most delightful and truly Roman of books, *Roba di Roma*, when one reflects further that these, which would seem quite enough for most men's lives, are reckoned as the mere interludes to achievements of his, it must be conceded that here we have one of those careers which do, to a great extent, reproduce the universality and breadth of the great many-colored lives of an earlier time. Joined to this also, Mr. STORY is one of the best talkers of his century—epigrammatic, eloquent, overflowing with pointed wit, apt quotation, and historical allusion—an admirable letter-writer, an admirable host, and an admirable actor, notably in the character of Shylock. He takes a keen interest in politics and in all public questions of the day. He continues to be well acquainted with contemporary events on both sides of the Atlantic, and delights in discussion, to which he brings a power of logical analysis that is indebted for much of its vigor to the hard legal studies of his youth. Nor does he hesitate to attribute to this stern training of his intellect much of his success in sculpture."

—Mr. FREDERICK GIRAUD FOSTER, who died in this city a few days since, came of a good old family, and was one of those rare fine characters frequently seen in great cities, who shun notoriety, but give a goodly portion of their time to the interests of charitable institutions, and by sound judgment and wise counsel so guide and shape their action as to produce the best results. He was a member of the New York Sabbath Committee, trustee of the Five Points House of Industry, director of the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, and of the New York Bible and Common Prayer-book Society. In all these he took an active part, indeed, the last twenty years of his life were mainly devoted to these beneficent organizations.

—Major BEN PERLEY POORE, who has seen as much of the dinner-table life of Washington during the last five-and-twenty years as any man at the capital, says that during Mr. SUMNER's last years CALEB CUSHING was often his guest, and their talk was always interesting. Mr. SUMNER, vigorous, and at times almost arrogant, was the Ajax of table-talk, while Mr. CUSHING was the Ulysses, subtle and insinuating, arraying his statements in all the persuasive guises of rhetoric. Mr. SUMNER was a man of profound political convictions, while with Mr. CUSHING new lights in politics, new phases in society, and new conditions of public affairs had force, although in opposition to views which he had previously expressed, but to which he did not cling.

—We hear from London that Mr. EDMUND YATES, moved thereto by the unprecedented success that has attended his *World*, proposes to enter upon a new literary venture of equal if not greater magnitude, namely, the publication of a magazine, to be called *Time*, that will combine the best points of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Household Words* as it was during the palmy days of DICKENS. In other words, he will, to a certain extent, Americanize the proposed publication, giving to it the vim that he has infused into the *World*, and making it in all its departments as fresh and lively as brains, experience, and funds could make it. There can be no doubt of its success.

—Major A. G. CONSTABLE, one of the most entertaining and instructive of our platform speakers, read a few evenings since a paper on Afghanistan before the Geographical Society at Chickering Hall, describing his personal experiences in that country. Additional interest was imparted to the discourse by the introduction of some twenty stereopticon illustrations.

—Secretary SHERMAN is photographed by the Springfield *Republican* as "one of the tallest men in Washington, if not the tallest; slender, erect, graceful, healthful-looking, a man evidently of the purest habits. He wore on the morning referred to a light, loose-fitting, dark-colored Ulster of rough texture, which perhaps in part accounted for his looking younger than usual, for he almost invariably wears in winter a close-fitting dark overcoat of smooth cloth, such as are commonly worn by elderly gentlemen."

—WILL CARLETON, author of "Betsey and I are Out" and many other popular ballads, is nearly as well known and appreciated in England as in this country, where his *Farm Ballads* and *Farm Legends*, published by the HARPERS, have attained a circulation almost unprecedented in the annals of poetic literature. In a recent notice of these volumes the London *Academy*, a high critical authority, says: "WILL CARLETON's ballads have indeed that rare mixture of humor and pathos that never fails to touch all hearts. The author tells us that they were often written 'under difficult conditions—in the open air, "with team afield," in the rush and roar of railroad travel,' etc. Perhaps it is by virtue of these very conditions that the impression made by them is so vivid, that they are so full of those touches of nature which rich and poor feel alike. Even in some of the quaintly humorous pieces, such as 'Betsey and I are Out,' and 'How Betsey and I Made Up,' and 'The Christmas Baby' that comes as an eleventh gift from God to a poor man, tears lie only just beneath the surface of our laughter; while in some of the others, as in 'Over the Hill to the Poor House,' 'The Little Sleeper,' and 'Out of the Old House,' they fairly have their way."

—Mr. GEORGE CURTIS RAND, who died a few days since in Newton Centre, Massachusetts, was an extensive printer in Boston, and printed the first edition of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, of which 300,000 copies have been issued.

—It is said that Dean STANLEY has been offered by the Queen the see of Durham, vacated by the resignation of Dr. BARING. This position brings the incumbent $40,000 a year. The only Church preferments superior to it pecuniarily are Canterbury, $75,000, York, $50,000, and London, $50,000. The income of Dean STANLEY at Westminster Abbey is only $10,000 a year, yet it is regarded in some respects as the finest position in the Church of England. It is there that royalty is crowned, and there that the highest genius and greatest exploits find their enduring memorials. Besides, the dean is absolutely master of his own "shop," and can snap his venerable thumbs at the two Graces and all the Right Reverends of the Establishment whenever it pleaseth him to indulge in that pious exercise.

—The agitation now going on among the policy-holders of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company has elicited the fact that the late MOSES H. GRINNELL insured his life in that company in 1843 for $10,000. At his death in November, 1877, this policy by its dividends' additions increased so largely that the company paid his estate the sum of $24,342. It is a noteworthy fact that the oldest living policy holder of that company is Mr. HERMAN A. JOHNSON, of this city, who took the third policy issued, and who is to-day one of the most alert and young-looking men of his years in this metropolis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, January 10, passed the Indian Appropriation Bill. An attempt was made to strike out the clause prohibiting the removal of Arizona Indians to the Indian Territory, but it failed. The House rejected the bill to appropriate $65,000 to re-imburse William and Mary College for property destroyed during the war.—The Senate, on the 13th, passed a bill appropriating $250,000 for a new National Museum building. Representative Schleicher's funeral was held in the Hall of the House, the Senate, judges of the Supreme Court, and the President and his cabinet attending.—On the 14th, the House agreed to the conference report on the Military Academy Bill, and on the 15th the Senate did the same. The House, on the 15th, passed the bill authorizing the issue of ten-dollar certificates of deposit, drawing three per cent. interest, and convertible into four per cent. bonds.—On the 16th, the Senate passed the Pension Arrearages Bill. The House passed a bill for the exchange of five-twenties directly for four per cent. bonds.

The New York State Assembly, January 15, by a unanimous vote, passed a resolution congratulating Congress upon the resumption of specie payments, and requesting New York Congressmen to oppose any measures that would tend to bring back an irredeemable paper currency.

The hostile Cheyennes imprisoned at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, since last October, having been told that they were to be taken back to Indian Territory, jumped through the windows, January 9, and fled over the prairies. The guard fired upon them and killed thirty-two, of whom twenty-two were men, and the remainder women and children. Our troops are in pursuit of those who escaped.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATE reports from Afghanistan say that General Stewart's force marched through Candahar, January 9, and are encamped on the Ghuznee road.—The news of the victory of General Roberts over the hostile tribes is confirmed. The enemy numbered 6000.—The British troops of the Peshawur and Kurum columns have settled down in winter-quarters.—An imposing durbar was held at Jelalabad, January 1, by General Sir Samuel Browne. Most of the local khans and influential men of the neighborhood attended. Major Cavagnari, addressing them, explained the Viceroy of India's proclamation. He commented on the recent events as manifesting the strength of the British government, and the failure of the Ameer's resistance, and repeated the assurance that it had no quarrel with the people of Afghanistan. The principal khan replied in language which may be taken for what it is worth, expressing his contentment with the change of authority, and freely offering his service.—General Stewart reports that Yakoob Khan has fled from Cabul.

The Vienna *Tagblatt* publishes a long petition from the Russian Provincial Chambers to the Czar for constitutional rights. The petition states that the members of the Chambers in their present degraded position find themselves entirely powerless to respond to the government's appeal for aid against the Nihilists.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey has announced a programme providing for a reduction of the army to a minimum, and the decentralization of the administration of Vilayets. Hussein, chief of the Kurd insurgents, has been captured, and Osman, the other chief, has submitted.—Prince Lobanoff, the Russian ambassador, has accepted all the articles of the definitive treaty of peace as agreed to by the *Porte*; but clause 9, relative to Russia's supervision over the execution of the treaty of Berlin, is accepted *ad referendum*.—The scheme for the organization of a *gendarmerie*, adopted by the Eastern Roumelian Commission, provides that the commander and instructors be Frenchmen.

Ben Ismail, the Prime Minister of Tunis, went, January 10, in full uniform, and accompanied by a numerous suite, to the French consulate, and on behalf of the Bey tendered a full apology. The consul of France received him, surrounded by all his staff and the officers of the French fleet stationed off Tunis.

A political crisis followed the Republican victories in France. General Borel, the Minister of War, has resigned, and was succeeded by General Gresley, a Liberal and an orator of the Left Centre. M. Martel has been elected President of the Senate by a vote of 153 to 81, and M. Grévy President of the Assembly by an almost unanimous vote. The ministerial declaration was read in the Chambers on the 16th. It was coldly received in the Lower House, but applauded in the Senate.—President M'Mahon has pardoned 2245 Communists.

An outline of Prince Bismarck's Parliamentary Disciplinary Bill is published. It places the power of punishing any member of the Reichstag for language deemed improper in the hands of a committee composed of the two Vice-Presidents and ten members of the Reichstag, which would meet at the order of the President of the House or on motion of twenty members. The committee would be authorized to inflict the penalties, viz., (1) to order a member to receive public reproof before the assembled House; (2) to oblige an offender to make an apology before the assembled House; (3) to exclude a Deputy from the Reichstag for a fixed period. Should this exclusion extend to the entire term of the session of the Legislature, a member so punished may also be liable to lose the right of being elected to the Reichstag; and further, an independent motion in favor of depriving a Deputy of his right of election may be brought forward in the House. If the unbecoming conduct of which a member of the Reichstag is pronounced to have been guilty involves an action punishable by the common law, the Deputy in question may be handed over to the judicial authorities to be dealt with according to law, simultaneously with the infliction of such punishment by the Reichstag. The reproduction of the speech or remarks which called it forth, in a stenographic report, or any other publication of them in the press, may be prohibited; contraventions of this prohibition to be punishable with imprisonment of from three weeks to three months.

Up to the end of last year the total number of injunctions issued in accordance with the German anti-Socialist law was 487, which were applied to 189 clubs and societies, and fifty-eight periodical and 210 non-periodical publications. The number of persons expelled from the empire under the same law amounts to sixty-two.

Three disasters are reported from abroad. One was an explosion in the Dinas Colliery, in Wales, January 13, by which sixty lives were lost; another, the falling of a railway train into the river Arda, January 11, which resulted in the drowning of a Russian general, several other officers, and 200 soldiers; and the third, a collision on the Warsaw Railway thirty miles from St. Petersburg, on the 16th, by which twenty persons were killed and thirty-two injured.

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THE ASSEMBLY-CHAMBER, NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY.—From a Drawing by Thos. R. Davis.—[See Page 91]

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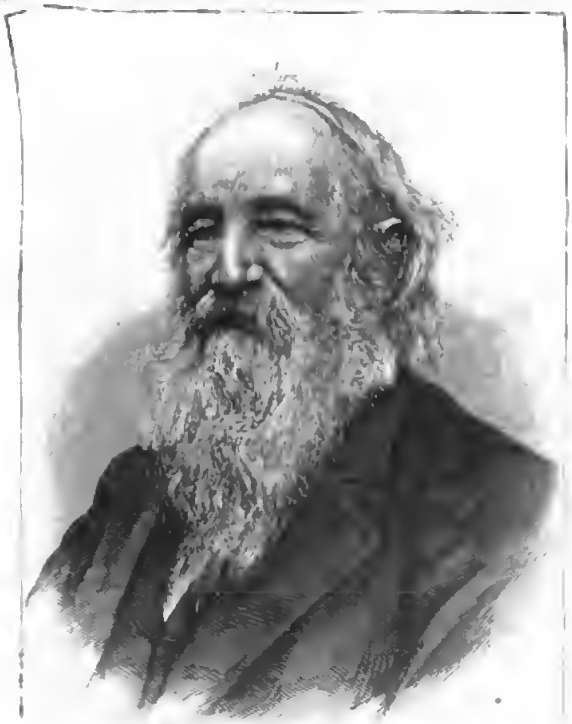


THE HON. THOMAS G. ALVORD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CUTCHEON, ALBANY.]

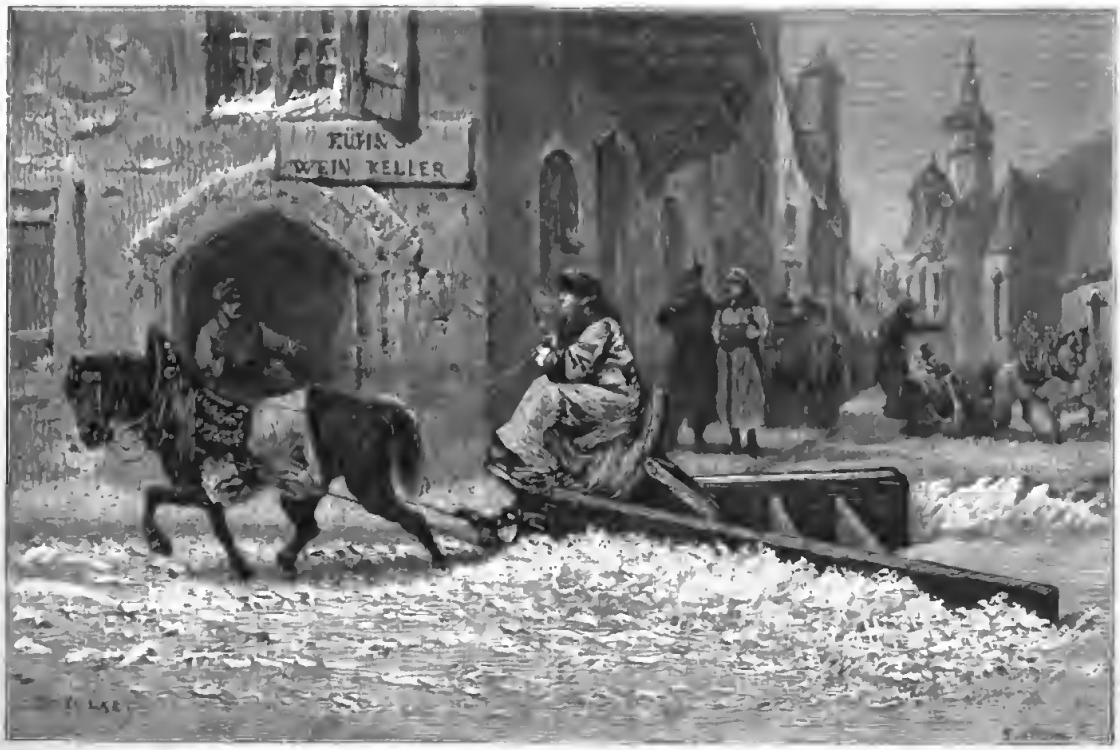
THE HON. MORTON M'MICHAEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADBURY, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE HON. THOMAS G. ALVORD.

THE new Speaker of the Assembly has been more than half a century an active participant in political affairs. He was born in the town of Onondaga, New York, in December, 1810, received a collegiate education, and very early in life cast in his fortunes with the "Old Hunker" wing of the Democratic party. After studying law and being admitted to the bar, he began the practice of his profession at Syracuse, but ten years later abandoned his calling, and commenced business as a salt manufacturer. His first public appearance was as a member of the Assembly in 1844. The next year he failed of an election, and remained in retirement until 1857, when he was again chosen to the Assembly, and after a long and bitter struggle was elected Speaker. The next year he was once more left to enjoy the pleasures of retirement to private life. The outbreak of the war in 1861 gave him a pretext for joining the Republican party, and for the third time he was returned to the Assembly. He was re-elected in 1863. In the fall of 1864 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, on the ticket with the Hon. REUBEN E. FENTON. In 1869 he was for the fifth time sent to the Assembly. He joined the Liberal movement in 1872, and in the following year was again elected to the Assembly as an independent Democrat. Once more he joined the Republicans, and was sent to the Assembly as a rehabilitated representative of that party. On the 9th ult. he was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

THE HON. MORTON M'MICHAEL.

THIS gentleman, well known as a journalist, who died at Philadelphia January 6, was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, October 20, 1807. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1827 was admitted to the bar. The following year he connected himself with the press of Philadelphia, and filled several municipal offices in succession with marked ability. He was editor of the *North American and United States Gazette* from 1847, and sole proprietor from 1851 to 1870, when he relinquished the active control to his sons, retaining his interests. In 1866 Mr. M'MICHAEL was elected Mayor of Philadelphia by the Republicans, and held the position for three years. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention in 1873, and took a leading part in the deliberations of that body. Mr. M'MICHAEL was a very genial and pleasant man in society, and in political matters was honored for his force of character and sound judgment.



A GERMAN SNOW-PLOUGH.

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THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

(From an article on "Novel Reading," by Anthony Trollope, in the *Nineteenth Century*.)

The number of those who read novels have become millions in England during the last twenty-five years. In our factories, with our artisans, behind our counters, in third-class railway carriages, in our kitchens and stables, novels are now read unceasingly. Much reaches these readers that is poor. Much that is false in sentiment and faulty in art no doubt finds its way with them. But indecency does not thrive with them, and when there comes to them a choice of good or bad, they choose the better. There has grown up a custom of late, especially among tea-dealers, to give away a certain number of books among their poorer customers. When so much tea has been consumed, then shall be a book given. It came to my ears the other day that eighteen thousand volumes of Dickens's works had just been ordered for this purpose. The bookseller suggested that a little novelty might be expedient. Would the benevolent tea-dealer like to vary his presents? But no! The tradesman, knowing his business, and being anxious above all things to attract, declared that Dickens was what he wanted. He had found that the tea-consuming world preferred their Dickens.

In wide-spread popularity the novels of Charles Dickens have, I believe, exceeded those of any other British novelist, though they have not yet reached that open market of unrestricted competition which a book reaches only when its copyright has run out. Up to this present time over 800,000 copies of *Pickwick* have been sold in this country, and the book is still copyright property. In saying this I make no invidious comparison between Scott and Dickens. I may, indeed, be in error in supposing the circulation of *Waverley* to have been less. As it is open to any bookseller to issue Scott's novels, it would be difficult to arrive at a correct number. Our object is simply to show what has been the circulation of a popular novel in Great Britain. The circulation outside the home market has been probably as great—perhaps greater, as American readers are more numerous than the English. Among the millions of those into whose hands these hundreds of thousands of volumes have fallen, there can hardly be one who has not received some lesson from what he has read. It may be that many dissent from the mode of telling which Dickens adopted in his stories, that they are indifferent to the stories themselves, that they question the taste, and fail to interest themselves in the melodramatic incidents and unnatural characters which it was his delight to portray. All that has no bearing on the issue which we now attempt to raise. The teaching of which we are speaking is not instruction as to taste or art—is not instruction as to style or literary excellence. By such lessons as Dickens taught will the young man learn to be honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble? Will the girl learn to be modest or brazen-faced? Will greed be engendered and self-indulgence? Will a taste for vicious pleasure be created? Will the young of either sex be taught to think it is a grand thing to throw off the conventional rules which the wisdom of the world has established for its guidance, or will they unconsciously learn from the author's pages to recognize the fact that happiness is to be obtained by obeying and not by running counter to the principles of morality? Let memory run back for a few moments over those stories, and it will fail to find an immodest girl who has been made alluring to female readers, or an ill-conditioned youth whose career a lad would be tempted to envy. No ridicule is thrown on marriage constancy; no gilding is given to fictitious pleasure; no charm is added to idleness; no alluring color is lent to debauchery. Pickwick may be softer and Ralph Nickleby harder than the old men whom we know in the world; but the lessons which they teach are all in favor of a soft heart, all strongly opposed to hardness of heart. "What an impossible dear old duffer that Pickwick is!" a lady said to me the other day, criticising the character, as I thought, very correctly. Quite impossible, and certainly a duffer—if I understand the latter phrase—but so dear! That an old man, as he grows old, should go on loving every body around him, loving the more the older he grows, running over with philanthropy, and happy through it all in spite of the susceptibility of Mrs. Bardell and the fallings off of Mr. Winkle! That has been the lesson taught by *Pickwick*; and though probably but few readers have so believed in Pickwick as to think that nature would produce such a man, still they have been unconsciously taught the sweetness of human love.

Such characters as those of Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk have often been drawn by dramatists and novelists—too frequently with a dash of attractive fashion—in a manner qualified to conceal in the mind of the unappreciating reader the vices of the men under the brightness of their trappings. Has any young man been made to wish that he should be such as Lord Frederick Verisopht, or should become such as Sir Mulberry Hawk? Kate Nickleby is not to me so entirely natural young woman. She lacks human life. But the girls who have read her adventures have all learned to acknowledge the beauty and the value of modesty. It is not your daughter, my reader, who has needed such a lesson; but think of the eight hundred thousands!

Of all Dickens's novels *Oliver Twist* is perhaps artistically the best, as in it the author adheres most tenaciously to one story, and interests us most thoroughly by his plot. But the characters are less efficacious for the teaching of lessons than in his other tales. Neither can Bill Sikes nor Nancy, nor can even the great Bumble, be credited with having been of much service by deterring readers from vice; but then neither have they allured readers, as has been done by so many writers of fiction who have ventured to deal with the world's reprobates.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in *David Copperfield*, in *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*, the tendency of which I speak will be found to be the same. It is, indeed, carried through every work that he wrote. To whom has not kindness of heart been made beautiful by Tom Pinch, and hypocrisy odious by Pecksniff? The peculiar abominations of Pecksniff's daughters are made to be abominable to the least attentive reader. Unconsciously the girl reader declares to herself that she will not at any rate be like that. This is the mode of teaching which is in truth serviceable. Let the mind be induced to sympathize warmly with that which is good and true, or be moved to hatred against that which is vile, and then an impression will have been made, certainly serviceable, and probably ineradicable. It may be admitted in regard to Dickens's young ladies that they lack nature. Dora, Nelly, Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, and a host of others crowd upon our memory, not as shadows of people we have really known, as do Jeanie Deans, for instance, and Jane Eyre; but they have affected us as personifications of tenderness and gentle feminine gifts. We have felt each character to contain, not a woman, but something which will help to make many women. The Boythorns, Tulkinghorns, Cheerybles, and Pickwicks may be as unlike nature as they will. They are unlike nature. But they nevertheless charm the reader, and leave behind on the palate of his mind a sweet savor of humanity. Our author's heroes, down to Smike, are often outrageous in their virtues. But their virtues are virtues. Truth, gratitude, courage, and manly self-respect are qualities which a young man will be made not only to admire, but to like, by his many hours spent over these novels. And so it will be with young women as to modesty, reticence, and unselfish devotion.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

Strange it is to trace to their source the impulsive longings of the Greek people for a union with their relatives in Macedonia, Epirus, Thrace, to hear Athens calling to Pella, and the land of Demosthenes extending its protecting care, or at least its sympathy, to the fallen people of the home of Philip and Alexander. No country seems more wretched. Its population is fallen into anarchy; bloodshed, strife, reign every where. The mountains of Rhodope are covered with thousands of famishing Turkish families, naked amidst the winter's cold. The Greeks, Albanians, Russians, are never at peace. A horror of despair rests on the land, and the last treaty of the great powers seems only to have added to the misery of mankind. It has failed wholly to quiet Macedonia; the miserable people call for almost any government except that of the stolid Turk. Happy would they be could they once more reunite with Athens, and revive the empire, the republic, of Greece. The whole country is filled with the recollections of a remarkable past, when the Macedonian phalanx moved out to subjugate the East, when all Greece was ruled by the founders of Philippopolis and the masters of Rhodope, when by a sudden revolution barbarous Pella, the capital of Philip, was made the centre of Greek philosophy and art, the chief seat of the military and intellectual power of the age. Pella is now a decaying village, the refuge of impoverished Greeks and Turks. In Philip's days its galleries were filled with the rarest works of art, its palaces adorned by the matchless skill of Zeuxis, Apelles, Lysippus. Here in some lyceum or academy, amidst groves and gardens, Aristotle taught his young disciple Alexander, but the highest lessons of philosophy could produce only at last a kind of monster, a Frankenstein, a hero. Yet it is not without a real interest that any intelligent mind can look upon the scene where the greatest of teachers instructed the most renowned of conquerors. At Pella the art of war was studied with all the aids of Greek learning, and a new system produced, long invincible, that has not been without its effect upon modern tactics.

At Pella was begun that magnificent style of gold coinage that has never been surpassed. The philips of Macedon are among the rarest wonders of the modern cabinet. The statues of Lysippus must have crumbled with its ruins, or lie beneath them. It was against the lord of Pella that Demosthenes aimed his philippics, the models of all later oratory, the artistic invective that Cicero imitated at a distance, and that Burke, Fox, Beaconsfield, have followed with unequal step. A thousand brilliant memories cluster around Macedonia and its ancient capital. It is one of the historical centres around which human affairs have once revolved. It spread Greek letters and manners over the East, discovered the Indus and the Oxus, founded an empire that reached from the shores of the Ionian Sea to the Caspian and the cataracts of the Nile. It is these things that make Pella interesting, important: men never forget the home of genius and energy. Alexander was the chief explorer of his day, the collector of knowledge, the author of a real progress, a Columbus, a Franklin, a Stanley, the Macedonian phalanx his body-guard; the miseries he inflicted upon the human race the necessary pangs of a new birth. It is with horror and delight that the historical inquirer observes the young Macedonian king begin his course of adventure, rush like a madman from blazing Thebes to blighted Tyre, to Egypt, to the passes of the Hindoo Coosh, to the heart of Afghanistan. He was perhaps in the Khyber Pass. He moved his army over the ground from the Indus to the banks of the Oxus, across the dominions of Shere Ali; he led the way to the bare hills of Cashmere; he stood beneath the shadow of the loftiest of earth's mountains. Yet in all his madness the influence of Aristotle never left him: he made herbals, gathered specimens, investigated, studied nature; in the midst of the brutal rage of conquest retained the animation of scientific inquiry. His example touched the emulation of later conquerors. Cæsar composed his Commentaries; Napoleon went to Egypt surrounded by his corps of savants.

It would be quite impossible to tell all that Macedonia has done for mankind, but in every one of those important Oriental regions over which Lord Beaconsfield has extended the somewhat unstable protection of the Anglo-Saxon the Macedonians ruled with successful sway. When the great Alexander died, Egypt was filled with life, light, progress, crime; the city he founded became the scientific teacher of men. Persia, Asia, Afghanistan, even India, were ruled by intelligent Macedonians. The empire was broken, but knowledge is indivisible, and Macedonia instructed and softened the East; at least, compared to the savage rule of Persian or Egyptian, the generation of Macedonian kings were reformers, improvers. Poets and painters, art, science, Archimedes and Theocritus, Apelles and Protogenes, found protection under the Greek rule, and flourished at ease amidst the perils of a dangerous despotism. Macedonia was never the friend of freedom, rather its destroyer; but it helped to keep alive the lingering flame of knowledge. It slumbered and decayed under the Roman rule. Christian influences early penetrated to the land of Alexander. From Macedon came the cry, "Come and help us." The simple story from sacred history fills all the scene with interest. We see the apostolic figures, faint, worn, impoverished, despised, enter the fair city of Philippi; the hospitable converts, the whippings, the prison, the jailer, the miracle, the appeal: "I am a Roman citizen." Macedonia, a small region, mountainous, still fertile, hidden almost in the fall of the Turkish power, is yet linked to America and all mankind by all the impulses of religion, mental culture, art.

When St. Paul entered the dangerous land Macedonia rested in splendid decay under the shadow of imperial Rome. Since then it has been Christian, Mohammedan, the pathway of the endless robber hordes that wasted civilization, of Alaric and Attila, the Bulgar, the Saracen, a province of the Greek Empire, the scene of endless warfare, a land where all the worst horrors of barbarous contests have been witnessed and endured. No part of the earth can have been so ceaselessly wretched. In our happy land, where the violence of human passion is restrained by law and conscience, the only ills men feel or fear are the common and inevitable; in Thrace and Macedonia, peace, ease, content, have never been known; from the wars of Philip to the recent rising of the Greeks, its valleys and mountains have resounded with the cries of the oppressed. A man from Macedon is ever before us, in a horrible vision, calling for help, and never was there a country more wasted and fallen. Cousinery found at Pella and Philippi a few miserable ruins, some broken columns, a great number of those admirable coins that mark the various phases in the history of the unhappy land. Wordsworth describes its decay. The destruction is almost complete. A few poor houses and huts may be mistaken for Pella. At Philippi, Greeks, Bulgars, and their masters the Turks live in suspicious hatred among the ruins where the voice of humanity, of purity, was heard almost for the first time.

The Greeks of Athens naturally wish to extend their rule over Thrace and Macedon, and afford some protection to their fellow-countrymen, who seem to suffer most in the general anarchy. The Greeks in the East are the successful merchants; they grow rich amidst the apathy of the Turks by industry and enterprise. The Turks often repay them by a general plunder or constant exactions. They appealed for aid to the Berlin Congress, but found only slight sympathy. France alone seems to have given them a real support. M. Waddington, in the name of his republic and of Europe, promises some enlargement of the Greek territory. What this may mean is not yet explained, but at least it includes a part of what was once the kingdom of Alexander. M. Waddington says, "We now ask that Greece should have the shores of Volo and Arta, about half Thessaly, and a portion of Thrace;" and he hints at some more extensive arrangement still hidden under the veil of diplomatic correspondence. Athens must be satisfied with what Europe determines; it has no longer a Demosthenes. Macedon can have no second Alexander. But it is plain that this gifted, brilliant race, once more reviving amidst the ruins of its wonderful past, will not long be content to see half its people still pressed down under a foreign sway. The most extensive projects fill the minds of the Athenian politicians. They contend that the Greek race is the only one in the East capable of learning a true civilization. They point to the extensive advantages that would follow the rise of a united Greece. Commerce, industry, labor, would revive. The decay of the Orient would be exchanged for a busy progress. The ships of America and Europe would at once frequent the harbors of Rhodes and Attica. The isles and shores of Greece would teem with life and energy. But still more fortunate would it be for Europe and the East, they claim, could ancient Byzantium, the fine harbor and site of Constantinople, be restored to its founders and true owners, and the wonderful advantages of its situation be employed to add to the welfare of mankind. Under the rule of the Turks, Constantinople, decayed and hopeless, lives only as a centre of superstition; foul, unclean; the home of fever and plague; a scene of moral desolation. The Greek population is all that keeps it from an utter decay. Greek enterprise and intelligence have resisted even the barbarous rule of the Turk. But as the centre of a federation of Christian states, the seat of an intelligent senate, of representative assemblies, of free thought and speech, Constantinople might readily renew all its ancient vigor, and become the source of fresh progress for all the Oriental nations. The kingdom of Alexander would revive again in a purer form. Macedonia would be free.

Macedon, Greece, cry to all free races, "Come and help us." The French republicans have already shown their sympathy; America, with its series of republics, can not withhold its support. To Greek thought, Greek example, America owes nearly all its freedom, its hope. Scholar, Christian, poet, would hail the rise of a Greek republic on the shores of the Bosporus with rare delight, and Greece might live, like another Switzerland, protected by the sympathy of nations.

Eugene Lawrence.

STAGE DROLLERIES.

Charlotte and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence, and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask,

"And what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send for thee?"

Before "fair Montague" could reply, a black head popped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: "Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;" and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The actors were perhaps not quite so dumfounded as Madame Miolan-Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with, "Begging your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!"

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, "Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head," than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground—an accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of, "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe." Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another "god," who, seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying, "Unreal mockery, hence!" to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting, "It's all right now, governor; he's gone."

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favor with the ladies, and like other men sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but to refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love before exclaiming: "I can not resist you, Leander; accept my heart and hand." Brandes was nonplussed; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered Hero, "In the fiend's name, improvise a few words and retire!" Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience, and said, "In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!" and tripped gayly off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who, after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce: "But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a son!" What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fléau des Mers*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with gold-beater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact, the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skillful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Lugnet when playing the beaux of

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an important dispatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Luguet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the dispatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to the messenger, with the command: "Read it to me, Sirrah!" Luguet, however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: "Alas, Sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY

Sunday,	2.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	16.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.—Ash-Wednesday.

THE Pope has opened the year with an important encyclical, of which, however, only a telegraphic summary has so far reached the United States. In its scope it appears to be as comprehensive as the famous encyclical of his predecessor to which the syllabus of errors prevalent in modern society was appended. LEO XIII. denounces Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism, which he rightly says are warring openly against the peace of states, by denying the rights of property, rupturing the bonds of matrimony, and plotting against the lives of kings. He traces these evils to the Protestant Reformation, "which opened the sluice gates of skepticism, till godless governments have arisen wherein the Author and Redeemer of the world is ignored; and youth are trained to believe that man's destinies are bounded by the present life, and without any hereafter." The Pope calls attention to the fact that this, "the natural development" of the Reformation, was indicated by previous pontiffs from CLEMENT XII. to PIUS IX. "The equality," he furthermore insists, "desiderated by the sects is contrary to the Scripture. There are distinctions between the angels in heaven, and *a fortiori* there must be distinctions between men upon earth." He exhorts all the principalities and powers, therefore, "to accept the Church, the safeguard of earthly and the surety of heavenly things."

Thus the conflict which began three hundred years ago in the sphere of theological dogma transfers itself more and more to the social and political spheres. It is sublimely audacious in LEO XIII. to say that in the communities which have grown out of the Reformation "youth are trained to believe that man's destinies are bounded by the present life." An infallible Pope ought to know better. On the question whether the world has or has not profited by the Reformation, Americans will have but one opinion.

The report of Dr. CROSBY's Society for the Prevention of Crime shows with what difficulties its work in New York city is hedged about. For about nine days in 1878 the laws against saloons and Sunday liquor-selling were enforced; obstructions were then put in the way by means of complaints against the Police Commissioners, and "New York reverted again to its condition of lawlessness."

During the year 128 proprietors of liquor saloons and 79 bar-keepers were arrested by the society, together with 65 other persons connected with indecent places of amusement; 160 indictments for selling liquors without license and for Sunday liquor-selling were obtained. In all the cases brought before court there was only 1 acquittal; 50 persons were fined; 4 were sent to the penitentiary. Since 1877 the number of places in the city where liquor is sold has diminished by 1720. 9636 persons paid in 1878 the United States tax on liquor-sellers; of this number only 4964 were licensed by the Commissioners of Excise.

The Atlantic cable reports that the resignation of Archbishop PURCELL, of Cincinnati, is approved at the Vatican, and will most probably be authorized by the Pope. His successor is not yet named.

The French Protestant daily paper to be published in Paris, of which note has already been made in this intelligence, will appear the middle of April next. M. LÉON PILATTE, of Nice, long the editor of the *Église Libre*, will conduct it for a time. Its title will be *Le Réformateur Anti-Clérical et Républicain*. It will be sold at the price of one cent.

The statement drawn up by the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland in explanation of the Westminster Confession, and which virtually annulled some of the articles of that Confession, is now before the Presbyteries for consideration. Report says that it is undergoing much modification.

MR. FRANCIS MURPHY has, after two months of successful work, closed his meetings in this city. On Sunday, January 12, 2000 persons assembled in Cooper Institute to hear him, and in the evening of the same day the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle in Thirty-fourth Street was so densely crowded that the speaker could scarcely make his way to the pulpit. Judge NOAH DAVIS delivered a brief address, in which he urged the importance of sustaining the temperance work in the city. Mr. MURPHY spoke very modestly of himself. "I am not," he said, "a temperance reformer in the common acceptation of that word. I can not preach the Gospel like a minister; but I am doing the best I can. If I am wrong, and ignorant of the right plan to save men, what I need is light. I have gone on in my stumbling way, and I think that, in spite of obstacles, we have accomplished glorious results."

It is the practice of the Richmond daily press to publish once a year carefully prepared religious statistics of the city and the State of Virginia. We find in the *Examiner and Chronicle* a summary for 1878, which we present in from this source. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has in the State 904 churches, 432 itinerant preachers, and 107,000 communicants. The communicants are mostly whites; the colored Methodists of Virginia are in the Northern Methodist Episcopal, the African, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal Churches. These would make an aggregate of probably 30,000 members. The Baptists report 1236 churches, 840 ordained ministers, and 184,000 communicants. The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia numbers 11 Presbyteries, 269 churches, and 23,265 members. The Evangelical Lutheran Church has in the State 150 churches and 13,400 communicants; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 135 clergymen and 13,345 communicants. The Disciples (Campbellites) report 140 churches and 12,500 members; the Roman Catholics, 30 churches, 26 chapels, 25 priests, and a population of 17,000. Richmond has 55 churches, and 30,000 church members, out of a total population of 80,000.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from May 1, 1878, to January 1, 1879, were $134,532, against $139,995 for the same period in 1877. In 1873, from May to January the receipts were $186,918. The falling off in this eight months' period is over $50,000.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which has been in existence for more than a century and a half, has lately received a shock which it was thought portended its dissolution. At a late meeting those members of it who are also members of the English Church Union mustered in force, and carried a resolution abolishing the requirement that intending missionaries shall first pass an examination before a board appointed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London. As soon as this fact was published, announcements of withdrawal from the society were sent in from numerous supporters, among them bishops. Notice has been given of a motion to rescind the offensive resolution, and most probably harmony will be restored.

The exposure of the scandalous traffic in English church livings has been taken up by Churchmen. One who has large information has been revealing some very ugly facts in the *Echo* newspaper. He takes the ground that clergymen who purchase advowsons commit "moral perjury, and just manage to escape the consequences of legal perjury by a most unworthy subterfuge." In law it is simony to purchase a vacated living, but not to purchase a living unvacated. Advowsons are purchased with the promise of speedy possession, and so the law is evaded.

The inducements held out to buyers are often of a very mundane description. One clergyman, who is both rector and patron, and wishes to sell, states that "the neighborhood is exceedingly lovely, and affords good society." In another case it is advertised that the population of the parish is only 180, and that the present rector is over seventy, and in very precarious health. A parson who wishes to exchange livings with some one stipulates that the living he seeks for must have near it a trout stream. A living in Yorkshire worth £1100 yearly is stated by the broker "to give the rector an important position as a county magistrate, and there is capital shooting over the glebe." Livings are put up at auction along with other merchandise. One auctioneer's catalogue contained church livings to be offered to the highest bidder" sandwiched between ALLEN's hot-air bath and BROWN & POLSON's corn flour."

Presbyterianism may not be œcumenical, but it is rapidly becoming "international." The meeting of the Alliance in Edinburgh is leading to a closer union of all the Churches of the reformed faith. Professor W. G. BLAIKIE, of Edinburgh, has just issued the *Catholic Presbyterian*, the American editor is the Rev. Dr. G. D. MATHEWS, of New York. Among the contributors are Dr. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ, M. EUGÈNE RÉVEILLAUD, Drs. SCHAFF, STUART ROBINSON, and the Rev. W. FLEMING STEVENSON, of Dublin.

Father HYACINTHE has published the addresses delivered by him in Paris during the Exposition. They will be admired for their eloquence even by those whom they fail to convince. He still looks for a Reformed Catholic Church, purged of the papacy, priestly celibacy, and the exclusion of the people from Church Councils. He even hopes that the Roman Catholic Church of France may come to this position. Near the close of the volume occurs this beautiful passage: "The influence of Jesuitism has perverted the Church, and especially the theology of the Church. This theology is at this moment like those Egyptian mummies which have lain imprisoned and asleep for ages beneath their sacred wrappings. Only in some cases they hold grains of wheat in their black and shrivelled hands.... Never was wheat more eager for life. It laid hold of the earth with its strong roots, and its stalk came forth richer and more abundantly fruitful. Catholic doctrine is like that grain of wheat. It is imprisoned in the hand of a corpse, but let us take care not to believe that it is dead," etc.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY-CHAMBER.

THE new Capitol at Albany is in striking contrast with the old, and although not yet completed, is one of the largest and most imposing State edifices in this country. In its original conception the style of architecture was not without grave faults, but these, fortunately, were not wholly beyond remedy. The defects of the original plan were discovered at an early stage of the work, and a Commission consisting of Messrs. EIDLITZ, RICHARDSON, and OLMSTED was appointed to complete the structure after designs of their own. The two lower stories, then, are the Capitol of the original architects, and the upper those of the gentlemen just named.

A marvel of immensity and beauty is the new Assembly-chamber, of which a view is given on page 84. It is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the grandeur and magnificence of this room, the like of which has never before been attempted in this country. Its dimensions are 140 feet in length by 84 feet in width, and 56 feet in height beneath the central vault. Within this space stand four great columns of Connecticut granite, with richly carved and massive capitals and bases of white marble. The space at the corners of which they stand is 45 by 55 feet. This central transept and the bay on the west end really constitute the Assembly-chamber proper. In this bay is the Speaker's desk and that of the officers, and behind him is an arrangement of drapery, depending from the gallery devoted to the reporters, and concealing the coupled columns which support the front wall of that gallery and the stone girders that carry its floor. In the corner spaces and above the rich stone screen at the east side are public galleries. The two on the west side are over a vaulted lobby, which is cut off completely from the main room by a solid wall. The corresponding spaces on the east side are open, and contain massive carved chimney-pieces, adjoining which are the entrances. The whole construction is of solid stone, the only wood employed being in the floor and in the doors. Not only the ribs of the vaulting are of stone, the capping is also of solid blocks of the same material. The room is abundantly lighted by the double row of windows on each side, and the ventilation seems perfect. But the crowning achievement of the later architects is the magnificent roof, the summit of which is 60 feet above the cornice, and its sides are inclined at an angle of sixty degrees. It is utilized as a room for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing documents of the Assembly, and is to be reached by an ample, easy staircase of stone. Besides this splendid roof, which is to be matched, of course, with others of equal force on the other sides, the sky line is broken by the strong, well-designed pavilions roofed with stone that flank it. The dormers, too, which have the defect of being somewhat taller in proportion to their breadth than seems altogether agreeable, assist in breaking up the base from which the great roof soars, and thus emphasize its grandeur.

The furniture of the Assembly-chamber is elegant in design and finish. The wood used is mahogany, and the chairs are covered, backs and seats, with red leather. The floor is richly carpeted in crimson. Of the decorative features of the room it is impossible to form an accurate judgment, as they are not yet completed. There is an abundance of rich carving employed by the architects—on the capitals of the columns, the low mouldings of the windows, the railings of the galleries, the corbels that support the coulisses of the gallery behind the Speaker's desk, and the two chimney-pieces at the opposite end. Besides, there is a profusion of incised ornamentation and diaper-work; and this work in both kinds is carried up upon the vaulting, where it appears in the shape of bands which follow the course of stone-work. Of these bands each groin of each vault has two, one near the ridge, the other near the spring; and of these two belts both are carved, the higher one more deeply and richly than the lower. It is the intention of the architects to paint all this carved, incised, and diapered ornamentation, employing only the colors red and blue with gold. Between the upper and the lower tier of windows there are spaces for a frieze by Mr. J. Q. A. WARD not yet completed. Above the upper windows, on the spaces of the stone wall inclosed by the sides of the vaults, are two pictures, 40 by 15 feet in area, painted by Mr. WILLIAM HUNT, of Boston.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HAPPILY it is comparatively seldom that a great ship, with its hundreds of passengers, is wrecked upon our coast, and the services of the life-saving crews brought prominently before the public. Yet none the less are brave deeds done and dangers constantly incurred by the watchful and courageous members of the Life-saving Service. Disasters are of frequent occurrence, but they are not widely chronicled; the nightly patrol along the beach and the daily help rendered to shipwrecked crews of coasters or merchant vessels are realized and known in detail only by the life-savers themselves and those whom they rescue. During the month of October, 1878, there were thirty-one wrecks along our coasts, nine of which occurred in one day. In November thirty-four wrecks, seven in one day, were reported. December proved far less disastrous, only fifteen being reported. From the records of that month the details of one or two cases will serve to show the constant watchfulness and the value of the services rendered by surfmen to shipwrecked vessels. On December 1 the schooner *Peerless* ran ashore at ten o'clock in the morning five miles west-southwest of Station No. 8, Fifth District of Maryland. The keeper and crew of the station boarded her in their life-boat at eight o'clock in the morning, but the captain refused to abandon his vessel, and the boat returned. Before noon the wind increased to a gale, and the life-savers again rowed out and came abreast of the vessel. This time they were unable to board on account of the violence of the wind and the tremendous sea. Three successive efforts were baffled, and the vessel finally capsized. Her crew of eight men were able to cling on her and keep above water, except when the sea broke over them. At 4 P.M. a successful connection with the wreck was established, and all the crew were saved. The vessel proved an entire loss. On December 17 an open sloop, laden with fish, and with two men and two women on board, ran upon Sappili's Ledge, Quoddy Bay, Maine, at 10 o'clock A.M. The life-saving crew of Station No. 1, First District, took off the persons on board, removed the cargo, ran out an anchor, floated the vessel at high water, restored her cargo and the people taken from her, and saw her safely on her way. The sloop had no boat, and would soon have careened and filled with water had she remained upon the ledge. On the 24th the schooner *C. & C. Brooks*, of New York, ran ashore at one o'clock in the morning, three-quarters of a mile from Station No. 23, Fourth District of New Jersey. The sea was very heavy. Upon reaching the schooner the life-saving crew found that she had sunk. Her crew of five men were in the rigging. They were taken into the boat and brought ashore in safety. The vessel became a total wreck. The crew were sheltered for several days at the station. These are only a few examples of the constant labors of the Life-saving Service.

"Young Mrs. Jardine" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Mulock-Craik which begins in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*. A second paper on "Rambles in the South of France," with numerous illustrations, appears in this number. Also an illustrated poem by Will Carleton, entitled "Our Travelled Parson." "Treasures of the Deep," finely illustrated, is the opening article of the *Magazine*, and is by J. C. Beard. Other attractive papers are, "At the Mouth of the Amazons," "Winter Sports in Canada," and "Old Flemish Masters."

In connection with Wilhelmj the following anecdote is related: Some years ago he was engaged by a Jewish banker in Vienna to play at a private party. He was to play from seven to ten o'clock. The host had no knowledge of music whatever. Wilhelmj began to play the andante of a Mendelssohn concerto. The banker was dumfounded, and turning to his guests said, in a stage-whisper: "Excuse me—you see how these musicians are. I engaged him to play by the hour, and he plays slow."

Washington has enjoyed the reputation of being a healthful winter residence—at least until recently. But the death of four members of the House of Representatives since the beginning of the holidays, and the serious illness of others, have directed attention to the question whether there are not local causes which render Washington unhealthy. Change of climate and change in modes of living, no doubt, are among the causes of sickness; but it is believed also that imperfections in the sewerage system give rise to certain malarial diseases which prevail in the Capital City.

When Bayard Taylor died he had only just begun the *Life of Goethe*. His plan comprised three volumes, including with the biography of Goethe a sort of literary history of Germany during the eighteenth century.

Out of the great Paris Exhibition grew the great French lottery. About twelve millions of tickets have been sold under the auspices of the so-called National Lottery. The government desired to make the vast amount of unsold goods remaining after the Exhibition a source of revenue; and so, while the first prize is 100,000 francs, and there are several thousand prizes of smaller sums, the great majority of numbers entitle the holder to some article in the Palais de l'Industrie, of varying and uncertain value. The drawing for these lottery prizes commenced on January 16, and will continue for about three weeks, during which time the French people will be kept in a most unwholesome state of excitement.

Every new enterprise encounters difficulties which are gradually removed, or at least diminished by time and the experience of managers. Many complaints have been made in regard to the New York Elevated Railroad—lack of warmth in the cars, interruption in the running of the trains, inattention and negligence of employés, etc. The railroad company has assured the public that these defects are being remedied as rapidly as possible. The company has 1000 persons in its employ. The Third Avenue line carries hourly during the busiest portions of the day nearly 10,000 passengers, and it will be necessary to run trains every three-quarters of a minute. Since the opening of the road to the Grand Central Dépôt the company has transported more than 6,000,000 passengers, not one of whom, it is stated, an accident has happened through fault of the company or defect in the road.

A much-to-be-regretted loss is that of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, at Birmingham, England, on January 11. It contained about 40,000 volumes, and but few were saved. This library possessed the most complete Shakespearean collection in the world, numbering 8000 volumes.

Broadway in the vicinity of Grand and Canal streets has been particularly unfortunate in regard to fires. The recent destruction of the Brooks Building recalls many other large conflagrations which have occurred in that neighborhood. In February, 1870, nearly a whole block was consumed in this same district, causing great destruction of property and the loss of several lives. The great fire of last week broke out about nine o'clock in the Brooks Building, and for several hours the brilliant flames cast their ruddy glare over the whole city, causing intense excitement among the gathering crowds. The falling walls crushed one fireman to death, others being seriously injured. The loss is estimated at over one million.

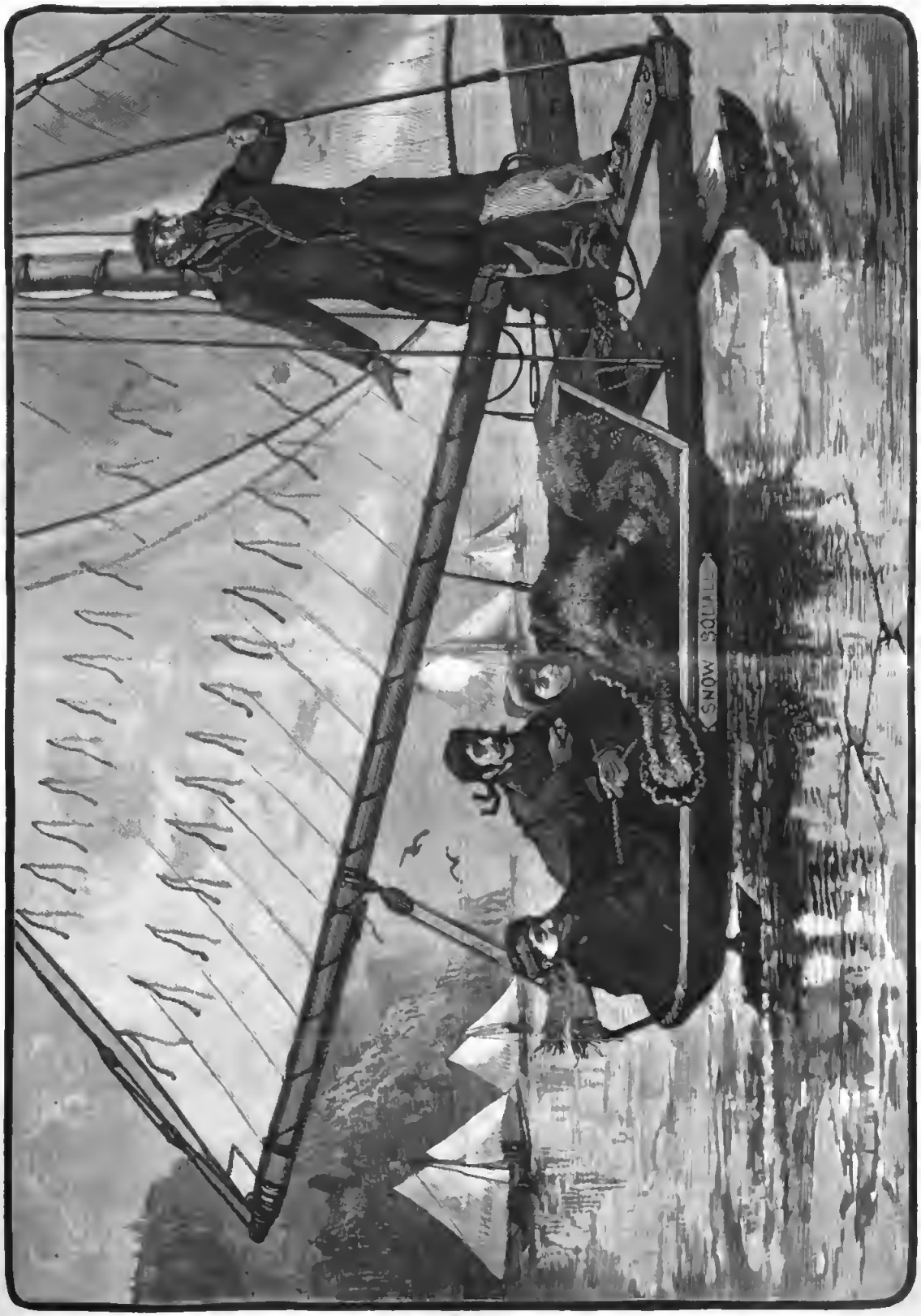
Statistics show that diphtheria is much more fatal in cold than in warm weather. During the six years ending December, 1876, 7579 persons died of diphtheria in the city of New York. Of these, 437 died in the June months, and 848 in the December months.

Ice-yachting on the Hudson is the most exciting sport of the season. The Poughkeepsie Yacht Club has put a large number of handsome craft upon the ice, there being, it is said, no yacht in the fleet but what can make a mile a minute in a stiff breeze. Over twenty yachts are owned by the club. The New Hamburg Ice-boat Club also own about fifteen yachts, and there is a prospect of some exciting racing during the winter.

The large and valuable library of the Academy of Medicine, at No. 12 West Thirty-first Street, has been thrown open to the public. The room and the books—about 6000 volumes—are free to all from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. on week-days. The library contains many rare and interesting works, of which not a few will be appreciated by unprofessional readers. Among the donors to this library are Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. Fordyce Barker, Dr. John C. Peters, and Dr. S. S. Purple.

On December 14 an Englishwoman, known as Madame Anderson, undertook, in Brooklyn, the task of walking 2700 quarter miles in the same number of consecutive quarter hours, beginning at the first part of each quarter. This arduous and remarkable feat she successfully performed, finishing it on the night of January 13. This singular exhibition of pedestrianism has attracted crowds to the hall where the track was laid. Madame Anderson suffered chiefly from blistered feet and extreme drowsiness. At times she walked around the track with closed eyes, and apparently asleep. The wonderful endurance of this woman is unquestionable. But such exhibitions are certainly most undesirable. Apart from the fact that nature sets limits to excessive exercise, which can not be persistently unheeded without danger of death, no possible good, but much harm, is done to the public by going to see a woman perform a self-imposed task in the execution of which she is liable any moment to drop dead from exhaustion. The possibility of such a tragedy attracts multitudes, although it is both strange and pitiful that such is the fact, and the effect is pernicious.

GRAND WALKING MATCH AT BLACKVILLE—TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ON THE HOME STRETCH.—[DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JR.]



ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

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ALMOST YES.

A SONG.

I can not say the little word
You ask for, dearest friend,
But in the darker syllable
Such tender forethoughts blend
That an is almost yes—
That an is almost yes.

I dare not speak the magic word
That touches springs too deep
Of future grief and future joy,
But—bringing dreams from sleep—
Sad an is almost yes—
Sad an is almost yes.

But bringing dreams that once could shed
Rich lustre o'er my way
Till earth's rough paths were paradise—
Shall I not bid them stay?
Ah! an is almost—yes.
Love, almost an is—yes.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1187.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SECRET," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE KENNELS.

It was a fresh, sunny morning, a soft west wind blowing up all the sweetness of the woods and lea. The cattle were grouped in lazy stillness in the dewy grass; the year's pigs, grown to the hobbledehoy stage of existence, were grubbing about contentedly among the furze bushes; by the road-side a maternal sow lay stretched flat upon her side in the sunshine, just where carriage wheels must pass over her were carriages frequent in those parts.

Even the brightness of the morning had no charm for Vixen. There was no delight for her in the green solemnity of the forest glades, where the beechen pillars led the eye away into innumerable vistas, each grandly mysterious as a cathedral aisle. The sun shot golden arrows through dark boughs, patching the moss with translucent lights, vivid and clear as the lustre of emeralds. The gentle plash of the forest stream rippling over its pebbly bed made a tender music that was wont to seem passing sweet to Violet Tempest's ear. To-day she heard nothing, saw nothing. Her brain was clouded with angry thoughts.

She left the forest by-and-by, following one of the familiar cart tracks, and came out into the peaceful little colony of Beechdale, where it was a chance if the country traveller saw any thing alive except a youthful family of pigs enjoying an oasis of mud in a dry land, or an intrusive dog rushing out of a cottage to salute the wayfarer with an inquiring bark. The children were still in school. The hum of their voices was wafted from the open windows. The church door stood open. The village graves upon the sunward fronting slope were bright with common flowers, the dead lying with their feet to the west, ready to stand up and see their Lord at the resurrection morning.

Vixen hurried through the little village, not wanting to see Mrs. Scobel or any one she knew this morning. There was a long rustic lane opposite the church that led straight to the kennels.

"I will go and see the fox-hounds," said Vixen. "They are true and faithful. But perhaps all these I love best have been sold or are dead by this time."

It seemed to her ages since she had been to the kennels with her father. It had been his favorite walk, out of the hunting season, and he had rarely suffered a week to pass without making his visit of inspection. Since his return Violet had carefully avoided the well known spot, but to-day, out of the very bitterness of her heart, came a desire to renew past associations. Bullfinch was gone forever, but the hounds at least remained, and her father had loved them almost as well as he had loved Bullfinch.

Nothing was changed at the kennels. The same feeder, in corduroy and fustian, came out of the cooking house when Vixen opened the fire-barred gate. The same groom was lounging in front of the stables where the horses were kept for the huntsman and his underlings. The whole place had the same slumberous out-of-season look she remembered as well in the days when hunting was over.

The man touched their caps to Miss Tempest as she passed them. She went straight to the kennels. There were the three wooden doors, opening into three square stone-paved yards, each door provided with a round eye-hole, through which the authorities might scrutinise the assembly within. A loud yelping arose on Vixen's footstep drew near. Then there were frantic snuffings under the doors, and a general agitation. She looked through the little eye-hole into the middle yard. Yes, there they were, fourteen or fifteen couple, tumultuously excited, or if they knew she were there—white and black-and-tan, pointed noses, beautiful intelligent eyes, bright tan spots upon marked brown, some with a streak of white running down the long sharp noses, same heavy in the jowl, some with mottles sharp or grey-hound's, thirty tails erect and agitated.

The feeder remembered Miss Tempest perfectly, though it was more than three years since her last visit.

"Would you like to go in and see 'em, miss?" he said.

"Yes, if you please, Dawson. You have Gauntlet still, I see. That is Gauntlet, isn't it? And Dart, and Juno, and Ringlet, and Artful."

"Yes, miss. There ain't many gone since you was here. But there's a lot o' puppies. You'd like to see the puppies, wouldn't you, miss? They be in the next kennel, if you'll just wait five minutes."

Cleanliness was the order of the day at the kennels, but to do the late master's daughter more honor, Dawson, the feeder, called a bright-looking lad, his subordinate, and divers pails of water were fetched, and the three little yards washed out vigorously before Miss Tempest was invited to enter. When she did go in, the yard was empty and clean as a new pin. The hounds had been sent into their house, where they were all grouped picturesquely on a bench fitered with straw, looking on grave or a human parliament, and much wiser. Nothing could be more beautiful than their attitudes, or more intelligent than their countenances.

Vixen looked in at them through the barred window.

"Dear things," she exclaimed; "they are as lovely as ever. How fond papa was of them!"

And then the kennel huntsman, who had appeared on the scene by this time, opened the door and smacked his whip; and the fourteen couple came leaping helter-skelter out into the little yard, and made a rush at Vixen, and surrounded her, and fawned upon her, and caressed her as if their recognition of her after long years were perfect, and as if they had been breaking their hearts for her in the interval. Perhaps they would have been just as affectionate to the next comer, having a large surplus stock of love always on hand ready to be lavished on the human race, but Vixen took these demonstrations as expressive of a peculiar attachment, and was moved to tears by the warmth of this canine greeting.

"Thank God! there are some living things that love me," she exclaimed.

"Something that loves you!" cried a voice from the door of the yard. "Does one every thing noble or worthy love you, as it loves all that is beautiful?"

Turning quickly, with a scared look, Violet saw Roderick Vawdrey standing in the doorway.

He stood quietly watching her, his dark eyes softened with a look of tender admiration. There could hardly have been a prettier picture than the tall girlish figure and bright chestnut head, the fair face bending over the upturned noses of the hounds as they clustered round her, some standing up with their strong white paws upon her shoulder, some nestling at her knees. How hat had fallen off and was being trampled under a multitude of restless feet.

Rorie came into the little yard. The huntsman cracked his whip, and the hounds went tumbling one over the other into their house, where they leaped upon their straw bed, and grouped themselves as if they had been sitting for their portraits to Sir Edwin Landseer. Two magnificent fellows stood up with their paws upon the ledge of the barred window, and looked out at Violet and the new master.

"I did not know you were at Briarwood," she said, as they shook hands.

"I only came home last night. My first visit was naturally here. I wanted to see if every thing was in good order."

"When do you begin to hunt?"

"On the 1st of October. You are going to hunt this year, of course."

"No. I have never followed the hounds since papa's death. I don't suppose I ever shall again."

"What! not with your step-father?"

"Certainly not with Captain Carmichael."

"Then you must marry a hunting man," said Rorie, gayly. "We can't afford to lose the straightest rider in the Forest."

"I am not particularly in love with hunting—for a woman. There seems something bloodthirsty in it. And Bates says that if ladies only knew how their horses' backs get wrung in the hunting season, they would hardly have the heart to hunt. It was very nice to ride by papa's side when I was a little girl. I would have gone any where with him—through an Indian jungle after tigers—but I don't care about it now."

"Well, perhaps you are right; though I should hardly have expected such mature wisdom from my old playfellow, whose flowing locks used once to be the cynosure of the hunting field. And now, Violet—I may call you Violet, may I not, as I did in the old days—at least when I did not call you Vixen."

"That was papa's name," she said, quickly. "Nobody ever calls me that now."

"I understand: I am to call you Violet. And we are to be good friends always, are we not, with a true and loyal friendship?"

"I have not so many friends that I can afford to give up one who is stanch and true," answered Violet, sadly.

"And I mean to be stanch and true, believe me; and I hope by-and-by, when you come to know Mabel, you and she will be fast friends. You may not cotton to her very easily at first, because, you see, she reads Greek, and goes in for natural science, and has a good many queer ways. But she is all that is pure-minded and noble. She has been brought up in an atmosphere of flattery. It is the only fault she has."

"I shall be very glad if she will let me like her," Violet said, meekly.

They had strolled away from the kennels into the surrounding forest, where the free horses of the soil were roaming from pasture to pasture, and a few vagabond pigs were stealing a march on their brethren for whom the joys of pasturage time had not yet begun. They walked along idly, following a cart track that led into the woody deeps, where the earliest autumn leaves were falling gently in the soft west wind. By-and-by they came to a fallen oak, lying by the side of the track, ready for barking, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit down side by side on this rustic seat and talk of days gone by, lazily watching the flickering shadows and darting sun rays in the opposite thicket or along the slanting stretch of open turf—that smooth emerald grass so inviting to the eye, so perilous to the foot of man or beast.

"And now, Violet, tell me all about yourself, and about this second marriage of your mother's," Roderick began, earnestly. "I hope you have quite reconciled yourself to the idea of it by this time."

"I have not reconciled myself, I never shall," answered Violet, with restrained anger. "I know that mamma has heaped up sorrow for herself in the days to come, and I pity her too much to be angry with her. Yes; I, who ought to look up to and respect my mother, can only look down upon her and pity her. That is a hard thing, is it not, Rorie? She has married a bad man—mean and false and tyrannical. Shall I tell you what he has done within these last few days?"

"Do. I hope is is not any thing very bad."

Violet told how Bullfinch had been sold.

"It looks mean, certainly," said Mr. Vawdrey; "but I dare say, to Captain Carmichael, as a man of the world, it might seem a foolish thing to keep a horse nobody rode, especially such a valuable horse as Bullfinch. Your father gave two hundred and fifty for him at Ambrose, I remember. And you really have not many horses at the Abbey House."

"Arion will be the next to be sold, I dare say."

"Oh, no, no. He could not be such an insolent scoundrel as to sell your horse. That would be too much. Besides, you will be of age in a year or two, and your own mistress."

"I shall not be of age for the next seven years. I am not to come of age till I am five-and twenty."

"Phew!" whistled Rorie. "That's a long shot off. How is that?"

"Papa left it so in his will. It was his care of me, no doubt. He never would have believed that mamma would marry again."

"And for the next seven years you are to be in a state of tutelage, dependent on your mother for every thing?"

"For every thing. And that will really mean dependent upon Captain Carmichael, because I am very sure that as long as he lets mamma wear pretty dresses, she will be quite contented to let him be master of every thing else."

"But if you were to marry—"

"I suppose that would entangle to disentangle matters somehow. But I am not likely to marry."

"I don't see that," said Rorie. "I should think nothing was more likely."

"Allow me to be the best judge of my own business," exclaimed Vixen, looking desperately angry. "I will go so far as to say that I never shall marry."

"Oh, very well, if you insist upon it, let it be understood so. And now, Vix—Violet, don't you think if you could bring yourself to conciliate Captain Carmichael, to resign yourself, in fact, to the inevitable, and take things pleasantly, it would make your life happier for the next seven years? I really would try to do it, if I were you."

"I had made up my mind to a life of hypocrisy before he sold Bullfinch," replied Vixen, "but now I shall hate him frankly."

"But, Violet, don't you see that unless one can bring yourself to live pleasantly with that man, your life will be made miserable? Fate condemns you to live under the same roof with him."

"I am not sure about that. I could go out as a governess. I am not at all clever, but I think I could teach enough for twenty pounds a year, or at least give my services in exchange for a comfortable home, as the advertisements say. How I wish I could read Greek and play Chopin, like Lady Mabel Ashbourne! I'll write to dear old M'Croke, and ask her to get me a place."

"My dear Violet, how can you talk so absurdly. You, the future mistress of the Abbey House, to go meandering about the world teaching butterman's or ten-dealers' children to spell B a, Ba, and A b, Ab?"

"It might be better than sitting at meat with a man I detest," said Vixen. "Am I to value the flesh-pots of Egypt more than my liberty and independence of spirit?"

"You have your mother to think of," urged Roderick. "You owe duty and obedience to her, even if she has offended you by this foolish marriage. If you have to bad an opinion of Captain Carmichael, you are all the more bound to stand by your mother."

"That is an argument worth listening to," said Vixen. "It might be cruel to leave poor mamma quite at his mercy. I don't suppose he would actually ill-treat her. He knows his own interest too well for that. He would not lock her up in a cellar, or beat or starve her. He will be content with making himself her master. She will have as much will of her own than if she were a prettily dressed doll placed at the head of the table for show. She will be lulled into a state of childish bliss, and go smiling through life, believing she has not a wish ungratified. Every body will think her the happiest of women, and Captain Carmichael the best of husbands."

Vixen said all this with prophetic earnestness, looking straight forward into the green glade before her, where the beech-nuts and acorns were dropping in a gentle rain of plenty.

"I hope things won't be quite as bad as you anticipate. I hope you will be able to make yourself happy in spite of Captain Carmichael. And we shall see each other pretty often, I hope, Violet, as we used in old times. The Dovedales are at Wiesbaden—the duke only holds existence on the condition of detaining himself with German waters once a year—but they are to be back early in November. I shall make the duchess call on Mrs. Carmichael directly she returns."

"Thanks; mamma will be very pleased. I wonder you are not with them."

"Oh, I had to begin my duties as M. P. H. I wouldn't have been away for the world."

Violet looked at her watch. It was a good deal later than she had supposed. Time goes quickly when one is talking over a new grievance with an old friend. She was a long way from the Abbey House.

"I must go home," she said; "mamma and Captain Carmichael may arrive at any moment. There is no time named to mamma's last telegram," she said, "only that they are moving gently homeward."

"Let us go, then," said Rorie, rising from his rugged seat.

"But I am not going to take you out of your way. Every step of my way home takes you farther from Briarwood."

"Never mind if it does. I mean to walk home with you. I dare say, if I were very tired, Bates would lend me a mount home."

"You can have Arion, if you like."

"No, thanks. Arion shall use have no thirteen stone; I want a little more timber under me."

"You ought to have had Bullfinch," said Vixen, regretfully.

"I would have had him if I had known he was in the market. The writing a figure or so more or less in a check should not have hindered me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BAD BEGINNING.

That walk through the forest was very pleasant to Violet. It was a day on which mere existence was a privilege; and now that her spirits had been soothed by her confidential talk with Rorie, Vixen could enjoy those sights and sounds and sweet wild scents of the woodland that had ever been a rapture to her.

This forest-born girl loved her native woods as Wordsworth loved his lakes and mountains, as Byron trod the bleak bare landscape round the city of Aberdeen. Their poetry and beauty filled her heart with a deep contentment. To walk or ride alone through pathless forest glades, or in the scented darkness of fir plantations, was enough for happiness. But it was comforting to-day—on the day when her heart had been so cruelly wounded—to have Roderick Vawdrey by her side. It was like a leaf out of the closed volume of the past.

They talked freely and happily during that long homeward walk, and their conversation was chiefly of by-gone days. Almost every speech began with, "Do you remember?" Vixen was gayer than she had been for a long time, save once or twice when a pang shot through her heart at the idea that Bullfinch was being shaken about in a railway box, oscillating helplessly with every vibration of the train, and panic-stricken in every tunnel.

The sun had declined from his meridian; he had put on his sober afternoon glory, and was sending shafts of mellower gold along the green forest aisles, when Miss Tempest and her companion drew near the Abbey House. They went in at the gate by the keeper's cottage, the gate which Titmouse had jumped so often in the days when he carried his childish mistress. They went through the wood of rhododendrons, and past the old archway leading to the stables, and round by the shrubbery to the porch. The door stood open as usual, and the squire's old pointer was lying on the threshold, but within all was commotion. Dress baskets, hat cases, bonnet boxes, gun cases, travelling bags, carriage rugs, were lying about in every direction. Mrs. Carmichael was leaning back in the large chair by the fire-place, fanning herself with her big black fan; Pauline was standing by in attendance, and the gypsy table, with the Bristol tea set, was being brought to by Forbes the butler, whose honest old face wore a troubled aspect.

Captain Carmichael was standing with his back to the hearth, his countenance and whole figure wearing the unmistakable air of the master of a house who has returned to his domicile in an execrable temper.

Violet ran to Mrs. Carmichael, every other thought forgotten to the pleasure of seeing her mother again. Those six weeks were the longest parting mother and daughter had ever known; and, after all, blood is thicker than water, and there is a natural leaning in a child's mind even to the weakest of parents.

Mr. Vawdrey stood in the background waiting till these affectionate greetings natural to such an occasion should be over.

But to his surprise there were no such greetings. Mrs. Carmichael went on fanning herself vehemently, with a vexed expression of countenance, while Violet bent over and kissed her. Captain Carmichael swayed himself slowly backward and forward upon the heels of his boots, and whistled to himself *sotto voce*, with his eyes fixed upon some lofty region of empty air. He vouchsafed not the faintest notice of his stepdaughter to Mr. Vawdrey.

"It's really too bad of you, Violet," the mother exclaimed at last.

"Dear mamma," cried Vixen, in blank amazement, "what have I done?"

"To go roaming about the country," pursued Mrs. Carmichael, plaintively, "for hours at a stretch, nobody knowing where to find you or what had become of you. And my telegram lying there unattended to."

"Did you telegraph, mamma?"

"Did I telegraph? Should I come home without telegraphing? Should I be so mad or to expose myself knowingly to the outrage which has been offered to me to-day?"

"Dearest mamma, you alarm me. What has happened?"

"One of the deepest humiliations I ever had to endure. But you were roaming about the forest. You were following the instincts of your nature. What do you care for my mortification? If I had telegraphed to my housekeeper, it would not have happened. But I trusted in my daughter."

"Dear mamma," pleaded Vixen, looking anxious and bewildered, "if you would only ex-

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plain. You make me miserable. What has happened?"

"Violet, your step-father and I had to drive home from the station in a fly!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Vixen, with a gasp. "Is that all?"

"Is that all? Do you think that is not enough? Do you understand, child?—a fly—a common innkeeper's fly—that any body may have for half a guinea; a fly with a mouldy lining, smelling of—other people! And on such an occasion, when every eye was upon us! No; I was never so degraded. And we had to wait—yes, a quarter of an hour at least, and it seemed ages, while Pycroft's fly was got ready for us; yes, while a rough forest pony was dragged out of his wretched stable, and a man, whose face had not been washed for a week, shuffled himself into an old watchman's coat. And there were all the porters staring at me, and laughing inwardly, I know. And, as a last drop in the cup, Colonel Carteret drove up in his phaeton to catch the up train just as we were getting into that disgraceful-looking vehicle, and would stop to shake hands with us both, and insisted upon handing me into the horrid thing."

"Dear mamma, I am more sorry than I can say," said Vixen, gently; "but I was afraid it was something much worse."

"Nothing could be worse, Violet."

"Then the telegram was to order the carriage to meet you, I suppose?"

"Of course. We telegraphed from the Grosvenor at nine o'clock this morning. Who would imagine that you would be out-of-doors at such an hour?"

"I am not often out so early. But something happened this morning to put me out of temper, and I went for a ramble."

"A ramble lasting from nine in the morning till half past four in the afternoon," remarked Captain Carmichael, with his gaze still fixed upon empty space. "Rather a long walk for a solitary young lady."

Vixen appeared unconscious that any one had spoken. Roderick Vawdrey felt a burning desire to kick the new master of the Abbey House.

"Shall I pour out your tea, mamma?" asked Vixen, meekly.

"If you like. I am utterly prostrate. To have no carriage to meet me on such an occasion! I dare say every body in the Forest knows all about it by this time. When I came home from my honey-moon with your poor papa, the church bells rang all the afternoon, and the road was lined with people wanting to get a glimpse of us, and there were floral arches—"

"Ah, mamma, those things can not happen twice in a lifetime," said Vixen, with irrepressible bitterness. "One happy marriage is as much as any woman can expect."

"A woman has a right to expect her own carriage," said Captain Carmichael.

"I am afraid I have paid my visit at rather an unfortunate moment," said Roderick, coming forward and addressing himself solely to Mrs. Carmichael; "but I could not go without saying how do you do. I hope you had a pleasant journey from Scotland—bar the fly?"

"How do you do, Roderick? Yes, it was all pleasant except that last contretemps. Imagine the Duchess of Dovedale's feelings if she arrived at the station adjoining her own estate and found no carriage to meet her!"

"My aunt would tuck up her petticoats and trudge home," answered Roderick, smiling. "She's a plucky little woman."

"Yes, perhaps, on an ordinary occasion. But to-day it was so different. Every body will talk about our return."

"Most people are still away," suggested Rorie, with a view to comfort.

"Oh, but their servants will hear it, and they will tell their masters and mistresses. All gossip begins that way. Besides, Colonel Carteret saw us, and what he knows every body knows."

After this Roderick felt that all attempts at consolation were hopeless. He would have liked to put Mrs Carmichael into a better temper for Violet's sake. It was not a pleasant home atmosphere in which he was obliged to leave his old playfellow on this the first day of her new life. Captain Carmichael maintained a forbidding silence; Mrs Carmichael did not even ask any one to pass a cup of tea. Violet sat on the opposite side of the hearth, pale and quiet, with Argus at her knee, and one arm wound caressingly round his honest head.

"I've been looking at the kennels this morning," said Roderick, looking at the new master of the Abbey House with a cheerful assumption that every thing was going so pleasantly. "We shall begin business on the 1st. You'll hunt, of course."

"Well, yes, I suppose I shall give myself a day occasionally."

"I shall not have a happy moment while you are out," said Mrs Carmichael. "I used to be miserable about poor dear Edward."

Vixen winced. These careless references to the dead hurt her more than the silence of complete oblivion. To remember, and to be able to speak so lightly. That seemed horrible.

"I doubt if I shall hunt much this season," pursued Captain Carmichael, as much as to say that he was not going to be grateful to the new master of the fox-hounds as a public benefactor, however many hundreds that gentleman might disburse in order to make up the short-comings of a scanty subscription. "I shall have a great deal to occupy me. This place has been much neglected, naturally, within the last few years. There is an end of work to be done."

"Are you going to pull down the Abbey House and build an Italian villa on its site?" asked Vixen, her upper lip curling angrily. "That would be rather a pity. Some people think it a fine old place, and it has been in my father's family since the reign of Henry the Eighth."

To the captain's ear this speech had a covert insolence. The Abbey House was to belong to Violet in the future. Neither he nor his wife had a right to touch a stone of it.

"I hope I shall do nothing injudicious," he said, politely.

"My aunt will be back in a week or two, Mrs. Carmichael," said Roderick. "I shall bring her over to see you directly she settles down at Ashbourne. And now I think I'd better be off. I've a long walk home, and you must be too tired to care about talking or being talked to."

"I am very tired," answered Mrs Carmichael, languidly; "but I should have liked to hear all your news."

"I'm afraid that's not much. I only came home last night. I have been shooting grouse in Renfrew."

"Plenty of birds this year?" inquired the captain, with a languid interest.

"Pretty fair. The rainy spring killed a good many of the young birds."

"Do you remember any year in which that complaint was not made?" retorted Captain Carmichael.

Rorie took his departure after this, and contrived to give Violet's hand an encouraging squeeze at parting, accompanied with a straight steady look, which said as plainly as words: "You have one friend who will be stanch and true, come what may."

Vixen understood him, and sudden tears welled up to her eyes—the first that had clouded them since her parting with Bullfinch. She brushed them away hurriedly, but not so quickly as to escape Captain Carmichael's observation.

"If you'll excuse me, mamma, I'll run and dress for dinner," she said, "unless there is any thing I can do for you. Your rooms are quite ready."

"I'm glad of that," replied Mrs Carmichael, fretfully, "for really, after our reception at the railway station, I expected to find every thing at sixes and sevens."

"Dear mamma, you must know that was quite an accident."

"An accident very likely to occur when a young lady indulges in *tête-à-tête* forest rambles with an old friend, instead of waiting at home for her mother's letters and telegrams," remarked Captain Carmichael, caressing his neat whisker with his irreproachable hand.

"What do you mean?" said Vixen, turning sharply upon him. "I went out alone this morning. Mr Vawdrey and I met at the kennels by accident."

"A chapter of accidents," sneered the captain. "I have no objection to make, Miss Tempest, if your mamma has none. But I am rather sorry for the young lady Mr. Vawdrey is going to marry."

"Mr. Vawdrey was my father's friend, and will never cease to be mine," said Vixen, with flashing eyes. "There can be nothing offensive to Lady Mabel Ashbourne in our friendship."

She was gone before her step-father could reply, or her mother reprove her want of respect for that new relative.

"I suppose I had better go and dress too," said Mrs. Carmichael, "and as the evening is our talk about our first dinner party. I dare say we shall have a great many people calling to-morrow afternoon. It will be rather trying. There is such a painful feeling in being a bride and not a bride, as it were. People's congratulations hardly sound hearty."

"I dare say they have rather a vapid flavor, like a warmed-up dinner," said the captain. "That is the result of living in a neighborhood where your first husband was known and popular. If we went among strangers, their congratulations would be a great deal heartier. But I hope you don't begin to repent already, my dear Pamela."

"Conrad! How can you imagine such a thing—after your delicate attentions, your devoted care of me during our tour. What dress shall I wear this evening? Do you like me best in blue or amber?"

"To my eye all colors suit you. But I think a woman"—he was going to say "of your age," but checked himself and substituted—"in the maturity of her beauty looks best in velvet, or some rich and heavy material that falls in massive folds, like the drapery in a portrait by Velasquez. A border of fur, too, is an artistic introduction in a woman's dress—you see it often in Velasquez. Heavy old laces are, of course, always admirable. And for color I like the warmer hues best—wine-dark purples or deep glowing reds, rich ruddy browns, with a knot of amber now and then for relief."

"How beautifully you talk!" cried Mrs. Carmichael, delighted. "I only wish Theodore could hear you. It would give her new ideas; for, after all, the best dress-makers are *bornées*. It is too early in the year for velvet; I shall put on my dark green brocade, with the old *Flanders* lace. I am so glad you like lace. It is my chief weakness. Even dear Edward, who was so generous, thought me a little extravagant in the matter of lace. But a lace connoisseur begins to collect, the study is so interesting one is led on."

"Good heavens! Is my wife a collector?" thought Captain Carmichael, horrified. "That must be put a stop to, or she will ruin me."

And then he went off to his dressing-room, rather wearily, to put on full dress for a home dinner—a sacrifice to his new state of existence which he found very irksome. He would have liked to dine in a shooting jacket, and smoke all the evening. But his smoking now, instead of pervading the whole house, as it had done in his snug bachelor quarters, was an indulgence to be taken out-of-doors, or in a room appointed for the purpose. He was not even to smoke in the fine old hall, for it was one of the family sitting-rooms, and Mrs. Carmichael could not endure smoke.

"I am not at all fanciful or capricious," she said her husband early in the honey-moon, "but smoking is one of my horrors. I hope, dear Conrad, it is not too much to ask you never to smoke in any room I use."

Captain Carmichael pledged himself to respect this and every other wish of his wife's. It was his policy to be subservient in small matters, in order to be master in things of importance. But that daily dressing for dinner was something of a bore; and the dinners themselves—*tête-à-tête* dinners, in which he had to take as much trouble to be amusing as at a dinner party—had been apt to hang heavily upon him. He had even proposed dining at the *table d'hôte*, but this idea Mrs. Carmichael rejected with horror.

"I have never dined at a *table d'hôte* in my life, Conrad," she exclaimed, "and I certainly should not begin during my wedding tour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In 1877 Captain RICHARD BURTON, the distinguished traveller and explorer, made a hasty reconnoissance of what was in former times known as the "Land of Midian," and as such very frequently mentioned in Scripture history. This is situated on the Gulf of Akaba, and occupies an extent of about 233 miles, being thus placed east of the Sinaitic peninsula and south of Palestine.

Few portions of Asia have been less known in modern times than this, Dr RÜPPEL, WELLSTEAD, Dr WALTON, and others well known having made flying trips into it without traversing it to any extent. Captain BURTON, being greatly interested by the discoveries of natural wealth and of archæological remains during his first visit in 1877, which occupied about half the month of April, and resulted in the collection of specimens of gold, silver, and other valuable minerals, forming the basis of a work entitled *The Gold Mines of Midian*, instituted a second expedition in 1878, under the auspices of the Khedive of Egypt, on a much larger scale, as it embraced an artist, a geologist, six Egyptian officers, with an escort of twenty-five negro soldiers, and thirty unarmed miners. They were furnished with a liberal supply of mules, tents, and implements, the object being to bring back a sufficient quantity of the precious minerals for the purpose of assay. The party reached El-Muweylah on the 19th of February, and continued their operations until the 18th of April, 1878, having discovered the location of numerous quarries of precious metals, and of the turquois, and bringing back a series of interesting antiquities to the amount of about twenty-five tons. A critical examination of these minerals was considered necessary before any special arrangements could be made to work the mines of the region with European capital.

It is not at all unlikely that this country will be the scene of a still more extended exploration, accompanied by the means for the development of its mineral wealth. A full report of this expedition can not fail to be of great interest.

Captain BURTON remarks that in this last quarter of the nineteenth century the whole region is less civilized than it was in the nineteenth century before Christ.

Many exaggerated statements having been made as to the size of the tiger, Dr FAYRER, whose great work on the poisonous serpents of India has made him so well known, writes, confirming Dr JERDON's conclusions, that a tiger ten feet in length, measured properly from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail, represents a very large size, although there is authentic evidence to prove that they have occasionally reached a length of even twelve feet. This, however, is very rare, and is only shown by a comparison of a large number of observations.

We some time ago referred to the proposed systematic work upon the natural history of Central America under the direction of Messrs. SALVIN and GODMAN, this promising to be one of the most extensive and exhaustive works ever published in regard to so large an extent of country. The botanical portion of this work is being prepared by Mr W. B. HEMSLEY, of the Kew Herbarium. This gentleman has just published a pamphlet of diagnoses of new species of the polypetalæ of that region, 111 in number.

A very complete *Hand-book of Alabama* has lately been published by Mr SAFFOLD BERNEY, at Mobile. It is interesting in a scientific point of view, having a complete geological appendix, accompanied by a map.

The economical resources of the State, the mineral wealth, timber, grass, etc., as also the climate and other peculiarities, are set forth elaborately. The geological contribution is by Dr. EUGENE A. SMITH, the State Geologist.

The death, at the age of sixty-eight, of Mr. JAMES M'NAB, curator of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, took place in the month of November last, and represents a serious loss in the ranks of horticulturists. Prominence was first given to Mr M'NAB by a visit to the United States and Canada in 1834, during which he collected and sent to Edinburgh many plants not known at the time to the British gardens. In 1849 he succeeded his father, after his thirty-eight years of superintendence, as the director of the Botanic Garden, which position he has held ever since.

Dr SCHLIEMANN, as has already been announced, has for some time past been engaged in continuing his excavations on the site of Troy, under better auspices than before, and he has already made some additional discoveries of much interest. A remarkable fact is the discovery of immense numbers of shells of cockles and mussels found in all the strata of the prehistoric debris—species said to be no longer found on the shores of the Hellespont and Ægean.

The death of Dr ERNST FRIEDEL, assistant of the Zoological Institute of Kiel, took place at Munich on the 24th of September. This gentleman was well known by the publication of a number of historical works.

The admirable work by Mr WILLIAM H. EDWARDS on the *Butterflies of North America* has been continued by the publication of the seventh part of the second series, which, like its predecessors, is illustrated by five quarto plates of interesting species, drawn by Miss MARY PEART, of Philadelphia. It is especially interesting from the number of observations made by the author, and his correspondents upon dimorphism and polymorphism of a number of the lepidoptera.

The Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club describes a truffle new to the North American flora. Referring to the great rarity of this fungus in America, it is suggested that this is more apparent than real, and that probably when more attention is directed to their acquisition, as in Europe, we shall find that we are amply provided.

The death is announced of Herr DOHRANDT, lately appointed to the directorship of the Tiflis Observatory. He was one of the most promising of Russian meteorologists.

The destruction of enormous quantities of fish in the Ganges is attributed to the fact of the turbidity of the water, produced by the sudden rise of one of the branches after a long drought, which caused so many particles of mud to mingle in the water as to impregnate the gills of the fish and prevent their breathing.

Dr. AUGUST FOREL, who started some months ago to make a scientific exploration of Colombia, South America, has returned to Munich, in consequence of the sudden death at St. Thomas of the companion of his voyage.

The recent Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London contain a very elaborate article by Professor HUXLEY on the cray-fishes, of which we have so many familiar instances in the fresh-water streams of the United States. As a generalization upon the subject he remarks that the forms of the northern hemisphere are generically distinguished from those of the southern; that the American cray-fishes east of the Sierra Nevada differ generically from those west of that range, as well as from the South American species; that while the Western North American cray-fishes belong to the same genus as those of the Old World, the South American forms are more closely allied to those of Madagascar and Australia; also, that the New Zealand species are distinguished from the Australian forms, and that the latter are to be placed in the same genus as those of Madagascar and South America. The entire absence of cray-fishes in equatorial South America, Africa, and the rest of the Old World south of the northern escarpment of the great Asiatic highlands is also mentioned as a subject of interest.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

We are not obliged to believe every thing we hear. Stanley was told at Karagwe of a strange people "who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover them from the cold, like a dressed hide."

"Young Philosopher" would like to inquire what a "safety" match is, and why so called. A safety match is one in which the young man owns a span of horses, a three-story house, and a seal ring, while the young lady's father is the possessor of sixty thousand dollars in government bonds, and a whole square of brick blocks.

A country doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients.

"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are *both of one mind*—she wants to be master, and so do I."

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been killed, "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shtop when she rang her bell, nayther."

INSTRUCTOR. "What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?"
STUDENT. "He says a brute is an imperfect animal."
INSTRUCTOR. "And what is man?"
STUDENT. "Man is a perfect brute."

FIANCÉ. "Why art thou, darling, like Venus?"
ANGELINA. "Why, Fred, what a funny question! I don't know."
FIANCÉ. "Beneath, darling—beneath—you are a flawless myth." [They part.

EXTRACT FROM A ROMANCE. "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

The venerable wife of a celebrated physician one day, casting her eyes out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions. It appears so much like a tailor carrying home his work!"

"Thus do we burn the midnight oil," said the facetious editor as he consigned old Mumblepeg's manuscript to the fire.

"I presume you won't charge any thing for just remembering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

They lingered at the garden gate—
  The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
  The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
  And softly told his love.

About her waist he placed his arm;
  He called her all his own;
His heart, he said, it ever beat
  For her, and her alone;
And he was happier than a king
  Upon a golden throne.

"Come weal, come woe," in ardent tones
  This youth continued he,
"As is the needle to the pole,
  So I will constant be;
No power on earth shall take thee, love,
  Away, I swear, from me!"

From out the chamber window popped
  A grizzly night-capped head;
A hoarse voice yelled, "You, Susan Jane,
  Come in and go to bed!"
And that was all—it was enough;
  The young man wildly fled.

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VERY SOCIAL.

First D. H. Conspirator. "After we have killed all Kings and Rulers, *we shall be the Sovereigns.*"
Second D. H. Conspirator. "And then we can kill each other. What sport!"

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Robert Dick

BAKER AND NATURALIST.

MR. SMILES's interesting and somewhat pathetic biography of ROBERT DICK forms a delightful companion volume to his *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, published by the HARPERS some two or three years ago. This remarkable man, whose contributions to scientific lore rival those of the most eminent scholars, was of humble origin, and passed his life as a baker in an obscure village of one of the northern counties of Scotland. Few lives have been poorer in incident or more devoid of earthly grandeur, yet few have been richer in that magnificent cultivation of mind and soul that comes from a long and intimate study of and communion with nature.

The story of ROBERT DICK's outward life is so simple that it can be sketched in a few words. He was born in the village of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, and was one of four children. His father was an officer of excise, an able and intelligent man, and one who fully appreciated the advantages of education. He sent his children to school in their youth, as is the universal custom in Scotland, and fully intended that ROBERT and his brother should go to college on arriving at a proper age. These schemes were overturned, however, by a second marriage, which took place shortly after the death of his first wife, and when the children were yet young. The lady who came to rule over Mr. DICK's household is described by those who knew her as not an unkindly person, but when, within a few years, a second brood of little ones began to gather around her, the presence of the step-children became unwelcome, and one by one they were provided with humble situations in which they might earn their own livelihood. ROBERT was apprenticed to a baker, and for three years he worked at his trade, receiving in return simply his board and lodging. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he was seventeen years old, and for a period of about four years he wandered from one place to another, spending a short time in Glasgow, and supporting himself on the scanty wages of a journeyman baker. In the mean time his father removed to Thurso, and an opportunity offering for the opening of a bake-shop in the village, ROBERT was sent for. In the summer of 1830 he set up in business for himself in a shop nearly opposite his father's house, and from that time until his death in December, 1866, he never journeyed more than a few miles from his home. He lived as a bachelor, and when his parents removed from Thurso, a faithful woman was found who kept house for him, and by her affectionate service prevented him from leading an altogether lonely and comfortless life.

These are the main facts of ROBERT DICK's eventless existence; but in the hands of Mr. SMILES they are invested with a pathetic interest, for in the humble baker of Thurso we see one of the most accomplished naturalists of our century. That which was a sealed volume to the comprehension of the dull Scottish folk among whom he lived is a delightful study to lovers of what is rare and admirable in mankind. Here we have interwoven with and lighting up the record of a prosaic and monotonous existence accounts of the eager fancies of the boy, the profound and practical investigations of the man, and the accurate though humbly advanced conclusions of the sage. In following the mental growth of so remarkable a character we miss nothing of the brilliant episodes that count for so much in ordinary biography.

ROBERT DICK's natural endowment of genius began to assert itself in his extreme youth. Even while yet a boy under his father's roof he spent hours of the day and night in making his first childish acquaintance with the mysteries of nature that he was to spend his life investigating. The other children were glad to remain within range of the genial warmth from the kitchen stove, but ROBERT staid out rather than remain indoors. He wandered about among the hills. He wore out his shoes. To prevent him going out, his step-mother hid them. Still ROBERT climbed the hills, and came home with bleeding feet. He was punished for his rambles, and commanded to stay at home. This did not hinder him from going out again. He would wander along the Dorsen looking for birds' nests. This was bad so climbing the Ochils, and he was again thrashed with a stick.

Later on, these wanderings of DICK's, which proved such a source of annoyance to his step-mother, became also a sore puzzle to his neighbors, and finally even the minister of the kirk took the matter in hand. The villagers thought the man was "daft," marching over the hills in search of weeds and stones and bugs, for all three departments of natural science—flowers, fossils, and insects—claimed attention from DICK, but the preacher understood the matter more clearly, and so one Sunday in the kirk a terrible sermon was preached upon the awful crime of Sabbath-breaking, upon going about on the Sabbath day, and wandering in pursuit of "science, falsely so called." Nothing daunted by such criticism as this, DICK, devout and humble Christian though he was, turned his back upon the kirk, and continued his Sunday wanderings, content thereafter to say his prayers at home, trusting fully in the mercy of the God whose handiwork was nature rather than in the strictures of Scottish creeds.

But though DICK was denied the appreciation of his neighbors, he had it in plenty from the great scientific minds with which he finally came to contact, though who it never took the shape of practical assistance in his necessities is very difficult to understand. Sir RODERIC MURCHISON, at a meeting of the British Association, says of DICK: "In pursuing my researches in the Highlands, and going beyond Sutherland into Caithness, it was my gratification a second time to meet with a remarkable man in the town of Thurso, named ROBERT DICK, a baker by trade. I am proud to call him my distinguished friend. When I went to see him, he spread out before me a map of Caithness, and pointed out its imperfections. Mr. DICK had travelled over the whole county in his leisure hours, and was thoroughly acquainted with its features. He delineated to me, by means of some flour which he spread out on his baking board, not only its geographical features, but certain geological phenomena which he desired to impress upon my attention. Here is a man who is earning his daily bread by his hard work, who is obliged to rend and study by night, and yet who is able to instruct the director-general of the Geographical Society."

Again, DICK enjoyed for many years the friendship of the great HUGH MILLER, and rendered him valuable assistance in supplying him with strange fossils discovered among the rocks of Caithness, and at one time MILLER visited the poor baker, sleeping in his humble hut. No part of Mr. SMILES's volume is more interesting than the record of the relations between the greatest of English geologists and his humble friend at Thurso. The one had had all the advantages of a thorough education, of travel, and of contact with the best scientific minds in the world, the other had read but a few books, procured from the earnings of a business that never was prosperous, and during the latter part of his life declined almost to nothing, yet the intercourse between them was of the most cordial and equal character. Mr. SMILES tells us that DICK never feared to correct his eminent co-laborer, and that HUGH MILLER even pondered regularly with him during the preparation of his later works on geology. He sent him the proof-sheets of his forth-coming books for the purpose of having DICK's corrections. Even as regards the *Old Red Sandstone*—MILLER's first geological work—DICK furnished him with many additions and corrections.

One of the saddest portions of Mr. SMILES's narrative is that which relates to the sale of his fossils to DICK, owing to a calamity which occurred to the *Prince Consort*, a vessel wrecked at

DUNNET HEAD: WEST FRONT, NEAR THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THURSO HARBOR: THE OLD CHURCH.

MORVEN MOUNTAIN.

MILL AT FORSS.

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Aberdeen, and having on board flour belonging to him, the value of which was £45 and some shillings. It was uninsured, and Dick was beggared. He could not replace the flour without borrowing money, and in order to pay this he must negotiate for the sale of his fossils. A gentleman named Mr John Miller finally agreed to purchase them, and, knowing Dick's necessities, sent him an order on the National Bank for £46. The letter written by Dick in reply contains a few sentences which may give some clew to the reason why he continued throughout his life to suffer such dire poverty. In Great Britain, as perhaps elsewhere throughout the world, advancement comes mostly through the patronage of those in high places. Apparently it was difficult for our humble naturalist to accept favors from any one, though he was always ready to render them to the best of his poor ability, and, as in the case of his specimens and fossils, frequently robbed himself to serve others. To Mr Miller he writes: "I thank you most sincerely. I have to-day received a note from Sir Roderick Murchison. He will take the fossils; but I have settled it in my mind to give them to you. I am afraid that I grieved you by refusing your gift, but I could not, poor as I am, take so much money for nothing. I will give all my fossils to you—every one of them—shells of the lowsider clay and all. There are two or three which Hugh Miller gave me, and these I will add to my own collection of fossils. I will also give you all those which I had got for Professor Thomson, and my blessing along with them. Of course £46 is too much for them; but the fossils are worth—what they are worth, and I must just be contented to stand indebted to your friendship for the rest. I will label all the fossils the localities in which they were found, and also pack them carefully."

The close of Dick's life was exceedingly miserable. He became a victim to rheumatism, and he could no longer enjoy his delightful wanderings along the banks of the Thurso River, under the shadow of Morven, or amid the rocks at Dunnet Head. Still he could not finally give up the old habits, and whenever he was sufficiently free from pain he would wander out again. One day he made his way to the quarry where he had secured so many valuable fossils; but hardly had he arrived there when he became so ill with pain and dizziness that he was scarcely able to return to his home. This was the beginning of the end. He was attacked by a painful disorder which caused great swelling of the limbs, and after weeks of intense suffering he passed away from earth. Not until the last moments of his life did the villagers awaken to the character and importance of the man who had lived so humbly and patiently among them. Four months elapsed between the time when he was struck by death in the quarry and the day of his death. His customers saw him growing feebler and feebler, panting for breath, and yet continuing at his daily work. It was only during the last fortnight of his life that he finally dropped from their sight. Then they heard of his intense sufferings, and of the unwearied resignation and indomitable fortitude with which he bore them. The sympathy which his illness excited was almost intense. The Thurso people felt that a great though comparatively unknown man was about to pass away. At his death there was an almost universal thrill of regret felt throughout the town. At last he was appreciated. His biographer says:

"Of all the things that Robert Dick could have desired, the very last would have been a public funeral. He was so modest in all that he did, so unwilling to be talked or written about, so retired and self-sacrificing in every thing, that carrying his remains to the grave amidst the sound of drums and trumpets would have been altogether revolting to him. But all this was done by the Thurso people in respect for his memory, and that it might be known that a great though modest man had gone out from amongst them." People came from far and near to do honor to his memory, and representatives of all professions and trades followed his remains to the cemetery. He was laid amidst the scenes he loved so well, and where he had spent so many days and nights in patient and useful work.

In rescuing a life like that of Robert Dick from the comparative oblivion in which it had fallen, Mr Smiles has done a great service to the public. Examples can not be too frequently multiplied of men and women who, without adventitious aid, have through their own exertions made themselves honored and respected by achieving success in some worthy pursuit. A life like that of the humble baker of Thurso teaches a thousand excellent lessons. Modest and unassuming, he was content to earn his bread by hours of drudgery, provided he might secure sufficient leisure to make himself acquainted with a few of the simplest secrets of nature. Knowledge was the boon he desired, not place, or power, or a name among men. During his life the little notice that he received embarrassed him, and he would have fled from the admiration of the crowd; but now that he has gone beyond the reach of all suffering, no more fitting memorial of him could be devised than this volume of Mr Smiles, wherein his story is told as a bright example to those who fancy that either poverty or toil debars them from the pleasures to be derived from the pursuit of knowledge. The moderate size of the volume and the price at which it is sold will place it within the reach of all classes of readers. The frontispiece is a portrait of Dick, and the pages abound in illustrations of the places where his life was spent and the scenery among which he wandered. Author and artists combined have done their uttermost to supply every necessary detail for a just and thorough comprehension of the life and character of Robert Dick, the humble baker of Thurso, despised and ridiculed by all around him, and the accomplished naturalist, honored and esteemed by Murchison, Miller, and Agassiz.

ICE-YACHTING.

This exhilarating winter sport requires long and wide stretches of ice entirely free from snow and as smooth as glass. Then, with a well-managed yacht and a good wind, one may glide over the course at a speed that leaves the fastest express train behind. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; it is the very poetry of motion. But those who wish to enjoy it must wrap themselves up with as much care as an arctic explorer uses when out on a sledging party toward the north pole. An Esquimau suit of seal-skin would hardly be too warm, so penetrating is the wintry air as the yacht skims over the ice. A story is told of a young gentleman who once started on an ice cruise from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg. Although warned of the risk, he persisted in wearing a high silk hat and kid gloves, asserting that he never knew what it was to be cold. By the time half the distance was made he offered a small fortune if his companions would let him get out and run; but knowing that this would be certain death, they refused. He reached New Hamburg more dead than alive, and was restored only by copious applications of hot brandy, externally and internally.

Years ago ice yachts were built in the form of an equilateral triangle, with three runners at the angles, the base being the bow. They were hard to keep under control, and the form was abandoned for the one in present use. The hull, as may be seen by our sketch on page 88, is a mere skeleton, consisting of two side timbers, a keelson, and a cross piece triangular in shape, the base much shorter than the sides. On each side of the base the runner plank projects several feet. On this are the side runners, and at the stern is the runner by which the craft is steered. The cock-pit, two or three inches deep, holds two or three persons at the most. When not racing, several more can be accommodated forward on the runner plank. Hull, spars, and canvas have to be made of the best material. The standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire, bowsprit shrouds Bessemer steel, and canvas extra heavy. The sails have a low hoist, and the gaff of the mainsail is much shorter than on a water yacht. Top-sails are not used. The runners are of wood sharp shod with steel, the forward ones being the longest. This general description applies to most of the ice yachts in use at present. Ice-yachting is growing in favor, and the present season will doubtless witness many spirited contests on the Hudson.

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and grimaces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room, and it not unfrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan's assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughters wear—and not unfrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand either when at home or abroad. On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entreaty would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat." In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them at his visitor. In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it, with a solemn bow, to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting cards save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used according to the extent of the loss deplored; but the entire card is colored—not, as with us, the edge alone. Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese and Western ideas, plain white being regarded as the color *de rigueur* for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and every thing about the person, even down to the end of silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

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ROBERT DICK'S BIRTH-PLACE.

THE BAKER OF THURSO.

THOSE who have read *The Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, by Dr Samuel Smiles, published by the Harpers ten or three years ago, will take up his biography of *Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso*, with high anticipations. They will not be disappointed. It is a work of great interest, although it relates simply to the career of a humble baker, who passed his life in an obscure village in the northern part of Scotland, and whose name was probably not known to a dozen people in this country. Yet he was an extraordinary man, and his life was far more useful to science than that of many a scientist who can boast a string of titles a yard long. He was always poor. He never sought wealth or fame, had but few friends, and was content to spend his life in labors that benefited others more than himself. His was a more unhappy fate than that of the naturalist shoe-maker, for while the declining years of the latter are cheered by a pension that lifts him above want, Robert Dick died, as he had lived, in poverty, and the recognition of his great services to science came too late to soothe his ever-weary heart.

Robert Dick traced all the misfortunes of his life to the loss of his mother when he was only a boy. His father, an excise officer at Tullibody, Scotland, gave him a sound training at school, and intended to send him to college. A step-mother, unfortunately, interfered with this design. She treated Robert harshly, tried to discourage his early love for the study of natural history, because he ruined his shoes and clothes rambling over the moors and hill-sides in search of specimens, and finally induced his father to have him apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody, with whom he remained until he was seventeen years old. During all this time his only opportunities for out-door study occurred on the days when he was sent to carry bread to neighboring hamlets, but he contrived to get together a few books on scientific subjects, and learned enough of botany to be able to classify his specimens. At the end of his apprenticeship he worked in various towns as a journeyman baker for three years, when he went to Thurso, where his father had meanwhile settled, and there opened a baker's shop on his own account. Thurso is the northernmost town in Britain. It lies in sight of Orkney, on the shore of a picturesque bay, surrounded by grand and beautiful mountain scenery. Here Robert Dick passed the remainder of his arduous life.

There was but one other baker at that time in Thurso, for in that remote district "baker's bread" had scarcely come into common use. The people lived chiefly on milk, oatmeal porridge, and cakes, varied with barley bannocks, the wheat leaf being reserved for the Sunday dinner. There was, therefore, little trade to be done. Robert Dick made a small baking every day, and sold his bread over the counter of his humble shop. Having more leisure on his hands than he wanted, he kept up his studies in natural history and botany, and made long excursions every day in search of specimens. Sometimes these rambles extended to walks of fifty miles over the moors, up the mountain-sides, or along the sea-shore. The good burghers of Thurso wondered what he did on these excursions, on which he generally started by four in the morning. Some suspected him of poaching, but more regarded him as no better than a crazy man. They were deeply scandalized because he made these excursions even on Sabbath mornings, although at first he returned early enough to attend the kirk. He would probably have continued to do so had not the minister rebuked him from the pulpit for breaking the Sabbath by wandering about the hills in "pursuit of science, falsely so called." From that time Robert Dick refrained from attending public worship, preferring to hold service in the solitude of his own home.

GIRNIGO CASTLE.

THE CLETT, HOLBORN HEAD.

When he first went to Thurso his sister tended shop for him. On her marriage he engaged a housekeeper, but was too poor to get other help. All his work was done with his own hands. As years went by other bake-shops were opened in Thurso, and the competition ruined him. His bread was excellent, and his loaves were always of full weight; but his strange habits, his reserve, his avoidance of the kirk, were all in the way of his success. His trade fell off. He was able to earn barely enough for his daily subsistence. And yet all this while he was constantly at work collecting rare plants and fossils, and making discoveries which excited the admiration of the most eminent scientists. He counted among his intimate friends such men as Hugh Miller and Sir Roderick Murchison, and was mentioned by Agassiz in terms of high praise. His botanical and geological collections, gathered by his own unaided efforts, were among the most complete and valuable in England, and included some rare specimens unknown to the great museums of universities and learned societies. Many scientists were indebted to him for their most valuable specimens, for he was always ready to give such as he had, when science was to be the gainer. It is well known that some of Hugh Miller's best work was founded on material furnished by the obscure baker of Thurso—a fact which ought to have been fully acknowledged in the biography of the author of *Foot-Prints of the Creator*, but even his name is not mentioned.

The story of Robert Dick's life at Thurso is admirably told by Dr Smiles in the very attractive volume from which the illustrations on this page are selected. It is a narrative of great interest and fascination, abounding in anecdote, delightful pictures of nature, sketches of character, and descriptions of long rambles over moors, hills, mountains, and along the shores of Thurso Bay in search of rare specimens of plants or fossils. Robert Dick was an enthusiast, and no one can read the story of his life without being infected with some of his own love of the beautiful in nature and his eager pursuit of knowledge. We can not but share in his rapture on discovering some rare fossil for which scientists had sought in vain, or some plant which botanists had declared was not to be found where his keen eye penetrated the hiding-place. He enjoyed these triumphs over "book naturalists," and no one can fail to share in his contempt for scientists who "go on geological excursions in gigs," keeping to the highways instead of tramping over the fields, digging in the quarries with their own hands, or wading along the beach. Robert Dick never accepted any thing at second hand which he could find out for himself—a trait not shared by many makers of books. He sometimes described himself as a "hen's provider," alluding to the free use made of his discoveries by some eminent scientific authors.

Although Robert Dick was naturally a man of retiring manners, he was by no means unsociable. To those who knew him best he was cheerful and social. He had a vein of innocent fun and satire about him, and he often turned his thoughts into rhyme. Sir George Sinclair said of him, "His temper was naturally cheerful, and even facetious. His comely and animated countenance beamed with intelligence and good humor. His estimable and faithful attendant, who resided with him for the long period of thirty-three years, never heard a hasty word drop from his lips, or saw his bright countenance clouded by an angry frown. The grateful tears which she has so plentifully shed attest the kindly tenor of his domestic life." Professor Shearer also says, "He was held in honor for his scientific attainments by a growing number of the inhabitants, and by the small number of young men whom the little town used to send to the universities; while, by the working men generally, the purity of his life and the independence of his character secured for him a respect which to my own knowledge, was never once broken."

But we must refer our readers to Mr Smiles's very interesting volume, if they wish to make the acquaintance of this peasant naturalist. We can assure them that he is well worth knowing. It remains only to add that the work is published by Harper & Brothers in a convenient and attractive form, and at a price so moderate as to bring it within the reach of every one.

THE DEIL'S BRIG, HOLBORN HEAD.

THE SKERRY LIGHTS, PENTLAND FIRTH, FROM GANSBAY.

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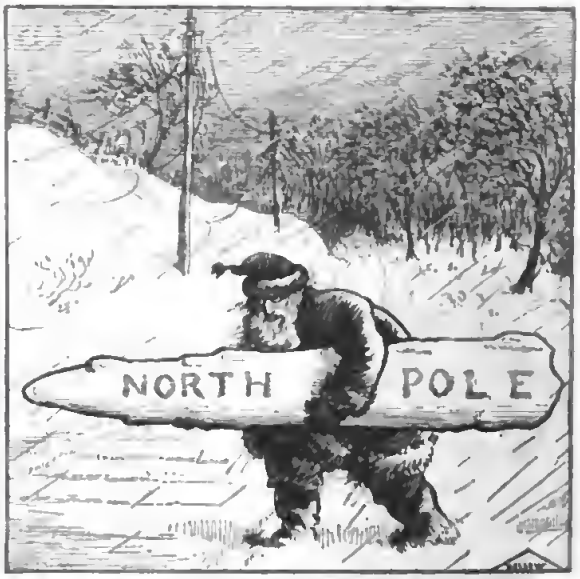

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RECONNOITRING.

KILLING A "MAN EATER."

OF all the grand and exciting field sports of the East there is none, it is said, which equals a tiger hunt. The lion is called by Æsop the "king of beasts," but Æsop was an African. In the Indian jungle the tiger is king, and so great is his power that in certain localities whole villages yield submission to his royal rule. The story is told of a certain place where the people were terribly troubled by a tiger, so they sent for the "barahbar" (the wise man) to charm the beast away with his drum and songs. The tiger howevver, came out and ate the wise man, whereupon the villagers arose and migrated. "For," said they, "now that the tiger has eaten our sage, he will know all our secrets, and we shall have no chance of evading him."

Major Lawson, the "Old Shekarry," ventures the opinion that there is only one variety of tiger. All the slight variations in appearance may be accounted for, he maintains, by the peculiar habits of the animal, which vary according to the locality and the nature of the country he ranges over. In many parts of India the natives recognize three kinds of tigers, which they distinguish, according to their habits and range, by the following names: first, the *bada bagh*, or game-killing tiger; secondly, the *sunlar bagh*, which lives chiefly upon domestic cattle; and thirdly, the *ashum khaur wallah*, or man-eater, the latter fortunately not being often met with.

It is, however, with the hunting and final slaughter of one of these ferocious "man-eaters" that our sketches have to do, and we are indebted to the artist for the several hints that enable us to understand more clearly the thrilling scenes he has depicted so admirably with his pencil. The tiger in question had for a long time made his lair near a village at a point where a road crossed a stream. By way of the road the villagers were forced to drive their great bullock wagons, and many a native had fallen a victim to the ferocious beast, when the news arrived that an English hunting party had pitched their tents in the neighborhood. Application was at once made to the "sahibs" to rid the country of the scourge, which threatened to depopulate the peaceful village. To this appeal the hunters responded readily, and an expedition was at once organized against the terrible man-eater. It was not without great effort that he was finally driven from his ambush in the thick grasses which line the banks of Indian streams, and when finally brought to bay a terrible battle took place before he could be conquered. When at last the carcass lay stark and stiff before the eyes of the delighted villagers, crowds gathered from all quarters to congratulate the hunters on their wonderful achievement, which had brought deliverance to the inhabitants of the country around.

There are so real different methods of hunting the tiger, but undoubtedly the safest and most enjoyable is that depicted in our sketches, where the savage beasts are tracked through the jungle by trained elephants, and shot by sportsmen comfortably ensconced in "howdahs" on the backs of the latter animals. An English writer, in giving his opinion on tiger hunting in certain parts of India, says: "Due is told that it is much nobler to descend into the jungle on foot, and to seek the tiger in his lair, but gentlemen who pursue this sport are generally destroyed. Certainly, whether safe or not, it would be impossible to pursue this sport here, for no living man could walk a hundred yards through the entangling growth of reeds and tangled vegetation." In the latter case elephants are almost a necessity; for even though the grass is not unusually high, the largest gangs of beaters will sometimes find it impossible to drive the tiger out. It also frequently happens that the beater will not be able to see more than a few yards through the undergrowth, while at every step he is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, which can travel round and take him in the rear without a sound betraying his cat-like movements.

A thoroughly trained and steady "shekar elephant" is invaluable to a sportsman, but unbroken or timid ones are worse than useless, as in the event of a wounded tiger charging they become ungovernable, and the riders run great risk of being bruised or killed by the overhanging branches of trees. A well-broken shekar elephant will beat for his game like a pointer, making his way noiselessly through the brush wood, searching the densest thickets foot by foot, and at the command of his "mahout" (driver) throwing stones into the water-courses, where the tigers are likely to conceal themselves. When the tiger is "afoot," the sagacious animal stands ready at the word of command, so as to allow his rider to shoot, and should the prey be wounded and charge, he will stand his ground with the most unflinching courage, as if trusting in the sportsman's coolness and accuracy of aim. Sometimes, however, they display overeagerness in seeking to kill the tiger themselves by trampling him under foot, and in such case the rider is liable to be pitched out of the howdah in the struggle.

With respect to the best kind of howdah there are various opinions. They are made of as many

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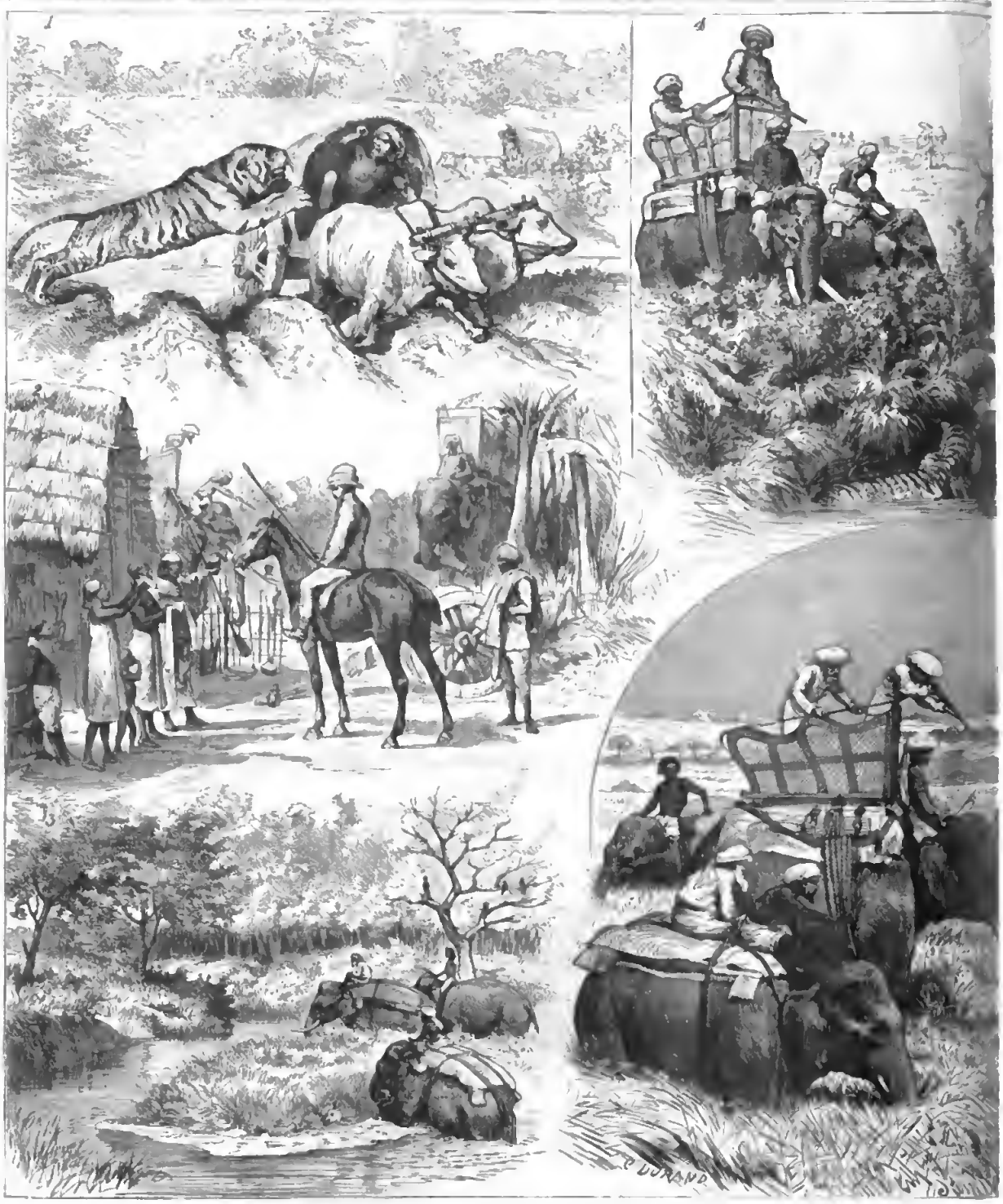

1. The Man-Eater attacks a Bullock Driver. 3. Preparing to track the Man-Eater. 2. Approaching the Lair. 4. C

TIGER-SHOOTING IN LOWER BE

shapes and sizes as the buggies on the Calcutta esplanade, and are as nondescript in appearance. On each corner of the front part of a howdah a perfectly secured gun rack should be constructed, and it is a good plan to have a block of wood some three or four inches in thickness screwed on to the floor, having holes cut in it the shape of the butt and heel of the gunstock. These should be stuffed and padded with leather, to prevent the possibility of accidents happening from the guns shifting with the jolting motion of the elephant. Some sportsmen take large bore pistols with them, in case of the tiger charging the elephant and coming to close quarters with the occupants of the howdah. But to be effective the muzzle must be placed close to the tiger's head, and care must be taken not to hit the mahout, who is far more exposed to the brunt of the attack than the riders in the howdah.

Insignificant as the mahout may look, standing the elephant's neck, and dancing from side to side at every stride of the animal, he has by far the most difficult and arduous part to play in the hunt, and he ought to be a man of tried courage and *sang-froid*. In the first place he is at an great distance from the ground, the top of his head being much lower than the howdah while his feet hang down nearly to the ears of the elephant's ears. Again, he is unarmed, except with his iron crook, and unless he has perfect confidence in the skill of his master as a marksman, he is not likely to bring his elephant up properly when in momentary expectation of the charge of a furious tiger, which is as likely as not to spring and hang on to the elephant's head. As the "Old Shekarry" says, "The elephant, like the horse, soon finds out what his rider is made of; and however staunch and well trained the animal may be, he can not be expected to be steady and go ahead when the mahout is trembling and in a state of 'green funk.'" There can be no doubt that many an elephant becomes terrified and tries to escape by flight when he might be made to face the enemy valiantly by a thoroughly determined mahout. As a general thing, when an elephant has seen a few tigers killed, without any accident happening to himself, he becomes perfectly fearless when in their neighborhood, and even seems to enjoy the sport. Captain Fosseyn, a hunter of much experience in tiger-shooting from the howdah, writes as follows on the sagacity and staunch courage of a perfectly trained elephant:

"A strange affection springs up between the hunter and his well-tried ally in the chase of the tiger; and a creature seeming to those who see him only in the menagerie, or laboring under a load of baggage, but a lumbering mass of flesh, becomes to him almost a second self, yielding to his service the perfection of physical and mental qualities of which a brute is capable, and displaying an intelligent interest in the sport of which no brute could be thought to be possessed. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the astonishing caution with which a well-trained elephant approaches a ti[illegible] lessness abundance every o[illegible] etc., and passing his [illegible] leaves, or rolling stone[illegible] an absolute and marvel[illegible] stones, when ordered, fo[illegible] a cover, snuffing out a [illegible] rounds a pheasant; and [illegible] dead with sensitive trun[illegible] or showing with almost m[illegible] on the ground that he h[illegible] not actually discovered [illegible] phant. Then the mouse[illegible] sees the enemy he rush[illegible] flee from panic-stricken [illegible] hope charging bellowing

[...]ing In. 5. The Man-Eater makes a Charge. 6. Gone to the Lost. 7. The dead Enemy. 8. The Return Home.

[...]GAL—KILLING A "MAN-EATER."

[...] removing with miraculous [...] of fallen timber, [...] bulk over resting [...] or quaking bogs with [...] silence, handing up [...] his master to fling into [...] scent as a spaniel [...] hast, perhaps, pausing [...] at the hidden monster, [...] vous taps of that organ [...] somewhere near, though [...] the senses of the cle[...] attendants when he [...] fully dressed, and would [...] his native haunts, per[...] his head, trusting all to the skill of his rider, and thoughtless of using his own tremendous strength in the encounter—for a good elephant never attempts to combat the tiger himself. To do so would generally be fatal to the sport, and to the sportsman too, for no one could stick to an elephant engaged in a personal struggle with a tiger, far less use his gun under such circumstances. The elephant's business is to stand like a rock in every event, even when the tiger is fastened on his head—so many a good one will do and has done."

There are numerous stories related of tiger-hunts, but one of the most recent and interesting accounts is that given by Mr. Rewman of the first occasion on which the royal beast of India was hunted by the royal representative of the British lion. In a delightful volume describing the visit made by the Prince of Wales to India in 1875 this author writes: "The Prince has just returned, having killed his first tiger in Nepaul. He is now lying stretched within a few yards of my tent, and a lamb might play with him, for there are in his body three wounds any one of which would have been mortal; his eye, which I saw glaring with fire some minutes ago, is dull, his claws, once tremendous, retracted to harmless sheaths. What number of elephants and men were engaged in compassing his death I am not prepared to state; but I know that any one of them, brute or man, would have been sorry to have had a private interview with that mass of striped skin and inert muscle about twelve o'clock to-day. This tiger had been marked down close to camp, and it was resolved by the authorities that the Prince's first day in Nepaul should not be a blank. Elephants were moored to blockade him, and men were stationed to keep up fires at night, so that he could not break through, according to tiger nature. The yells of the females—'Roho!' (halt), 'Chalo!' (go on), 'Bainee-ko!' (to the left), 'Dahine-ko!' (to the right)—the blows of the kirens, the shouts of mahouts, the crashing of branches above and saplings below, made the forest ring. As the great coil, each link of which was an elephant, moved on, a herd of deer, a confused mass of antlers and dappled skins, halted, like cavalry brought up midway in a furious charge. Then, taking counsel of despair, headed by a timid dame, they charged the elephants, which actually screamed with terror and turned tail as the rhododendron leaped over them. In another minute a tiger appeared, moving in an easy canter across our front, at a distance of some fifteen or twenty yards. He was growling as he ran. He seemed minded to go at the elephants, but he changed his intention of a sudden, and thought it best to consider the situation in the seclusion of a small natural shrubbery. Into this he dropped, and was lost to view. The elephants closed in round the spot. The Prince and Sir Jung appeared. The tiger, after two or three growls—the bellow of an edger bull and the snarl of a dog combined—leaped through the brush-wood. The Prince fired. One! two!

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green ordered the arrest of the leaders. The Provincial Congress dealt with them unsparingly, no one welcoming its action more warmly than JOHN JAY, and WASHINGTON greatly regretted that Congress could not sanction LEE's proposition to remove the entire Tory population. Now the causes that produced this alienation from the Continental cause explain the condition of public spirit and the sluggish local pride of the State of New York, which Governor SEYMOUR would spur into activity, and which addresses like this of Mr. CAMPBELL tend to correct. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that one of the first and most delightful of native works of literature in New York should have been a laugh at its colonial traditions. But the spirit of Mr. CAMPBELL would soon remedy the charming mischief of Knickerbocker's history.

THE STATE CHARITIES.

THERE is no more efficient body of public officers in New York than the State Board of Charities, whose annual report has just been laid before the Legislature. The importance of the work of the board may be seen at once in the statement of two facts: first, that the number of persons under the charitable care of the State during the last year was 43,712; and second, that the valuation of the property held for charitable purposes in the State is $33,976,709 8[illegible], that the total receipts for the year were $7,909,791 22, and the total disbursements for buildings, improvements, supervision, and maintenance were $7,408,753 71. The number of persons relieved is that of the population of a large town; the revenues and expenses are those of a considerable State. But the character and sagacity of the board are such that doubtless, upon the whole, the charities of the State are as carefully superintended as could well be, while assiduous attention constantly enlarges the experience and efficiency of charitable administration.

In a vast State like New York, and in affairs so remote from general knowledge, and even repugnant to general sympathy, as the care of the poor and insane, there will be occasionally the revelation of great and shocking abuses, such as the painful exposures of the Onondaga poor-house and others during the past year. The satisfaction is that with a board thoroughly alive to its work the possibility of concealing and evading abuses becomes constantly less, while, under such leadership, the State and humanity itself are the gainers by the awakening of private sympathy and the stimulus of private co-operation. Indeed, it might be truly said that a public board of charity failed in one of its most important services if its spirit and methods were not such as to produce general interest in its work. The present report shows how much this interest has been developed. The board report a marked improvement throughout the State in the buildings and in their management, and they regard it as largely due to the work of intelligent and benevolent persons who make frequent visits to the institutions, and carefully examine and scrutinize their affairs and management. Some of the visitors act under the authority of the board, but the visits of many others are wholly voluntary. Another important measure and improvement is the removal of all children over two years of age from the poor-houses to families, asylums, and other institutions. This is a direct blow at the growth of a pauper class, and is a vital public benefit. The board justly lays great stress upon this point, holding that nothing does more to relieve the social evils and burdens of pauperism.

The care of the poor insane is a subject which has recently appealed to public sympathy in the disclosures of some sad cases. There are still more than 800 chronic cases in poor-houses to be provided for, and in counties where there is no adequate provision. In some counties immediate relief is demanded, and the board strongly urge that the State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton be devoted to this succor. That institution the board regards as in no sense a public charity, 144 of the 173 inmates of last year being private patients. The Governor in his Message states the case strongly, and we trust that party discussions and party feeling will not prevent timely action upon this subject. The Board of Charities, in arousing public attention to the great work of public charity, will apprise many local communities, which begin to look into the matter, that there are no more wanton abuses and outrageous corruptions than those connected with the county care of the poor. In many counties there are rings formed of leading politicians and county officers which both steal the poor money and prostitute it to personal and party purposes. This is done with the more impunity because of that indifference and ignorance of the community in regard to the care of the poor to which we have already alluded. The Supervisor of Castleton, in Richmond County, recently stated that the cost to the county of dispensing two dollars each, in seventy-seven cases, was two dollars and a half in each case. The county papers in the State could do no better service than to republish some of the more salient facts and recommendations of this report, which would bring them home to the tax payers, who are otherwise unlikely to see them, but who can not see them without thinking and acting.

FREE SPEECH.

THAT some Illinois Republicans retained and exercised their freedom of speech, and did not yield their convictions to the great majority which in the caucus nominated General LOGAN, is evident from the following article from the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The caucus has passed, LOGAN has been nominated, and, on the assumption that he will be elected, we protest, in behalf of intelligence, principle, and public interest, against this outrage upon the people of Illinois, and upon the Republican party of this State and of the country.

"In the past discussions of this Senatorial election the *Tribune* has labored to arrest what all rational men have foreseen may prove a calamity to the Republican party of this State, in any bold defiance of the intelligence and moral sentiment of the public must always produce. Deeming his election to the United States Senate at this time to be perilous to the party and offensive to public convictions of propriety and general interest, we have felt it to be our duty to make public his record, so that no man in the General Assembly should be able to plead ignorance of the consequences of his vote in electing such a man Senator.

"He has already been tried six years in the Senate, and during all that time he left on record that is honorable to himself or valuable to his party or country. On all great questions requiring knowledge, ability, sound judgment, or statesmanship he was an acknowledged failure. His most noted acts were tampering with the Crédit Mobilier, voting himself $7500 a year for past services, supporting subsidies and claims, and being cheek-by-jowl with the Washington lobby. His illiterate harangues in the Senate made Illinoisans hang their heads in shame, and were so moving as to empty the chamber and fill the smoking-rooms with Senators who declined to listen to twaddle and rant. He was opposed to all reforms in government; he was the embodiment of the worst phase of machine politics, and helped to bring scandal and reproach on GRANT's Administration; a majority of his appointments turned out to be corrupt and faithless, a number were indicted, some fled the country, others escaped through flaws of the law, many passed under a cloud, and some, who are out on bail, have yet to be tried.

"It is such men, and the class of politicians to which they belong, in and out of the Legislature, who have secured him the caucus nomination. The people of Illinois, and especially those who are Republicans from principle, will never approve this election, nor pardon those who may inflict this outrage on the party, or bring this disgrace on the State, and this humiliation in the eyes of the country."

THE CAUCUS.

So strong was the feeling for General HAWLEY in Connecticut that there was a disposition among many of his friends in the Legislature to bolt the caucus nomination, and to unite with the Democrats—if practicable—or, in any case, to bolt and run for luck. When General HAWLEY heard of it, he wrote a letter to one of his chief friends defining his view of the honorable understanding of caucus obligation. The General holds that a caucus binds every man who takes part in it, unless dishonorable methods have been used to secure the nomination, or unless the candidate selected be unworthy. By unworthy we understand him to mean not comparative fitness or capacity, but personal unworthiness. This is a fair view of the caucus obligation. It is sufficiently elastic, because when the result is a foregone conclusion, a man may reserve his independence in the final vote by not attending the caucus. If it be not a foregone conclusion, and it is only a question of preference between worthy persons, it must be assumed that every man would rather waive his mere personal preference than risk his party ascendency.

A better plan than the caucus, however, is an independent vote in the Legislature. The minority can not elect a candidate except by the adhesion of some of the majority, and every member of the majority may be trusted to vote for some candidate of his own party association. The law commanding an election at a certain time would compel differences to be composed, and the result would be that the real sentiment and preference of members would be shown, and the party result no more endangered than it is now. The power of a caucus may be so readily abused, and the temptation to cowardice is always so strong, that every thing which tends to reveal real opinion and to promote courage should be carefully fostered.

Meanwhile General HAWLEY's friends are not confined to Connecticut. They are to be found in every State where there is respect for great ability and the highest character, and for political experience, vigor, and independence. He is a type of the genuine, not of the pinchbeck, "stalwart Republican."

A PRIMER OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

WE commended warmly last summer a *Primer of German Literature*, by Mrs. HELEN S. CONANT—a charming volume of the "Half-hour Series"—and we have now to welcome as warmly a *Primer of Spanish Literature*, from the same graceful hand. It is a delightful bird's-eye view of a literature less familiar than the German, but full of romance and interest. There are elaborate histories of Spanish literature—TICKNOR's and BOUTERWEK's—but they are works for the student. This little book of Mrs. CONANT's covers the whole general range of Spanish literary history from the charter of Aviles, in Asturias, the oldest Spanish document, down to CASTELAR and his glowing orations and florid books; yet, with admirable skill, she gives us cabinet portraits of all the famous authors—of CERVANTES, of LOPE DE VEGA—so that the reader is really instructed, and the student's knowledge is refreshed. If there are still among Spanish authors too many devotees of the old Castilian style of story, intrigue, jealousy, duels, and murders, yet the author finds Spanish literature progressive, and anticipates a literary era for the Peninsula broad, liberal, and of rich imagination. The little book is one of the best of the Primers.

PERSONAL.

DR. CARNOCHAN's *Contributions to Comparative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*, now in course of publication by HARPER & BROTHERS, is made the subject of an elaborate and careful criticism in the New York *Herald*. The subject of Shock and Collapse is considered at much length, and when completed will, as the reviewer says, "supply the most complete, and indeed the only, elaborate treatise on this topic in the English language, and when it is remembered that this treatise is from the hand of a surgeon of Dr. CARNOCHAN's experience, culture, tact, and skill, its value in a scientific as well as in a literary point of view will be appreciated in the professional world."

—The Rev. BARTHOLOMEW WELD, who died on the 5th of January in Newark, New Jersey, was one of the oldest clergymen in that State. He was born in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1796, entered the Methodist ministry in 1817, from which time until 1863, a period of forty-six years, he was active in his clerical duties.

—Mr. ORVILLE H. PLATT, the new United States Senator from Connecticut, resides in Meriden. He is fifty-one years old, a native of Litchfield, and a lawyer of acknowledged ability. His chief competitor, General HAWLEY, who came within three votes of receiving the caucus nomination, speaks of him as a man who will fill the position with credit. Mr. PLATT's first prominent appearance in public life was as Secretary of State, in 1857-58, during Governor HOLLEY's administration. In 1861-62 he was a Senator from the Sixth District; in 1864 and 1869 he was in the House, the latter year being elected Speaker. He is a gentleman of most honorable character, sound judgment, well-balanced mind, familiarity with political affairs, and much sagacity in conducting them. He is sound in principle, an antislavery man and Republican from his boyhood, a good hard-money man, and sure to have convictions and follow them.

—Mr. HENRY HUTH, who died recently in London, was one of the best known book collectors in England. His library in mere magnitude is said to be something to wonder at. He was opulent, and devoted his life to book buying. It was his habit to look into three or four book-shops every afternoon. Not long since it occurred to him to ascertain what his books had cost him. He had kept every bill. They amounted to $900,000. Shrewd dealers used to lie in wait for him, but he too was shrewd, and they seldom got the best of him. This extraordinary library has been left absolutely to his widow, who will have it catalogued, and great interest is felt among literary men as to what will become of it.

—The London correspondent of the New York *Times* mentions WILKIE COLLINS as one of the favorite authors of Queen VICTORIA, sharing this honor with only two or three more in the field of fiction. It is of course very flattering to an author to be thus distinguished by so exalted a personage as the Queen of England, especially when her judgment confirms that of the great majority of English-reading people throughout the world. The novels of Mr. COLLINS enjoy an almost unexampled popularity, and are to be found in some form in almost every household. The great demand for his stories has induced the HARPERS to include his strong and most fascinating novel *Man and Wife* in their "Franklin Square Library." In this form, making 113 pages, it is sold at the low price of fifteen cents. It is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and is a marvel of cheapness. This is the largest volume, with respect to the number of pages, that has yet appeared in the "Franklin Square Library."

—Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, Philadelphia's distinguished banker, alike well known for his great wealth and large though unostentatious benevolence, has recently been interested in building in the outskirts of Philadelphia 305 small houses for working people, which are sold to them on the lowest terms and the most easy payment, so that the humblest working man by industry can hope to have a neat and comfortable home. There could not be a more beautiful charity.

—The London School Board has appointed Miss LOFVING, at a salary of $1500 a year, as superintendent of "physical education" in the girls' schools.

—General JAMES SHIELDS, who has been elected to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the death of Senator BOGY, is sixty-nine years old, born in Ireland, and came to this country in 1826. Probably no man in the country has had a more varied public life than he. He was a member of the Illinois House of Representatives in 1836, State Auditor in '39; Judge of the Supreme Court in '43; Commissioner of the General Land Office from '45 to '47, appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in '46, and served through the Mexican war, receiving several wounds in the battles of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec; served as United States Senator from Illinois from '49 to '55; elected United States Senator from Minnesota, serving one year from May 12, '58, was appointed Brigadier-General in the Union army in '61, and served until '63, when he was dangerously wounded in the battle of Winchester, which he won, and in '77 was appointed Adjutant-General of Missouri. In 1878 he was defeated as a candidate for door-keeper of the House of Representatives, and Congress then recognized his services by increasing his pension to $100 a month.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House, January 18, by a vote of 1[illegible] to 9[illegible], passed the Geneva Award Bill as reported by the minority of the committee. It revives and continues the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, fixes the number of judges at three, and limits its existence to eighteen months. The first class of claims is to be those described in section 11 of the former act, and claims for damages directly done by Confederate cruisers on the high seas, although within four miles of the shore. In cases of whaling vessels, ten per cent. additional is to be allowed in lieu of freight, and the same allowance is to be made (with six per cent. interest) on judgments heretofore rendered in favor of whaling vessels. The second class of claims is to be for two per cent. additional interest on former judgments. On all judgments to be hereafter rendered the interest allowed is to be six per cent. The third class of claims is to be for the payment of premiums for war risks, deductions to be made of any sums paid back in diminution of such premiums, so that only the actual loss shall be allowed. The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to pay (without further adjudication by any court) the two per cent. upon whaling awards and their outfit (with six per cent. interest) on awards heretofore made, and also to pay 100 per cent. additional interest on all judgments heretofore made. —On the 20th, in the Senate, resolutions which had been agreed upon in the Democratic caucus were offered as a substitute for Mr. Edmunds's resolutions, reciting, in effect, that the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments are as binding as any other part of the Constitution, and declaring that the punishment of violators of election rights rests with the State governments, and not with the United States. —On the 21st, on the motion of Mr. Potter, the House voted to investigate the cipher telegrams. The House also passed the Post Route Bill.—On the 23d, the Refunding Bill from the Senate passed the House. It simply provides that private individuals may exchange their five or six per cent. bonds with the Treasury at par, and receive interest for three months, the same as national banks and syndicates. The Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill.—On the 24th, both Houses agreed to the conference committee's report on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, amounting to $1,0[illegible]. The Army and Post-office Appropriation bills were reported in the House. The former amounts to $26,[illegible], and the latter to $34,8[illegible],343.

Nine United States Senators were elected by the Legislatures of their respective States, January 21, as follows: Roscoe Conkling, New York; J. D. Cameron, Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, Illinois; O. H. Platt, Connecticut; Z. B. Vance, North Carolina; General James Shields (short term) and G. G. Vest (long term), Missouri; Wilkinson Call, Florida; D. W. Voorhees, Indiana.

The fugitive Cheyennes were overtaken by our troops forty-five miles from Fort Robinson, January 22. An attempt to capture them led to a fight, in which twenty-three Indians and three soldiers were killed. Only twenty of the Cheyennes remain at large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TELEGRAM from Candahar, dated January 9, says: "The last troops of the advance of Generals Stewart's and Biddulph's forces have filed out of the Cabool gate of Candahar. Not a shot was fired, nor did any contretemps of any kind occur, prior to entering the city. We have captured the post arriving from Herat for the late Governor of Ghuznee, and Kheiall Ghilzai is reported to be without a garrison. It is said that anarchy prevails at Cabool." An official dispatch says that Kohistani chiefs attempted to create a disturbance and plunder Cabool, but Yakoob Khan induced them to withdraw. The Ghilzai chiefs are urging Yakoob Khan to make friends with the British. Afghan deserters confirm the reports of the disorganization of their army. There had been slight marauding disturbances in the Khojak Pass, but the marauders were punished.—Intelligence has reached Calcutta that a Russian steamer has made its way up the river Oxus and beyond the Afghan frontier.

The *Agence Russe* states that the proposal to extend the functions of the commission for the organization of Eastern Roumelia has received the assent of all the powers, and such prolongation does not constitute a violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The Russian administration of the government of Eastern Roumelia also is thus prolonged until the labors of the organization commission are concluded.

Reuter's dispatch from Athens says that Mukhtar Pasha has decided on Janina as the meeting-place of the Frontier Commission. The Greek delegates will be instructed to insist on the cession of Janina. The Greek journals urge the government to remain firm on this point.

In the Italian Senate, January 21, Signor Depretis, in replying to an interpellation, declared that the government's foreign policy sought to ameliorate the condition of Christians in Turkey, and to loyally co-operate in the complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin. He stated that the accusations of Russophilism, and of a desire to acquire Albania, or fresh territory on the shore of the Mediterranean, were unfounded, and asserted that the confidence of the powers in Italy was undiminished.—Advices from Belgrade are to the effect that Colonel Gola, the Italian member of the Servian Boundary Commission, was robbed and murdered by Turkish brigands near Plevna.—The Italian Senate, January 22, adopted an order of the day, which was accepted by the cabinet, to the effect that in order to uphold the national prestige and institutions it is necessary not only loyally to observe treaties, but also to see that the internal policy does not disturb the financial equilibrium or military organization. The foregoing is considered to imply censure of the policy of the late Cairoli cabinet.—The Italian Minister of Public Worship said in the Senate, January 22, that the government would pursue a policy of moderation toward the Pope.

The political crisis in France was settled, January 20, by a compromise between the government and the members of the Left, and a vote of confidence was passed by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 223 to 121. The resolution adopted was as follows: "That the Chamber, trusting that the ministry will not fail to give satisfaction, notably in regard to the administrative and judicial staff, passes to the order of the day." The Right abstained from voting. M. Teisserenc de Bort has resigned the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet, on the 22d, adopted a resolution adverse to Bismarck's Parliamentary Discipline Bill.

It is reported that a majority of the people of Venezuela have risen in favor of Guzman Blanco, who was momentarily expected to arrive at St. Thomas from Europe. Puerto Cabello is in possession of the revolutionists, and the government forces are shelling the town, destroying many lives and much property.

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HELPING THE POOR—THE BOWERY BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. A. KREHER.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

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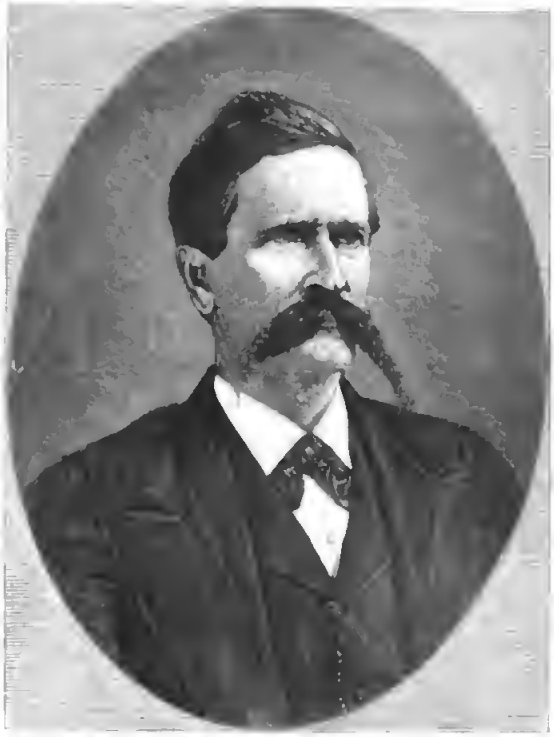

THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. T. BARTLETT.]

THE LATE JOHN BLAIR SCRIBNER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.—SEE PAGE 107.]

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, OF KANSAS.

On this page we give the portrait of the Hon. John P. St. John, the new Governor of Kansas, with a sketch of the inauguration ceremonies, which took place at Topeka on the 13th of January. This was the first public inauguration of State officers that had taken place in Kansas, and it attracted a large concourse of people from every part of the commonwealth. The day was bitterly cold, and, as shown in our sketch, the trees in the square about the State-house were covered with spangles of silvery frost; but although the ceremonies took place in the open air, nothing could chill the enthusiasm of the audience.

The new Governor spoke with just pride of the progress and prosperity of Kansas. Eighteen years have elapsed since this State was admitted to the Union, and during that period her citizens have exhibited great enterprise and sagacity in the work of developing her vast natural resources, in building railways, and in providing for popular education. Fourteen years ago the population of Kansas was only 136,000 souls; it is now 900,000. Her first mile of railway was laid in 1863; she now boasts of more than 2300 miles of these highways of commerce

THE FIRST PUBLIC INAUGURATION OF A GOVERNOR IN KANSAS, JANUARY 13, 1879—THE STATE-HOUSE IN TOPEKA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. WORMAL.]

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and civilization. Her school-houses have grown from 703 in 1867 to 4520. With a population intelligent, patriotic, and enterprising, and with almost boundless natural resources within her borders, Kansas may well look forward to a future of still greater prosperity.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON SHORT RATIONS.

Captain Carmichael entered upon his new position with a fixed determination to make the best of it, and with a very clear view of its advantages and disadvantages. For seven years he was to be master of every thing—or his wife was to be mistress, which, to his mind, was exactly the same. No one could question his use of the entire income arising from Squire Tempest's estates during that period. When Violet came of age—on her twenty-fifth birthday—the estates were to be passed over to her in toto; but there was not a word in the squire's will as to the income arising during her minority. Nor had the squire made any provision in the event of his daughter's marriage. If Violet were to marry to-morrow, she would go to her husband penniless. He would not touch a sixpence of her fortune till she was twenty-five. If she were to die during her minority, the estate would revert to her mother.

It was a very nice estate, taken as a sample of a country squire's possessions. Besides the New Forest property, there were farms in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, the whole yielding an income of between five and six thousand a year. With such a revenue, and the Abbey House and all its belongings rent free, Captain Carmichael felt himself in a land of Canaan. But then there was the edict that seven years hence he was to go forth from this land of milk and honey, or, at any rate, was to find himself living at the Abbey House on a sorely restricted income. Fifteen hundred a year in such a house would mean genteel beggary, he told himself, despondently. And even this genteel beggary would be contingent on his wife's life. Her death would rob him of every thing.

He had a mind given to calculation, and he entered upon the closest calculations as to his future. He meant to enjoy life, of course. He had always done that to the best of his ability. But he saw that the chief duty he owed to himself was to save money; to lay by against the evil inevitable day when Violet Tempest would despoil him of power and wealth. The only way to do this was by the cutting down of present expenses, and an immediate narrowing of the lines on which the Abbey House was being conducted; for the captain had discovered that his wife, who was the most careless and incompetent of women as regards money matters, had been spending the whole of her income since her husband's death. If she had not spent her money on society, she had spent it on travelling, on lace, on old china, on dress, on hot-house flowers, on a stable which was three times larger than she could possibly require, on a household in which there were a good many more cats than were wanted to catch mice, on bounties and charities that were given upon no principle, not even from inclination, but only because Squire Tempest's widow had never been able to say no.

Captain Carmichael's first retrenchment had been the sale of Bullfinch, for which noble animal Lord Mallow—a young Irish viscount—had given a check for three hundred guineas. This money the captain put on deposit at his banker's, by way of a nest egg. He meant it to grow into something worth investing before those seven fat years were half gone.

He told his wife his views on the financial question one morning when they were breakfasting *tête-à-tête* in the library, where the squire and his family had always dined when there was no company. Captain and Mrs. Carmichael generally had the privilege of breakfasting alone, as Violet was up and away before her mother appeared. The captain also was an early riser, and had done half his day's work before he sat down to the luxurious ten-o'clock breakfast with his wife.

"I have been thinking of your ponies, pet," he said, in a pleasant voice, half careless, half caressing, as he helped himself to a salmon cutlet. "Don't you think it would be a very wise thing to get rid of them?"

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, letting the water from the urn overflow the tea-pot in her astonishment, "you can't mean that! Part with my ponies?"

"My dear love, how often do you drive them in a twelvemonth?"

"Not very often, perhaps. I have felt rather nervous driving lately—carts and great wagon-loads of hay come out upon one so suddenly from cross-roads. I don't think the wagoners would care a bit if one were killed. But I am very fond of my gray ponies. They are so pretty. They have quite Arabian heads. Colonel Carteret says so, and he has been in Arabia."

"But, my dear Pamela, do you think it worth while keeping a pair of ponies because they are pretty, and because Colonel Carteret, who knows about as much of a horse as I do of a Megalosaurus, says they have Arabian heads? Have you ever calculated what those ponies cost you?"

"No, Conrad; I should hate myself if I were always calculating the cost of things."

"Yes, that's all very well in the abstract. But if you are inclined to waste money, it's just as well to know how much you are wasting. Those ponies are costing you at the least a hundred and fifty pounds a year, for you could manage with a man less in the stables if you hadn't got them."

"That's a good deal of money certainly," said Mrs. Carmichael, who hated driving, and had only driven her ponies because other people in her position drove ponies, and she felt it was a right thing to do. Still, the idea of parting with any thing that appertained to her state wounded her deeply. "I can't see why we should worry ourselves about the cost of the stables," she said; "they have gone on in the same way ever since I was married. Why should things be different now?"

"Don't you see that you have the future to consider, Pamela? This handsome income which you are spending so lavishly—"

"Edward never accused me of extravagance," interjected Mrs. Carmichael, tearfully, "except in lace. He did hint that I was a little extravagant in lace."

"This fine income is to be reduced seven years hence to fifteen hundred a year—an income upon which, with mine added to it, you could not expect to be able to carry on life decently in such a house as this. So you see, Pamela, unless we contrive between us to put by a considerable sum of money before your daughter's majority, we shall be obliged to leave the Abbey House, and live in a much smaller way than we are living now."

"Leave the Abbey House!" cried Mrs. Carmichael, with a horrified look. "Conrad, I have lived in this house ever since I was married."

"Am I not aware of that, my dear love? But, all the same, you would have to let this place, and live in a much smaller house, if you had only fifteen hundred a year to live upon."

"It would be too humiliating! At the end of one's life! I should never survive such a degradation."

"It may be prevented if we exercise reasonable economy during the next seven years."

"Sell my ponies, then, Conrad; sell them immediately. Why should we allow them to eat us out of house and home? Frisky shies abominably if she is the least bit fresh, and Peter has gone so far as to lie down in the road when he has had one of his lazy fits."

"But if they are really a source of pleasure to you, my dear Pamela, I should hate myself for selling them," said the captain, seeing he had gained his point.

"They are not a source of pleasure. They have given me some awful frights."

"Then we'll send them up to Tattersall's immediately, with the carriage."

"Violet uses the carriage with Titmouse," objected Mrs. Carmichael. "We could hardly spare the carriage."

"My love, if I part with your ponies from motives of economy, do you suppose I would keep a pony for your daughter?" said the captain, with a grand air. "No; Titmouse must go, of course. That will dispose of a man and a boy in the stables. Violet spends so much of her life on horseback that she can not possibly want a pony to drive."

"She is very fond of Titmouse," pleaded the mother.

"She has a tendency to lavish her affections on quadrupeds—a weakness which hardly needs fostering. I shall write to Tattersall about the three ponies this morning, and I shall send up that great raking brown horse Bates rides at the same time. Bates can ride one of my hunters. That will bring down the stable to five horses—my two hunters, Arion, and your pair of carriage-horses."

"Five horses," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, pensively. "I shall hardly know those great stables with only five horses in them. The dear old place used to look so pretty and so full of life when I was first married, and when the squire used to coax me to go with him on his morning rounds. The horses used to move on one side, and turn their heads so prettily at the sound of his voice—such lovely, sleek, shining creatures, with big intelligent eyes."

"You would be a richer woman if it had not been for those lovely, sleek, shining creatures," said Captain Carmichael. "And now, love, let us go round the gardens, and you will see the difference that young able-bodied gardeners are making in the appearance of the place."

Mrs. Carmichael gave a feeble little sigh as she rose and rang the bell for Pauline. The good old gray-haired gardeners—the men who had seemed to her so much a part of the gardens as the trees that grew in them—those hoary and faithful servants had been cashiered to make room for two brawny young Scotchmen, whose dialect was as Greek to the mistress of the Abbey House. It wounded her not a little to see these strangers at work in her grounds. It gave an aspect of strangeness to her very life out-of-doors. She hardly cared to go into her conservatories or to loiter on her lawn, with those hard, unfamiliar eyes looking at her. And it wrung her heart to think of the squire's old servants thrust out in their old age, unpensioned, uncared for. Yet this was a change that had come about with her knowledge, and seemingly with her consent. That is to say, the captain had argued her into a corner, where she stood, like the last forlorn king in a game of draughts, fenced round and hemmed in by opponent kings. She had not the strength of mind to assert herself boldly and say, "I will not have it so. This injustice shall not be."

A change had come over the spirit of the Abbey House kitchen which was sorely felt in Beechdale and those half-dozen clusters of cottages within a two-mile radius which called themselves villages, and all of which had turned to the Abbey House for light and comfort, as the sunflower turns to the sun. Captain Carmichael had set his face against what he called miscellaneous charity. Such things should be done and on system. His wife should subscribe liberally to all properly organized institutions—schools, Dorcas societies, maternity societies, soup kitchens, regulated dole of bread or coals, every form of relief that was given systematically and by line and rule; but the good Samaritan business, the picking up stray travellers and paying for their maintenance at inns, was not in the captain's view of charity. Henceforward Mrs. Carmichael's name was to appear with due honor upon all printed subscription lists, just as it had done when she was Mrs. Tempest, but the glory of the Abbey House kitchen was departed. The beggar and the cadger were no longer sure of a meal. The villagers were no longer to come boldly asking for what they wanted in time of trouble—broth, wine, jelly for the sick, allowances of new milk, a daily loaf when father was out of work, broken victuals at all times. It was all over. The kitchen doors were to be closed against all intruders.

"My love, I do not wonder that you have spent every sixpence of your income," said Captain Carmichael. "You have been keeping an Irish household. I can fancy an O'Donoghue or a Knight of Gwynne living in this kind of way, but I should hardly have expected such utter riot and recklessness in an English gentleman's house."

"I am afraid Trimmer has been rather extravagant," assented Mrs. Carmichael. "I have trusted every thing to her entirely, knowing that she is quite devoted to us, poor dear soul."

"She is so devoted that I should think in another year or so, at the rate she was going, she would have landed you in the bankruptcy court. Her books for the last ten years—I have gone through them carefully—show an expenditure that is positively ruinous. However, I think I have let her see that her housekeeping must be done upon very different lines in future."

"You made her cry very bitterly, poor thing," said his wife. "Her eyes were quite red when she came out of your study."

"Made her cry!" echoed the captain, contemptuously. "She is so fat that the slightest emotion liquefies her. It isn't water but oil that she sheds when she makes believe to weep."

"She has been a faithful servant to me for the last twenty years," moaned Mrs. Carmichael.

"And she will be a much more faithful servant to you for the next twenty years, if she lives so long. I am not going to send her away. She is an admirable cook, and now she knows that she is not to let your substance run out to the back-door, I dare say she will be a fairly good manager. I shall look after her rather sharply, I assure you. I was caterer for our mess three years, and I know pretty well what a household ought to cost per head."

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, piteously, "you talk of us as if we were an institution, or a work-house, or something horrid."

"My love, a man of sense ought to be able to regulate a private establishment at least as well as a board of thick-headed guardians can regulate a work-house."

Poor Mrs. Trimmer had left her new master's presence sorely bowed down in spirit. She was so abased that she could only retire to her own snug sitting-room—a panelled parlor, with an ancient ivy-wreathed casement looking into the stable-yard—and indulge herself with what she called "a good cry." It was not until later that she felt equal to communicating her grief to Forbes and Pauline, over the one-o'clock dinner.

She had had a passage of arms, which she denominated "a stand further," with the captain; but it appeared that her own stand had been feeble. He had been going over the housekeeping accounts for the last ten years—accounts which neither the squire nor his wife had ever taken the trouble to examine—accounts honestly but somewhat carelessly and unskillfully made out. There had been an expenditure that was positively scandalous, Captain Carmichael told Mrs. Trimmer.

"If you're dissatisfied, Sir, perhaps I'd better go," the old woman said, tremulous with indignation. "If you think there's any thing dishonest in my accounts, I wouldn't sleep under this roof another night, though it's been my home near upon forty year—I was kitchen-maid in old Squire Tempest's time. No, I wouldn't stay another hour, not to be doubted."

"I have not questioned your honesty, Trimmer. The accounts are honest enough, I have no doubt, but they show a most unjustifiable waste of money."

"If there's dissatisfaction in your mind, Sir, we'd better part. It's always best for both parties. I'm ready to go at an hour's notice, or to stay my month, if it's more convenient to my mistress."

"You are a silly old woman," said the captain. "I don't want you to go. I am not dissatisfied with you, but with the whole system of housekeeping. There has been a great deal too much given away."

"Not a loaf of bread without my mistress's knowledge," cried Trimmer. "I always told Mrs. Tempest every morning who'd been for soup, or wine, or bread—yes, even to broken victuals—the day before. I had her leave and license for all I did. 'I'm not strong enough to see to the poor things myself, Trimmer,' she used to say, 'but I want them cared for. I leave it all to you.'"

"Very well, Trimmer. That kind of thing must cease from this hour. Your mistress will contribute to all the local charities. She will give the vicar an allowance of wine to be distributed by him in urgent cases, but this house will no longer be the village larder—no one is to come to this kitchen for any thing."

"What, Sir?—not in case of sickness?"

"No. Poor people are always sick. It is their normal state, when there is any thing to be got by sickness. There are hospitals and infirmaries for such cases. My house is not to be an infirmary. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir, I understand that every thing is to be different from what it was in my late master's time."

"Precisely. Expenses are to be kept within a certain limit. They are not to fluctuate, as they do in these books of yours. You must get rid of two or three women servants. There are at least three too many. I am always seeing strange faces about up stairs. One might as well live in a hotel. Think it over, Trimmer, and make up your mind as to which you can best spare, and give them a month's wages and pack them off. I don't care to have servants about me who are under notice to quit. They always look sulky."

"Is that all, Sir?" inquired the housekeeper, drying her angry tears upon her linen apron.

"Well, yes, that is all at present. Stay. What wages has my wife given you?"

"Sixty pounds a year," replied Trimmer, quite prepared to be told that her stipend was to be reduced.

"Then I shall give you seventy."

At this unexpected grace Trimmer began to tremble with an excess of indignation. She saw in this bounty a bribe to meanness.

"Thank you, Sir; but I have never asked to have my wages raised, and I am quite contented to remain as I am," she answered, with dignity. "Perhaps, if the ways of the house are to be so much altered, I may not feel myself comfortable enough to stay."

"Oh, very well, my good soul; please yourself," replied the captain, carelessly; "but remember what I have told you about cadgers and interlopers, and get rid of two or three of those idle young women. I shall examine your housekeeping accounts weekly, and pay all the trades-people weekly."

"They have not been used to it, Sir."

"Then they must get used to it. I shall pay every account weekly—corn merchant and all of them. Bring me up your book on Saturday morning at ten, and let me have all other accounts at the same time."

Here was a revolution. Trimmer and Forbes and Pauline sat long over their dinner, talking about the shipwreck of a fine old house.

"I knew that things would be different," said Pauline, "but I didn't think it would be so bad as this. I thought it would be all the other way, and that there'd be grand doings and lots of company. What awful meanness! Not a drop of soup to be given to a poor family; and I suppose, if I ask my aunt and uncle to stop to tea and supper, any when that they call to ask how I am, it will be against the rules."

"From what I gather, there's not a bite nor a sup to be given to mortal," said Mrs. Trimmer, solemnly.

"Well, thank Providence, I can afford to buy a bit of tea and sugar and a quartern loaf when a friend drops in," said Pauline; "but the meanness isn't any less disgusting. He'll want her to sell her cast-off dresses to the second-hand dealers, I shouldn't wonder."

"And he'll be asking for the keys of the cellars, perhaps," said Forbes, "after I've kept them for five-and-twenty years."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OWNER OF BULLFINCH.

Captain Carmichael had been master of the Abbey House three months, and there had been no open quarrel between him and Violet Tempest. Vixen had been cold as marble, but she had been civil. For her mother's sake she had held her peace. She remembered what Roderick Vawdrey had said about her duty, and had tried to do it, difficult as that duty was to the girl's undisciplined nature. She had even taken the loss of Titmouse very quietly—her father's first gift, the pony that had carried her when she was a seven-year-old huntress with tawny hair flowing loose under her little velvet toque. She gave no expression to her indignation at the sale of this old favorite, as she had done in the case of Bullfinch. If she wept for him, her tears were shed in secret. She took the sale of her pet almost as a matter of course.

"The captain thinks we have too many horses and ponies, dear; and you know dear papa was a little extravagant about his stables," said her mother, apologetically, when she announced the fate of Titmouse; "but of course Arion will always be kept for you."

"I am glad of that, mamma," Vixen answered, gravely. "I should be sorry to part with the last horse papa gave me, as well as with the first."

To the captain himself Vixen said no word about her pony, and he made no apology for or explanation of his conduct. He acted as if Heaven had made him lord of the Abbey House and all its belongings in his cradle, and as if his wife and her daughter were accidental and subordinate figures in the scene of his life.

Despite the era of retrenchment which the new master had inaugurated, things at the Abbey House had never been done with so much dignity and good style. There had been a slipshod ease, an old fashioned liberality in the housekeeping during the squire's reign, which had in some measure approximated to the popular idea of an Irish household. Now all was done by line and rule, and according to the latest standard of perfection. There was not a new fashion in Belgravia—from a brand of Champagne to the shape of a menu holder—which Captain Carmichael had not at his finger-ends. The old-style expensive heavy dinners at the Abbey House: the monster salmon under whose weight the serving-man staggered; the sprawling gigantic turbot, arabesqued with sliced lemon and barberries; the prize turkey, too big for any thing but a poultry show—those leviathans and megatheria of the market were seen no more. In their stead came the subdued grace of the dîner à la Russe, a well-chosen menu, before composing which Captain Carmichael studied Gouffé's artistic cookery-book as

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carefully as a pious Israelite studies the Talmud. The new style was as much more economical than the old as it was more elegant. The table, with the squire's old silver, and fine dark blue and gold Worcester china, and the captain's picturesque grouping of hot-house flowers and ferns, was a study worthy of a painter of still life. People exclaimed at the beauty of the picture. The grave old dining-room was transformed from its heavy splendor to a modern grace that delighted every body. Mrs. Carmichael's bosom thrilled with a gentle pride as she sat opposite her husband—he and she facing each other across the centre of the oval table—at their first dinner party.

"My love, I am delighted that you are pleased," he said afterward, when she praised his arrangements. "I think I shall be able to show you that economy does not always mean shabbiness. Our dinners shall not be too frequent, but they shall be perfect after their kind."

The captain made another innovation in his wife's mode of existence. Instead of a daily dropping in of her acquaintance for tea and gossip, she was to have her afternoon, like Lady Ellangowan. A neat copper-plate inscription on her visiting-card told her friends that she was at home on Tuesdays from three to six, and implied that she was not at home on any other day. Mrs. Carmichael felt her dignity enhanced by this arrangement, and the captain hoped thereby to put a stop to a good deal of twaddling talk, and to lessen the weekly consumption of five-shilling tea, pound-cake, and cream.

The duke and duchess returned to Ashbourne with Lady Mabel a short time before Christmas, and the duchess and her daughter came to one of Mrs. Carmichael's Tuesday afternoons, attended by Roderick Vawdrey. They came with an evident intention of being friendly, and the duchess was charmed with the old oak hall, the wide hearth and Christmas fire of beech logs, the light flashing upon the men in armor, and reflected here and there on the bees-waxed panels as on dark water. In this wintry dusk the hall looked its best, dim gleams of color from the old painted glass mixing with the changeful glow of the fire.

"It reminds one a little of our place in Scotland," said the duchess, "only this is prettier. It has a warmer, homelier air. All things in Scotland have an all-pervading coolness. It is a country overgrown with granite."

Mrs. Carmichael was delighted to be told that her house resembled one of the ducal abodes.

"I dare say your Scotch castle is much older than this," she said, deprecatingly. "We only date from Henry the Eighth. There was an abbey, built in the time of Henry the First; but I am afraid there is nothing left of that but the archway leading into the stables."

"Oh, we are dreadfully ancient at Dundromond; almost as old as the mountains, I should think," answered the duchess. "Our walls are ten feet thick, and we have an avenue of yew trees said to be a thousand years old. But all that does not prevent the duke getting bronchitis every time he goes there."

Vixen was in attendance upon her mother, dressed in dark green cloth: very much the same kind of gown she had on that day at the kennels, Rorie thought, remembering how she looked as she stood with quickened breath and tumbled hair, encircled by those eager, boisterous hounds.

"If Landseer could have lived to paint her, I would have given a small fortune for the picture," he thought, regretfully.

Lady Mabel was particularly gracious to Violet. She talked about dogs and horses, even, in her desire to let herself down to Miss Tempest's level; about the forest; made a tentative remark about point lace; asked Violet if she was fond of Chopin.

"I'm afraid I'm not enlightened enough to care as much for him as I ought," Vixen answered, frankly.

"Really! Who is your favorite composer?"

Violet felt as if she were seated before one of those awful books which some young ladies keep instead of albums, in which the sorely tormented contributor is catechised as to his or her particular tastes, distastes, and failings.

"I think I like Mozart best."

"Do you really?" inquired Lady Mabel, looking as if Violet had sunk fathoms lower in her estimation by this avowal. "Don't you think that he is dreadfully tuney?"

"I like tunes," retorted Vixen, determined not to be put down. "I'd rather have written 'Voi che sapete,' and 'Batti, batti,' than all Chopin's nocturnes and mazourkas."

"I think you would hardly say that if you knew Chopin better," said Lady Mabel, gravely, as if she had been gently reproving some one for the utterance of infidel opinions. "When are you coming to see our orchids?" she asked, graciously. "Mamma is at home on Thursdays. I hope you and Mrs. Carmichael will drive over and look at my new orchid-house. Papa had it built for me with all the latest improvements. I'm sure you must be fond of orchids, even if you don't appreciate Chopin."

Violet blushed. Rorie was looking on with a malicious grin. He was sitting a little way off in a low Glastonbury chair, with his knees up to his chin, making himself an image of awkwardness.

"I don't believe Violet cares twopence for the best orchid you could show her," he said. "I don't believe your *Odontoglossum cordatum* would have any more effect upon her than it has upon me."

"Oh, but I do admire them; or, at least, I should admire them immensely," remonstrated Vixen, "if I could see them in their native country. But I don't know that I have ever thoroughly appreciated them in a hot-house, hanging from the roof, and tumbling on to one's nose, or shooting off their long sprays at a tangent into awkward corners. I'm afraid I like the blue-bells and fox-gloves in our inclosures ever so much better. I have seen the banks in New Park one sheet of vivid blue with hyacinths, one blaze of crimson with fox-gloves; and then there are the long green swamps, where millions of marsh-marigolds shine like pools of liquid gold. If I could see orchids blooming like that, I should be charmed with them."

"You paint, of course," said Lady Mabel. "Wild flowers make delightful studies, do they not?"

Vixen blushed violently.

"I can paint a little bit," she said. "I am a dreadfully unaccomplished person."

"That's not true," remonstrated Rorie. "She sketches capitally in pen and ink—dogs, horses, trees, every thing, dashed off with no end of spirit."

Here the duchess, who had been describing the most conspicuous costumes at the German baths, to the delight of Mrs. Carmichael, rose to go, and Lady Mabel, with her graceful, well-drilled air, rose immediately.

"We shall be so glad to see you at Ashbourne," she murmured, sweetly, giving Violet her slim little hand in its pearl-gray glove.

She was dressed from head to foot in artistically blended shades of gray—a most unpretending toilet.

Vixen acknowledged her graciousness politely, but without any warmth; and it would hardly have done for Lady Mabel to have known what Miss Tempest said to herself when the Dovedale barouche had driven round the curve of the shrubbery, with Roderick smiling at her from his place as it vanished.

"I am afraid I have a wicked tendency to detest people," said Vixen, inwardly. "I feel almost as bad about Lady Mabel as I do about Captain Carmichael."

"Are they not nice?" asked Mrs. Carmichael, gushingly.

"Trimmer's drop-cakes?" said Vixen, who was standing by the tea-table munching a dainty little biscuit. "Yes, they are always capital."

"Nonsense, Violet; I mean the duchess and her daughter."

Vixen yawned audibly.

"I'm glad you did not find the duchess insupportably dreary," she said. "Lady Mabel weighed me down like a nightmare."

"Oh, Violet! when she behaved so sweetly—quite caressingly, I thought. You really ought to cultivate her friendship. It would be so nice for you to visit at Ashbourne. You would have such opportunities—"

"Of doing what, mamma? Hearing polonaises and mazourkas in seven double flats, or seeing orchids with names as long as a German compound adjective?"

"Opportunities of being seen and admired by young men of position, Violet. Sooner or later the time must come for you to think of marrying."

"That time will never come, mamma. I shall stay at home with you till you are tired of me, and when you turn me out I will have a cottage in the heart of the forest—upon some wild ridge topped with a hat of firs—and good old M'Croke to take care of me; and I will spend my days botanizing and fern-hunting, riding and walking, and perhaps learn to paint my favorite trees, and live as happily and remote from mankind as the herons in their nests at the top of the tall beeches on Vinny Ridge."

"I am very glad there is no one present to hear you talk like that, Violet," Mrs. Carmichael said, gravely.

"Why, mamma?"

"Because any body hearing you might suppose you were not quite right in your mind."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN BLAIR SCRIBNER.

On page 105 our readers will find a likeness of the late John Blair Scribner, whose recent and sudden death on the very threshold of what promised to be a brilliant and successful career is sincerely deplored by all who had known him in affairs of business or in social intercourse. Mr. Scribner was taken ill with pneumonia shortly before the holidays, but soon recovered sufficiently to be present at his place of business, and was supposed to be entirely out of danger. Apparently he overtasked his strength, and on the Thursday preceding his decease he suffered another attack. It appeared not to be serious, however, and no fears were entertained that he would not soon regain his health. After the close of business on Tuesday, January 21, his brother and partner, Mr. Charles Scribner, called to see him, and could not refrain from expressing his fears that the illness might be more serious than was thought. The elder brother, rising in his bed, said, playfully: "Cheer up, old fellow; you always look on the dark side. I shall soon be all right again." Then, throwing up his arms, he gave one long sigh, and died without another word. The only persons present at the time were Mr. Scribner's wife, Mr. Charles Scribner, and two physicians, and to all the death was most sudden and entirely unexpected.

Mr. Scribner was only twenty-eight years old at the time of his death; but he had been some time in business, having left Princeton when quite young in order to relieve and assist his father. He evinced great aptitude in mastering commercial details, and when, six or seven years ago, the death of his father left him in charge of the large publishing business, he was already well qualified to assume the duties and responsibilities thus early laid upon him. A short time ago the firm took the name of "Charles Scribner's Sons"—a partnership now sadly broken by the death of the elder of the brothers.

Mr. Scribner was highly esteemed by all his associates in business. He was intelligent, liberal, and affable, and all who knew him bear testimony to his ability, high purpose, and honorable ambition. At a meeting of the principal publishers and booksellers of this city, held the day after his decease, Mr. Randolph paid a warm and cordial tribute to his memory. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I think of him rather as a boy than as a great publisher, for I knew him when he was a boy at his father's knee. I have not yet been quite able to realize that he was the senior of the house that bears his name, have never been able to call him by other than his familiar household name. And yet, while my interest in him may have led me to question the wisdom of his taking the heavy responsibilities he so lately assumed, certainly there was a clear indication of strength and character and force which command remark that one so young in years should be so eager to take on that which some of us who are older would so willingly lay down. I count it to the honor of every one who brings into this work of ours an instinctive love and reverence for it, who pursues it with a just and adequate sense of its responsibilities and privileges. In this calling our friend had a notable pride and ambition. It came to him alike by inheritance and pursuit. He was ambitious to perpetuate a name already honorable—to enlarge a structure the foundations of which had been laid by his father's own hand. He entered upon it full of hope, courage, and expectation; untouched by the sense of wearing, undisturbed by the remembrances of long previous years of struggle and toil, which had finally conquered the point of successful venture."

Mr. Randolph's words will find an echo in the breast of every one who knew Mr. Scribner, and who feels a sympathy with honorable ambition frustrated by death, and with the sorrow of hearts bereaved.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A very important advance has lately been made by the United States Fish Commission in the direction of practical fish culture, that is not only very creditable to the country by which it has been prosecuted, but also opens a new channel for the exercise of this art, with the promise at the same time of being of great industrial value. The work of the Commission in the multiplication and distribution throughout the United States of shad and salmon is well known to our readers, as also the fact that the results in this direction are of much greater magnitude than those of all other government establishments in the world combined.

The application of steam, as first devised by Major T. B. Ferguson, Fish Commissioner of Maryland, for the purpose of securing the agitation of the water required for the proper development of the eggs and of the young fish, represented an advance of the utmost moment, rendering it possible to do, in a wholesale and practical manner, what might otherwise, unless under very exceptional circumstances, be regarded as little more than a laboratory experiment.

Prior to the use of steam machinery a yield of five millions of young shad was considered very satisfactory; but during the season of 1878, when the new method was tried on a sufficient scale, the same opportunities and facilities developed twenty-four millions.

It is a fact not familiar, perhaps, to many of our readers that while during the summer season the capture of cod-fish in great quantity is prosecuted at a long distance from the shores of the United States, especially on the Grand Banks, the Georges, the La Have Banks, Brown's Bank, Banquero, etc., in the winter the same fish come directly on the shores of New England, and as far south, indeed, as Sandy Hook, to spawn. This opportunity is eagerly embraced by the fishermen, who for the most part ply their vocation in open boats or dories, instead of being obliged to resort to schooners of considerable tonnage. This incoming of the fish is for the purpose of spawning along the shore, the object apparently being to give the young fish the protection of shoal water and of sea-bottom covered with algæ during the earlier months of their existence. Several distinct schools of these fish come on the shores of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and No Man's Land, some of the fish being quite small, while those of Cape Ann and vicinity are very much larger. They make their appearance in November, but it is not until December that the eggs are ready to be deposited. A single fish yields a great number of eggs, as many as nine millions having been estimated in a single female, the average being somewhere about two millions.

Heretofore these eggs have been thrown away, or salted and barrelled for shipment to the Mediterranean as bait for the anchovies; but it is expected that hereafter a very different application will be made of them. Careful consideration was given to the possibilities of hatching cod-fish artificially by the apparatus of the Fish Commission, and the necessary inquiries were prosecuted at Gloucester in the summer of 1878. The promise of success was satisfactory, and it was determined to try the experiment on a small scale during the present winter. Accordingly a building was fitted up, the machinery brought from the shad hatching vessels at Washington, and erected, with the necessary additions and accessories, and, as completed, consisted essentially of a steam-pump for drawing the water from the harbor, with tanks of about six hundred gallons capacity, and a series of boxes of suitable shape, into which the water was allowed to enter, and there come in contact with the eggs. An effort was made to obtain ripe eggs from the fish caught by the fishermen; but it was found that the most feasible and practical way was to take the fish that were near maturity and bring them in alive, keeping them in floating boxes at the wharf until ripe enough to be stripped. By this method a large quantity of eggs was secured, and the experiments prosecuted. After varying success, owing to difficulties resulting from the turbidity of the water and other causes, the proper method of treatment was ascertained, and for some weeks past the work has been carried on, interrupted only by the unprecedented cold snap in the beginning of January, which killed the fish in the floating boxes, but did not otherwise affect the progress of the experiment. Many millions of fish have been hatched and deposited in the outer harbor of Gloucester.

The bearing of this experiment upon the future of American fisheries is likely to be of very great importance. Of course, if the eggs which would otherwise be wasted be converted into young fish, it can not fail to produce a marked influence upon the supply. When it is borne in mind that the entire number of cod-fish captured in a single year on the coast of North America from Labrador to Sandy Hook, upon the estimate of very high authority—Professor H. Y. Hind, of Nova Scotia—is only 130,000,000, the fact that the progeny of from twenty to fifty large cod, if brought to maturity, would supply this whole stock, is one of great significance. If now, in addition to what is done by natural reproduction, we supplement the work by hatching and turning into the water the eggs of a thousand parent fish, we can readily imagine what must be the effect upon the future fisheries of the coast.

It should be borne in mind, too, that by introducing the young fish on a definite portion of the coast we secure the return of these fish when mature to the same region for the purpose of spawning, and not merely increase the general supply throughout the ocean.

Another important consideration is the possibility of establishing winter cod-fisheries where they do not now occur, and still relying upon what is now an axiom, that fish return to spawn to the place where they were first introduced into the water, it will be possible, by carrying the young fish hatched by the methods just indicated to points further south than the present range of the fish, to establish new fisheries of great importance. By a careful consideration of the temperature required by the cod it has been ascertained that such fisheries can be established as far south at least as the mouth of the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina. The period of time during which this temperature could be secured would become shorter and shorter with the decreasing latitude. A period of two months could be had at the extreme southern range indicated, and a greater length of time, varying with the character of the winter, at more northern points.

The same methods and machinery available and actually successful in the case of the cod can also be used for hatching the mackerel. These fish spawn in May and June, and under circumstances more favorable for success than is the case with the cod. The Commission also anticipates the possibility of the successful treatment of the eggs of the halibut—a fish of very great industrial value, and of which the supply is rapidly becoming exhausted.

The twelfth report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of Maine, for the year 1877, renews the complaint unfortunately so frequently made of the conflict between the greed of private parties and the interests of the public, so far as illegal fishing or the obstruction of water ways is concerned. It, however, gives satisfactory assurance of the success of the measures taken for restoring salmon to the waters of Maine, and expresses the hope that should proper protective legislation be secured, in a few years this fish will be as plentiful as ever, and add greatly to the resources of the State.

The Commissioners call attention to the fact that it is not merely the actual value of the fish taken that is to be considered in the argument for multiplication and protection; but that, in such a State as Maine, an abundance of salmon and trout invites a large number of visitors in the summer season to capture them, who expend large sums of money within the State for transportation, purchase of provisions, the hire of guides, etc.

Attention is called to the importance of the Oquossoc trout—a species peculiar to Maine—as serviceable in stocking lakes in which large trout are to be reared.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man whose hen-roost was recently robbed received a note which said, "The old black hen was very tough, and a friend whom I invited to dinner has ruined all his front teeth pulling at the old fowl."

Why are riflemen the best expounders of Shakespeare?—Because they know what's in an aim (a name).

Spelling matches are very demoralizing. Jones was in one the night before. His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below-stairs. "John! John! burglars!" she called, shaking him. "Burglars: b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled over to sleep again.

The *Virginia Chronicle* says: "Professor Malout, the brass and string bandit, was interviewed by a man who wanted a situation in the band. 'What can you play?' asked the professor. 'Well, I ain't much for fiddlin', but if you want wind stuffed into a cornet or wood belted out of a bass drum, I'm your oyster!' He was engaged."

France doesn't need any Rhine, because she has her Rhone.

"Into the chaws of death," said the man who fell among the teeth of a buzz-saw.

The civilized Indians of the Cherokee Nation are organizing a brass-band; so there will be no further use for the quotation, "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind."

A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost any thing extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as row a boat?"

"And you are really going to marry again, after losing that dear husband of yours—and you so young and pretty yet!" "My love, it's simply out of respect for the memory of the late. This is a scandalous world."

"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress, and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair, but they take every body in." He probably had invested in a ticket in an oyster-soup lottery, and had drawn a blank.

Jones. "Prisoner, why will you drink? Now look at me! I am sixty, and I never tasted liquor."

Prisoner. "You've lost lots of fun, then, judge, sure as you're born."

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, "don't you know that I have my house-work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in *The Heart of the Continent*, tells of an [illegible] genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying [illegible] "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

"Do you know 'When the swallows homeward fly'?" asked a young man of his "inamorata," as he leaned over the piano-forte. "Of course I do," she replied, in a voice as far apart as the teeth of a barber's comb. "They fly home when they want their grub." And then she began to sing, "Would I were a bi-r-d,"

MODERN WARFARE.

Among a batch of novelettes that has just reached us from the other side of the water is one entitled *The New Ordeal*, by the author of *The Battle of Dorking*. This little volume is to purpose a satire upon the art of modern warfare. In the first part, which is styled "Preliminary," the author with lively pen considers the marvellous ingenuity displayed by mankind in devising instruments for each other's destruction. "It was while public feeling was in this healthy state—humanity strongly developed and invention of destructive weapons stimulated to the highest point, so that a man who discovered a new gun or a new projectile might hope to be made a knight, or even a baronet, and be sure in any case of getting a good round sum for his pains—that an ingenious scientific gentleman brought out a beautiful new bullet, warranted to go round the corner. Earth-works and traverses would no longer be of any use, however well you might be sheltered; unless you had absolutely a roof over your head, this new bullet would find you out, and when it did you were done for, because part of the invention was that the bullet on striking the object burst into a score of fragments. No fear of the bullet coming short of its purpose by doing only trifling damage, as merely going through the fleshy part of the arm or leg, and letting the wounded man turn up all right again at the end of the campaign, as the clumsy missiles did which it was intended to supersede. 'Warranted to wound mortally' was stamped on the wrapper of the cartridge just below the trade-mark. And the inventor did not claim more than he was entitled to; for when the cartridge was tried down at Woolwich marshes on some dummies, placed like soldiers lying snugly behind the parapet of a redoubt, the dummies were found to be all smashed to bits—the splinters so scattered, indeed, that the officer in charge of the experiment had some idea to get his accounts passed by the navy department, because the fragments could not be found. The new bullet became the talk of the day, quite cutting out a famous African traveller who came home a fortnight too late for his reputation. A visit to Woolwich became quite as much an item in the season's work as a visit to the Royal Academy, and young ladies laboring under a press of engagements would economize time by seeing the experiments in the morning, and going to the Artillery Ball in the evening. 'So awfully interesting, don't you know?' some fair damsel would say to her partner at dinner the next day. 'No, not the ball; that, of course, was pretty jolly—the gunners are a very good sort of fellows at their own mess. I mean that wonderful gyrene bullet. We saw fifty of those dear ridiculous dummies put in the redoubt, and Captain Fuse—he's the officer in charge, don't you know—said that if they had been real soldiers not one could have been identified after ten minutes. So awfully scientific and interesting his explanation was! They say Professor Smash is to have a peerage.'" Further on our eloquent author comes to the subject of naval warfare. With this, however, he does not deal at any great length, and contents himself with the statement: "It had come to be understood for some time that it was impossible to foresee the future conditions of naval warfare. All that could be told with certainty seemed to be that between torpedoes and ramming, all the ships on both sides would probably go to the bottom; and it was generally allowed on all hands that the life of a sailor on active service would probably be a short if not a merry one."

All the above is fiction, and the exaggeration of fiction that falls under the head of satire; but certainly the fancies of the author of *The New Ordeal* are not without a parallel in the recent horrible event which our picture is designed to illustrate. Here we see one of the instruments devised by man for the slaughter of their fellow-creatures, as it appeared just before the explosion took place which caused the death of two English officers and eight seamen, besides badly wounding thirty two others. Some years ago such a catastrophe as this would scarcely have provoked surprise, for we read that "until the system of building up guns was invented, the bursting of cast-iron ordnance was not uncommon, and was counted as one of the ordinary risks of a soldier's or seaman's life." This we know from the fact that during our own civil war the bursting of a gun was by no means an uncommon occurrence. It was hoped, however, that Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's great invention had at least done away with this element of destructiveness, and that hereafter the ordnance employed in our wars would not be a source of death to friend and foe alike. Now, however, we are forced to relinquish any implicit trust in the building-up system, and return to our former apprehensiveness, for the gun in question was regarded as a triumph in the art of constructing such weapons.

The vessel upon which the catastrophe took place is the heaviest armed vessel of the English navy now in commission. The *Thunderer* is an iron-clad ship of the first class, having two independent screws and two sets of engines. In the recent disaster her turret, armored to the extent of fourteen inches, was disabled, but by no means destroyed. About seven men only are required in the turret during gun practice, viz., the captain of the turret, the captain of each gun, and two men to look after each compressor. The whole of the gun detachment inside were therefore killed. The top of the turret is not armored, and the probability is that the remainder of the killed and all the wounded received their hurts from the fragments projected through the roof.

Notwithstanding that the illustrious that there was no against the explosion of the that the great gun should have burst has occasioned the introduction of the W all the experiments in the actor here been "proved" been found impossible to the only effect of the

THE THIRTY-EIGHT-TON GUN THAT BURST

N THE TURRET OF H. M. S. "THUNDERER."

is admitted by all ar- no absolute security avy ordnance, the fact the *Thunderer* should great surprise in Eng- d never occurred since ulcrich system, and in ich guns of this char- to destruction" It has roduce a sudden burst, thousand rounds or so of the heaviest charges being gradually to weaken and break up the gun, with ample warning even in the earliest stages of the process.

Although no plan has yet been arrived at for testing ordnance that may be regarded as infallible, yet it must be allowed that scientists have been doing their utmost to find one. The efforts that are being made in the world to perfect the engines of war are by no means exaggerated in the entire quoted in the beginning of this article, even though the results are not quite equal to those therein described. For years experiments with different powders and methods of placing the charges in the guns have been made in different countries, especially America and Austria. As long ago as 1865, Colonel UCHATIUS, head of the gun factories at Vienna, was trying different powders, and had pushed far enough beyond the old traditions to be able to say that he believed the best results would be obtained by leaving a certain space occupied only by air above or in front of the charge. In 1869 we find an English scientific committee taking up the subject, and endeavoring to rescue the artillery from its backward condition as to explosives. At that time an experimental 10-inch gun was firing at Shoeburyness, having already fired two hundred rounds with the old powder. The committee produced a new gunpowder, called pebble, which, as it was then made, gave a higher velocity from an eight-inch gun, with an internal strain of 15.8 tons per square inch, against 29.8 tons, which was the strain for fifty feet less velocity with the old powder. The pebble powder, with variation in the size of the grain and its density, has since been used for all heavy guns, but artillerists are said to be dissatisfied with a material which is so large, shapeless lumps, very difficult to arrange smoothly in a cartridge, and burning in a haphazard way, producing most gas at the first moment of ignition, and less at the time when the shot is already in motion, when all danger is over, and as much pressure as possible is wanted to give high velocity to the projectile. For a time this committee relaxed its efforts, but the recent disaster has given a new impulse to its investigations. The London *Times*, in alluding to it, says: "We are glad to see that the committee is again at work, and can only hope that, starting with much more light on the question, they will arrive at more complete results. But not only by improvement of gunpowder can the life of a gun be lengthened and the danger of bursting reduced, but by other means, such as that foreshadowed by Colonel UCHATIUS, and afterward worked out with thorough scientific perseverance by an artillerist who has carried the scientific development of gunnery further than any one in Europe—Captain NOBLE, of Elswick. The use of an space left above and about the charge of powder in a suitably shaped chamber, larger than the bore of the gun, has produced the most astonishing results, and it is barely too much to say that now for the first time guns are being designed with full foreknowledge of their powers, and the effect of their charges upon them, using, of course, a known gunpowder."

If the eloquent author of *The New Ordeal* had added further authority for his notice on the warlike enthusiasm of the English, it would have been furnished him in plenty by the manner in which the newspapers of the country deplore the loss of the hideous weapon which has just sent so many brave fellows to an untimely grave. The gun, not the men, be it observed, is the subject of lamentation. One writer begins his article by the statement "The bursting of one of the finest English naval guns is a misfortune the greatness of which can hardly be exaggerated." Then, after suggesting numberless possible causes for the great disaster, and means whereby the country may be prevented from losing another such valuable possession, he goes on to console his readers with the thought that, in spite of their misfortune, the English will always enjoy the glory of having produced the most murderous artillery of the world, and the most murderous. "While, therefore, we may regret the fact that one English gun has gone as we never expected it to go, and lives valuable to their country have been lost, it is at least some consolation to know that for the solitary English disaster many might be quoted as having occurred to Continental ordnance, and that while England continues to produce a series of pieces of artillery quite unapproachable abroad—for nothing at all has been produced to match the 80-ton and 100-ton guns—we have lately taken such a step in advance as places us far beyond competition, rather in heavy ordnance for piercing iron plates, or in the light artillery which is more useful for every-day requirements. For, just as the mountain gun surpasses all of its class, so do the new field guns made at Elswick pass out of the region to any thing yet made, even experimentally, outside this country. At the same time, we must protest against the exaggerated impressions which seem to prevail in some quarters as to the power of guns against forts, and the disappointment expressed when pieces standing in the open field fail to destroy the artillery of an enemy behind parapets, or kill a large number of men who are fairly sheltered."

At a time when the "foremost Christian nation of the world" is busy in deploring that its guns do not "kill a larger number of men who are fairly sheltered," the appearance of such a satire as *The New Ordeal*, which paints in vivid colors the horrors of "scientific" methods of slaughter, should be double welcome to all who believe in the brotherhood of nations, and in the promise of a glorious era of peace and good-will.

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THACKERAY'S WORKS.

[From an article on "Novel-Reading," by Anthony Trollope, in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

The popularity of Thackeray has been very much less extended than that of Dickens, and the lessons which he has taught have not, therefore, been scattered afield so widely. Dickens, to use a now common phrase, has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider, than that reached by his rival. The genius of Thackeray was of a nature altogether different. Dickens delighted much in depicting with very broad lines very well-known vices under impossible characters, but was, perhaps, still more thoroughly at home in representing equally well-known virtues after the same fashion. His Pinches and Cheerybles were nearer to him than his Ralph Nicklebys and his Pecksniffs. It seems specially to have been the work of Thackeray to cover with scorn the vices which in his hands were displayed in personages who were only too realistic. With him there is no touch of melodrama. From first to last you are as much at home with Barry Lyndon, the most complete rascal, perhaps, that ever was drawn, as with your wife, or your private secretary, if you have one, or the servant who waits upon you daily. And when he turns from the strength of his rascals to the weaker idiosyncrasies of those whom you are to love for their virtues, he is equally efficacious. Barry Lyndon was a man of infinite intellectual capacity, which is more than we can say for Colonel Newcome. But was there ever a gentleman more sweet, more lovable, more thoroughly a gentleman at all points, than the colonel? How many a young lad has been taught to know how a gentleman should think, and how a gentleman should act and speak, by the thoughts and words and doings of the colonel! I will not say that Barry Lyndon's career has deterred many from rascaldom, as such a career can only be exceptional; but it has certainly enticed no lad to follow it.

Vanity Fair, though not in my opinion the best, is the best known of Thackeray's works. Readers, though they are delighted, are not satisfied with it, because Amelia Sedley is silly, because Osborne is selfish, because Dobbin is ridiculous, and because Becky Sharp alone is clever and successful—while at the same time she is so abominable as the genius of a satirist can make her. But let him or her who has read the book think of the lessons which have been left behind by it. Amelia is a true loving woman, who can love her husband even though he be selfish—loving, as a woman should love, with enduring devotion. Whatever is charming in her attracts; what is silly repels. The character of Osborne is necessary to that of Dobbin, who is one of the finest heroes ever drawn. Unselfish, brave, modest, forgiving, affectionate, manly all over—his is just the character to teach a lesson. Tell a young man that he ought to be modest, that he ought to think more of the heart of the girl he loves than of his own, that even in the pursuit of fame he should sacrifice himself to others, and he will ridicule your advice and you too. But if you can touch his sentiment, get at him in his closet—or perhaps rather his smoking-room—without his knowing it, bring a tear to his eye and perhaps a throb to his throat, and then he will have learned something of that which your less impressive lecture was incapable of teaching. As for Becky Sharp, it is not only that she was false, unfeminine, and heartless. Such attributes no doubt are in themselves unattractive. But there is not a turn in the telling of the story which, in spite of her success, does not show the reader how little is gained, how much is lost, by the exercise of that depraved ingenuity.

Pendennis is an unsteady, ambitious, clever, but idle young man, with excellent aspirations and purposes, but hardly trustworthy. He is by no means such a one as an anxious father would wish to put before his son as an example. But he is life-like. Clever young men, ambitious but idle and vacillating, are met every day, whereas the gift of persistency in a young man is uncommon. The Pendennis phase of life is one into which clever young men are apt to run. The character, if alluring, would be dangerous. If reckless idle conceit had carried every thing before it in the story—if Pendennis had been made to be noble in the midst of his foibles—the lesson taught would have been bad. But the picture which becomes gradually visible to the eyes of the reader is the reverse of this. Though Pendennis is, as it were, saved at last by the enduring affection of two women, the idleness and the conceit and the vanity, the littleness of the would-be great young man, are treated with so much disdain as to make the idlest and vainest of male readers altogether for the time out of love with idleness and vanity. And as for Laura, the younger of the two women by whom he is saved, she who becomes his wife—surely no female character ever drawn was better adapted than hers to teach that mixture of self-negation, modesty, and affection which is needed for the composition of the ideal woman whom we love to contemplate.

Of Colonel Newcome we have already spoken. Of all the characters drawn by Thackeray it is the most attractive, and it is so because he is a man *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. He is not a clever old man—not half so amusing as that worldly old gentleman Major Pendennis, with whom the reader of the former novel will have become acquainted—but he is one who can not lie, who can not do a mean thing, who can wear his gown as a bedesman at the Greyfriars Hospital—for to that he comes—with all the honor that can hang about a judge's ermine.

Esmond is undoubtedly Thackeray's greatest work, not only because in it his story is told with the directest purpose, with less of vague wandering than in the others, but by reason also of the force of the characters portrayed. The one to which we will specially call attention is that of Beatrix, the younger heroine of the story. Her mother, Lady Castlewood, is an older heroine. The term as applied to the personages of a modern novel—as may be said also of hero—is not very appropriate; but it is the word which will best convey the intended meaning to the reader. Nothing sadder than the story of Beatrix can be imagined—nothing sadder, though it falls so infinitely short of tragedy. But we speak specially of it here because we believe its effect on the minds of girls who read it to be thoroughly salutary. Beatrix is a girl endowed with great gifts. She has birth, rank, fortune, intellect, and beauty. She is blessed with that special combination of feminine loveliness and feminine wit which men delight to encounter. The novelist has not merely said that it is so, but has succeeded in bringing the girl before us with such vivid power of portraiture that we know her, what she is, down to her shoe-ties—know her, first to the loving of her, and then to the hating of her. She becomes, as she goes on, the object of Esmond's love—and could she permit her heart to act in this matter, she too would love him. She knows well that he is a man worthy to be loved. She is encouraged to love him by outward circumstances. Indeed, she does love him. But she has decided within her own bosom that the world is her oyster, which has to be opened by her, being a woman, not by her sword, but by her beauty. Higher rank than her own, greater fortune, a bigger place in the world's eyes, grander jewels, have to be won. Harry Esmond, oh, how good he is; how fit to be the lord of any girl—if only he were a duke, or such like! This is her feeling, and this is her resolve. Then she sets her cap at a duke, a real duke, and almost gets him—would have got him only her duke is killed in a duel before she has been made a duchess. After that terrible blow she sinks lower still in her low ambition. A scion of banished royalty comes dangling after her, and she, thinking that the scion may be restored to his royal grandeur, would fain become the mistress of a king.

It is a foul career, the reader will say; and there may be some who would ask whether such is the picture which should be presented to the eyes of a young girl by those who are anxious, not only for the amusement of her leisure hours, but also for her purity and worth. It might be asked, also, whether the Commandments should be read to her ears, lest she should be taught to steal and to murder. Beautiful as Beatrix is, attractive, clever, charming—prone as the reader is to sympathize with Esmond in his love for this winning creature—yet by degrees the vileness becomes so vile, the altered scenes are so revolting, the whited sepulchre is seen to be so foul within, that the girl who reads the book is driven to say, "Not like that! not like that! Whatever fate may have in store for me, let it not be like that." And this conviction will not come from any outward suffering—not from poverty, ill-usage, from loss of beauty or youth. No condign punishment of that easy kind is inflicted. But the vice is made to be so ugly, so heart-breaking to the wretched victim who has encouraged it, that it strikes the beholder with horror. Vice is heart-breaking to its victim. The difficulty is to teach the lesson—to bring the truth home. Sermons too often fail to do it. The little story in which Tom the naughty boy breaks his leg, while Jack the good boy gets apples, does not do it. The broken leg and the apples do not find credence. Beatrix in her misery is believed to be miserable.

HELPING THE POOR.

The Young Men's Christian Association is an institution the very mention of whose name should cause the breast of every American citizen to thrill with pride and enthusiasm. The sages of ancient Greece and Rome were accustomed to tell their audiences, almost with every breath, that the hope of the country lay in her young men. Schools of philosophy were opened, and educational schemes set on foot, simply that virtue might be studied and cultivated as an art. Socrates arose and made Τὸ Ἀγαθὸν the inscription on the banner wherewith he drew the youth of the republic after him. Plato followed his illustrious prototype, and with Τὸ Καλὸν as a watch-word led men to aspire still further toward that moral power and spiritual loveliness that are the basis of all good to mankind. These carried the mind of the youth with them, giving their days and nights to teaching and exhortation, convinced that with the bounding pulses, the strong enthusiasms, and the holy aspirations of adolescence was also combined the vital force that could alone achieve great results.

To-day we have, in place of abstract ideas, comprehensive and glorious as they may be, a rounded and perfect Christian philosophy, a revelation of God to man, so complete in its nature that on His side nothing is withheld that is in any way necessary for the comfort and salvation of our unhappy race. Yet such are the misunderstandings between the different schools of theology, such the opposition of varying creeds, the bickerings of sects and wranglings of so-called religious teachers, that discouragement might readily take possession of us all if we could not point to some bright side of the picture. Fortunately for us, the side where it is brightest is also the most powerful, for, religiously speaking, we can quote the Grecian sage and say, "The hope of our country lies in our young men." No great disaster can come upon our beloved faith while the spirit of its Founder is so strong as to push aside all minor differences of creed or ritual, form or ceremony, and bring the youth of our churches into combination for the purpose of propagating its divine teachings. In the mean time it should be to us a source of unlimited gratitude that the flower of our country's manhood is represented by such a body as the Young Men's Christian Association.

The interesting group of sketches which we publish on page 104 has to do with one of the many charities under the care of and carried on by this institution. Having for its head-quarters one of the noblest architectural ornaments of our great city, the Association has been in the habit of establishing branches in such localities as seem to offer special opportunities for Christian work. At first the Bowery Branch was nothing more than a room where those who could be persuaded to attend were offered the privileges of religious meetings. Soon, however, it became apparent that solicitude for the souls of men, in order to be effective, must be combined with careful arrangements for the welfare of their bodies. The same problem that confronted the apostles when the seven deacons were added to the ministry of the Church presented itself to the Association. While "preaching to men the Gospel of the grace of God," another claim arose which could not be repudiated. In the early annals of the institution we read: "One cold, stormy night in the month of November, 1872, six young men of respectable appearance stood in the hallway of the Bowery Branch, Y. M. C. A., as if fearing to leave this shelter. On addressing them it was found that one of them had been lately in prison, another had just come from hospital, and the third was the wayward boy of a wealthy family in the far West. All were penniless, and had no refuge for the night. They had just met with the young men of the Association at family prayer, and had bidden them good-night. It seemed a cheerless fate to turn so quickly from the place of prayer to the desolate street on a cold night and in a driving storm. A small purse was made up among us and placed in their hands, with directions where to go for cheap lodgings."

This incident convinced the Association in what direction their duty lay. At first, by personally interesting friends, money was procured to meet cases like the above with which to pay for accommodations at cheap lodging-houses, but a few weeks' experience served to make apparent the economy of providing some place of entertainment that should be under the immediate control of the Association. By this means the members would have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with each person they should aid, and, by acquiring a better knowledge of the circumstances, be enabled to labor more intelligently to supply what might be the especial need. The New York City Mission tendered the Association, free of rent, a loft at 185 Spring Street. Friends offered assistance, and men who were in the habit of receiving help volunteered their services freely to fit up the place. Others, hearing of the effort being made, inquired into the work, and offered money. Some of the neighbors in the Bowery united and procured means to fit up some beds. Thus, without any appeal to the public, or any unusual effort in collecting funds, a dormitory, at a cost of $1194, was fitted up. In April, 1875, a move was made to the present building, 134 Bowery.

The manner in which the work of this Bowery Branch is carried on is worthy of the greatest admiration. Its glory is the absence of any sectarian spirit, the unity and simplicity of purpose in propagating Christian faith, and the intelligent and practical manner in which the secular business is carried on. The spiritual part of the work is divided among committees, each of which attends strictly to its own department. There are, for instance, the Devotional Committee, working independently of the regular religious services held at Carmel Chapel, the Entertainment Committee, and the Reception Committee. The last consists of sixteen members. Their duty is to be present in the evening for the purpose of meeting and making welcome the young men who visit the rooms. This feature of Christian effort has proved of great value to many unfortunates, who have gained fresh courage and energy wherewith to go on struggling against difficulties.

The secular part of the work carried on at the Bowery Branch falls under the supervision of what is called the Co-operative Employment Bureau. Here the object is to bring employers into direct communication with those needing work, in such a manner as to serve the interests of both with the least possible delay, and to avoid as far as possible all disappointment. The system offers to any unemployed resident of the city the privilege of free registry, provided he has references, and will pay postage to have them investigated—four cents for each city and six cents for each country reference. When references are found satisfactory a certificate is given entitling the holder to the privilege of the Bureau for thirty days; this may be renewed on application. This is a valuable help to men seeking employment, as they can refer any employer to references in regard to them on file at the office. Registered men are not required to waste their time loitering in the rooms; whenever a situation offers they are notified by mail. When men are provided with situations from the office they are required to bring references from each place, if they apply for employment more than once. Employers from a distance can procure suitable male help of all kinds by forwarding definite information concerning the nature of the service and the amount of wages. As a proof of good faith, employés expect, in such cases, transportation expenses to be advanced by employers. Where money is sent for this purpose, a ticket is purchased, for which a receipt is taken from the man to whom it is handed, and no further responsibility can be taken by the Bureau. Three years have elapsed since the Association first began to make efforts to obtain employment for a large class who could not secure it through their own exertions. During this interval over 15,000 men have been met and counselled on the subject of work, and of these 4000 have been provided with situations through this agency. A large correspondence has been opened with employers throughout the United States, and also with the employés sent out from the office. The objects held steadily in view have been the elevation of the laboring classes by friendly counsel and influence, and the benefit of employers by securing them reliable help.

A slight sketch of any single branch of a great undertaking, such as we have been able to give here, must, of course, fail to convey any idea of the magnitude or scope of its aims, or of the power it wields among the class it is designed to benefit. We are glad, however, to have been given an opportunity of calling attention to this magnificent Association, and to the work that is being done by the young men of our country in advancing the cause of religion, and making it a power among all classes. While stories are wafted to us from across the ocean of the youth of Russia adopting the hideous teachings of Nihilism, and propagating it by means of secret societies established in all parts of the nation, and while German universities are pouring out their graduates as infidels and socialists, we of America can point to our young men busy in disseminating the truths of our glorious religion, and in binding society together in one self-helpful, homogeneous mass by means of unremitting labor and patient, sympathetic self-sacrifice. An English general on being asked by an Oriental where were the brick walls that should surround his city, is said to have replied, in pointing to his army, "There are our bricks." The existence among us in a flourishing and prosperous condition of such an institution as the Young Men's Christian Association is a sufficient answer to all the dark prophecies of the pessimist in regard to the future of our republic. While our young men are thus engaged, no blight from within can wither us and no outside foe can harm us; they themselves are at once the vital strength and the indestructible bulwark of the nation.

ART IN NEW YORK.

The annual receptions of the Artists' Fund Society of this city are always pleasant gatherings for the artists and their friends. The display of paintings, though less extensive than that of the Academy of Design or that of the Water-color Society, is always creditable and attractive, and every year evinces a growing interest on the part of the artists in the welfare and prosperity of the society. The organization originated about twenty years ago in a desire to provide a fund for the benefit of the families of deceased artists, and its plan contemplates the contribution by each member of works of moderate size, which may find a readier market than more ambitious and costlier paintings; but as the members make it a point of honor, as it is also a matter of interest, to contribute only good work, the pictures in the fund exhibition show the genius and tendencies of the artists quite as well as the larger displays at the Academy, while it sends into many a household beautiful and characteristic specimens of the work of our best men. The exhibition this year comprises nearly a hundred paintings, and among the contributors are George H. Boughton, S. R. Gifford, J. G. R. Brown, Homer Martin, David Johnson, H. W. Robbins, William H. Beard, Thomas Hicks, R. Swain Gifford, Charles Parsons, Eastman Johnson, Arthur Quartley, and R. W. Hubbard. It is pleasant to learn that the affairs of the society are in a prosperous condition, although its membership is small in comparison with the number of artists residing in New York.

On page 113 we give a series of sketches from the illustrated catalogue of the Water-color Exhibition at the Academy of Design, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the officers of the society. The collection shows that American interest in water-colors has suffered no abatement, while its effect has been to stimulate our artists to still higher achievements in this branch of art. It is not many years since water-colors were regarded in this country almost with contempt; but the splendid efforts of Colman, R. S. Gifford, Winslow Homer, Fredericks, Smillie, Bricher, and others, have wrought a marked change in public opinion, to which the artists are not slow to respond. Our sketches give, of course, an idea of the composition only of the pictures selected for illustration. They serve as an aid to the memory in recalling works that have impressed the visitor to the exhibition, and the catalogue will be kept as a pleasant *souvenir* of hours passed in strolling through the attractive rooms of the Academy. The catalogue is very tasteful in appearance. On the cover is a graceful design by Fredericks, printed in Venetian red and black, with the motto, "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

The galleries of the principal picture-dealers of New York offer many attractions this winter to lovers of art, not only to those who wish to purchase, but to those who desire to enjoy an hour or two in the contemplation of the works of the great painters of Europe and America. At Goupil's, Kohn's, Avery's, Schaus's, or any other large dealer's, the visitor will find quiet, well-lighted, pleasant galleries, filled with pictures by artists of world-wide fame; some by foreign masters, who, like European authors, find in the New World an appreciation as broad, as cultivated, and as liberal as that which they enjoy at home. At Goupil's, for instance, the visitor who enters the attractive gallery in the rear of the establishment may feast his eyes upon paintings by Gérôme, Chlebowski, Jules Breton, Jules Dupré, Munkacsy, Joseph Chelmonski, A. Schreyer, Ziem, Carl Becker, and many others whose names stand high on the roll of masters in art. Among the works especially worthy of attention is Chelmonski's striking picture of a "Winter Night in Poland," in which the artist has expressed on the canvas the very spirit of the desolate scene. There is a vast plain of snow, crossed here and there by tracks of horses and sledges, a group of travellers at the door of a long, straggling hostelry, through whose windows flashes the light of

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the hospitable fire within, the only relief from the surrounding dreariness. Without this gleam the picture would chill the blood. Yet the power of the painting, the imaginative quality that appears in every part, make one turn to it again and again with a fascination too strong to be resisted. The two landscapes by Munkacsy, "Haymakers" and "Washer-women," are remarkable specimens of this artist's style; and "The Lazy Apprentice" will be appreciated by every one whom a hard fate has compelled to forego "the sweetness of his morning rest," and "rise before the light." Many will linger over a charming composition of Chialiva's, "Children Guarding a Flock of Turkeys," beautiful in color, and very graceful in composition. There is also a strong landscape by Jules Dupré, and a picture by Jules Breton of a girl with a distaff in her hand. Both works attract close and admiring attention. We must not take leave of this pleasant gallery, to which we can not do justice within the scanty limits of a single article, even to the extent of naming a quarter of the pictures worthy of study, without calling attention to an admirable picture by J. G. R. Brown, entitled "A Dress Parade." It represents a squad of street boys, drawn up in a line, armed with sticks, brooms, and other handy substitutes for guns or swords, and going through a regular drill under the direction of their "cap'n." They are a jolly-looking set, all of them painted from life.

The sales-rooms up stairs are fitted up with great taste and skill, in order to display pictures under the same conditions as regards light and surroundings as those offered by the parlors of a private residence. In these rooms we find pictures by Gérôme, Chlebowski, Ziem, Schreyer, Toulmouche, and other artists of note, before which we should delight to linger, and to which we may return at a future time.

A short distance below Goupil's the art gallery of Mr. Kohn opens its hospitable doors at our approach, and invites us to another feast of art. Here, too, we are in the society of great masters. We pause before a striking landscape by Alfred Wahlberg—"Sunset in High Latitudes, Sweden." The sky is wonderfully painted. This picture was the only landscape that received a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition. In another part of the gallery we stand before a remarkable composition by Hector Leroux—"The Adoration of Minerva by the Virgins of Athens." The studies for this picture were made near Athens, the artist having visited Greece for the express purpose of familiarizing himself with the character and tone of the landscape which forms the background of his composition, which represents a procession of young maidens who have come from Athens to cast their wreaths at the foot of a statue of the goddess of wisdom. In the same room is a characteristic coast scene from the easel of A. Achenbach, with the usual accessories of fishing-boats, fishermen's cottages, etc.; and two exquisite pictures of Venice, by Ziem, full of light and color. A strong landscape by Jules Dupré deserves especial attention. It represents the banks of a stream bordered with pollard willows, beneath the shadow of which a man is floating in one of those clumsy-looking boats which are always to be found on French or German streams. The picture is strongly painted, and is a fine specimen of the peculiar style of the artist. Mr. Kohn exhibits also an exquisitely painted picture by A. Simonetti—a Turkish lady reclining on a divan and indulging in the luxury of smoking.

As with the Goupil Gallery, we must leave Mr. Kohn's pleasant rooms without having examined a tenth part of the treasures displayed upon the walls, and pass to the art rooms of Mr. Avery, also on Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street. The collection of works is varied and attractive, comprising examples from Hugues Merle, Meyer von Bremen, J. G. Vibert, L. Émile Adan, and other celebrated masters. The largest picture in his gallery is Merle's "Ferdinand and Miranda." The lovers stand together in the foreground, under the shade of trees, watched by Prospero from a little distance, while Ariel appears floating in the clouds above the scene. Another large and important picture is from the easel of P. C. Comte—"The Young Duke of Guise Swearing Vengeance Against the Assassins of his Father." In this collection there is also a very interesting picture by Bokelmann. It is called "The Broken Bank," and represents a crowd of men, women, and children gathered in groups on the steps and in front of a savings-bank that has closed its doors. This painting, which attracted great attention at the last Paris Exhibition, displays great vigor of execution and power of expression. The faces in the groups are strongly individualized, and no one repeats another. An amusing composition is C. Delort's "Strolling Players Caught in a Snow-Storm." The scene is a street in a French town. A band of vagrant actors, with a huge wagon containing their outfit, have stopped in front of an inn, and try to persuade the landlord to admit them for the night. He seems to be dubious about his pay, and the contrast between the anxious expression of the poor shivering actors and the imperturbable attitude of the landlord gives a serio-comic air to the picture. In striking contrast to this work is the beautiful picture by L. Émile Adan, "A Visit to the Grandparents"—a work full of the most careful and conscientious attention to detail and of poetic sentiment. We linger long before a picture by V. Capobianchi, "A Siesta in an Old Italian Garden;" and again before one by Charles Meissonier, son of the celebrated painter, representing a scene in Nice, warm and sunny in effect.

But we must again leave more than half untold, and commend to our readers the pleasure of visiting these and other galleries. They will be more than repaid, for these galleries contain many of the choicest specimens of European art ever sent to this country. And if any one is curious to know the cost of these beautiful works, he will find that at Goupil's he can purchase Gérôme's "Unfolding the Flag of the Prophet" for $3700, Chlebowski's "Turkish Lady of Rank in a Mosque" for $850, or the same artist's "Bashi-Bazouk Guarding a Convent" for the same price. At Kohn's he may take his choice between Wahlberg's "Sunset" at $1200 and Achenbach's "Coast of Holland" at $1000, and so on. The most costly picture in Avery's Gallery is the "Ferdinand and Miranda," $5250; the price of Adan's "Visit to the Grandparents" is $2000; that of P. C. Comte's, $1900; and that of Capobianchi's, $1650. Of course prices range all the way from these figures downward, according to the importance of each work and the reputation of the artist.

THROWING OIL ON THE WATERS.

The following incident occurred in Shetland a good number of years ago. It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. Nothing indicated a storm or any change in the settled weather which had prevailed for some time. All the fishing-boats had gone to the far haaf. Suddenly, a little after midnight, a fierce gale sprung up and raged with unwonted fury, increasing as the morning advanced, while the sea rose to a height most unusual at that season of the year. All the boats bore up for the land as soon as the storm broke on them; and during the early part of the day all reached the shore in safety, save one. She was known to be a good sea-boat, and was manned by a crew of the very best fishermen in the island; but as the hours crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, burning anxiety and suspense of wives, mothers, daughters, and neighbors were fast passing into the most dismal forebodings. I went out to a high promontory which overlooks a wide expanse of sea, and sentinels, as it were, the entrance to the landlocked bay where nestled the humble cottages of the fishermen. A crowd of distracted women, and of men scarcely less agitated, who had just themselves but narrowly escaped a watery grave—friends or neighbors of the missing ones—were gathered on the cliff, straining their eyes across the raging sea. It was a pitiful, harrowing sight. Who can describe the agony expressed in the firmly clasped hands, the fixed and tearless eye of one, the bowed form, convulsively rocking a little one in her lap, of another, the moan of breaking hearts, the wail of despair of others. "Oh, my man! my gude, kind man! I'll never see him more!" cried one. "Faether! faether! will ye never, never come back again?" exclaimed a blooming girl, whose cheek was blanched enough now. "My boy! my Willie! oh, the cruel, cruel sea!" moaned a poor widow whose only son was one of that boat's crew. And indeed it seemed to all of us but too probable that our worst fears would be realized. The storm continued unabated. The great waves were dashing against the rocks in angry fury, sending the spray right over us. Most of the men were sad and silent. Some of them were doing their best to keep alive the hope they too plainly did not themselves cherish. One suggested: "They have probably run a long way to seaward, and set their lines, and have staid perhaps rather too long in their endeavors to recover them before bearing up for the land; but no need as yet to fear the worst." Another said: "Perhaps they have run to some other island which they found easier of access." Another suggested: "They are very possibly waiting outside till the slack of the tide before attempting to cross the string."

I turned to a fine stalwart young fisherman who had often accompanied me on fishing and seal-hunting expeditions, and whose courage and steadiness and judgment I had not seldom proved in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

"What do you think?" I whispered, as I kept sweeping the horizon with my field-glass.

"I don't know what to think," he answered. "She was a good boat, and they were brave men and good seamen that manned her; but that is an awful sea to fight against. God be with them!"

"Was?" "were?" The words sent a chill to my heart. He was already speaking in the past tense of those for whom we looked and prayed. Suddenly he seized my arm as with a vise, while his keen gray eye, almost wild with intense but suppressed excitement, shot a glance across the waste of waters.

"There!" he said. "I thought I saw something whole like a sail, ben the sea-foam. Don't speak yet, or it will kill these poor souls. Give me your glass. Yes, yes; again I see it. Look!"—he shouted aloud now—"I see her, sure enough. They are coming right on, and going to cut the string too, I do believe: a bold venture, but awfully risky, for the tide is still strong."

A few minutes more and we could all see the gallant little boat driving along before the gale, now lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, now completely out of sight in the trough of the sea. On, on she came toward the string, which, though it had run off its greatest strength, looked ugly enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Little more than five minutes would be sufficient to carry her across; but every one knew perfectly well that the greatest danger of all was just there in the middle of that tideway. It was the crisis of her fate. Five minutes more and she would be in safety, or never reach the shore. On, on she came, now plainly in view of every one, and splendidly handled, as we could see, on, on, and buried her bows in the raging tide as a war-horse might charge an opposing rampart. We held our breath hard. No one moved, not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard but the rush and roar of wind and waves or the wild scream of a sea-mew overhead. A minute of intense suspense, and still she bravely battled on.

"Ha!" cried the young fisherman at my side, "what is that they are doing? I know, I know: they are casting out the livers; I can see the foam on her track. Wisely thought of and well done. It is their only chance in yon tideway."

And so indeed it was. We could distinctly see the men with eager hands throwing out the crushed livers astern, to right, to left, all around, as though offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the sea-god; and the waves did not break on them then. A few minutes more, and then, amid tears of thankfulness and joy, "Safe! safe! thank God!" burst out on every side; and soon they reached the shore—those hardy fishermen—and were welcomed in a manner much easier to conceive than describe.

The skipper had never left his post at the helm for nine long hours, during which he had fought out his brave battle for life with rare skill and nerve and endurance. And now, when he stepped on the beach and took up his little boy in his arms and kissed him, I did not think there was any thing unmanly in the big tears which coursed down his brown cheek. A little afterward I said to him, "You have had a terrible day, and at one time we scarcely thought ever to see you again."

"Ay, terrible indeed," he replied; "and we should never have reached the shore through yon raging sea and tide if it hadna been our casting out the livers—that smoothed the sea, and, wi' God's blessing, saved us."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday,	9.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	16.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.—Ash-Wednesday.

Among the products of the multifarious activity of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage is the Laymen's College of Brooklyn. The project of founding it was first suggested to him by an editorial in a religious weekly of this city. Consulting with its editors, he was urged to go forward, and without much money pledged for help, he opened the courses of instruction, and invited students. It was quickly found that a great want was met. The college has now passed out of his hands, and is under the charge of a board of trustees. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Ingersoll, of the Reformed Church, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of the Baptist Church, and Dr. Clark, of the Methodist Church, are the instructors. The Presbyterian church at the corner of Clinton and Amity streets has been rented, and will, it is thought, be purchased and made the permanent home of this school.

The activity of the laity of the Christian Church is one of the chief facts in the history of our century. Roman Catholicism, in workmen's clubs, journalists' clubs, lawyers' clubs, and associations of Catholic young men, is using this source of power as never before. The same activity of laymen is characteristic of Protestantism. Lay evangelism, to take one instance, has been utilized most successfully; it demands precisely such training schools as the "Brooklyn Lay College and Biblical Institute."

Speaker Alvord, of the Assembly of the State of New York, has so constituted the Committee on Internal Affairs, which has charge of the temperance question, as to give it a decided majority of temperance men. It is claimed that in its make-up the committee reflects the prevalent opinion of the House. If this be so, no relaxation of the present excise laws can be expected.

Henry Vincent, Chartist orator, lecturer, preacher, and advocate of the separation of the Church from the state, has passed away. He died at his home in London a few days only before the coming in of the new year. It seems strange to record it, but it is a fact, that he was imprisoned and dealt with as a felon two years for his advocacy of the cause of the common people of England. After his release in 1841 he devoted himself to the extension of the suffrage. His power as a popular orator was quickly recognized all over England. During his lifetime he visited the United States, where he was listened to with great interest. His career, which extended over half a century, resembled that of George Thompson, who has also lately died.

The debts of Archbishop Purcell are estimated to amount to $500,000. An assignment has been made by him of the diocesan and other property held in his name, to trustees. The whole is supposed to be worth $1,000,000. Bonds will be issued by the trustees on the security of this property. Much of the money intrusted to the bishop was invested in church buildings; there has been depreciation, and the inevitable end—bankruptcy—has come. In undertaking to be the banker of his people the bishop has assumed risks which have been too much for him.

The resignation by the Rev. Dr. W. Ives Budington of the charge of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, has been accepted. The acceptance was accompanied on the part of the congregation with the strongest expressions of esteem for their pastor. He was also made pastor emeritus, with a salary. Dr. Budington has seen this church, once on the outskirts of Brooklyn, grow to be one of the strongest in that city. A committee was appointed to select a successor.

The reported increase of Roman Catholics in England for 1878 is 39 priests and 38 churches. The total number of priests is now 2175; of churches, 1345; of bishops and archbishops, 21. In Scotland there are 6 bishops, 278 priests, and 304 churches.

The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar went to Cyprus in December, and while there paid a visit to the Greek archbishop, at Nicosia, the capital. He was received with great cordiality, the bells of the Cathedral of St. John being rung as he ascended the stairs of the archiepiscopal residence. The letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury was presented to the Greek prelate, together with a document prepared and sent by the Pan-Anglican Synod. Offers were also made of assistance from England in the education of the Greek priests on the island. The archbishop expressed the hope that the friendly relations between the two Churches might be promoted by the presence of the English in Cyprus. He was himself anxious for a Church union. The offered help in education will be gladly received; both books and money are greatly needed. Only during the past fifteen years have the Greek Christians on the island had liberty to educate their children.

A change in the government of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, which marks another step toward its complete organization among us, has been made by the Congregation of the Propaganda. Romanism here has been governed by the Vatican as a missionary jurisdiction. The change consists of a "more systematic procedure in the trial of ecclesiastical offenders." Each bishop is ordered to appoint a commission or council of three priests, versed in canon law, for the trial of charges against ecclesiastics. Under the system hitherto prevailing, which has been summary, complaints have been made of injustice, and appeals have frequently been carried to the Roman Curia.

After a long and stormy conflict, the government of the Canton of Geneva appears to be on the point of entirely separating the Church from the state. The bill for this purpose was brought before the Grand Council on December 21, and is styled a "Law for the Suppression of the Budget for Public Worship." Its points are: 1. No immovable property other than churches shall be held by religious bodies. 2. The clergy shall hereafter receive their pay neither from the state nor from the parishes. 3. The churches and parochial residences now standing are to be given over to the religious denomination which has a majority of members in the parish. The Cathedral Church of St. Peter, in Geneva, is excepted from this provision, and will remain the property of the city. 4. The Grand Council may authorize the religious orders to establish themselves in the canton. At present Geneva contains the State Church Protestants, the Free Church Protestants, Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, and Freethinkers. The bill has been referred by the Grand Council to a committee.

Cardinal Pecci has been made by the Pope Secretary of Briefs, to succeed the deceased Cardinal Asquini. The correspondent of the London Standard claims that all the great offices of the Vatican are now held by Liberals, and that this fact has greatly excited the Jesuit party. But then the Standard is bent on showing that Leo XIII. and the Jesuits are at variance—an assertion which has not yet been proved.

Cardinal Asquini had held the office of cardinal thirty-three years, having been appointed by Gregory XVI. His last office of Secretary of Briefs was given him in 1872 by Pius IX.

The re-organization of primary school education contemplated by the government of Belgium wholly omits religion. The commune authorities will decide whether religious instruction shall be allowed. According to the proposed law, it must in any case be given either before or after school hours. The Liberal Association of Brussels have issued an address which goes even beyond the purpose of the new law. They say: "The commune, the province, and the state have no business with any dogmatic teaching. The priest can and should catechise in his church, and give his teaching to those alone who demand it; but it can not be permitted to the state to impose this teaching on any body, or even to lend the school rooms to Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant ministers." The Belgian bishops have issued a pastoral condemning the proposed law.

The Church of Jesus, in Mexico, which is in form Episcopalian, has now over sixty congregations and three bishops elect—Messrs. Riley, Hernandez, and Valdespino. This Church is affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, which through its Mexican Commission advises and to some extent directs operations. It seems probable that before very long the three bishops elect will receive consecration at the hands of the Protestant Episcopal bishops of the United States.

The charities of New York are as manifold as the forms of suffering in this city. The corporation, through the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, disburses $1,000,000 yearly, and controls twenty-seven institutions, in which there is a constant population of 10,000 persons. The Commissioners of Emigration took charge in 1877 of 54,000 emigrants; this was less than the average yearly number. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor helps annually from 10,000 to 13,000 families, at a cost of $35,000. There are in the city twenty hospitals, fifteen of them in possession of commodious buildings. Twenty-four dispensaries give medicines and medical aid to the poor. Of these, the New York Dispensary has in twenty-eight years relieved 2,000,000 patients. There are nine orphan asylums, which have the care of several thousand children. The House of Refuge has been in existence for fifty years, and has charge of an average of 1000 boys and girls. The New York Juvenile Asylum cares for 1400 children yearly. The Children's Aid Society expends over $200,000 each year in schools and in sending children to homes in the West. As many as 20,000 children come under its care for longer or shorter periods every year. The Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless give help annually to about 8000 children, some for a short and others for a longer time. Besides, there are the missions at the Five Points, the Howard Home in the Fourth Ward, the Wilson Industrial School in the Seventeenth Ward, the New York City Mission, the Prison Association, and many others. In all, New York has 300 charitable associations. Much of the want which calls for relief comes of the fact that New York is a great seaport, whither thousands of the world's poor come, and have either no ability or no inclination to go farther. More of it arises from another fact, viz., that there are in the city 9000 places where liquor is sold to be drunk on the premises.

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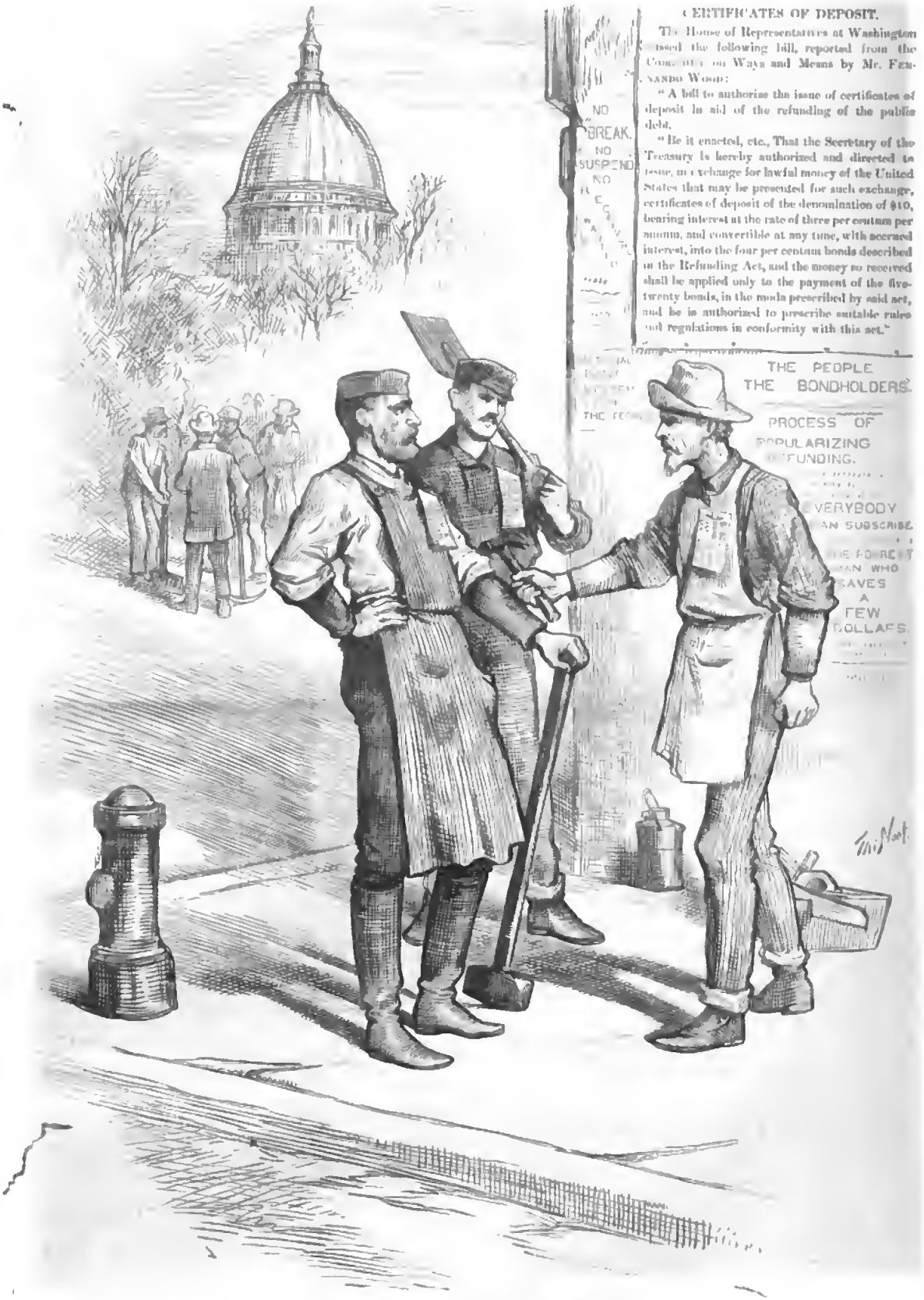

INTEREST IN THE UNITED STATES DEBT

NEW RECRUITS TO THE ARMY OF BLOATED BONDHOLDERS. "Let us hear no more about *wiping out the Public Debt as with a Sponge.*"

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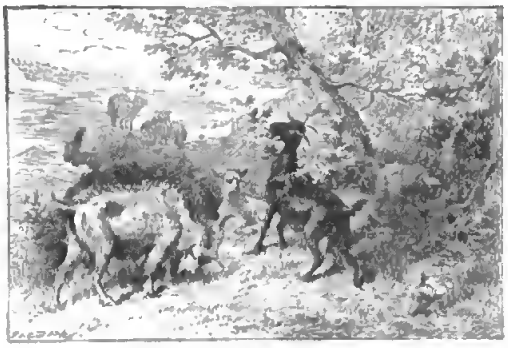
CAMBUS KENNETT ABBEY.—S. Colman.

NO THOROUGHFARE.—F. S. Church.

PILOT-TOWN, FLORIDA.—R. S. Gifford.

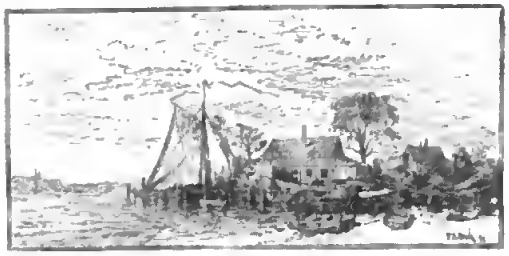
BUTTERNUT BEND.—J. D. Smillie.

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.—H. Nisbeth.



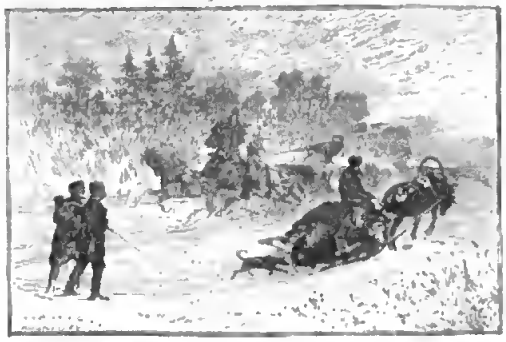
ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.—F. O. C. Darley.

FRESH AIR.—Winslow Homer.

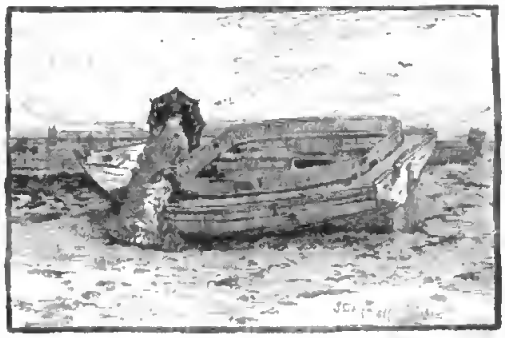


A FISHERMAN'S HOME.—F. A. Silva.

LONG ISLAND OYSTERMAN.—C. S. Reinhart.



RETURN FROM THE HUNT.—L. P. Fransioli.



STUDY—GIRL AND BOAT.—A. T. Bricher.

SKETCHES FROM PICTURES IN THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION, NEW YORK ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 110.]

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HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

If there were any question in regard to the judicious expenditure of the contributions made to the New Orleans Howard Association during the prevalence of the yellow fever, all doubts must be dissipated by the simple, business-like report of the Association recently published in the New Orleans *Democrat*. The secretary, Mr. F. B. Southmayd, gives a clear account of the work of the Howards, their receipts and expenditures, during the epidemic, and mentions with great minuteness the details showing to what use they put the money confided to their care. As soon as all hope was over that the fever would be of short duration the Howard Association of New Orleans opened their doors for the relief of the destitute sick, and made public appeals for help. This was on August 17. Their appeal was promptly answered, and funds began to pour into their treasury. The following table of receipts more clearly than eloquent words shows how generous was the response to the call from New Orleans:

New York	$93,807 [illegible]
Philadelphia	39,[illegible] 49
Boston	[illegible] 79
Chicago	22,124 03
New Orleans	22,290 [illegible]
San Francisco	20,613 00
St. Louis	7,462 03
Brooklyn	3,916 00
Providence	3,[illegible] 00
Springfield, Massachusetts	3,000 00
Memphis	2,716 [illegible]
Portland, Oregon	2,[illegible] 00
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	2,[illegible] 00
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	2,148 40
Indianapolis, Indiana	2,400 0[illegible]
Washington, D. C.	2,[illegible] 00
Hartford, Connecticut	1,[illegible] 00
Cincinnati	1,[illegible] 00
Savannah, Georgia	1,[illegible] 00
Buffalo, New York	1,[illegible] [illegible]
Albany, New York	1,[illegible] [illegible]
Columbus, Georgia	1,[illegible] 10
Louisville, Kentucky	1,275 [illegible]
Mobile, Alabama	1,146 30
Galveston, Texas	1,000 [illegible]
Richmond, Virginia	1,000 00
Charleston, South Carolina	[illegible]
Baltimore, Maryland	[illegible] 00
Other parts of our country	117,[illegible] [illegible]
Liverpool and London	7,[illegible] 00
Paris and France	6,[illegible] [illegible]
Havana	1,[illegible] 10
Total	$[illegible],440 [illegible]

New Orleans was divided into twenty districts; the working force of the Association was 108 men, physicians and members, whose whole time was given to the sick and suffering. The total number of patients cared for by the Howards in New Orleans during the seventy-one days of the pestilence, from August 17 to October 26, was 20,344. This does not include all the cases occurring in the city, but only those cared for by the Howards. As some members only reported the first case in many families where there were several cases, the total probably did not fall short of 24,000. The number of cases attended outside the city was 11,[illegible], making the whole number of patients tended by the Howards 36,[illegible]. In addition fully 60,000 destitute persons were relieved by them during the epidemic. The report gives in detail the uses to which all the money and supplies were put, the exact amounts expended for every thing, and to what purposes the balance remaining has been applied, showing plainly that the noble work of relief was well organized and judiciously managed.

Scarcely were the embers of the Broadway fire, near Grand Street, dead before another great conflagration occurred in a business centre. The scene of destruction was chiefly in Worth and Thomas streets, destroying several large wholesale dry-goods stores, involving a loss of property estimated at from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000. The flames spread with wonderful rapidity, and great fears were entertained lest a very general conflagration would occur. Fortunately the night was comparatively calm, and at length the flames were controlled by the energetic efforts of the brave firemen.

During the recent extreme cold weather two enormous icicles, each weighing some three or four hundred pounds, were formed on the roof of the Post-office by the freezing of the condensed vapor from the steam-escape nozzles. These masses hung from the inner walls over the rotunda, and about seventy feet above the glass roof. When the weather became mild, fears were entertained that they might fall; so it was thought wise to remove them, and nooses of rope were slipped over them, they were broken off, lifted upon the dome, chopped to pieces, and thrown down into safer places.

A report comes all the way from Ceylon that two little boys have found a sapphire weighing two pounds. If the report be true, this is the largest sapphire ever found, and its value is estimated at $[illegible]. In old times Ceylon was famous for its gems, and none were more highly esteemed by the ancient Romans than the sapphire.

Some curious incidents happen in the New York Post-office. A short time ago a letter came from Ireland addressed to "My Mother, New York, America." Of course it was supposed it must be sent to the dead-letter office; but on the day of its arrival a woman inquired at the general delivery window for a letter from "her son." The coincidence attracted the attention of the official in charge of the deciphering bureau. Inquiry showed that the son of the woman lived in the town whose name was postmarked on the letter. After various inquiries the letter was given to the woman, with the proviso that she should open it there; and it was found to be from her son, and designed for her.

The Cincinnati College of Music has organized a department of elocution, which is meeting with great success. About sixty pupils, varying in age from eight to forty years, commenced with the first quarter. The chief aim is to teach the pupils, particularly children, the physiological and artistic use of their respiratory and vocal organs.

Reports have been received of a great disaster which occurred near Philippopolis, Turkey. A railway train, on which were a large number of Russian troops, fell into the river Arda in consequence of the breaking of a bridge. It is stated that 300 men and several officers were drowned.

Foreign papers have much to say about the use of sulphur in diphtheria, and its remarkable efficacy. Perhaps its value is exaggerated; but have physicians in this country tried it? There seems to be a general impression that they have not. An English physician states that he has used milk of sulphur for infants, and flowers of sulphur for older children and for adults, with much success. The sulphur was brought to a creamy consistence with glycerine, and he gave as a dose a tea-spoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, and made application of the mixture to the nostrils with a sponge.

A new postage-stamp has been ordered by the Post-office Department, to be used on letters not prepaid. Under the new regulation a letter not prepaid is sent to the postmaster at the office of its destination with this stamp upon it. The postmaster is then charged with the amount due, and must collect it from the person to whom it is addressed, on delivery. A similar stamp is ordered for letters delivered by carriers, who then become responsible for the postage. This new arrangement should not make people less careful to prepay their letters.

Care and precaution in regard to exposure to contagion are widely different from excitement and alarm concerning prevailing diseases—just as different as wisdom is from folly. While there is reason to believe that the scarlet fever is diminishing in this city, precautions should not diminish. For the benefit of our readers we clip from the New York *Tribune* some directions about the treatment of scarlet fever which are worth remembering:

"This disease, like small-pox, must, as a rule, be communicated by direct contact with particles of the desquamated skin thrown off by the patient, or with some article of clothing which he has worn. It is possible to so isolate a patient and disinfect the air of the house that the disease may be promptly held and extinguished. A child attacked by it should be removed into a chamber from which the carpet and all other woolen articles have been removed. He and his attendant should be wholly separated from the rest of the family. When he is convalescent the apartment should be thoroughly disinfected, the paper on the walls removed, the ceiling washed, the bedding destroyed, and every article, however small, which can not be scrubbed, fumigated. The disease has been communicated by means of books to a piece of flannel after the lapse of a year. No doubt these precautions seem absurd to the busy matron who nurses her baby with the scarlet fever in the midst of a throng of other children and sympathizing neighbors. But they are surely preferable to the triumphant career of the disease through the whole household or street."

A Western school journal contains some excellent suggestions in regard to the influence upon the manners of pupils exerted by the "daily walk and conversation" of the teacher. It should always be remembered that the child is an unconscious copyist. An irritable and dictatorial tone of voice, and the habit of continual fault-finding, will often arouse a feeling of ill humor in a whole school. A command should never be given when a request will answer the purpose. Deserved commendation should be promptly and frankly given, showing the pupil that we are as ready to praise as to blame. Any courtesy of a child should be scrupulously acknowledged. At the proper time, necessary questions should be civilly answered. Denials should not be made more disagreeable by rudeness. The careful politeness of the teacher will meet with a generous return. Punctilious courtesy sweetens and refines school life as effectually as it does home life. Reproof should be dignified, free from ridicule and from injurious epithets. Urbanity on the part of a teacher implies no lack of discipline. Cheerful good order is as easily obtained as that sullen compliance with rule (while under the immediate eye of authority) which seeks every opportunity for outbreak at the removal of espionage.

During the month of December no less than 7000 turkeys were sent from Canada to London, "without," remarks the *Court Circular*, "the aid of the refrigerator, and they arrived in excellent order." This trade in turkeys has sprung into existence within the past two years, and it is expected that 50,000 will be used in London next season.

People who live in large cities feel that ice in summer is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity. They scarcely could get along comfortably without it. In the country, for many reasons, it is not so much a necessity, yet it is a luxury which is often more desirable, but frequently unattainable. Now is the time for people in the country to provide themselves with ice. It is really a very simple task to make a small ice-house and to cut and pack closely with plenty of sawdust ice enough to abundantly supply a family. Any farmer can have this done with little expense and trouble. An expensive ice-house is unnecessary. Ice may be kept in any water-proof shed if it is well protected from the air by sawdust so strewn closely packed about it.

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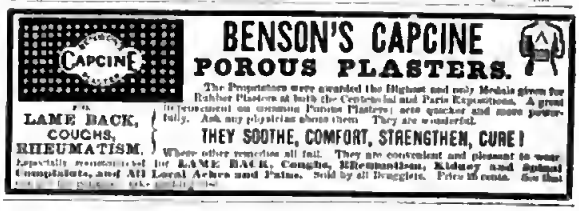

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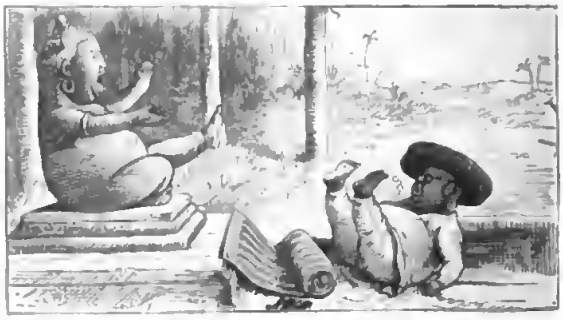
1. "IDOL OF HOPE AND SLAUGHTER."



5. "'DONE WITH YOU, SHIKKAMY SHASTER!'"

2. "ALL OF A ONCE A LOVELY MAID."

6. "MUGGAMA CHUDDEE KISSED A FEW."

A DOLEFUL TALE.

PART I.

Listen awhile, a tale I tell,
Lest ye a tale of sad disaster;
How the catastrophes befell
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Built in a shady grove divine,
Close to a tank of weedy water,
Stands the big idol's holy shrine—
Idol of hope and slaughter.

Shikkamy Shaster's form was stout,
Shikkamy Shaster, lumpy, dumpy;
None had a piety more devout,
None had a leg so stumpy.

Many a year his friend had been
Billika Butcher, lengthy, lanky,
Never a funnier face was seen,
Never a leg so lanky.

Saturday month, the two, arrayed,
Went to the shrine to show devotion;
All of a once a lovely maid
Gave them a strange emotion.

Billika Butcher chased her thence,
Caught her, and, oh! would fain detain her;
Shikkamy Shaster showed more sense—
Hear what he did to gain her:

Straight to the shady shrine he went,
Folding his arms in true contrition,
Double his kennels form he bent.
This was his odd petition:

"Father, beside this holy place,
Hear what a maid I saw before me.
Oh, such a face! Such easy grace
Brought a queer feeling o'er me!

"Thick as a thunder-cloud her hair,
Curved is her nose as curves a parrot's,
Round as a moon her face, and fair,
Fair with a tinge of carrots;

"Soft as a doe gazelle's her eyes,
Hands and her feet are trim and tender,
Neck like a dove's in shape and size,
Waist as a panther, slender.

"Tell me, O Father!" thus he cried,
"Father of hope and spertive slaughter—
Tell me with whom does she reside?
Who can have such a daughter?"

Idol of idols answered: "Go—
Go to her uncle, born relation,
Make your salam. His name is Jo,
Washing his occupation.

"She with that uncle lives alone,
Washerman, nunky, soapy, sudsy.
This is the name by which she's known—
Beautiful Muggama Chuddee."

Shikkamy Shaster made reply
"Father, if you demand a martyr,
Marry the girl to me, and I
Promise my head in barter."

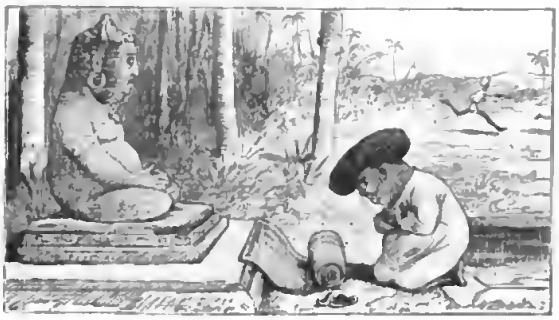
Often he howled as thus he vowed,
Suddenly moved the scarlet plaster,
Idol of idols healed aloud:
"Done with you, Shikkamy Shaster!"

PART II.

Quickly a month had passed away—
Pleasure had made it pass the faster,
Happy the man also claimed to-day
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Shikkamy Shaster's wedding day!
Never a day had shone so sunny.
Ready they stand to start away,
Feeling a wee bit funny.

Bidding adieu to all she knew,
Sadly to Jo, her ugly nunky,
Muggama Chuddee kissed a few,
Shikkamy felt too funky.



3. "STRAIGHT TO THE SHADY SHRINE HE WENT."

7. "SHE WITH THE TAIL IS CHEERY."

4. "WASHERMAN, NUNKY, SOAPY, SUDSY."

8. "SHIKKAMY'S ASS WITH PEAR WAS WILD."

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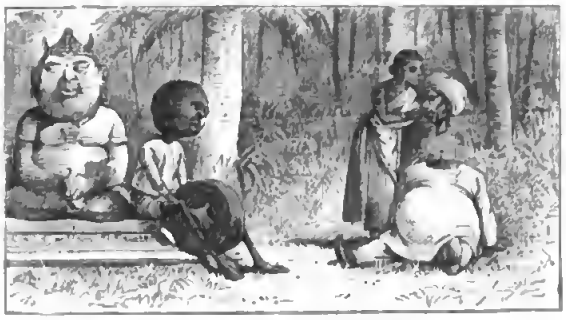
9. "CHOPPED OFF HIS HEAD, AND TUMBLED."

13. "'MUGGAMA CHUDDEE, ASK A BOOK.'"

10. "BILLIKA BUCHER TOOK HIS LEAVE."



14. "THIS WAS HIS ANSWER: 'TAKE THEIR HEADS.'"

Noble the steed he sits astride,
Billika neat, and friendly peasants;
Merrily last of all the bride,
Bringing the wedding presents.

Happily thus the miles they pass;
Then, as they feel a wee bit weary,
Gayly the men bestride the ass;
She with the tail is cheery.

Suddenly Shaster fills with fears—
Surely he sees good cause to falter
Straight in his only road appears
Idol of idol's altar!

Idol of idols grimly smiled,
Smiled with a face of scarlet plaster,
Shikkamy's ass with fear was wild,
Wild his unwieldy master.

Pious he always was and good;
Surely the vow was not forgotten!
No, for he felt the sheath of wood,
Hoping the blade was rotten.

"Oh! what a sinful wight am I!
Idol of idols, high and haughty,
How can I tell a fearful lie?
How can I be so naughty?"

Thus in his mind he seemed to say;
Then to his pair of glad companions.
"I to the idol wish to pray,
Rest you beneath the banyans."

Grimly he grasped his shiny sword,
Straight to the temple humbly stumbled,
Grimly the holy place adored,
Chopped off his head, and tumbled.

After a while his wife, alarmed,
Muggama Chuddee, face of fairies,
Said to her friend, "He can't be harmed;
Terribly long his prayer is.

Billika Bucher, say I grieve;
Run to the temple lightly, sprightly."
Billika Bucher took his leave,
Bidding adieu politely.

There she remained. But wond'ring, he,
Ever intrepid, ever dreadless,
Found his old friend in pieces three—
Bodiless, hatless, headless.

"Nobody could believe that he
Could ever be so holy, lowly,
Thus to obey the god's decree,
He! such a rolly-poly!

"Every soul will think I planned,
Cruelly planned a bad transaction;
Better to die than bear the brand,
Brand of an evil action."

Thus did he speak, his sabre drew,
Dealt his neck a blow so bloody,
Such that he fell in pieces two,
Calling to Muggama Chuddee.

Muggama Chuddee long had sat,
Sat for a long, long while in wonder,
Wondering what the two were at,
Vexed to be thus asunder.

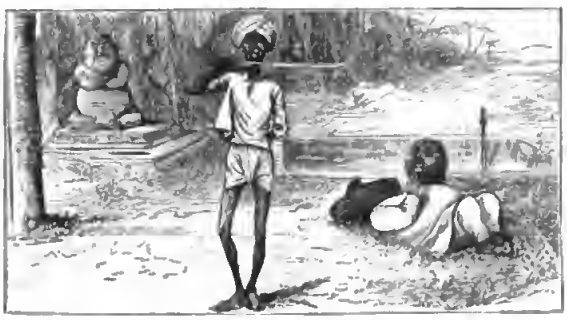
Straight to the shrine she strode alone;
There the sight doubly marked her wonder:
Billika Bucher fallen prone,
Shikkamy Shaster under.

Sadly she heaved her sweetest sigh,
Spake to herself in lovely language.
"Every soul will think that I
Slew them in hate or anger.

"Think of the female tongues let loose.
Jimminy! what will they be saying?
Better than bear their bold abuse,
Better myself be slaying."

Placing her neck the swords between,
Ready she stood her head to sever.
Suddenly such a sight was seen,
Such as above was never.

Idol of idols, feared of men,
Down from his holy seat descended,
Struck to the ground the swords, and then
Highly the girl commended.



11. "DEALT HIS NECK A BLOW SO BLOODY."

15. "'DON'T YOU TOUCH MUGGAMA CHUDDEE.'"

12. "READY HER STOOD HER HEAD TO SEVER."

16. "EAGERLY BOTH ASK BEATING, HAULING."

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"Girl, I am amply pleased, and soon
Favor will here, and surely show it;
Muggama Chuddee, ask a boon—
Ask, that I may bestow it."

Muggama Chuddee, widowed bride,
Gladly replied "O holy master!
If you are really satisfied,
Give me my Shikkamy Shaster!"

Thus was his answer: "Take their heads,
Join to his trunk each knobby noddle;
Quickly they'll leave their sunny beds,
Quickly begin to toddle."

Muggama Chuddee, pleased, arose,
Rose in a state of hurry, flurry—
Merry from which began her woes,
Trouble, and endless worry.

Whether through haste, as fun, as lunk,
Thus the contrived saw men to model,
Joining to Shikkamy Shaster's trunk
Billika Butcher's noddle!

Shikkamy Shaster's head devout
Billika's slender carcass carried.
Now came an awful ugly doubt—
Which of the two was married?

Each of the voices coaxing cried,
"Muggama Chuddee, rosy, ruddy!"
Angrily each his friend defied:
"Don't you touch Muggama Chuddee."

Here is a scene of endless shame;
Here is a scene of sad disaster;
Solemnly both have vowed to claim
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Eagerly both have seized on arm,
Eagerly both are heaving, hauling,
Muggama Chuddee, all charm,
Set up a squeaky squalling.

Here is an end. My tale is o'er
Still are the rivals heaving, hauling,
Muggama Chuddee's arms are sore,
Sore is her throat with squalling.

Verily naught remains to tell,
Told is a tale of sad disaster
How the catastrophes befell
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

TEN DAYS IN LOVE.

It was a cold night in January. People were hurrying along through the blinding snow-storm, battling with the wind that howled and moaned out by turns its story of woe.

Hugh Remington and his friend Williams, glad to be out of the storm, had settled themselves in gown and slippers for a quiet evening at home. The shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, and on either side of the hearth was placed the favorite chair of each. These friends had lived together in their bachelor quarters for more than two years. Every thing in the apartment showed refined taste and wealth. Some said that it all belonged to Hugh, and that he made it a home for his friend. No one, however, knew this to be true. Hugh was quiet and reserved, seldom spoke of his affairs to any one, never laid any special claim to any thing, but allowed it to appear that all things were equally shared. After the evening papers had been read and discussed, the two sat talking of days gone by, of little episodes in their lives. Hugh was in a talking mood, and had told several good stories of his past life, stopping suddenly, he exclaimed.

"Did I ever tell you of my love for the widow?"

"No," replied Williams. "Let's have it."

"Well," said Hugh, taking another cigar, and looking very serious as he leaned back in his great easy-chair, "I met her in Paris."

"Met who?"

"Oh, never mind who. Be content that I am telling you the story, and don't ask for names. I thought of her as 'the widow.' It is a sufficient title."

"Well, I won't interrupt. Go on."

So Hugh continued:

"I was calling upon my old friend Mrs. Lee, and while waiting for the servant to take her toy card, an odd piece of bric-à-brac standing in the corner of the room attracted my attention. I got up and went over to examine it. While thus engaged, the door opened. I turned, thinking that it was Mrs. Lee, when, oh! what a heroty met my sight!—so small that she looked like a child, large deep blue eyes that came out from under a mass of light golden curls, a small nose, and a rose-bud of a mouth. She was dressed in deep mourning, and I thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen a more beautiful picture. She didn't see me until I made a slight movement, which startled her. Coming forward, I said,

"'I frightened you, did I not?'

"'Yes; I was not aware that there was any one in the room. You are waiting for Mrs. Lee?' And she gave me the sweetest of smiles, showing a most perfect row of teeth.

"Before I could answer, Mrs. Lee appeared, and introduced me. Mrs. —— was making Mrs Lee a short visit prior to her departure for America. I was glad of that, as I should then have the pleasure of seeing her again.

"The evening passed only too quickly, and I arose with an apology for staying so late. Mrs. Lee invited me to dine with them informally the next day. She said her friend preferred being quiet, as they should be quite alone. Too true he sure that I accepted the invitation, and was there promptly at the hour. The widow was more charming than on the previous evening. I longed to stop the hours from rolling on. Having been in the habit of dropping in at Mrs Lee's at all hours, my frequent—almost daily—visits were not noticed as any thing strange or unusual. Mrs Lee thanked me for coming to them in their loneliness, and the widow would give me one of her sweet smiles, and I was thankful in my inmost heart that they were lonely, and that it fell to my lot to cheer them. So the weeks passed, until the time came for the departure of Mrs. Lee's friend.

"You I had intended passing a month or two in England before coming home, but when I found that the widow was to return in ten days, I began to think that my duty called me back to my business. The more I thought of it, the more important it seemed to me to go.

"'Do you know if we are going on the 15th?' the widow asked me, one evening, in her dove-like way.

"'No one but myself,' I answered. 'Business has called me sooner than I expected'

"'How delightful!' from the widow; while Mrs Lee exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr Remington, I am so glad'. I couldn't bear the idea of my friend going entirely alone, and you of all others will know best how to take care of her.'

"We then began to make our plans. Mrs. —— intended making a visit of a few days to some friends in London. I was going direct to Liverpool. Mrs Lee and I drove down to see our friend off, and I looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her on board the steamer. My last days in Paris were spent in saving 'good by' to old friends, and buying presents for sister Nell and the children. I got every *nouveauté* that I could find, and felt well pleased with my selection. At last I was on the steamer, and stood looking to the ship more a way. By my side was the widow, and I thought that I had never seen her look so lovely. I exulted in the knowledge that she knew no one on board. *I* was her only friend, consequently *I* should have her all to myself: this was (as I said to myself) what I had for weeks been longing for. Was I so happy? That question had not occurred to me. "I felt supremely happy, and thought the situation delightful. I was ready to do any thing for this fair creature. She had only to command, I was all eagerness to obey. I soon had opportunities of showing my devotion.

"The following morning I came out on deck very early, and was surprised to find my little lady already there. She looked very miserable and very pretty. The morning salutations over, I asked her how she had slept.

"'I haven't slept at all,' she said, in a fretful, childish way, which I thought charming. 'Such a noise all night,' she continued, 'I could not get to sleep, and the smells are simply dreadful. I must have another room. I'd rather sit up here all night than sleep in that horrid place again. Don't you think, Mr Remington, if you asked the captain as somebody, he would give me another state-room?' and her big eyes looked inquiringly into mine.

"'Certainly,' I said. 'I will go at once and see about it, and if there is on other, you shall change with me. Take my room, which is a good one, and as I don't mind either noise or smells, your room will suit me well enough.'"

Here Hugh leaned over his chair to knock the ashes off his cigar, and said to his friend. "I must have had it pretty bad—eh, Williams?—to have said that, for you know that I can't endure either a bad odor or a loud noise. But I forgot every thing when under the influence of those eyes, and when she exclaimed, 'Oh no, I couldn't let you do that,' I felt that my fate was sealed, and that I should take the noise and the smells.

"The next thing I discovered was that my lady had on my chair. There was only one left, and that had been spoken for; but I paid double the amount, and the chair was mine.

"'You are so kind, Mr Remington,' she said. 'I don't know what I should have done without you. I am not fit to travel alone,' she added, in childish tones.

"I longed to press her to my heart and tell of my love, and if she would but let me, it would be the joy of my life to care for her. I looked all this; I am sure I did. But there were too many people around for me to speak. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and looked divinely unconscious.

"The third day out the weather became bitterly cold

"'I am almost frozen,' said Mrs. ——. 'What shall I do? I have *nothing* to wrap around me, and shall have to stay below, and, oh dear! it is so uncomfortable there!' The face turned up to mine was that of a spoiled child.

"'Now I had a fine English rug, which I had used at night, for you know every thing at sea is so horribly damp. It had been a great comfort to me, and I knew that I should miss it. But what of that? I couldn't see the woman I loved suffer. So I got it, and tucked her all up in it. Her delicious smile repaid me for the sacrifice.

"'Oh, how nice!' she said, as she put her hands under the warm rug. 'It seems to me, Mr Remington, that you have every thing to make one comfortable. I never heard of such a man. I am so glad that I came under your care!'

"I was as love-stricken that I did not reflect upon her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that I had deprived myself of these comforts in order that she should be made comfortable. She seemed to take it for granted that I was a sort of travelling missionary, with extra wraps, state-rooms, chairs, and any thing else that one might need, and I was such a slave to her fascinations that, had she asked me to do the impossible, I should have attempted it.

"Every day I had it upon my lips to tell her of my love. Each day courage forsook me. We walked the deck day after day. She would put her little soft hand on my arm in the most confiding way, look up from under her curls, laugh her low, sweet laugh, and ask the most childish, innocent questions.

"We were walking this way on the sixth day out. I had carefully rehearsed my part, and was about to tell my story. Her conversation seemed to lead to it, for she said,

"'You will come to see me when you are in New York, won't you, Mr Remington?'

"'Nothing,' I said, 'would give me greater pleasure.'

"'You will come often? Promise to dine at our house once a week. You won't forget me?' and the blue eyes sought mine.

"I looked into them, and my look told what my tongue had refused to say. I pressed the little hand close to my heart, and after a pause said, below my breath, 'Forget you!' and I was about to pour forth my love when she gave a little scream, and cried, 'Oh, my veil!' There, sure enough, was the confounded blue thing sailing before the wind, and all the passengers, it seemed to me, after it. Of course I had to go too, and make believe try to capture it. I never hated any thing as much as I did that yard of blue gauze. I couldn't go back and continue my story from where it was so suddenly broken off, and indeed the widow seemed quite shy of me.

"The incident had given the passengers an opportunity to speak to her, and when I joined her (without the veil, for it had, I hope, struck bottom) she was surrounded by a group of people. I had no chance that day, nor the next, to get her to myself. I tried to think of something that I could do to show her that would assure and detain her. It seemed as though I had exhausted all my resources, when at last a brilliant idea occurred to me. I would show her the presents I had brought for sister Nell. They were all in my little sea trunk, and I knew that the couldn't resist their attractions. She came up on deck bright and beautiful as ever.

"'Isn't it delightful,' she said, 'to think that to-morrow we shall be at home? I can hardly wait for the time to come, and yet'—and her voice dropped into the dearly loved soft tone—'the voyage has been a most charming one, owing to your kindness,' she added, brightly.

"I longed to launch forth my tale of love, but thinking it more prudent to wait until I had secured her wholly to myself, I asked her, in the most ordinary manner, if she wouldn't enjoy looking at some little trinkets that I had picked up in Paris. Her eyes sparkled.

"'Yes, indeed,' she said. 'Nothing could be more delightful than to get a glimpse of Paris while at sea.'

"I went below and got all my pretty *nouveautés*, and brought them up to her. Placing a chair in a quiet corner, and well hid from the other people, they drawing mine up beside her, I began showing one by one my collection of odd things.

"'Where did you get them, Mr Remington? I hunted all over Paris, and found nothing half so pretty. What exquisite *porte bonheurs*!' and she slipped one after another of my carefully chosen bracelets on to her little plump wrists, and turned them first on one side and then on the other.

"I knew Nell's taste, and had searched for something uncommon, and was well pleased with what I had bought. But Nell and every thing were forgotten with this bewitching creature by my side, and when she made a move to take them off, I said, laughingly, of course, 'Oh, don't disturb them; they look so well where they are, and it is so pleasant, you know, to *get a glimpse of Paris while at sea*.'

"She kept them on, and I opened the other boxes. There were rings, crosses, medallions, chatelaines, and many other ornaments of curious design. The widow decked herself, and was in high glee. A child could not have enjoyed it more. I watched her with loving eyes, told her where each one came from, and helped fasten them on.

"'I feel like an Indian princess,' she said, 'and ought to have a throne and a crowd of howling courtiers, and the picture would be complete.'

"'Can't you imagine a throne?' I said, 'and take me for kneeling courtiers. Wouldn't my love compensate for the admiring crowd?'

"She looked up quickly, and was about to answer, when one of those eternal old bores that, no matter when you cross, are always to be found on shipboard, came up, and began telling of his early reminiscences: what she saw was twenty years ago—as though the sea had ever changed—and how, when he had first crossed, his friends never expected to see him again. He had made his will, and they parted as though he were to be forever lost to them. I assure you that I silently wished to my heart that he had never turned up again. Without saying a word, I got up, took my boxes, and left my Indian princess. I was thoroughly angry with the old fellow for interrupting our *tête-à-tête*, and seriously annoyed with Mrs. —— for listening to and answering him. I made up my mind that that game had been played long enough. I would ask her the simple question the first chance I got, and know my fate at once. But the chance did not come as soon as I expected it would.

"She went to her room with a sick headache, as she said, and I paced the deck alone. We were a long way up the harbor when she made her appearance the following morning. She said that she had hurried with her packing, thinking that we were nearer than we really were to the city.

"'Oh, Mr Remington, I had an opportunity of returning your jewelry, and as I packed them with my things. But you are coming, you know, to dine with me on Saturday, and I will then give them to you.'

"'Certainly,' I said. 'There is no time for us to change them now. Wear them until I see you again.'

"I had fully made up my mind that as I had been baffled so often, I would now wait until I had seen her in her own home before I opened my heart to her, as rather before I asked her my fate. She already knew my heart. There was no time to talk, all was excitement; we were quickly approaching, handkerchiefs were waving from the docks. The widow was straining her eyes, and suddenly leaving me and going farther forward, I saw her throw a kiss. How I longed to catch it! I looked with jealous eyes to see who would take it up and answer it. Foremost among the crowd was a great big man—six feet, and broad in proportion. It was he who was returning her kisses. Could it be her brother, or was it a friend, and this merely a pleasant greeting from a distance?

"I watched him come on board, and what did the big idiot do but catch her up in his arms—my sweet one, whom, though loving, I had never dared to touch—and kiss her over and over again! I could have knocked him down.

"On drawing near to them, I saw that neither of them noticed me. She had forgotten my existence. With a heart-sick feeling I turned away. Was this to be the end? Why had I come home? I could hear them talking, though too miserable to listen. They came nearer, and the same soft voice that I found so dearly said, 'Mr Remington, I have been talking about you, telling how good and kind you have been, and how utterly forlorn I should have been had you not always looked out for my comfort. I have come to thank you, and *my husband* wants to thank you too.'

"Her husband! Great heavens! And I thought she was a widow, and had made love to her! I listened as though in a dream, and a decided unpleasant one it was, too. I believe he thanked me, and she praised, and he thanked again, and then they urged me to come to see them, and she said, 'Don't forget Saturday.'

"Whether I said any thing, as whether I remained mute, is more than I can tell. I was like a man asleep, and had to give myself a good shake to come out of the nightmare that I was in. When I looked around, she—they—were gone."

Here Hugh stopped as though he had finished, but his friend Williams, whose curiosity was aroused, asked,

"Did you dine with her on Saturday?"

"No, I sent a regret."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"No, never."

"What became of *your nouveautés de Paris?*"

"Nell went without them, as I went without my English robe."

"You don't mean that she never sent them to you?"

"I never gave her my address, and the was not supposed to know where I was."

Williams didn't like to ask any more questions, and Hugh remained quiet for a time. Then rousing himself and getting out of his chair, he said,

"I have never made love since, and"—with a bitter laugh—"I always avoid women in deep mourning. And now as the fire has gone out with my story, I think we had better go to bed."

TWELFTH-DAY.

As a popular festival Twelfth-day stands only inferior to Christmas, the leading object being to do honor to the three Magi, as, as they are commonly called, the three kings of Cologne. The same Twelfth-day itself dates as far back as the time of King Alfred, who established the twelve days after Christmas as holidays, of which the Epiphany was the last. These twelve days were dedicated to the twelve apostles, and in some parts of England it is still customary to light, on the eve of Twelfth-day, one large and twelve small fires, which are intended to represent our Lord and the twelve apostles.

In days gone by this festival was chiefly marked by the custom of drawing for king and queen by lots—a practice, according to some, derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when at its completion children drew lots with beans to see who would be king. In Lincolnshire there is always a dance on Twelfth-day, called the "Cake Ball," at which the old custom of choosing the king and queen by lot is still kept up. In France the sovereign thus elected is called "Le Roi de la Fève," and the importance of this ceremony is indicated by the proverbial phrase for good luck "Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau" (he has found the bean in the cake).

Twelfth-day appears to have been observed in England by royalty from time immemorial. In the eighth year of the reign of Edward III. the title of "King of the Bean" was conferred upon one of the king's minstrels, and we read, too, how Henry VII. with much pomp kept this ceremony as court. In 1566 Mary Queen of Scots celebrated the pastime of the King of the Bean at Holyrood, her with a queen, Miss Strickland tells us (*Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, vol. iv., p. 20), "instead of a king, as more appropriate, in consideration of herself being a female sovereign." Indeed, down to the time of the civil wars, this festival was observed with much enthusiasm, not only at court, but at the universities and the Inns of Court. Formerly the Lord Mayor and aldermen and the guilds of London attended St. Paul's Cathedral on Twelfth-day to hear a sermon—a custom alluded to in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Of late years the celebration of Twelfth-day has been on the decline, and many of the customs once connected with it have fallen into disuse. One, however, of mediæval origin is still observed at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. On the festival of the Epiphany, after the reading of the sentence at the offertory, "Let your light," etc., while the organ is played, two members of her Majesty's household descend from the royal pew and advance to the communion rails, where they present to one of the officiating clergymen a red bag, which is placed in an offertory basin. This is understood to contain the Queen's offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, in commemoration of the gift of the Magi to the infant Saviour.

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A LETTER FROM DE OLE MAN.—[DRAWN BY E. C. MCCUTCHEON.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

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PARTY RESPONSIBILITY.

IN an interesting conversation with ex-Secretary FISH, reported in the *Tribune*, Mr. FISH, speaking of Mr. MARCY, his predecessor both as Governor of New York and as Secretary of State, said, "MARCY believed that in party responsibility lay the strength of administration." It is this sense of party responsibility—the consciousness that in a popular government a party must be judged by its administration, not by the principles, or wishes, or purposes of some of its members—which produces the conflict in parties between the "reform" element and the "machine" to maintain the ascendency of the party. The machine relies wholly upon the force of organization, the ability of aiding personal ambition and greed, the whole range of mean and sordid motives, which are unquestionably very powerful. The reform tendency counts upon intelligence and public spirit and the desire of progress. This last is, of course, most faithful to the principle of republican institutions. It holds that the people are sagacious enough to understand what is best for their own common interests, and to secure their own advancement. The other trusts to the force of party spirit, irrespective of purposes or methods. Its argument is that, however rascally the party action may be, it is a smaller evil than the ascendency of the other party. This, indeed, is sometimes a sound practical argument. If an army is just going into battle, and there is no first-rate commander, the only choice is among inferiors. So, if the government must fall under the control of one of two parties, practical men will prefer that one which seems to them less threatening to the public welfare than the other. But the reform element in a party constantly strives to prevent this disheartening alternative, while the machine as constantly relies upon it. The aim of the reformers is to make the party positively preferable by the wisdom of its policy and the purity of its administration; the aim of the machine is to keep the party in power by hook or by crook. The reformers are, of course, denounced by the machine as impracticable fools, and they are generally a minority. But they hold the balance of power, and it is they who in the long-run determine the party success, although, of course, not in every election nor upon every occasion. They are regarded by the machine as mischief-makers and disturbers of harmony, but it is they who make the party worth supporting for public ends, and they are naturally reviled as self-righteous by those who seek to make the party serve their private purposes. In a government conducted by parties, he would seem to be the best party man who strives to secure general respect and confidence for his party.

These reflections have undoubtedly occurred to a great many Republicans as they have contemplated the recent elections of Senators of the United States. Messrs. LOGAN, CARPENTER, and CONKLING have been chosen, and a report has been published that Mr. CHANDLER would be elected in Michigan if Mr. CHRISTIANCY should resign. These gentlemen composed in part what we had occasion once to describe as the Senatorial group under whose control the interests of the Republican party were seriously endangered. Their return to the Senate is regarded in many quarters as evidence of a resistless reaction, and of the hopelessness of reform and progress under Republican auspices. It is supposed to foreshow the renewed power of certain old rings and abuses which made the Republican name so distasteful to the country that it barely saved the last election, after its enormous majority of four years before. The organs of the machine do not conceal their delight at what they declare to be this tremendous rebuke of the reformers, canters, and unco guid of the party, and especially of the Administration, which the machine and its runners and bummers of high and low degree very naturally detest. Meanwhile it is well for all concerned to remember, that under the triumphant sway of the general policy represented by the group, the Republican party was brought into sore straits, and that a vital and controlling consideration in the election of 1876 was the belief that in case of Republican success the Administration would not be under the influences which the group represented. As against an unchanged front of the Republican party, it is very possible that the cry of reform might have elected Mr. TILDEN; but the nomination of Mr. HAYES was the earnest of a change, and this none the less because the New York supporters of Mr. CONKLING, when they left him, voted, with but seven or eight exceptions, for Mr. HAYES. That vote did not mean friendship for HAYES, but hostility to BLAINE. The machine in New York took its cue from Mr. CONKLING'S speech in the canvass, whose studied omission of the candidate's name was a sign of the deep and instinctive dislike which has since been constantly and bitterly shown by him. The evident want of sympathy with the candidate which Mr. CONKLING'S speech evinced doubtless won a great many votes for Mr. HAYES which otherwise would have been cast for Mr. TILDEN. The nomination of Mr. HAYES was a change of front, and it was the significance of that change which determined the result.

It will be asked, then, whether, under the doctrine of party responsibility that we have mentioned, the reaction shown by the Senatorial elections does not prove that the party has returned to its old position, which had gone so near to forfeit the confidence of the country. It is a fair question, and the reply is, that were the situation the same, the defeat of the Republican party would be very possible. But the situation is very different. The financial debate of the last two years, the revelation of the fraudulent Democratic conspiracy to buy the Presidency for Mr. TILDEN, the suppression of the colored vote in many Southern districts, the rapidly growing apprehension of Southern war claims, the resumption of specie payments, and the reviving hopes and prospects of business, have radically changed the political situation. So far as now appears, the question of 1880 will be the simple alternative whether, upon the whole, considering the history, principles, character, following, spirit, and tendency of the two parties, the public welfare in all its branches and aspects will probably be more surely promoted by the Republican or the Democratic party. It may be said that this is always the question. So it is, but it is always answered according to the situation. In 1876 the feeling was such that Republican defeat would have been very easy. It is now such that Republican defeat will be very difficult. One great reason of the change is the spotless personal character of the Administration, its total freedom from scandals of every kind, its truly patriotic spirit, and the success of resumption under its management. Mr. FISH compares the Administration to MONROE'S, whose eight years, he says, "were regarded as rather flat." But flatness is certainly preferable to some flavors, and the Administration of MONROE has enviable distinctions. Among them, as his Secretary of State, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, said in his eloquent memory, speaking of the country, was that of "soothing her dissensions and conciliating her acerbities at home." The Republican party will naturally be judged by the men whom it honors and the measures that it proposes, and so will the Democratic. To admit that the Republican party is reactionary at certain points is not to prove the Democratic party to be worthier of confidence. But Republicans who resist reaction, and whose constant aim is not to glorify the party, but to raise its standard higher, are the truest friends of their party. It is a purpose which may be embarrassed, but which can never be baffled, nor ought any Republican to be discouraged as a Republican until he sees—as he can not see now—that the probabilities of real progress and reform have left his party, when, of course, he will follow them, as the Whig and Democratic free-soilers did thirty years ago.

A NEW PRECEDENT IN THE SENATE.

THE proceedings in the Senate regarding the nominations to the chief offices in the New York Custom-house involve a very marked change in the traditions and practice of that body. The received theory hitherto has been that the President, as the head of the executive department of the government, charged with the general responsibility of administration, and constitutionally empowered to nominate subordinate officers, by the act of nomination indicates such appointments and changes in the executive service as in his judgment the public welfare requires. The Senate, under the same tradition, receives the nomination as made upon the official responsibility of the President, and confirms it, unless there are personal objections. This has been the practice, upon the ground that the President, who is responsible for the administration of the laws, should be allowed to select agents who are satisfactory to him. It is assumed that his action will be reasonable and not arbitrary, and that when he proposes a change it will be upon public and not upon personal or irrelevant grounds. In the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON, when Congress believed that he meant to misuse the power of removal, the Tenure-of-office Law was passed, which required the President to state the reasons of his action, and if the reasons were not satisfactory to the Senate, the removal did not take place. When General GRANT was inaugurated, the law was modified so that the President was not required to state the reasons for the changes that he proposed. This was the rule under General GRANT'S administration. He made peremptory removals by nominating new men in place of those whose terms had not expired, and against whose personal or official character no charge was or could be brought. And upon all such occasions he had no more faithful supporter than Mr. CONKLING.

When the Senate voted to modify the Tenure-of-office Law, it decided that the Executive was not bound to allege reasons for its action, and it restored the old situation. But when Mr. ROOSEVELT was nominated for the Collectorship of New York, and Mr. PRINCE for the Naval Office, Mr. CONKLING took the ground that there was no reason for a change, that Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CORNELL were honest men and efficient officers; and it was understood that if he were not protected in his right of controlling the chief patronage in his State, every Senator's right of the same kind was in danger. With the utmost inconsistency, this Senator, who had voted for the most causeless removals, without the least reason alleged, when they were serviceable to his own political purposes, vehemently opposed other removals which he thought would not promote his own political purposes, because, as he asserted, there were no good reasons. When, for instance, it was desirable for the interest of what is known as the "CONKLING machine" to put Mr. FISKE, who was not useful to that institution, out of the Marshalate, and to put Mr. PAYN, one of the most efficient agents of that institution, in his place, Mr. CONKLING asked for no reasons, but acquiesced with entire docility. When, however, it was proposed to put Mr. ROOSEVELT, who did not belong to the institution, in the place of Mr. ARTHUR, who did, Mr. CONKLING warmly and at great length argued that there were no reasons for the change. Anticipating this argument in the case of the nomination of Messrs. MERRITT and BURT, the Secretary of the Treasury, by direction of the President, transmitted to the Senate a statement of reasons for the Executive action. It was not required by law nor by custom. It was an act of pure courtesy. But the submission of reasons seemed to invite the Senate to pass upon their adequacy. Instead of taking the ground that Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CORNELL were suspended for causes of which the Executive, upon its responsibility, was the judge, the submission of reasons referred the question of their sufficiency to the Senate. That tribunal unfortunately would not decide upon the simple issue, but the decision would be complicated by the feeling respecting the power of each Senator over the patronage in his State. Nevertheless, in acting upon the ground that the reasons alleged were or were not satisfactory, the majority of the Senate departed from the recognized usage of sustaining the initiative of the President, except for personal objections. Or as one of the highest authorities expresses it: "If the new nominee is not open to personal objection, it is not expected that the Senate will inquire into the propriety of dropping the incumbent."

It is, as we have often said, one of the oldest constitutional questions whether the Senate as a part of the appointing power must not be consulted in removals. This was the question upon which the debate on the Tenure-of-office Law turned, and there are great authorities upon both sides. Practice, however, had settled that an Administration majority in the Senate would acquiesce in a removal effected by a new nomination, with the general exception mentioned. The action upon the New York nominations, however, has reversed this practice. Under the precedent established in the debate upon Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination, and in the more recent proceedings, a Senator of the dominant party may oppose the confirmation of a nomination of its President, effecting a removal, upon the ground that he knows no satisfactory reason for a change. This is renewing the substance of that part of the Tenure-of-office Law which was repealed, and if not requiring the President to give reasons, it assumes that without express and valid reasons the Senate will not acquiesce in the removal. This is a serious change. But there is something more. In the case of the New York officers the President has courteously stated the reasons, which are satisfactory to him. Thereupon Mr. CONKLING virtually replies that the President is insincere, that the reasons alleged are merely pretenses, and that the real reason is the President's hostility to him. He asks, therefore, that he, and not the President, may be allowed to exercise the executive functions of appointment and removal in the State of New York. This also is worth consideration. What one Senator may do, every Senator may do. Whenever an official change in a State may be proposed, the Senator from the State may say that the President's pretended reasons are nothing but personal hostility to the Senator. All these proceedings tend to show the country more plainly that this is becoming a government not so much of the people as of the office-holders.

THE CIPHERS.

THE cipher investigation may disclose many things that are now unsuspected, but unless the telegrams published in the *Tribune* are shown either to be fictitious or mistranslated, no disclosure can dispose of the fact that the confidential agents of Mr. TILDEN were engaged in a plot to impose upon the country a President by bribery and corruption. One other fact also will remain—that those who were to have received the benefit of this crime have been most vociferous in denouncing Republican "fraud" and a "*fraudulent* Administration," and proposing to appeal to the country to elect Mr. TILDEN in 1880 because he had been defrauded of the office in 1876. Mr. HEWITT, in his speech upon authorizing the investigation, insisted that whatever the quality or degree of the offense, if any had been committed, it was wholly a personal affair, and did not implicate the Democratic party, because none of the official authorities of the party were concerned. He also stated that he was authorized to say that the persons apparently involved had no consultation whatever with Mr. TILDEN. He argued that when the negotiation reached the point where money was required, it failed because money was not supplied, and he asked whether it was not clear that if Mr. TILDEN had known and favored the conspiracy, he would have allowed it to fail for want of money. But if we remember correctly, money was advanced in the Oregon transaction; and if, as Mr. HEWITT supposes, Mr. TILDEN "indignantly stamped" upon the plot, why did he not discard the plotters? It will not be enough to satisfy the feeling of the country to show that Mr. TILDEN did not know the plot; it will be necessary also to show that he did not take care not to know it. And when he is thoroughly cleared of all complicity, what is to be done with the fact that the conspirators, if not the official authorities of the Democratic party, were the intimate and trusted agents of the Democratic candidate? It is true that any body may suddenly prove to be weak and false. But if the most confidential agents of a shrewd politician playing for the highest possible stake should turn out to be knaves, would it not be very remarkable, as well as very unfortunate? and would not his reputation, either for honesty or for sagacity, be in sore peril?

One thing in Mr. HEWITT'S speech is surprising. The crime of deciding a Presidential election by bribery is one of the most monstrous and perilous possible. It is only necessary to suppose that the plot had succeeded, and that these telegrams had been deciphered and published a year or two afterward, to perceive to what an exceedingly critical situation the country would have been. Yet Mr. HEWITT describes the attempt to commit this crime as "the mistaken zeal of some of his indiscreet friends to secure his just rights by wrong methods." This is remarkable language. By "just rights" we understand Mr. HEWITT to mean Mr. TILDEN'S claim to the Presidency. But can "just rights" in an election be secured by violence, terror, and bulldozing? Has a man a "just right" to an office to which his only claim is derived from the forcible suppression of the vote? Mr. HEWITT speaks of "the frauds by which the votes of Florida and Louisiana were wrongly counted for HAYES." But he says nothing of the wrongs by which the vote was suppressed, to correct which the Returning Board was empowered to reject returns. The assumption of his remarks is that the State vote in question was fairly and properly cast, and then unfairly and improperly rejected. The facts do not warrant such an assumption. If they did, the Electoral Bill never would have been adopted. Mr. HEWITT favored it. So did we. It was a great triumph of patriotism? Why? Because it was impossible to decide just where the right and the wrong of the question lay, and because in that situation it was wisest and fairest to agree upon a tribunal which should decide. To say that it decided wrongfully, and against Mr. TILDEN'S "just rights," is to reopen the whole question, and to invite the rejoinder that the Electoral Bill was passed

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by the Democrats as a scheme of law to deprive Mr. Hayes of his "just rights," which Democratic violence had not yet succeeded in doing.

Bandying accusations and hard words about the election of 1876 is now useless. If any Democrat thinks that the cry of fraud, in the face of all the facts now known and of the cipher dispatches, has persuaded the country that Republicans are politically less scrupulous than Democrats, we think that he is very much mistaken. If the cipher investigation should reveal that Mr. W. E. Chandler did precisely what Mr. Marble did—and nothing of the kind has been revealed—the disclosure would not help the Democratic side. The strength of that side in 1876 was the illusion that it was really purer than the Republican. It is now shown—judging parties by party agents, official or individual—that Democrats were very much more corrupt than Republicans. But even if the game were quits, the Democrats would have lost. Let us hope that we shall have some other issue in 1880 than that of the greater or less fraud and corruption of the two parties.

A SOUND ARGUMENT.

The report of the four members of the joint committee who are in favor of transferring the management of Indian affairs to the War Department says that it is but just to the Secretary of the Interior and the head of the Indian Bureau to state that they "are making an honest effort to purify and elevate our Indian management," and the members hope the effort may be successful "as far as the system itself will allow." They do not see, however, with the present methods of keeping accounts with the agents, who "are appointed generally as partisans," and with whom the sole reliance is upon honor, how fraud and peculation are to be avoided. With army officers, however, the price of treachery would be "everlasting disgrace." The argument of this report, however—and it is for this that we now allude to it—is strong only in so far as it arraigns the present system of the civil service. We have often pointed out the value of *esprit de corps* in any service. The civil service of the United States is certainly quite as honorable as the military or naval service, yet it is notoriously not as much a matter of pride to be an "office-holder" in the first as in either of the last two. The reason of this fact is worth considering. In recent reports upon the Bureau of Engraving, of the Life-saving Service, and now upon the Indian management, evils and abuses are traced directly to the system of appointment by mere political patronage.

Some remarks in this report upon the transfer of the Indian control to the War Department are very suggestive:

"We are asked the very pertinent question whether or not the same abuses and frauds would be practiced if the management should be transferred to the War Department. We think not, for a few and very plain and obvious reasons, to wit: Whatever else may be said of our army officers, they are, as a class, men of high honor and strict integrity. Their training has impressed these high qualities upon them, and their associations require their constant observance. Every officer in the army is a check upon every other officer; and such is the system of accountability in the army that it is nearly if not quite impossible for an officer to act dishonestly without being detected; and upon being detected, punishment follows swiftly and surely. Allowing that these officers are very much as other men are, no better, no worse, as a class (and certainly we do not claim for them any natural superiority in this regard over other men), still no army officer holds his commission for life or during good behavior. Upon this he depends for his living. It is his meat and drink. If, therefore, he had no higher incentive to act honestly, there are powerful reasons constantly reminding him that 'honesty is the best policy.' With the civil agents this is not the case. They are appointed generally as partisans and for a limited time, subject at any time to removal, and are paid small salaries, and can only hope to hold the position for a few years at most, and hence they have not the same inducements to act honestly and fairly that an army officer has. We do not undertake to say that the War Department is so perfect in its management that abuses do not occur in its administration also; but we think it compares favorably with any other department, and that fewer instances of dishonest practices have been laid to its charge than to almost any other branch of the public service."

Here is one of the strong arguments for a reasonable reform of the civil service put in a very clear and trenchant manner. It is simply common-sense. Nobody can allege any good reason why the argument is not as applicable to other branches of the civil service as to that of Indian affairs. Does any body seriously doubt that if the self-respect of the members of the civil service were fostered and stimulated as it is in the military and naval service, and if it were a rule that the tenure of place and promotion and increased salary depended upon honesty and efficient service, and not upon the favor of a superior or the whim or influence of a politician, the character of the service would be improved, and its good results to the Treasury immensely increased? The lieutenant in the army and the inspector of customs and the midshipman are essentially the same men, and the motives and feelings which affect them are the same. If the army officer is under less temptation to be dishonest because the tenure of his place does not force him to make hay while the sun shines, is it any less true of his fellow-officer in the other great branch of the public service?

The statement of the committee that fewer instances of dishonest practices have been laid to the charge of the War Department than to almost any other branch of the public service is one that has been often made, and which is believed to be true. The reasons are care in the selection of officers, an honorable tenure, and a reasonable system of promotion. These are sound principles of any service, and have been fully vindicated by experience in this country and in other countries. A department or bureau is notably efficient in the degree that it is managed upon these principles. They have been largely adopted by Mr. James in his management of the New York Post-office. The superiority of his system has distinguished him among all the chiefs of important offices, and his system is in general, and under the friction of adverse circumstances, the system of a sound service. We do not say that partisan and political influences are powerless in the office, but they are strictly circumscribed, and the result is that one of the most important public offices in the country, famous for its efficiency and satisfactory management, is conducted upon principles which the reform of the civil service seeks to make general, yet which are pronounced utterly impracticable. The report that we are considering advocates the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department upon the ground that the system of the civil service does not promote honesty and economy, while the system of the military service does. It is a very significant declaration. It was doubtless General Grant's experience in the army of the advantage of this sensible system which first turned his mind to a reform of the civil service. He could see the folly and the danger of the descent upon the offices which follows a change of Administration, and the outrage of wanton and arbitrary removal, but he declined the inevitable contest with Congress. The argument which this report applies to one bureau, the intelligence of the country will presently apply to the whole service.

"AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE."

The readers of *Daisy Miller*, by Henry James, Jun.—which Lord Beaconsfield might call an exquisitely carved portrait upon a gem—will see in *An International Episode*, which is just published in the same form of the "Half-hour Series," that the author's Americanism is as just as it is subtle. Perhaps Mr. James is the American bred and living in Europe who has the best right to say, "I can be a better American here than at home." Certainly no author peruses the life and character of American society with more delicate insight, and Mr. James and Mr. Howells both show that fine analysis and that perfect appreciation of the distinctive charm in the American woman which have been hitherto not often perceptible in our literature.

It is not fair in those who have read a story to "tell," and mar the pleasure of those who are yet to read. A good tale is a work of art, and the author or artist has a right to require that its impression shall be produced as he desires. The development grows naturally out of the characters, and unless the characters are seen in the lights and shadows that the author designs for his effects, his work may be easily misjudged. Thus a reader of *Daisy Miller* who had been told of it in advance might be very readily in such a mental mood of protest or doubt as to be defrauded of the true effect that would be produced by reading the story with all its detailed modifications and adjustments and discriminations. The fidelity and pathos of that picture reveal the conscience and the touch of a fine literary artist. He teaches us in the sphere of the story a better knowledge than we knew we had; and this refined and apparently fastidious observer stays our impatient exclamation that such a girl is a nuisance and a disgrace by showing us an unsuspected depth of womanly sincerity.

The same felicitous and trained hand has drawn in *An International Episode* other characters, but with the same vigor and reality. The little tale brings more forces into play, and, however unexpectedly, vindicates the sagacity of the author's observation. There seems often to be a kind of external necessity, so to speak, in what are called stories of society, which compels certain situations and relations to end in certain fixed and traditional ways. But the talent of Mr. James is too genuine and his instinct of art too true to permit any yielding to this pressure. We shall not say a word to reveal the nature of the new tale nor to describe its characters, but we may truly say that it is a most admirable piece of work of its kind, and when our readers have read it, they will understand what we mean if we add, a most gratifying piece of work. Of its charm of airy and penetrating humor and its healthy tone—for even a cameo may be full of character—they will be sure who are already familiar with Mr. James's writings.

THE NEW POSTAL BILL.

Legislation upon the postal service can be very much facilitated by the suggestions of those who have large interests involved in an equitable and simple system, and there is now a bill before Congress which has had the advantage of the most careful consideration of boards of trade, business men, publishers of periodicals and newspapers, officers of the Post-office Department, and of the Postmaster-General, who, in his report for 1877, approves and recommends it. This bill has been unanimously approved, also, by the Senate Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, and has been reported favorably by the House Committee; and its passage would remove many vexations and absurdities in the existing laws.

The *Evening Post* recently pointed out one of the many defects of the present law. It costs more than two dollars more a year to send a copy of the *Post* to Twenty-third Street than it costs to send it to San Francisco, and it requires two hundred and forty dollars to pay the postage on every thousand copies of a magazine of a certain weight delivered to subscribers in the city, while it costs only fifty dollars to pay the postage on the same number sent to Cincinnati, Chicago, or Sacramento. This is an illustration of the kind of inconsistency and injustice which the proposed law remedies. A very important provision is that of registration of regular periodical publications of every kind, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, to be forwarded at equable rates; and there are other provisions for deciding precisely between the different classes of mail matter.

Indeed, the bill as it was prepared by the United States Postal Conference was the result of the best knowledge and the widest experience upon the subject in the country, and ought to become a law with no other changes than such as may appear to be desirable in order to secure more perfectly the intention of the bill. It is a plain, practicable measure, which, having been carefully matured by the most various experience, can hardly be improved by the suggestions, however plausible and well meant, of those who are not as familiar with the subject. If any member of Congress should object that the time is short, he may profitably reflect that the bill as it stands is not a hurried result, but a most deliberate conclusion.

PERSONAL.

General Robert Toombs was interviewed a few days since in Georgia by the editor of the Atlanta *Independent*, to whom he said that to all his elections to the United States Senate and House of Representatives he never paid a dollar excepting for personal expenses. He had an income of $40,000 a year, and entertained Democrats and Whigs alike at home, and when travelling on political campaigns would stop with Democrats and Whigs alike. The general is very popular in Georgia, and, it is said, could easily be elected Governor, but he says he would not take the office if elected unanimously.

—Senator Platt, of Connecticut, and Governor Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, who have just blossomed into full public life, were in early life toilers, like most of our successful men. Thirty years ago Senator Platt was principal of an academy in Pennsylvania, and his predecessor in the same position was Henry M. Hoyt. On the same day that Mr. Hoyt was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Platt was elected United States Senator from Connecticut. Governor Hoyt is said to be a very genial gentleman, with a personal magnetism that wins the regard of all who approach him.

—Mr. J. D. Walker, the newly elected United States Senator from Arkansas, is a lawyer, about forty-five years old, and stands well in his State. He has been Circuit Judge and Solicitor-General of the State. During the war he commanded a Confederate regiment.

—It is stated in a Western paper that before leaving Washington President Hayes asked General Grant if he had any requests to make. The latter replied he had only two—that his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. M. J. Cramer, minister to Denmark, and General Badeau, United States consul at London, might not be disturbed. The President replied that they would not be, and they have not been, disturbed.

—Bishop Howe, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has placed on record in Lebanon a deed for the Swatara Institute and three tracts of land in Jonestown, Lebanon County. The price paid to the former owner, ex-Senator Heilman, was $10,100. The Swatara Institute will hereafter be conducted as an Episcopal educational institution, under the care of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania.

—Mr. Bergh had a valuable co-worker in the late Dr. Fraser, of Hampstead, England, who had made a bequest in his will leaving the large sum of $50,000 to the Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh, for founding bursaries, etc., for medical students at the university. "But," runs his will, "having learned that the horrible and atrocious practice prevails there of performing unspeakably cruel operations and experiments on living animals, I, one, by my will, cancel the bequest, and desire to benefit the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to a similar extent, since I can not reconcile it with my feelings to encourage, however remotely, the practice of vivisection."

—General Grant had a curious time in Dublin. The corporation dined him with true Irish hospitality; but dining is something of which the warrior has seen every possible phase, from corned beef and commissary whiskey to the tables of the pampered occupants of worm-eaten thrones. Then the ancient manuscripts in Trinity College were displayed for him, to which he is said to have paid "no more attention than if they were a row of old boots in a pantry." One thing only seemed to awaken his interest. In the Royal Irish Academy there is preserved Wolfe's original manuscript of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," and the General stopped short before it and read it deliberately from beginning to end.

—Hon. Hamilton Fish has given to a writer in the *Tribune* four columns of pleasant talk on things social and personal, the latter chiefly on public men with whom he was brought in contact during his public career. It may not be known to persons living out of New York that Mr. Fish's house in Second Avenue is a very spacious one, standing in the midst of pleasant grounds. The writer of this paragraph has heard Mr. Fish say that in his youth he had gone hunting on the very grounds on which the house stands, then as woody and wild as huntsman could wish. "I are living now," said Mr. Fish to the *Tribune* representative, "on ground for which I have no deed. It has been in the possession of my family for 200 years. Originally it was Governor Stuyvesant's bowery, or farm. I acquired it through Petrus Stuyvesant the second, by my uncle.... My grandfather and my father were both born in Liberty Street, at the point where Maiden Lane intersects it." At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Mr. Fish's father and Alexander Hamilton (after whom Hamilton Fish was named), Robert Troup and others, held debates as young men in Columbia College on the state of the colonies. Mr. Fish's father was a brigade major early in the war, and came out a colonel. Mr. Fish's reminiscences of his career, when in the House of Representatives, Governor of New York, United States Senator, and Secretary of State, are quite interesting.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: On the 26th ult. the President signed the Pension Arrearage Bill.—On the 27th, the Senate Committee on Commerce reported in favor of rejecting the nominations of General Merritt and Mr. Burt. The Senate passed a bill for the abolishment of the volunteer navy. General James Shields, the newly elected Senator from Missouri, was sworn in, and took his seat. The House, by a vote of 113 to 81, rejected Mr. Wright's bill proposing to lend $500 to every one who should settle in the West under the Homestead Act.—On the 28th, the Senate rejected the bill for the payment of Warren Mitchell's war claim by a vote of 17 to 36. In the House, the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, amounting to $16,100,000 61, was reported, and the bill restricting Chinese immigration was amended, and passed by a vote of 155 to 72.—On the 29th, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was reported in the House.—The House, on the 30th, passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill.

J. D. Walker was elected, on the 28th ult., by the Legislature of his State, United States Senator from Arkansas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President M'Mahon resigned on the 30th ult. His letter to the Chamber of Deputies was as follows: "At the opening of this session of the Chambers the ministry presented to you a programme which, while affording satisfaction to public opinion, appeared to the cabinet such as might be voted without danger to the security or good administration of the country. Putting aside all personal views, I had given the programme my approbation, for I was sacrificing no principle to which conscience commanded me to remain faithful. To-day the ministry, thinking to respond to the opinion of the majority of the two Chambers, propose to me, in regard to high military commands, some general measures which I consider contrary to the interests of the army, and consequently to those of the country. I can not subscribe to them. Any other ministry taken from the majority would impose upon me the same conditions. I consider myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of the mandate which the National Assembly confided to me, and I therefore tender my resignation. In quitting power I have the consolation of thinking that during the fifty-three years I have devoted to the service of my country, either as soldier or citizen, I have never been guided by sentiments other than honor and duty and absolute devotion to my country. I request you to communicate my decision to the Chambers." M. Jules Grévy was elected to succeed him as President of the Republic, by a vote of 563 to 99 of the Congress of the two Chambers. Forty-three blanks were cast.

A dispatch from Jelalabad, dated 28th ult., states that Yakoob Khan had seized Fort Pizon, belonging to the Babakarkhel Ghilzais, taking the chiefs prisoners, in consequence of which the Ghilzais have commenced hostilities against Yakoob Khan. The Kohistanis and Zebaris have also deserted Yakoob Khan.—A dispatch from Khost to the London *Standard* says General Roberts had no sooner evacuated Matoon, the capital of Khost, than it was surrounded by thousands of Mangals. The British returned and rescued the chiefs whom they had left in authority, burned the fort, and then returned to camp. In their retreat they were harassed by the Mangals. General Roberts has abandoned Khost for the present, so as to be convinced that such disturbances will be incessant.

The constitution for Bulgaria has been ratified by the Czar of Russia. It will be translated into the Bulgarian language, and communicated to the foreign consuls and the Bulgarian Assembly.—Negotiations have been begun between the Porte and Austria on the question of the occupation of Novi Bazar.—Russia and Turkey have agreed to the clauses of the definitive treaty of peace, stipulating that the Russians shall evacuate Turkey within thirty-five days of the signature of the treaty. Some details as to the wording of the document are still under discussion.—France has advised the Porte to cede Janina to Greece.—Russia having protested against the delimitation of the frontier between Silistria and Mangalia, refuses to cede the line regulated by the Commission. Roumania has addressed a circular to the powers in regard to the matter.

The plague in Astrakhan is causing great alarm in Europe. The Russian government has begun to inclose the infected district by a double cordon of military. Germany and Austria have sent commissions of leading physicians there, and Italy has ordered a strict quarantine against vessels from the Black Sea. An imperial decree is published in Berlin, prohibiting, in accordance with the proposals of the Plague Committee, the importation of all the articles which are prohibited by the Austrian Committee, and also all manufactures of felt. The Imperial Chancellery has been authorized to draw up regulations relative to travellers' baggage.

A recent conflagration in Hong-Kong destroyed 300 buildings, valued at $1,000,000.

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SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

ST. PETER. "If this is the case, it will be best for them to wait—till they come up here."

THE SENATE-CHAMBER.

THE LIBRARY.

A FINE STRUCTURE.

THE new Capitol of the State of Michigan, which was formally opened on the 1st of January, 1879, occupies a pleasant site in the beautiful and flourishing city of Lansing. It is built of Amherst sandstone, and as a specimen of architectural skill, and in its adaptation to the purpose for which it was designed, is one of the best public edifices in the West. It is 345 feet in length and 269 feet in width. From the top of the dome an extensive and attractive view of the valley of the Grand River may be obtained.

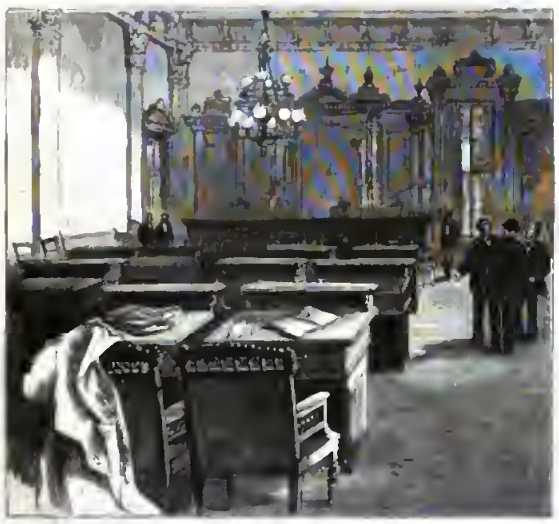
The erection of the new Capitol was authorized in 1871; the corner-stone was laid in 1873, and the building was ready for occupation before the close of last year. The people of Michigan take a just pride in the fact that not a dollar is due upon their splendid State-house. The money used in its construction was raised by a direct State tax, and the work was paid for as it went on.

THE CAPITOL.

The total cost, including furnishing, ornamentation of grounds, etc., was $1,866,000.

The city of Lansing, where this fine building is situated, became the capital of Michigan in 1847. It was then a small village, almost hidden in the "forest primeval," but its geographical position won the day for it against other and older towns. By a healthy and gradual increase, the village of a few hundred inhabitants has grown into a prosperous city with a population of more than eight thousand souls. Several railroads give activity to its business. It is the seat of the State Reform School and of an agricultural college.

The dedication of the new Capitol drew together a large concourse of people. Five ex-Governors of the State assisted in the ceremonies of the transfer of the seat of government from the plain wooden structure which for many years has been inadequate to the accommodation of the Legislature and the State officers.



SUPREME COURT ROOM.

THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF MICHIGAN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. SCOTFORD.]

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OUT OF HER SPHERE.

"I CAN not believe that Mark Congreve fancies such a hoyden as Flora Gibbs."

"You will hasn to believe it, my dear, for the engagement is announced. Ah, Clara, if you live to be as old as I am, you will believe any thing of the fancies of men—any thing. I mean, that is wild and capricious and extravagant. Men never marry the women one would select as appropriate; their choice is almost invariably a disappointment to their friends. But I confess this affair surprises even me. Mark Congreve is to exceptionally refined and fastidious and aesthetic, and Flora Gibbs is so completely *naïve* and unlettered."

"Yes, the match is absurd; you, Aunt Emma, may call it wild, or capricious, or extravagant; I call it stupid."

The speakers were Mrs. Orville and her niece, Clara Hunt. They were busy at their embroidery one rainy morning in November, and feeling just in the mood for gossip.

"I pity Mrs. Congreve," continued the elder lady; "she had other dreams for her only son. There seems to have been a fatality in Mark's return from Europe six months before his mother. She is expected now, as Della writes, by the next steamer. What changes she will find! Let me think: it is hardly more than four months since Mrs. Gibbs and Flora came to M——, and positively they have changed the tone of the town. Mrs. Congreve used to say that of all provincial circles our circle of M—— embodied most refinement, most culture. We had not one inharmonious element until this jarring encroachment of the Gibbses. To think that Flora should be actually admitted into our set! That is Dr. Erwin's fault; he is slightly obtuse on some subjects, and I suppose it has never occurred to him that his mistaken kindness has put the girl entirely out of her sphere."

While this conversation continued, the November rain that had promised to last for a day ceased suddenly, like an April shower; the clouds were breaking away, and with the clearing of the storm footsteps sounded along the wooden walk that skirted the villa terrace of M——. The gate of the Orville villa was opened, a sleek, ranging, decidedly loud but not harsh voice was heard saying, "Down, Fido, down! Jack, lie down at the gate! do you hear, Sir? Don't come a step further." The door-bell rang; a visitor was announced: "Miss Gibbs."

"Show her into the library," said Mrs. Orville. "And Clara, my dear, remain; we will receive her quite informally."

Flora Gibbs entered, and was greeted with amiable politeness by the ladies, but with decided animosity by the lap-dogs, which sprang from their rugs at their mistress's feet; Prince, the tiny terrier, barking and leaping, and Canute, the Dandie Dinmont, shaking his fleecy head and protruding his sharp little tongue with unfeigned disdain and enmity. After the salutations the uprising of the beasts was explained, for Flora produced from under her tippet a white kitten, and presented it to Mrs. Orville.

"Mamma told me," she said, "how you fancied our white kittens the day you so kindly called, when she was ill and I was away in New York." Mrs. Orville glanced nervously at her niece, who fortunately was engrossed with a tangle in her embroidery silk. The visit to Mrs. Gibbs—one solely of curiosity—had been made without the knowledge of Clara. "And this has as spot of color excepting one coffee-colored dot on the forehead and five coffee-colored hairs in the tip of the tail. But I fear pose pussy is not congenial." And she laughed merrily at the comical attitude of the unsophisticated little animal, which, having been placed on the floor, put up her back as well as a young thing could, and opened her round eyes in full fire upon her sudden foes.

"You are fond of animals, Miss Gibbs," said Clara, languidly.

"Oh, very—of domestic animals, at least; they are so easily trained, and they are such affectionate creatures."

"You do not agree with Victor Hugo, then," said Mrs. Orville, in her tone of voice *mielée*, "or his argument why his hero loved the bear more than the dog, because its affectionate approach to man was from 'the greater distance?'"

"I have not read, as at least I do not remember, that passage of Victor Hugo," said Miss Gibbs. "But no, I have never tried to tame a wild animal, unless you call a man an animal. I tried to tame a man once."

"Ah, indeed," both ladies gasped at a breath. "Let us know the process."

"The process was best, for I did not succeed. I tried to tame a raving poet to calm prose, but he eluded me; indeed, he conquered me, for I deprecate his roving life, but I read his verses."

"I suppose you allude to Vincent Meri?" said Clara, with the air of one who knows far more of the subject mentioned than the intuitive speaker. And Mrs Orville—with a frigid stare at the impulsive girl, who had taken Canute into her lap and held him, now docile, on one knee, with the passive kitten, evidently meditative of an honorable peace, on the other—changed the subject markedly by an abrupt, "You spent October in New York, Miss Gibbs. I imagine the season was sufficiently inaugurated to make the *musées*, the autumnal races, and the art galleries attractive."

Miss Gibbs hesitated an instant, and blushed. Then, with a perfectly confiding look into the unkindly face of Mrs. Orville, who she felt would comprehend the circumstance, she answered, frankly: "I had not a very long time to stay, and I spent most of my time in shopping."

"I should have thought," said Miss Clara, "that you would have preferred to send your orders to A——'s and S——'s and R——'s, and then you would not have lost your visit."

"Oh, I did not lose my visit," said Miss Gibbs, warmly. "I was staying with the Neales, and they are the sweetest people in the world. Mrs. Neale is a saint. I love to think of a woman like that. She has been a devoted mother, and now that her children are educated and married, she spends the greater part of her time in charities. I went with her to some of her beloved places: to St. Luke's Hospital, to the Five Points House of Industry, and the Old Woman's Home. Oh no, I did not lose my visit. But I was too busy at day and too tired at night to be equal to amusements."

When, soon after this, Miss Gibbs made her adieux, the ladies broke into disparaging comment.

"How coarse she is!" said Miss Clara. "How can Mark Congreve like her? Her motions are all so unmodulated, and her cheeks are red like a milkmaid's; when she blushes they are positively scarlet, and with a white streak in the middle—so unmistakably rustic! The idea of being in New York and never going to a thing! Evidently, from her own confession, her trousseau is not to be from Paris. Shopping! I suppose that is her ideal of the life before her. And then the indelicacy of her allusion to Vincent Meri!"

"And what shall I do with this detestable kitten?" said Mrs. Orville, pitiously. "I hardly dare to have it drowned, servants' tongues are as treacherous."

"It was scarcely like yourself, Aunt Emma," said Clara, "to be so off your guard when you made your *visite de cérémonie*." Mrs. Orville quailed slightly, but a glance at her niece re-assured her.

"I had to admire *something*, you know," she said, apologetically, "and I chanced upon the kittens because they were evidently the *forte* and *pesante*. Now what shall I do with this wretched animal? The idea of taking me at my word!"

"Credulity is so vulgar!" said Miss Clara, with one of those peculiar intonations that always grated upon the nerves of the elder lady. "But then," she added, sympathetically, "what could you expect otherwise of such people?"

"Now let us hasten," said the aunt, "and have our walk while the rain is stayed." And the two ladies departed to their dressing-rooms to cloak themselves.

Meanwhile Miss Gibbs had reached her own home, and was describing her visit.

"Do you know, dear mamma, it was rather an effort to me to call. But I know I ought to go, and now I am glad that I have been. They are high-toned, interesting people. Mrs. Orville is so refined. Their house is like a picture, and Miss Clara is just the being one would imagine to such a house; she is dainty, like wax-work, and her costume—I did not like to examine it too closely, but I know it was exquisite. They are people quite learned, too, and critical, I imagine. I felt like 'nobody' some of the time. But little pussy rose to *her* occasion. I wish you could hear seen her simple straightforward ways in the face of those supercilious lap-dogs."

A year of married life had passed, when one winter evening, in the warmly lighted and luxurious library of his country home, Mark Congreve was seated at his writing-desk, arranged with open books and scrolls apparently for some task of account-making, but with its pivoted arm-chair so turned that the occupant faced not the pen and papers, but his young wife, whose hand he was holding fondly. "To-night is set apart for business," he said, "and these papers I must look over;" but he raised her hand lovingly to his lips, and added, with a sigh, "When shall I ever, ever have enough of you, Flora?"

"And you love me as well as ever, dear Mark? Quite sure that you do?"

"Better every day, my darling wife."

"And you think that I am improving a little?"

"Improving? In what way?"

"In *my* manners."

Mark stared incredulously. "My dear child," he said, "I did not know that you had any manners." He was smiling, but Flora looked very grave.

"Oh, don't say that, Mark. I know I had none at first—none for a long time, perhaps; but haven't you noticed a dawn of manners in me lately?"

"I have noticed certainly a clear, bright, delightful dawn of something; but I do not call it manners. I call it the assurance of married felicity."

"Yes, I am wonderfully happy. I did not know, two years ago, that a human being could be so happy as I am now. Happy in your love, dear Mark! But I am disappointed that you have not observed a change, for I've been studying very hard for three months, and all on one subject—*manners*. Your mother has given me a great many hints; and then—I have a model."

"And who is your model in this profound study, Flossie?"

"Why, Lady Alice, of course."

Lady Alice was a young Englishwoman, high-toned and polished, a friend of the elder Mrs. Congreve, who, during a winter's residence in an Italian city, had become devotedly attached to this scion of nobility—an orphan, not rich, but amiable and elegant in the extreme, and with a cast of intellectual grace that rendered her thoroughly charming. "An ideal daughter-in-law," thought Mrs. Congreve; and bitter indeed was her disappointment when, having persuaded Lady Alice to accompany her across the ocean for a twelve-month's visit to America, she learned upon her arrival that her son had entered into a matrimonial engagement with a personage of completely opposite endowments. "A warm-hearted, affectionate, simple-souled creature," said Mrs. Congreve, hesitantly; adding silently, with many a sigh, "But she constantly jars on my taste."

The first winter after Mark's marriage Mrs. Congreve spent with Lady Alice in New York and in Washington. For the summer they came to M——, to the old Congreve place, some distance from Mark's new mansion, where he dwelt with his bride. But not a summer's day passed without an interchange of visits. Flora had ample opportunity to study Lady Alice, particularly as there were series of fêtes in her honor at all the neighboring country places, for the was accepted at once as the idol of all who composed what Mrs. Orville had called "our circle at M——."

"Lady Alice, of course," said Flora.

"How absurd!" Mark exclaimed, all playfulness vanishing from his face, and leaving it expressive of mingled annoyance and disdain—"how perfectly absurd! Relinquish that attempt at once; the task is impossible. You might as well try to make a white grape of a strawberry, or an orchid of a wild rose. Give up the ambition at once. Do you remember the poem I repeated to you the other day, and you liked it so well? Keep true to its ending, those wise words of Plato:

"'Be thyself. Court no greater grit.'"

He raised the little hand once more to his lips, and turned abruptly to his papers. Flora stood musing a moment; then she went to the bow-window, pushed *aside* its dropped curtain, and looked out. Some undefined impulse had seized her to contrast the winter scene, cold and inclement and bleak, with the warm nest of affection and safety. Presently she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mark, there is a fire down in the village!—a fire down by the factories, I think. There is a strange, bright light—yes, and flashes of flame. I fear the workmen's cottages behind the great factory under the church hill are burning. Come and look—quick!"

He was at her side in an instant. "An alarming fire," he said, gravely, "and we are poorly provided to meet it—only two weak engines worked manually. I must go there at once."

"I will go with you," said Flora; and before he had exchanged his slippers for boots and drawn on his overcoat she was ready.

They went hand in hand down the steep hill road to the village; and silently, for they were absorbed in watching the flames that spread with fearful rapidity, now sweeping upward in glowing sheets, and now with forked tongues of flame piercing dense smoke. Fire! How terrible it is! That element never intrusted to brutes, and given but sparingly to man, but confided, one night think, to demons sometimes. If ever, then certainly to demons to-night.

They found the immediate scene plunged in excited confusion—men working desperately with their incomplete engines, promiscuous bands of people giving improvised help; men, women, and children from far and near gathering, and rushing to augmenting throngs to the tumultuous scene.

Flora almost directly became separated from her husband. People she scarcely knew came and engaged her in their terror-stricken talk, but she was not bewildered. Her swift intelligence comprehended the moment and the moment's need, and she thought, with the quick instinct of her kind heart, "These men will be tired very soon; they will need refreshment of some sort. Coffee, good strong coffee, will help them best."

She put her thought into instant act. She looked around her for Mark, but not seeing him, she started alone, flew up the hill path to her house, and ordered coffee to be made and hampers full of sandwiches, and leaving her own people busy, she went to houses of several neighbors and aroused them to the same work. Then she returned to the place of the fire, followed speedily by all she had ordered from home, and a table was spread near the stations of engines, where is could be reached by the firemen whenever relays of men gave relief to their fellows, as from time to time the most vigorous strength yielded in the desperate fight.

Meanwhile Lady Alice and Mrs. Congreve had driven down to witness the intense scene. Mark was there to help them alight from the chariot; he assisted his mother to secure a sheltered spot of outlook. And then, in response to her half-expressed desire, he offered to conduct Lady Alice to a nearer point of view.

She clung to his arm confidingly, though with a perceptible tremor, shrinking from the crowd and clamor. He found a cone-clad knoll left in the eddying current of the throng, close by the tumult, yet apart, and there they paused, gazing forth, and not uttering a word, until, drawn by the subtle magnetism of the beautiful presence, Mark turned from the "madding crowd" and concentrated his glance upon Lady Alice.

There she stood in her picturesque costume, the plumed hat with its backward wave crowning her ringleted forehead; the ermine-lined cloak opening from her slender brightly draped figure like half-folded wings; her exquisite little hands, gloved smooth, like velvet, resting, one on his arm, the other, with the mould of a Venus, against her breast, and her delicate, clear-cut face brilliant in the blaze, but not flushed beyond the quality of its own pure tint, like a diamond which no common flame can touch with the least mark of fire.

"How strange and wild this is!" she murmured. "One can realize how Nero in his mad carnival used an emerald to soften the fierce rage of such a burning sight."

"You need no material medium," said Mark, admiringly, "to keep you from scorch and glare. You have a magical precious stone, you look upon the wild rage and the fierce heats of life, too, always through an emerald."

He spoke in a voice whose flattering intonation could not be mistaken, and was an hint upon the delicate ear that heard, but therefore his eyes moved restlessly, and he presently proclaimed the object of their search by exclaiming, "Oh, there is my wife!"

"Where?" asked Lady Alice.

If ever one thought of Mark's heart responded to his mother's sigh that a jar upon her taste was made unconsciously by Flora, it was at this moment when he directed the calm cold glance to her place, and her image came into emphatic contrast with that of the serene and polished Lady Alice. Perhaps the very indiscretion of his wife in awakening attention to her unattainable "manners" augmented the keen perception of the difference. Who knows what accidental stir may mar a man's most perfect fidelity? If ever one discordant clash swept across the complete harmony of Mark's devoted admiration, is was at this moment.

Flora was pouring coffee at one of the tables surrounded by firemen. Her gloves were cast aside, the hastily adjusted hood of her cloak had fallen upon her shoulders; her face was flushed—yes, even heated, overheated; her motions were quick, angular, impulsive. She was speaking, not with condescension, but with familiarity, to these rough men. She was not only pouring the coffee, but handling the cups, and this not in stately profile, like our well known picture of the ideal chocolate girl, but with the sharp earnestness of a self forgetful server. The men drank eagerly, but not unconsciously of the rare attendance thus. Mark Congreve was evidently winning gratitude touched with chivalric admiration, but not disturbed as abashed by any stunning sense of superiority.

"Is that—your wife?" asked Lady Alice, in her measured, modulated, deliciously low-toned voice. "I did not recognize her."

Mark yielded for an instant to a weak misgiving, then his love rallied.

"Yes, there is Flora," he answered, "heart and soul helping. My wife's aesthete reproves me. By-and-by I must go into the fight, and help these brave fellows."

"Do so at once," said Lady Alice; "for fascinating as the wild scene is, I should not expose your mother to the heat and glare any longer by the delay."

She spoke in her own silvery accents, but Mark felt by her altered manner in returning to the carriage that he had displeased her.

He forgot the displeasure in the ardor with which he added his part to the labor of that dreadful night. Not until daybreak were the flames stayed, and the most populous quarter of the town lay in ruins.

When husband and wife met again in their own home they rushed to each other with the impulsive embrace of anxious affection. Many questions of mutual concern there were to ask, and Flora said, fondly, "Dear Mark, you are so kind and brave! I knew last night you would do what you could."

"I only followed my good angel," he said. "Flora, I always wish to do as you do. We are one in heart."

Now that a heavy penalty had been paid for carelessness, the good folks of M—— bestirred themselves to take precautions against fire. Although more than one townsman sagely remarked there had not been a fire in thirty years before, and probably could not be in thirty years again, especially if they were provided to meet it, resolutions were adopted for the purchase and establishment of two steam-engines, and in June a grand bazar was held for three days for the purpose of raising money to perfect these plans.

On the closing evening of the bazar there was to be a ball, a strawberry fête, and the award of a prize to the Queen of Love and Beauty.

The prize attracted universal interest; it was an arm-chair, silk embroidery of a pattern of deep blue morning-glories on a golden ground, and superbly mounted in ebony and lapis lazuli. Its price was covered by four hundred tickets, and each purchaser, allowed to buy but one ticket, had the privilege to drop into the ballot-box on the night of the award the name of the woman to whose possession of the treasure his judgment gave choice. There were, as every one will knew, but three actual competitors, although, of course, votes was given for scattering votes; but the weight of election lay between the beautiful Lady Alice, the sweet Mrs. Harte, the minister's wife, and Mamie Kent, a rustic belle of the village.

Flora felt exceedingly anxious to know which of these names her husband would write. She blamed herself for acting, but a childish, she would not say a womanish, feeling had taken possession of her; she felt, and on reasoning with herself could make her feel otherwise, that it would give her pain to have Mark write "Lady Alice," and that it would give her pleasure if he should write the name of her intimate friend Mrs. Harte.

The evening came, and the hour for the award of the prize, after the strawberry party, and just before the opening of the ball.

Why was it that Flora Congreve trembled and felt faint as she watched the groups gather in the great hall to their rose, and as her eye, with a full perception of their individual charms, studied the three acknowledged competitors for the prize? She saw Lady Alice standing against a column between the elder Mrs. Congreve and Mark, who had paused there in crossing the hall. Beautiful indeed she looked in her dazzling white gown looped with satin bows of turquois and amethyst, and holding bouquets of violets and forget-me-nots; her costume was in accord with the votive chair. Indeed, Mrs. Congreve had insisted upon that accord, and Lady Alice, conscious that it would be affectation to do otherwise, yielded to her advice. Mamie Kent was in white too, with blue ribbons, and looked like a morning-glory herself; her eyes sparkled with unconcealed hopefulness, and her coquettish ways gathered new animation as her admirers thronged around her with gay compliments. Mrs. Harte—dear Mrs. Harte, perfectly unconscious that her friends had a thought of any competent for her—wore her usual costume of rather dingy black silk, but other-

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wine was quite radiant, as she moved from place to place in her own peculiar gracefulness, her sweet face lighted with the unfeigned friendliness of her gentle, generous soul.

Then Flora glanced at the chair, set upon a dais in conspicuous sight, and by its side a floral booth for the reception of votes. There! Mark had gone up, leaned against the screen, and looked across the crowded hall, looked at Lady Alice, and then dropped his vote in the box.

A chill gathered at Flora's heart, but she was re-assured when Mark, hastening to her, put her arm in his, saying, "We will go nearer the stand, where you can see the queen ascend her throne. They are counting already; I believe mine was the last vote."

A few minutes afterward the treasurer emerged from the booth and appeared upon the stage to announce the result.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it is my privilege to congratulate you not only upon the substantial success of the last three days, but upon the brilliancy of the concourse gathered here this evening. I need not direct your attention to the unrivalled workmanship of the object designed as a keepsake of this happy occasion, and awarded by popular vote—a vote, ladies and gentlemen, so nearly *unanimous* that the choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty may be said to express the sentiment of the town. And the name I have to announce is—Mrs. Mark Congreve."

What a moment that was to Flora and to Mark! Indeed, the announcement was an unbounded surprise to all. The truth was, no one who wrote Flora's name imagined it would be written by any one else, but a certain satisfaction had been felt in paying a passing tribute to a name that and made itself dear by a recurrence of kind acts. Not solely upon the night of the fire, but afterward in behalf of the sufferers by that calamity, Flora's kindness had been conspicuous and of admirable adaptation to actual wants. Without one thought of self, she had daily been, as her husband expressed it, the evening he pointed her out to Lady Alice, "heart and soul *helping*."

Flora, conducted to the chair, did not assume the position of royalty with queenly grace. No! She blushed; she trembled, her eyes filled with tears. It seemed for a moment that she would prove utterly unequal to the emergency. Only a moment. She glanced at Mark, his face glowed with love and pride. Then her features calmed; she drew herself erect, she made her speech—a brief one, but with an accent that melted every heart. "I did not know," she said, "that I had so many friends. I wish you all much happiness—always—and to-night."

Hearty-felt applause rang through the hall as, with a quick impulse, she seized her husband's hand, and holding it fast, took her place in the chair of state.

Then followed congratulations and warm grasps of the hand. Mrs. Congreve beamed upon her daughter-in-law as never before, and even Mrs. Orville and Clara paid their compliments with cordial warmth.

All the honors of the evening were heaped upon Flora. She opened the ball with the chief dignitary of the place, and was led to supper by the town's distinguished guest. She had more bouquets than she could count, and the beautiful chair was carried to her house by enthusiastic youths.

But not until all the triumph was over could her heart be quite at rest—not until in her own home, alone with Mark, and having talked with him of all the events of the night, she nestled to his side, and whispered, "And whose name did you write?"

Mark laughed. "I came very near," he said, "being caught in the predicament of one good professor, who, being raised to preferment, found himself elected *unanimously* to his dignified place, by the inclusion of his own vote. I chose *my* own Queen of Love and Beauty—I wrote the name of *my wife*."

So hearts win!

"Perhaps," said the beloved novelist, "Hearts stand in heaven on high as Heads."

And in society there comes on home when all the graces of mind and manner, estimable and endearing as they are, give place to a divinier quality. No woman who has the consummate grace of charity, "which thinketh no evil, and is kind," can ever, while the common needs of humanity last—can ever be, even in the most exalted circle, "out of her sphere."

ADMIRAL PAULDING AND THE "MONITOR."

No. 4[illegible] CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, January [illegible], 1879.

To the Editors of Harper's Weekly.

GENTLEMEN,—My attention has been drawn to the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, containing as it does a sketch of the life of the late Admiral Paulding, and although I would be the last to detract, in the most distant manner, from the credit due to the gallant admiral, yet there is one point in that sketch which is so evidently a departure from the exact state of the transaction that I feel unwilling to allow it to pass unnoticed, especially, as an editor would say, "it takes the wind out of my sails."

In the article above alluded to it is said that "it was entirely due to his [Commodore Paulding's] foresight that the *Monitor* was so speedily equipped for service." This is undoubtedly the case, and too much credit can not be awarded to him for so doing, but it was not Commodore Paulding who countermanded the order of the Navy Department directing the *Monitor* to proceed to Washington instead of Hampton Roads. The facts of the case were these, and I received them from the admiral himself: Commodore Paulding had been ordered by the Department to send the *Monitor* to Hampton Roads, and *she left New York under those orders*. She, however, had been gone but a few hours when another order was received by Commodore Paulding from the Secretary of the Navy, directing him to send the *Monitor* to Washington. Commodore Paulding immediately dispatched a fast vessel to overhaul the *Monitor*, with orders to proceed to Washington. But it was too late; the *Monitor* had gained too great a distance to be overtaken, and the dispatch vessel returned to New York without accomplishing her object.

At this time I was in command at Hampton Roads. Some two or three days before the *Merrimac* came down from Norfolk I received from the Navy Department four telegrams ordering me *most peremptorily* to "send the *Monitor* to Washington immediately on her arrival." On the night of the 9th of March—the day on which the *Merrimac* came down and sunk the *Cumberland*, and the *Congress* was burned—at about nine o'clock, the little *Monitor* arrived. Captain Worden immediately came on board the *Roanoke* and reported to himself to me. I inquired into his condition, which was not a very favorable one: his men were all green; they knew nothing of that peculiar armament then on board the *Monitor*. A few moments' reflection, however, determined me as to the course I should pursue. I informed Captain Worden that my orders were very positive to send the *Monitor* to Washington, but that I was going, of the risk of my commission, to disobey those orders and send him up to Newport News to look out for the *Merrimac*. In this Captain Worden went cheerfully acquiesced, and on the following day the result was known to an astonished and admiring world.

I have made this correction of the sketch of my much valued friend Admiral Paulding for the reason that, after a service in the navy of more than sixty six years, I look back on our part of that service with the pleasure and satisfaction I do on my having on that memorable occasion disobeyed my orders.

A recent writer (I think) in the *United Service*, speaking of the introduction of new means of warfare, asks the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if Ericsson had not given us the *Monitor?*" and may I not ask the question, "Where would the United States at this moment have been if I had not disobeyed my orders?" There was nothing to prevent the *Merrimac* going to Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, and the fall of either of those cities would have been the signal for Europe, but especially for England, to acknowledge the independence of the South.

May I trespass on far on your kindness so as ask you to give the foregoing an insertion in your paper? Your obedient servant,

JOHN MARSTON,
Commodore United States Navy.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY

Sunday,	16.	*Septuagesima Sunday.*
Sunday,	23.	*Quinquagesima Sunday.*
Monday,	24.	St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.	Ash-Wednesday.

THE scheme of union between Father HYACINTHE and the Church of England, which was outlined in this Intelligence several weeks ago as at present a subject of much comment to the English and American papers. The Paris correspondent of the London *Guardian* expresses the opinion that it will end in failure. Father HYACINTHE now represents the *Société de la Réforme Catholique*, and asks and has received the patronage of the English bishops. He has opened a Catholic chapel in the Rue Rochefort, Paris. Strange to say, the funds for his chapel have been furnished by an American gentleman. There is no basis for the support of this scheme in the discontented Catholic population of France. A certain portion of French Catholicism is discontented, but it is without earnestness. All earnest French Catholics are strongly ultramontane. Father HYACINTHE will be unlikely to fall as a reformer in France as he failed in Switzerland. His plans have, nevertheless, great interest for Protestants.

The health of Mr SPURGEON, though partly restored, still not admit of his preaching regularly in the Tabernacle. It is expected that he will spend part of the winter in Mentone, France.

Mr SANKEY, Mr. MOODY's companion, is now holding religious meetings in Newcastle, England. He has been warmly welcomed there, and entertained at a public breakfast, over which Canon MARTIN of the state Church presided. The secretary of the Evangelistic Committee said that "the small beginning of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY's work, which and since become world-wide, was to Newcastle five years ago." Mr SANKEY stated that at the close of the "recent campaign in America, Mr MOODY felt the need of study, and this led to their separation for a year."

It is a noticeable fact that at the Unitarian Conferences held in Brooklyn, January 28 and 29, a very high estimate of the work of Mr SANKEY was expressed by the Rev. A. D. MAYO, who read an essay on "Revivals, True and False." "The SANKEY side of the MOODY revival," said the essayist, "was on almost unmixed good. The simple and stirring songs went to the hearts of the people. The peculiarity of the revival was that it came from the laity, and Mr MOODY was the best representative of the lay element in the Evangelical Church."

The Baptist Year-Book for the United States is out yet issued, but the estimates made up for it will show the number of baptisms in 1878 to be 102,738. The total number of communicants is 3,102,606—an increase of 78,000 on the preceding year. Estimating four adherents for every member, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* consider the total Baptist population of the country to be 10,000,000. It is safer to reckon the population adhering to any one form of Christian faith of the ratio of three adherents to each communicant.

What the freedom of the Church from entangling alliance with the State can effect is shown in the religious condition of the State of New York, according to the official census for 1875. There are 6820 organizations in the entire commonwealth, and 6343 church edifices, the sittings number 2,537,470, and the church members 1,177,470. The churches, with the ground on which they stand, are valued at $101,165,705, the sum of $18,308,281 is paid annually in salaries to the clergy. All these are free gifts of the people. In sittings the leading denominations rank in the following order: Methodists, 700,676; Presbyterians, 372,[illegible]; Baptists, 351,[illegible]; Protestant Episcopalians, 268,005; Reformed Dutch, 109,215; Congregationalists, 107,847; Lutherans, 72,721. In communicants the same denominations rank as follows: Methodists, 198,900; Baptists, 100,979; Presbyterians, 128,695; Protestant Episcopalians, 79,515; Congregationalists, 30,923; Reformed Dutch, 30,397; Lutherans, 24,459.

There is an absurd report in circulation that Leo XIII. will call *another* Ecumenical Council. The Vatican Council has not yet been closed; its re-assembling, therefore, at the call of the present Pope, will be one of the most probable of coming events. The Council of Trent, which was once opened by Pope PAUL III., was continued under JULIUS III., outlasted his life and the lives of MARCELLUS II. and PAUL IV., was convened again by PIUS IV., and closed by him. Its first session was held December 13, 1545, and its last December 4, 1563, thus covering a period of eighteen years.

The scheme of Catholic colonization in the Western and Pacific States of our Union, already noticed in this Intelligence, makes steady progress. The Catholic Colonization Bureau of Minnesota reports that it has established four colonies in four counties of that State. The first colony, founded in 1876, has now, it is claimed, 800 families. It is distributed in four towns, one of them a county seat. There are two churches already built for the use of the colonists, and three more are to be erected this year. If the wretched Catholic population of our Eastern cities could to a large extent be carried to the West, there would be a vast improvement of their morals, and of the morals of the cities also.

At its twenty-sixth anniversary, held January 29, the New York Young Men's Christian Association reported a year of prosperity. The receipts for 1878 were $33,054, and the expenditures $33,308. The Association has branches at Harlem, Yorkville, Bowery, and the Grand Central Depôt. The main building, on Twenty third Street, which is an ornament to the city, is free of debt. Dr TUCKNEY's Sunday afternoon Bible class is still largely attended; and lectures, a reading-room, gymnasium, and a library continue to offer their attractions to young men.

Christians living in Chiloe are devoting themselves resolutely to the care of the opium habit. The Pelto Refuge, which was opened early in 1878, treated to the first six months of its existence 58 in and nearly 200 out patients. Two European physicians prescribe, and daily Christian services are held at the hospital. The effect of this philanthropic measure upon the minds of the people of Pelto is said to be excellent.

The probable adoption of the overture on representation to the General Assembly is causing gloomy forebodings to the minds of some Presbyterian leaders. Of fifty-one Presbyteries, thirty-one have voted in its favor and twenty against it. Its effect will be to reduce the number of commissioners to the Assembly near by numerous Presbyteries. It is feared that the reunion of the Old and New Schools consummated in 1870 will be disturbed by the success of this measure. The Rev Dr MCMULLEN, in a letter to the New York *Evangelist*, says: "I think it an large a number of Presbyteries are half disfranchised, on they would be if the commissioned body were adopted, the bond of union would be so weakened of that there would be danger of disintegration, and perhaps it would ultimately lead to the formation of several General Assemblies. Already the *Occident*, published of San Francisco, intimates that this result is probable."

On the 1st of January, of this year, the new lectionary of the Church of England came into use. It is the fruit of the labors of a royal commission appointed ten years ago to revise the rubrics, and has been sanctioned by Parliament. Dean STANLEY in a recent sermon thus commends it: "It omits disagreeable and horrible detail, historical accounts, long genealogies, and details of ceremonial and social law, more interesting to a student than suitable for the ears of a mixed congregation, and, on the other hand, it gives portions of the Scripture which have been omitted from the old lessons. The arrangements are now such as to bring what ought to be called an outline of the whole Bible usually before the whole congregation, and to lead to a more intelligent study of the Scriptures."

The increase in the number of Baptist communicants in the United States, lately reported, is accompanied with an increase of contributions to foreign missions. For the last seven months of 1878 these reached the sum of $117,181, or $38,849 more than to January 1 of the preceding year. The Baptist Publishing House, which is located in Philadelphia, issued during 1878 eight and a half million of pages of publications. This house has a missionary department from which religious publications are distributed gratuitously. In making such distribution a debt of $25,000 has been incurred, which will be met by special donations.

The number of clerical members of the English Church Union, the main stay of the ritualists, is now 2500, the lay members are 17,[illegible]. During the past year the Union has been very active.

The Congregationalists have in London 307 ministers, and in the metropolis and its suburbs 245 chapels. The ministers in England and Wales number 3473; the total of ministers at home and in Congregational missions abroad is 3438, of these 2801 are pastors. The amount raised by these churches in 1878 for home, foreign, and colonial missions was £179,163. Fifty-one chapels were opened in Great Britain and Ireland during the year.

The more exact statistics of the provision made in England for religious worship are to the advantage of the Nonconformists. WHITTAKER'S Almanac for 1879 states that the State Church population of England is about 12,500,000, and that 5,950,000 church sittings are provided. The non-established Churches of England have 27,000 places of worship and 6,700,000 sittings. In the following table of sittings most of the figures are from official documents:

	No. of Sittings.
Wesleyan Methodists	1,[illegible],000
Congregationalists	1,[illegible],000
Baptists	[illegible],000
Primitive Methodists	[illegible],000
Roman Catholics	[illegible],000
United Free Methodists	[illegible],000
Calvinistic Methodists	[illegible],000
New Connection Methodists	140,000
Presbyterian Church of England	[illegible],[illegible]
Unitarians	[illegible],000
Bible Christians	[illegible],000
Friends	91,000
Wesleyan Reformers	44,000
Minor sects	170,000
Foreign Churches—Jews, Mormons, etc.	[illegible],000
Total	6,[illegible],[illegible]

This is probably a more exact statement than has hitherto been published.

THE CABOOL BAZAR.

An English traveller who visited Cabool some years ago then describes the lively scene present of in our sketch on page 132: "The entrance into Cabool was by a narrow street, presenting to the view a scene of the most busy description. The numerous shops, little better than sheds, exhibited fruit not only surprising for its beauty, but for its prodigious abundance; melons and grapes out of number, and this display continued for some distance, Cabool having been long famous for its fruits, more particularly grapes, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, quinces, jujubes, damsons, almonds, and walnuts, all of which are found in immense quantities, as well as the orange, citron, sealook, and sugar-cane, which are peculiar to a warm climate, and are brought from Laghman. Other articles are also presented for sale. Cooks are preparing kabobs, and confectioners sweetmeats; others and farriers, guns, swords, and horse-shoes; silk mercers, dealers in carpets, furs, lace, chintz, haberdashery, etc.—all are attentive to their several occupations.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Were I want to get at is the minors of the transgressions," said the judge. "But, your honor," said the complainant, "there won't any more in all. He came up quiet like and grabbed the sass, and was off with it before I was what he was at. No, Sir, there wasn't any more."

It is an wonder the ivy clings so tightly to the rocky wall. It probably makes holes to climb by. It has ten drills, you remember.

A music-seller announces to his window a comic song. "Thou hast loved and left me," for ten cents.

A country subscriber sends us the following structure concentrate: Why is a man who looks at Barnum's giantess like an ancient emperor?—Because to see her, the great.

After all the slanders perpetrated against the oyster, that interesting bivalve has always stood by the church and liquidated the inevitable "debt."

Aunt Dorothy wants to know if billiard matches are any better for home use than the old-fashioned cues.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, and that belonged to the tea-kettle.

A country blacksmith out West put up a notice: "No horses shoeing Sunday except sickness and death."

An orator declaring that Fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

"See how I ride o'er the raging main!" exclaimed the man who had thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 60,000 head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you! Charley's awfully fond of oat-tail soup."

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered: "A man going to be buried." "Oh," he remarked, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see an item a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other. "Both ornaments! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, an' I have."

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a fellow to a brick breaker, "I see your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how could you are! Well, go ask pa."

A corset-maker out of work thus vented her complaint: "Shame that I should be without bread—I have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make us master sometimes? I can hit every boy in my class but one."

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a one of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied, "but I've a father in jail."

"Your late husband, madam—" began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead, don't he be upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

Madame G— calls at a friend's house on a wet day, and, her feet being damp, says to her friend, "My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers? "My love," replies her friend (there were several people in the parlor), "do you think her slippers will fit you?" "Oh, I think so, my darling. If you will put a cork sole inside of them."

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"GOOD-MORNING!"—[DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.]

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THE MORTON COMMANDERY RECEPTION AT GILMORE'S GARDEN.—DRAWN BY J. P. FRANKENSTEIN.—[SEE PAGE 131.]

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

FULL white moon upon a waste of ocean,
High full tide upon the sandy shore;
In the father's cot, without a motion,
Waiteth he that never shall sail more—
Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing,
Speaking lowly, says, "Without a doubt
He will rest soon. Some One calls the dying
When the tide goes out."

Some One calls the tide, when in its flowing
It hath touched the limits of its bound;
Some great Voice; and all the billows, knowing
What omnipotence is in that sound,
Hasten back to ocean, none delaying
For man's profit, pleasuring, to doubt—
Backward to their source, not one wave straying;
And the tide is out.

Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark ocean,
When its tide breaks high upon the land,
And it listens with such glad emotion
As the "called" alone can understand—
Listens, hastens to its source of being,
Leaves the sands of Time without a doubt,
While we sadly wait, as yet but seeing
That the tide is out.

(Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1187.)

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "ROBERTO AND FORTUNA," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

THE OWNER OF BULLFINCH.

THE duchess's visit put Mrs. Carmichael in good humor with all the world, but especially with Roderick Vawdrey. She sent him an invitation to her next dinner, and when her husband seemed inclined to strike his name out of her list, she defended her right of selection with a courage that was almost heroic.

"I can't understand your motive for asking this fellow," the captain said, with a blacker look than his wife had ever before seen on his countenance.

"Why should I not ask him, Conrad? I have known him ever since he was at Eton, and the dear squire was very fond of him."

"If you are going to choose your acquaintance in accordance with the taste of your first husband, it will be rather a bad look-out for your second," said the captain.

"What objection can you have to Roderick?"

"I can have, and I have, a very strong objection to him. But I am not going to talk about it just now."

"But, Conrad, if there is any thing I ought to know—" began Mrs Carmichael, alarmed

"When I think you ought to know it, you will be told it, my dear Pamela. In the mean time allow me to have my own opinion about Mr. Vawdrey."

"But, Conrad, in dear Edward's time he used to come to this house whenever he liked, as if he had been a near relation. And he is the duchess's nephew, remember; and when he marries Lady Mabel, and the duke dies, he will be one of the largest land-owners in South Hampshire."

"Very well, let him come to your dinner It can make very little difference."

"Now you are offended, Conrad," said Mrs. Carmichael, with a deprecating air.

"No, I am not offended, but I have my own opinions as to your wisdom in giving any encouragement to Mr Vawdrey."

This rounded mysterious, and made Mrs. Carmichael uncomfortable. But she was determined not to offend the duchess, who had been so particularly gracious, and who had sent Captain and Mrs. Carmichael a card for a dinner to be given early in January

So Roderick got his invitation, and accepted it with friendly promptitude. He was master of the hounds now, and a good many of his days were given up to the pleasures of the hunting-field. He was an important person in his way, full of business; but he generally found time to drop in for half an hour on Mrs. Carmichael's Tuesday afternoons, to lounge with his back against the massive oaken chimney-breast and talk to Violet or pat Argus while the lady visitors gossiped and tittered over their tea-cups.

This last dinner of Mrs. Carmichael's was to take place a few days before Christmas, and was to be given in honor of a guest who was coming to spend the holidays at the Abbey House. The guest was Captain Carmichael's Irish friend, Lord Mallow, the owner of Bullfinch.

Vixen's heart gave an indignant bound when she heard that he was coming

"Another person for me to hate," she said to herself, almost despairingly. "I am becoming a mass of envy, hatred, and malice, and all unchariableness."

Lord Mallow had spent the early morning of life in the army, it appeared, a younger son, with no particular expectations. He and Captain Carmichael had been brother officers. But the fell sergeant, Death, had promoted Patrick Mey to his elder brother's heritage, and he had surrendered a subaltern's place in a line regiment to become Viscount Mallow, and the owner of a fine stretch of fertile hill and valley in County Cork. He had set up at once as the model landlord, eager for his country's welfare, full of advanced ideas, a violent politician, liberal to the verge of radicalism. If the Irish Church had not been disestablished before Lord Mallow went into Parliament, he would have gripped his destructive axe and had a chop to two at the root of that fine old tree. Protestant, and loyal to the Church of England in his own person—so far as such loyalty may be testified by regular attendance at divine service every Sunday morning, and a gentlemanlike reverence for bishops—it seemed to him not the less an injustice that his native land should be taxed with the maintenance of an alien clergy.

The late Lord Mallow had been a violent Tory, Orange to the marrow of his bones. The new Lord Mallow was violently progressive, enthusiastic in his belief in Hibernian virtues and his indignation at Hibernian wrongs. He wanted to disestablish every thing. He saw his country as he appears in the eyes of her poets and song writers—a fair disheveled female, oppressed by the cruel Sassenach, a lovely sufferer for whose rescue all true man and leal would fight to the death. He quoted the outrages of Elizabeth's reign, the cruelties of Cromwell's soldiery, the savagery of Ginkle, as if these wrongs had been inflicted yesterday, and the House of Commons of to-day were answerable for them. He made fiery speeches, which were reported at length in the Irish newspapers. He was a fine speaker, after a florid pattern, and had a great command of voice, and a certain rugged eloquence that carried his hearers along with him, even when he was harping upon so hackneyed a string as the wrongs of "Ould Ireland."

Lord Mallow was one thirty, and he looked younger than his years. He was tall and broad-shouldered, robust, and a trifle clumsy in figure, and rode fourteen stone. He had a good-looking Irish face, smiling blue eyes, black hair, white teeth, bushy whiskers, and a conspicuous inclining to roseness.

"He is the perfection of a commonplace young man," Vixen said, when she talked him over with her mother on the day of his arrival at the Abbey House.

"Come, Violet, you must admit that he is very handsome," remonstrated Mrs. Carmichael, who was sitting before her dressing-room fire with her feet on a fender stool of her own crewel work, waiting for Pauline to commence the important ceremony of dressing for dinner "I think I never saw a finer set of teeth, and of course at his age they must all be real."

"Unless he has had a few of the original ones knocked out in the hunting-field, mamma. They go over a good many stone walls in Ireland, you know, and he may have come to grief"

"If you would only leave off talking in that horrid way, Violet. He is a very agreeable young man. How he enjoyed a cup of tea after his journey, instead of wanting soda-water and brandy! Conrad tells me he has a lovely place near Mallow—on the slope of a hill, sheltered on the north with pine woods, and I believe it is one of the prettiest parts of Ireland—so green and fertile and sweet, and such a happy peasantry."

"I think I'd better leave you to dress for dinner, mamma. You like a clear hour, and it's nearly half past six."

"True, love; you rang for Pauline. I have been wavering between my black and mauve and my amethyst velvet, but I think I shall decide upon the velvet. What are you going to wear?"

"I?—oh, any thing. The dress I wore last night."

"My love, it is positively dowdy Pray wear something better in honor of Lord Mallow. There is the dress you had for my wedding," suggested Mrs Carmichael, blushing. "You look lovely in that."

"Mamma, do you think I am going to make a second hand bride-maid of myself to oblige Lord Mallow? No; that dress too painfully bears the stamp of what it was made for I'm afraid it will have to see to the wardrobe where it hangs If it were woolen, the moths would inevitably have it; but I suppose, as it is silk, it will survive the changes of time, and some day it will be made into chair covers, and future generations of Tempests will point to it as a relic of my great-aunt Violet."

"I never heard any thing so absurd," cried Mrs. Carmichael, fretfully "It was Theodore's *chef-d'œuvre*, and no doubt I shall have to pay an awful price for it."

"Ah, mamma, we are continually doing things for which we have to pay an awful price," said Vixen, with one of his involuntary bursts of bitter sadness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOMETHING LIKE A RIDE.

IT was impossible to go on hating Lord Mallow forever Me was a man whose overflowing good nature would have conciliated the bitterest foe, could that enemy have been exposed long enough to its softening influence. He came upon the dull daily life of the Abbey House like a burst of sudden sunshine on a gloomy plain. The long winter evenings, when there was no company, had been sorely oppressive to Vixen. Out of respect to her mother she had kept her place in the drawing-room, reading, or working at some uninteresting strip of point lace, which she had no hope of ever finishing, though it had been promised to Mr Seobel for his church. Captain Carmichael read newspapers or the quarterlies, or paced the room thoughtfully at intervals. He talked to his wife just enough to escape the charge of neglect, but rarely spoke to or noticed Violet. Sometimes Mrs. Carmichael asked for a little music, whereupon Violet went to the piano and played her scanty recollections of Mozart or Beethoven—all "tuney" bits, remembered out of the sonatas or concertos Miss M'Croke had taught her; or if asked to sing, the girl sang a ballad or two, to order, in her full round mezzo-soprano, which had a thrilling expression at times, when feeling got the better of her proud reserve, and all the pent-up sorrow of her heart broke loose into her song. But Captain Carmichael took no notice of these efforts, and even her mother's praises were not enthusiastic. "Very sweet, very nice," was the utmost Vixen ever heard from them maternal lips as she closed the piano.

But here was Lord Mallow, passionately fond of music and singing, and the beauties of nature, and all things that appeal to the sensitive Hibernian character. It seemed a new thing to Violet to have some one standing by the piano, turning over the leaves, applauding rapturously, and entreating for another and yet another Irish melody. When the song "The Minstrel Boy," he joined in with a rich baritone that harmonized finely with her full ripe notes. The old room vibrated with the strong melody, and even Captain Carmichael was impelled to praise.

"How well your voices harmonize!" he said. "You ought to try some duets. I remember that fine baritone of yours in days of old, Mallow"

Hereupon Lord Mallow asked Miss Tempest if she had any duets, and Vixen produced her small stock of vocal music. They tried one or two of Mendelssohn's—"I would that my Love," and "Greeting"—and discovered that they got on wonderfully well together. Vixen fell asleep that night wondering at her own amiability.

"We think that I should sing sentimental duets with him!" she said to herself. "The man who has Bullfinch!"

Lord Mallow's presence at the Abbey House had a marked effect upon Captain Carmichael's treatment of his step-daughter. Hitherto there had been a veiled bitterness in all his speeches, a constrained civility in his manners. Now he was all kindness, all expansion. Even his wife, who admired him always, and thought him the soul of wisdom in all he did, could not be blind to the change, and a new sense of peacefulness stole into her feeble mind. It was so pleasant to see dear Conrad so sweetly kind to Violet.

"Where are we going to do with Lord Mallow this morning, Violet?" asked the captain, at breakfast. "We must try to amuse him somehow."

"I don't think I have much to do with it," Vixen answered, coldly. "You will find plenty of amusement, I dare say, in the billiard-room, in the stables, or in showing Lord Mallow your improvements."

"That would do very well for a wet morning, but it would be a profligate waste of fine weather. No; I propose that you should show Mallow some of the prettiest bits in the Forest. I am out half so accomplished a guide as you, but we'll all go. I'll order the horses at once if you like my plan, Mallow," said Captain Carmichael, turning to his friend, and taking Violet's consent for granted.

"I shall be quite too delighted if Miss Tempest will honor us with her company," replied the Irishman, with a pleasant look at Vixen's fresh morning face, rosy-red with vexation.

It was the first time her step-father had ever asked her to ride with him, and the hated doing it. It was the first time she had ever been asked to ride with any one but her father or Roderick Vawdrey. Yet to refuse would have been impossible without absolute discourtesy to her mother's husband and her mother's guest. So she sat to her place and said nothing, and Lord Mallow mistook the angry carnation for the warm red of happy girlhood, which blushes it knows not wherefore.

Captain Carmichael ordered the horses to be at the door in half an hour, and then he took Lord Mallow off to look at the stables while Violet went up-stairs to put on her habit. Why was the captain so unusually amiable? she speculated. Was his little soul so mean that he put on better manners to do honor to an Irish peer?

She came tripping down the wide old staircase at the end of the half hour, in habit and hat of Lincoln-green, with a cock's feather in the neat little hat, and a formidable hooked hunting-crop for opening gates, little feet daintily shod in patent-leather, but no spur. She loved her horse too well to run a needle into his black side at the slightest provocation.

There were the three horses, held by Bates and Lord Mallow's groom Bullfinch, looking as if he had just taken a prize at Islington and was inclined to be humptious about it, Arion, tossing his delicately modelled Greek head, and looking for bogies in the adjacent shrubbery; Captain Carmichael's well-seasoned hunter Mosstrooper, holding his long bony head, and swaying his fine drawn neck up and down in a half-savage, half-scornful manner, as if he were at war with society in general, like the Miller of Dee.

Vixen, who had looked the picture of vexation at the breakfast table, was now all gravity. Her hazel eyes sparkled with mischief Lord Mallow stood to the porch, watching her as she came down the shining oak staircase, glorious in the winter sunlight. He thought her the perfection of a woman—nay, more than a woman, a goddess. Diana, the divine huntress, must have looked so, he fancied. He ran forward to mount her on the fidgety Arion; her honest old Bates was too quick for him, and she was looking down at Lord Mallow graciously from her perch on the well-worn double saddle before he had time to offer his services.

She leaned over to pat Bullfinch's massive crest.

"Dear old horse," she murmured, tenderly, remembering those winter mornings of old when he had stood before the porch as he stood to-day, waiting for the noble rider who was never more to mount him

"Yet life goes on somehow without our beloved dead," thought Violet.

Her changeful face saddened at the thought, and she rode along the shrubbered drive to silence.

"Where are you going to take us?" asked the captain, when they had emerged from the Abbey House grounds, crossed the coach road, and made their plunge into the first cart track that offered itself.

"Every where," answered Vixen, with a mischievous laugh. "You have chosen me for your guide, and all you have to do is to follow."

And she gave Arion a light touch with her hunting-crop, and cantered gaily down the gently sloping track to a green lawn, which looked, to Captain Carmichael's experienced eye, very much like a quaky bog.

"Steer toward your left," he cried, anxiously, to Lord Mallow.

If there was danger near, Vixen managed to avoid it; she made a sweeping curve, skirted the treacherous-looking lawn, and disappeared in another cart track, between silvery trunks of veteran beeches, half-sown in the dark ages, with here and there a gnarled old oak, rugged and lichen-mantled, with feathery tufts of fern nestling to the hollow places between his giant limbs.

That was a ride! Lord Mallow could remember nothing like it, and he was destined to carry this in his memory for a lifetime. The ghostly trees; the silver-shining bark of the beeches, varying with a hundred indescribable shades of green and purple and warmest amber, the rugged gray of the grand old oaks; the lichens and mosses, and mysterious wintry growths of toad-stool and weed and berry; that awful air of uncanniness which pervaded the darker portions of the wood, as of some mystic under-world—half shadow and half dream. No; Lord Mallow could never forget it, nor yet the way that flying figure in Lincoln-green led them by bog and swamp, over clay and gravel, through as many varieties of soil as if she had been trying to give them a practical lesson in geology; across snaky ditches and pebbly fords, through furze bushes and thickets of holly, through every thing likely to prove aggravating to the temper of a well-bred horse, and finally, before giving them breathing-time, she led them up the clayey side of a hill as steep as a house, on the top of which she drew rein, and commanded them to admire the view.

"This is Acres Down, and there are the Needles," she said, pointing her whip at the dim blue horizon. "If it were a clear day, and your sight were long enough, I dare say you would see Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. But I think to-day you must be content with the Needles. Can you see them?" she asked Lord Mallow.

"See them!" exclaimed the Irishman. "I can see well enough to thread one of them if I wanted."

"Now you've seen the Isle of Wight," said Vixen "That's a point accomplished The ardent desire of every one to the Forest is to see the Isle of Wight. They are continually mounting hills and gazing into space in order to get a glimpse at that chalky little island It seems the main object of every body's existence."

"They might as well go and live there at once, if they're so fond of it," suggested Lord Mallow.

"Yes, and then they would be straining their eyes in the endeavor to see the Great Horse—that's a group of fir on the top of a hill, and one of our Forest sea-marks. That frantic desire to behold distant objects has always seemed to me to be one of the feeblest tendencies of the human mind. Now you have seen the Needles, we have accomplished a solemn duty, and I may show you our woods."

Vixen shook her rein and trotted recklessly down a slippery path, jumped a broad black pool dile, and plunged into the recesses of the wood, Bullfinch and Mosstrooper following meekly

They went a wonderful round, winding to and fro of Bratley Wood, piercing deep into the wintry glories of Mark Ash, through mud and moss and soft pitfalls, where the horses sank up to their hocks in withered leaves, avoiding bogs by a margin of a yard or so; up and down, under spreading branches, where the cattle line had just cleared the heads of the riders; across the blackened bracken, by shining hollies, whose silvery trunks stood up like shaftbs out of a thicket of dwarf bushes, through groves, where the tall beech trunks had a solemn look like the columns of some gigantic temple; then into wandrous plantations of Scotch fir, where the air was balmy as in summer, and on breath of the December wind penetrated the dense wall of foliage. Then to higher ground, where the wintry air blew keen again, and where there was a soft green lawn, studded with graceful conifers—cypress, deodara, Douglas fir—tall with a growth of thirty years; the elegant importations of an advanced civilization. Anon by the gray-lichened walls of a deserted garden, which had a strangely romantic look, and was as suggestive of a dreamy idyllic world as a poem by Tennyson, and we doon into the green and gray depths of Mark Ash again, but never returning over the same ground, and then up the hill to Vinny Ridge and the Horsery, where Captain Carmichael cracked his whip to scare the horses, and had the satisfaction of scaring his own and the other two horses, while the herons laughed him to scorn from their cradles in the tree-tops, and would not stir a feather for his gratification. Then by a long plantation to a wild stretch of common, where Vixen told her companions that they were safe for a good mile, and set them an example by starting Arion across the short smooth turf at a gallop. They pulled up just in time to escape a small gulf of moss and general sponginess, waded a stream or two, splashed through a good deal of spewy ground, and came to Queen's Bower; thence into the oak plantation of New Park; then across Gretnam Wood; and then at a smart trot along the road toward home.

"I hope I haven't kept you out too long?" said Vixen, politely.

"We've only been five hours," answered the captain, with grim civility, "her if Mallow is not tired, I shall not complain."

"I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life—never," protested Lord Mallow

"Well, to-morrow we can shoot the pheasants. It will be a rest after this."

"It will be dull work after the enchantments of to-day," said the Irishman.

Captain Carmichael rode homeward a few paces

in the rear of the other two, smiling to himself grimly, and humming a little song of Heine's:

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORTON COMMANDERY RECEPTION.

THERE are in the United States, in round numbers, about 70,000 Knights Templar, representing at least 800 encampments. One of the oldest of these bodies is Morton Commandery, No. 4, of this city, whose history is a remarkable one. It was organized in the year 1823, under a charter signed by DE WITT CLINTON, who was then Grand Master of the State, and was named after General MORTON. Among the distinguished men whose names appear on its roll of membership are those of General LAFAYETTE and his son, who were knighted while on a visit to this country in the fall of the year 1824. Two of the members who were present on that occasion, Sir Knights ADOLPHUS ANTHON and TIFFANY, are still living. The officers who conferred the degrees were: WILLIAM F. PIATT, E. C.; RICHARD PENNELL, Generalissimo; JARED L. MOORE, Captain-General; W. E. ROSS, Prelate; L. Q. C. BOWLES, S. W.; PETER BREWER, J. W.; LEMUEL CHAPMAN, Recorder; D. H. SCHMIDT, Treasurer; GAIR BLANCHARD, Warden; JOHN COATS, Sword-Bearer; H. PADELFORD, Standard-Bearer; JOHN HASBROUCK, Herald; and JOHN NILES, Sentinel—most of whom became well known in social and political life.

Little did those men dream a half century or more ago that the Commandery they founded would reach the degree of popularity it enjoys to-day. A marked proof of the unbounded favor with which the organization is regarded was shown in the immense crowd that attended the annual reception at Gilmore's Garden on the evening of the 29th ult. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly 15,000 ladies and gentlemen were present. So completely was all the space occupied that dancing until after midnight was scarcely possible.

The building was brilliantly lighted and handsomely decorated. Streamers of tricolored bunting depended from the ceiling, while the silken flags of the Order of Knights of the Red Cross ornamented the pillars. The boxes were draped in tricolored hangings, and flags and banners were displayed from every conceivable point. The ball-room floor proper was surrounded by a low partition, which, while it afforded good seating accommodation, kept the crowd from invading the domain of the dancers, and formed a pleasant promenade extending completely around the building. The cascade was hidden by the musicians' platform, where GILMORE directed the orchestra.

The grand *entrée* took place at a little after ten o'clock, Eminent Commander Sir WILLIAM F. COSTENBADER, preceded by the Floor Committee, leading the promenade, and soon afterward the ball began. The scene on the floor was magnificent. The waving plumes and glittering arms of the knights, the brilliant uniforms of the militiamen who were present, and the bright costumes of the ladies made up an ever-varying picture of colors that could hardly be surpassed for beauty. Taken altogether, the reception was a decided success. An illustration of it is given on page 129.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR C. V. RILEY, entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, reports that serious complaints have come from the Pacific slope during the year of a new insect that is killing many of the orchard and ornamental trees in that section of the country. Specimens received from Mr. A. W. SAXE, of Santa Clara, California, show it to be a species of *Dorthesia*, an abnormal bark-louse (family *Coccidæ*). It is an Australian insect (apparently *D. characias*, Westw.), and has of late years been introduced on Australian plants into South Africa, where, according to Mr. ROLAND TRIMEN, curator of the South African Museum, it has multiplied at a terrible rate, and become such a scourge as to attract the attention of the government. It has evidently been introduced (probably on the blue gum or eucalyptus) to California either direct from Australia or from South Africa, and will doubtless become a great evil, because most introduced insects are brought over without the natural enemies which keep them in check in their native country, and consequently multiply at a prodigious rate. The best remedy is a judicious use of kerosene or linseed-oil.

Some years ago Mr. GEORGE W. TRYON, Jun., of Philadelphia, published a Manual of American Marine Conchology, composing one volume, illustrated by forty-four lithographic plates. He has now undertaken a much more extensive work of the same general nature, in the form of a Manual of General Conchology, this to include descriptions and figures of all the known species, to be copiously illustrated. Of this vast undertaking the first part has been published by Mr. TRYON, and embraces thirty-three plates of the *Cephalopoda*, or the family including the cuttle-fishes and squids.

The January number of the *American Journal of Science* contains an interesting communication, by Messrs. G. B. GOODE and T. H. BEAN, upon fifty kinds of new or rare fishes lately received by the National Museum at Washington from the Atlantic coast of the United States, for the most part gathered by the labors of the United States Fish Commission. This paper is preparatory to a general revision of the whole subject of the American fishes, and indicates the great extent and importance of the work prosecuted within the last few years in this direction.

A great work on geography has been commenced in Paris, under the title of *La Géographie Contemporaine d'après les Voyageurs, les Émigrants, les Colons, les Commerçants*. This will, perhaps, be the largest work of the kind ever attempted, consisting of ten series of from three to five volumes each. There will be from six hundred to eight hundred maps, with many illustrations. The work will be issued in weekly parts, and will probably require three years for its completion. Of course it is probable that by the time the work is finished the earlier numbers will be obsolete.

Mr. C. J. MAYNARD, of Newtonville, publishes the seventh number of his quarto work on the birds of Florida, changing somewhat its original plan, and now including the water and game birds of Eastern North America. Several plates of the rarer species embellish the volume, among them a number of colored heads of various species of land birds, accompanied by views of the sternum and trachea.

The Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology continues to be issued with great rapidity. We have recently noticed one containing an account of the zoological results of the apparatus on board the Coast Survey steamer *Blake*; and we now have a very valuable contribution to physical science in the eighth number of the fifth volume, embracing descriptions of the sounding machine, water bottle, and detacher used by Lieutenant-Commander SIGSBEE, U. S. N. Commander SIGSBEE was charged with this duty during the cruise in the winter of 1877-78, and made a number of very important modifications of the BELKNAP piano-wire sounding machine, the outgrowth of the original apparatus of Sir WILLIAM THOMSON. The American modifications, however, have but little of the original, excepting the employment of the wire. In its present form there seems to be little left to be desired in the way of efficiency and portability.

The water bottle, intended for collecting samples of the water at any point between the surface and the bottom, also exhibits many improvements on the previous apparatus for the same object.

It is announced that PETERMANN's *Mittheilungen* will hereafter be edited by Dr. E. BEHM, with Dr. LINDEMAN as assistant editor. Dr. BEHM is well known as of the Gotha firm, and especially as having prepared the very valuable annual reports for the *Mittheilungen* on the population of the earth. Dr. LINDEMAN is the secretary of the Bremen Geographical Society. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the interests of geographical science will be maintained under the new supervision.

Much interest has been excited in Europe by the statement of some American whalers just returned from the Arctic Ocean that the natives informed them that a Russian man-of-war was frozen in near Cape East, presumed to be the vessel of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, in which he started last summer for the purpose of passing round from Europe to Behring Straits. Whether this be true or not, a relief expedition has been proposed, under the patronage of Mr. SIBIRIAKOFF, which is expected to reach Yokohama, by way of the Suez Canal, in May, and to proceed directly north with the hope of passing through the straits as soon as they are sufficiently open.

Fortunately for them, the Norwegian fishermen have not found the same scarcity of mackerel on their coast in 1878 that prevailed on the coast of North America, the yield having been considerably larger than that for the season of 1877. In the district of Mandal, 310 boats, with a crew of 1106 fishermen, took over 2,300,000 mackerel, as against 1,725,000 in the preceding year.

The use of a paper dome for an astronomical observatory is a novelty in modern architecture, although, according to Professor GREENE, of Troy, under whose supervision this has been constructed, it promises to answer a satisfactory purpose. The dome is a hemisphere with an outside diameter of twenty-nine feet. The framework is of pine properly seasoned, and the covering is of paper, such as is used by Messrs. E. WATERS & SONS for the construction of paper boats.

The entire weight of the dome and appurtenances, as completed, is about 4000 pounds. It can be easily revolved by a moderate pressure without the aid of machinery.

The sum of 120,000 francs has lately been granted by the French government to the French Central Bureau of Meteorology.

An unusual impetus has been given to scientific matters in Europe by the summaries of progress published in the leading journals during the year 1878.

A curious application of the microphone has been lately made by Professor PALMIERI in anticipating the volcanic activity of Mount Vesuvius. Professor DE ROSSI, in a series of experiments at his observatory in the Albanese Mountains, has found that the present activity of Vesuvius, even at so great a distance, could be distinctly appreciated.

According to the annual report of the Librarian of Congress for the year 1878, the total number of volumes in the library amounts to 331,655, with about 120,000 pamphlets. The additions of the year are represented by 21,537 volumes and 11,669 pamphlets.

As heretofore, the principal sources of supply have been by purchase, by copyright, by deposits from the Smithsonian Institution, and by donation. As in previous years, the Librarian dwells upon the scanty accommodations for books, and the absolute impossibility of arranging them in such order and condition as will best answer the purpose of reference, and he finds it difficult to say what will be done with the increase of the next few years, unless relief is furnished by the construction of a building. Certain basement rooms in the Capitol previously used for storing works of less frequent consultation are now full, and there are not twenty feet of space in the library where shelving can be introduced for the reception of additional volumes.

The failure of Congress to make provision for a new building is due in great part to the difficulty of settling upon a proper site; otherwise it is likely that a new edifice would have been completed before this date. The various places spoken of are Judiciary Square, the site of the present Botanic Garden; some lots to the south of the Capitol, and certain squares to the east of it. The last-mentioned spot would be most convenient for members of Congress, but it is thought probable that the expense of the site would be not less than a million dollars, whereas Judiciary Square is already the property of the government. The proposition of extending the Capitol building for the reception of the library has in a measure been given up, although it is probable that whenever the new building may be prepared at least 50,000 volumes required for constant and immediate reference will be left in the old library.

The eggs of the California salmon presented by the United States Fish Commission to the Society of Acclimatation of Paris have been divided among several hatching establishments, partly belonging to members of the society and partly to public establishments, among which is the laboratory of the College of France. A large portion of these eggs has been turned over to the Administration des Ponts et des Chaussées, which is specially occupied in measures looking toward the restocking of the depleted waters of France. They have been placed in the aquarium of the Trocadéro, under the special charge of M. PIERRE CARBONNIER, the director of the aquarium, and a very distinguished fish-culturist. It had not been decided by the society at the latest advices where the young would be introduced, though it is probable they will be divided among the waters of the Hérault, Rhone, and Yonne.

PETERMANN's *Mittheilungen* for December contains a very interesting and elaborate report upon the subject of chartography at the Paris Exhibition, which may be considered as representing the present state of our knowledge on the subject.

A new number of the Quarterly Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club is commenced with January, 1879, and, like its predecessors, contains many articles of great interest in respect to geographical distribution and faunal lists of species, notices of albinism, melanism, the first plumages of American birds, etc.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A STRANGER from the country making a tour through Fulton and Washington markets at this season would be astonished not only at the inconvenient old buildings, and the often untidy aspect of the interiors, but at the immense quantity of meat displayed, and the variety of fruits and vegetables exposed for sale in midwinter. Probably no other markets in the world exhibit such a variety of various out of their season. Early vegetables come to the New York market from all parts of the country, and, as luxuries, command a fancy price. Many of these come from the South, but some of the very first arrivals are from the North. Fresh rhubarb, large, tender, and white, comes as early as January from a farm near Quebec; in March it is sent from Long Island. All through the winter cucumbers come from Boston; but not many people can afford to eat Boston cucumbers in January, for they cost at wholesale six dollars a dozen. They are also sent to our market from other places, but these are inferior in quality, and do not command so high a price. Boston lettuce is crisp and white, and the best radishes come from the same city. Among other vegetables which are seen in our market in winter or early spring, far in advance of their season, are tomatoes from Nassau and Bermuda; onions, potatoes, and beets from Bermuda; asparagus from South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and, later in the season, from Long Island; peas, in January and February, from New Orleans and from Florida, while in April they come from Maryland; string-beans from Florida; turnips from Charleston; and Baltimore spinach is always in the market. The largest supply of cauliflower during the winter comes from Long Island, but about the first of February it is sent from France, as also are artichokes. These luxuries and many others in the vegetable line are almost always obtainable in New York by those who seek novelties for their table, and have money enough to pay for them. And the same is true of many kinds of fruits. For example, strawberries were on sale in this city several weeks ago, but the majority of our citizens contented themselves with looking at them.

The Belfast (Maine) *Journal* gives an interesting account of smelt-fishing on the coast of Maine. For about two months in midwinter the smelt visit the rivers near the coast and are readily caught by hook. The fishermen erect little canvas huts on the ice, cut a hole, drop the line, and patiently wait for a bite. Cold, stormy days are those which bring most success in smelt-fishing.

Not long ago a party of merchants and manufacturers sailed from New Orleans to Mexico for the purpose of opening a wider market for goods in the manufacture and sale of which they are interested. We are a nation of producers, and consumers are wanted. Mexico offers special attractions, as she is in a measure dependent on us, from various circumstances, for supplies to meet her growing civilization, and is prepared to welcome an enterprise which places our products within her reach.

After the Communal insurrection of 1871 in France, a large number of insurgents were condemned to death, imprisonment, or transportation. Several thousand were sent to New Caledonia for life. Three thousand pardons have been granted within the past three years, and in addition President MACMAHON has recently released 1800 more.

There have been some great snow-storms in Connecticut, of which mention is made in the Hartford *Evening Post*: "On December 26, 1872, the snow fell twenty-two inches deep on a level in Hartford; also on January 19, 1857, twenty-four inches deep. On January 16, 16, and 17, 1816, a terrible storm occurred, the snow falling four feet deep on a level in Hartford. The winter of 1741-42 was famous throughout New England for deep snow and intense cold weather, the first heavy snow falling on the 15th of November, giving sleighing which lasted until the 20th of April. In February, 1717, occurred the greatest snow-storm ever known in this section, the snow falling ten feet deep on a level."

A perilous and chilling adventure was that undertaken by Captain Paul Boyton and a companion one night a week or two ago. Captain Boyton having invented an improvement to his famous life-saving suit, proposed to test its practical utility by a midnight swim from the Battery to Staten Island. The adventurers started about eleven o'clock at night, taking in tow a little boat about three feet long, which contained a compass, barometer, a few sky-rockets, a large reflecting light, and some refreshments. When near Governor's Island they came in contact with large fields of ice, from which they encountered much difficulty; and the wreck of the tiny boat, which was crushed between two cakes of ice, increased their trouble. The ice made it almost impossible to land at Staten Island, but the task was accomplished at length, about six o'clock in the morning.

A very singular accident occurred not long ago on the express train from New York to Baltimore. A young gentleman of Princeton College, with two companions, was on the way to Wilmington. While attempting to pass from one car to another while the train was in motion, he was actually blown from the platform by a heavy gust of wind, and killed. There is always a certain risk in passing from car to car while the train is running, and this sad accident is a warning to travellers.

On the coast of Florida, thirty miles from land—so an exchange informs us—there is a light-house, the keeper of which is a young man who sought the place for opportunity to pursue his studies. But he is evidently getting lonesome. In a letter to the department, after enumerating his various wants—needles, thread, stationery, etc.—he concludes with the suggestion that perhaps the department could furnish him a wife. We are not informed whether the required article has been shipped to him.

The youngest child of the Russian Czarowitz has had a hard time in undergoing the ceremony of baptism after the fashion of his native land. The account given of the performance of this rite shows how much discomfort the baby endured. The Czar bore him to the font, where his little Highness was taken out of all his clothes and plunged into the water, head first, three times. The priest closed his eyes and nose with his fingers, but the "august new-born," as he is styled in large capitals in the programme for the day, screamed like any ordinary baby. He was then given to the godmother, wrapped up in blankets, and no doubt quietly while a prayer was said. He was only left in peace for a few moments. The priest anointed his ears, eyes, mouth, hands, and feet with holy oil, that none of those members should do any harm in life. When the little fellow had recovered from this interruption and just begun to quiet down, he was again disturbed and all his hair cut off.

It is a noteworthy fact that any dishonesty which occurs in the Post-office Department is almost certain not to remain long undetected. A letter-carrier who for two months has been stealing letters and taking money from them was detected the other night and arrested. He has gained very little, and has lost his good name, become a felon, and consigns his family to suffering. Stealing letters is a dangerous experiment.

For nearly thirty-two years Sir William Jenner has filled the chair of "morbid anatomy" in University College, London, with remarkable success. The demands upon his time by his appointments and by public duties have compelled his resignation.

An organization has been formed in this city for a most humane purpose, which is indicated by its name—The New York Volunteer Life-saving Society. The construction of a station has been authorized at Pier No. 3, East River.

The New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home was formally opened at Bath on January 23. The corner-stone of this institution was laid on June 13, 1877, by the Grand Army of the Republic, which afterward transferred the Home to the State.

The origin of the plague which is ravaging Russia is traced to Cossack regiments, who probably brought the germs of the disease in their clothes on returning from the war in Turkey. On its first appearance the disease was supposed to be a malignant form of typhus, and was neglected until it had spread from the country of the Cossacks to Astrakhan, and thence toward Moscow. Among the measures of precaution recommended by the International Sanitary Commission, which recently met at Vienna, are the sending of experienced physicians to the infected districts of Russia to study the features of the disease, and the prohibition of importation of all merchandise from the infected localities, and of certain articles from all parts of Russia. The strict quarantine that has been enforced has already tended to check the course of this pestilence.

Now is the time to eat oranges, when they are so fresh and abundant. They are especially recommended to be eaten before breakfast, as a corrective to biliousness and dyspepsia.

Queen Victoria, in a letter to her subjects, has gratefully expressed her appreciation of the sympathy shown in her recent bereavements.

It is related of Bishop Simpson that when about to begin a lecture before the Yale theological students not long ago he was seen to be searching for something. "Young gentlemen," he said at length, "I find myself in the position of the preacher who was informed by a lady that thirdly had flown out of the window." A part of his manuscript was missing, and while Professor Fisher went away to search for it, the bishop entertained his audience with half an hour's talk on President Lincoln. Then the manuscript appeared, and the lecture began.

A new winter amusement has been inaugurated in Washington, which will afford much pleasure to those who spend the season at the capital. A skating rink has been constructed, the foundation for the ice being asphalt of the best quality, and affording a surface of nearly 10,000 square feet for the performers on roller-skates. This graceful and healthful exercise is greatly enjoyed by the ladies and gentlemen of Washington.

A journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem now occupies about ten hours on horseback. Merchandise is carried on mules or camels. But it will not be long, probably, before one can go from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail. Several years ago a French company obtained the right to construct a railroad between the two cities, and recently engineers have made the final survey, with a view to breaking ground immediately. The present roads are wretched; and as many strangers, including Eastern pilgrims, annually visit Jerusalem, it is probable that a railway would be well patronized.

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M. JULES GREVY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

MARSHAL M'MAHON, THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

THE steady growth of republican ideas and habits of action among the French people is strikingly illustrated by the recent changes in the government of that country. Marshal M'MAHON resigns, and M. JULES GREVY, a Republican of the most pronounced character, succeeds him, with no more popular enthusiasm than attends the inauguration of a new President at Washington. The change is undoubtedly for the better. The sturdy and stubborn old marshal has little sympathy with republican ideas and forms of government, and while there has never been a doubt as to his honesty of purpose, or his fidelity to his oath of office, it has been long apparent that his *régime* was injurious to the highest interests of France. The new President is, on the contrary, in full accord with republican ideas. During his long public career, extending through half a century, he has always been the steady advocate of popular government, and since the death of THIERS he has been regarded as the natural leader of the Republican party in France.

FRANÇOIS PAUL JULES GREVY was born at Mont-sous-Vaudrez, in the Department of the Jura, on the 15th of August, 1813. He was educated at the College of Poligny, and studied law in Paris. His parents—well-to-do people engaged in agriculture—had brought him up strictly, and when he left his mountain home to begin his college course his character was already well formed. His comrades called him austere. He pursued his studies with laborious effort, and graduated with honors. Scarcely was he *coiffé* in the law school finished when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, and young GREVY took an active part in it. With the return of peace he resumed his law practice, and gained great distinction by defending persons who were prosecuted for political offenses.

The revolution of 1848 again called him into public life. He was elected to the National Assembly from his native district. Taking a seat with the new party, he voted with it for the abolition of capital punishment and for the banishment of the ORLEANS family. He also proposed an amendment to the Constitution providing for the removal of the Executive at the will of the National Assembly, but the measure was not carried. It was especially aimed at General CAVAIGNAC and LOUIS NAPOLEON, both of whom he suspected of ambitious designs against the Republic. In his speech supporting the amendment he foreshadowed with remarkable correctness the events of 1851. When the *coup d'état* occurred, M. GREVY left the political arena once more, and did not reappear in public life until 1868, when the Jura sent him to the Corps Législatif.

In 1871 he was for the third time elected to the Assembly, and soon after the opening of the session he was chosen President by an almost unanimous vote. Two years later he resigned this office, and since that time has kept quietly in the background of politics, until his recent elevation to the Presidency of the Republic.

M. GREVY enjoys the reputation of being a safe, impartial, and moderate man, endowed with great courage and firmness. He never acquiesced in the extreme measures sometimes advocated by his party, and always opposed the schemes introduced into the Assembly by the Socialists.

SCENE IN CABOOL—MAIN STREET IN THE BAZAR IN THE FRUIT SEASON.—[SEE PAGE 137.]

A FIRE IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON.

FIRES IN LONDON.

Most of the great cities of the world have suffered more from frequent and disastrous fires than London. As early as 764 there was an extensive conflagration which laid waste a large portion of the town, and in 798 it was nearly destroyed by great fires, traces of which in charred wood and other remains, lying above the Roman relics, are frequently met with in excavations. In the latter part of the tenth century the Abbey of Westminster was burned by the Danes, as was also St. Paul's Cathedral. The abbey was rebuilt by King EDGAR, under the influence of that renowned saint who pulled the devil's nose—DUNSTAN. St Paul's was also rebuilt in 961, and the new edifice remained standing until 1077, when fire once more destroyed the pile, and the memorable Old St. Paul's was erected in its place. About twenty years later another tremendous fire swept away the greater part of the city, and the inhabitants, terrified by these frequent conflagrations, withdrew for the most part beyond the city walls, outside Ludgate, and built houses on the banks of the Fleet. In 1212 a fire broke out in Southwark, crossed the river, and made fearful havoc. When the flames had subsided, the charred bodies of 3000 persons were found. In 1463 Leadenhall, built by Alderman Sir Simon EYRE for a public granary, was totally destroyed, together with a large number of other buildings.

The most memorable conflagration that ever took place in London was, of course, the Great Fire of 1666. This broke out in the house of the king's baker, FARRYNER, in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street Hill. Fanned by a strong east erly wind, the flames spread, and for four days and nights raged without intermission. At one time 10,000 houses were wrapped in a single sheet of flame. Writers declare that the amazing horror of the scene that presented itself baffles description. EVELYN exclaims, "Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration." The Rev. Mr VINCENT, also an eye-witness, says, "The burning was in the fashion of a bow, which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point." Mr GEORGE EMERSON tells us: "The lurid cloud was estimated to be fifty miles long. We have read that the glare in the sky was perceptible from the Cheviot Hills in Scot

land, but hesitate to accept the statement. It must have been a wondrous spectacle. Steeples, towers, mansions, all in flames; walls tottering and falling, and bright tongues of flame leaping up from the shattered roofs. Amid the general ruins the tower of St. Paul's was a pinnacle of flame, and the walls of the Guildhall stood literally red-hot, like a 'palace of gold or burnished brass.' For ten miles round the place was as light as day. The terror-stricken citizens, rendered thus suddenly homeless and outcasts, fled to the fields, bearing what they could of their most valuable household goods. At Islington and Hampstead, and St. George's Fields and Lambeth, they crouched on the bare ground, and watched the ceaseless flame and clouds of fire hanging over the devoted city." The misery and tribulation of these poor creatures can scarcely be estimated at the present day. The country districts furnished provisions, and by royal proclamation markets were established, to which food was to be brought. All churches and chapels were ordered to be open to receive such goods as had been saved from the flames, and the authorities of county towns were called upon to "assist distressed persons, sufferers by the fire, and allow them to follow their manual trades." When the terrible conflagration finally ceased, five-sixths of the great city had been swept away. There were 436 acres of ruins, and only 75 acres left still covered with houses. Thus 400 streets, 89 churches, 13,200 dwelling-houses, 4 city gates, and nearly all the old conventual edifices were destroyed. Once more the great cathedral was in ruins. It is believed that the value of the property destroyed was little less than $50,000,000.

This terrible disaster appalled the entire nation. The more thoughtful saw in it an imperative and awful warning for the future against the construction of tenements of such frail material as those whose smoking ruins strewed the site of the metropolis. Architects, who thought most of their art, saw the possibility of erecting on the now vacant ground a splendid city of regular proportions, with wide straight streets, open places, and magnificent buildings. Timid persons and fanatics believed that the devastating flame was a messenger of Divine wrath, not so much for the general sins of the people as for the special sin of gluttony, and pointed out with solemn puerility that the fire began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pye Corner, where for many years afterward the figure of a fat boy stood with this inscription on the stomach: "This boy is in memory put up for the late fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666." This absurdity is almost paralleled, however, by two stanzas indited by the great Dryden, which account for the cessation of the fire in a manner that would be ludicrous if it were not irreverent:

"At length the Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touched His melting breast,
He saw the town one-half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

"An hollow crystal pyramid He takes,
In firmamental waters dipped above;
Of it a broad extinguisher He makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove."

During the eighteenth century many great fires destroyed at various times portions of London. In January, 1714, more than one hundred houses were destroyed in Thames Street, and many lives were lost. One memorable conflagration broke out at Ratcliffe in July, 1794, and almost revived the horrors of 1666. It raged for two days, and entirely destroyed 630 dwellings, a large East India warehouse, and other property of great value. There was a grand celebration, attended with fatal results, in the parks of London, on the occasion of the commemoration of the peace of 1814. In St. James's Park Chinese lanterns adorned the Mall and Bird-cage Walk, and a bridge built in the Chinese style was thrown across the canal, and surmounted by a lofty pagoda for the exhibition of fire-works. About twelve o'clock at night, just as the fun was fast and furious, the pagoda caught fire and was entirely destroyed, several persons losing their lives. On the night of the 16th of October, 1834, a tremendous fire swept away the old Houses of Parliament.

A few years ago a terrible fire took place in London at a hotel situated in the most fashionable part of the city. The fire was discovered by a police officer, who observed smoke issuing from the windows on one corner of the first floor. Several persons quickly made their appearance at the front and back windows in their night clothes. Such a strong hold had the fire obtained that in less than ten minutes the flames were shooting forth from the windows with great fury, and extending nearly half way across the street. The police officer on giving the alarm had the presence of mind to send messengers for the fire-escapes and engines, consequently they appeared early on the scene. The first object sought to be accomplished was the rescue of the inmates, but before ladders or the escapes could be placed in the front of the building a number of persons got out upon a small balcony over the doorway, and being assisted by the police and neighbors, they were enabled to effect their escape in safety. The persons on the upper floors were obliged to remain until the escapes could be placed to their windows. As soon as that was done, several of them entered the machines and were received below in safety; but in spite of every effort made there was a great loss of life. The hotel was a cruciform structure of great breadth of frontage, and of considerable depth both in flank and base. Its principal defect lay in the fact that there was no escape from the upper rooms to the main doors except by a single staircase. Nor was it possible that any one could escape from the midst of the flames, should the usual communication by staircase be cut off, except through a door leading to the roof. Unfortunately this was precisely what happened, and was undoubtedly the cause of so many persons losing their lives. Several hair-breadth escapes were experienced by parties on the premises. Two ladies were saved by rushing from the building in their night dresses, and making their escape from the balcony of the hotel on the shoulders of the populace; two others were rescued by the fire-escape, while one or two more escaped by the roof.

Of late there has been so much attention paid in all great cities to the subject of extinguishing fires that the destruction of property and loss of life from this cause do not compare with what they were formerly. The Fire Department of London is so carefully organized and supplied with such immense facilities for struggling with this fearful element that wonders are achieved in the way of controlling it. It is, however, the same in all great cities in our own country as well as in Europe. As Mr. Little says, in his volume addressed to our American firemen: "To a person not a resident of the larger cities, and who is unused to witness the promptitude and alacrity with which the city firemen muster at an alarm, and the facility with which they conquer the fiery element, the speedy manner in which it is effected is little less than miraculous. You are horror-struck at viewing erections of the most combustible description exposed to the combined action of vast sheets of flame and a raging wind; and before you have time to reflect on the amount of property likely to be destroyed, the exposure to be endured, and the lives placed in jeopardy, behold! the destructive element is conquered, its crimson tongues which hissed defiance are silenced, and the languid struggles of the palsied flames exhibit the impotence of the dying gladiator."

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It is a pity that so good a story should be spoiled by prosaic facts. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: "About a couple of years ago I wished to make use of this story, and therefore inquired of the friend from whom I had first heard it for such authentication as he could obtain. He took some pains in the matter, and the result was that the story entirely failed. André was attached, but not engaged, to the beautiful and accomplished Honora Sneyd, who afterward became the wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and died of consumption on April 30, 1780, five months and two days before the execution of André. Further, it was discovered that the representatives of André's family utterly deny the truth of the story, and treat it as a fabrication. Anna Seward, who wrote the 'Monody on the Death of Major André,' was a bosom-friend of Honora Sneyd."

No doubt a great many "authentic" ghost stories, which have passed unchallenged into the literature of the marvellous and the supernatural, would share the fate of this one if careful inquiry were made into their origin and history. This, of course, is not always an easy task to accomplish. Such stories generally have a long run as oral traditions before any one feels an interest in tracing them out; and the longer they pass unchallenged, the more difficult it becomes to disprove them.

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DEER-STALKING IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.—[See Page 140.]

EDUCATIONAL FLIRTS.

CYNICS have asked whether the ardent desire of woman to be educated has produced that new variety of man, the educational flirt, or whether the existence of educational flirts has produced the novel wish to be educated. It is impossible to give a direct answer to this question. Flirtation and education, the study of mathematics and political economy by ladies, the study of ladies and of their "character" by men, have advanced together. They act and react on each other; their influences can not be disentangled. If we are very earnest believers in the higher education of women, we may look on the educational flirt as an unconscious instrument in the spread of learning. He flits about like the bee to amuse himself and gather honey, but he scatters a good deal of learned dust as he flits. He is not always a very candid person, he may not always know his own intentions very clearly, but, on the whole, his influence is not all bad. This is not a very high compliment, to be sure, for the influence of war, pestilence, and famine seems to many philosophers to be beneficial in the long-run. When education has become a recognized and organized thing, when all women who care for it are instructed like men as a matter of course, the occupation of the didactic flirt will be gone. He will no longer have the charm of rarity and mystery. He will turn out to be no wiser than his brethren. He will cease to seem to possess strange secrets and hidden lore. No one will believe in him; he will be found out, and will be reduced to the rank of other unprivileged men. While he is as dear to the fair as "the officers" were to Miss Austen's Liddy and Kitty, his fellow-men speak harshly of him, and "can not see what women see in him." Soon he will have to discover some new way of being interesting, for the class of "dons of the world" has no permanent qualities. Meantime its members, if we may judge by ladies' novels, have temporarily succeeded to the old heroic hero, the brutally rude hero, the tenderly religious hero, and the ordinary pleasant young man. One drawback in their characters is certain to prove fatal to them with the novelist. They are too apt to shake their light wings and flit on, leaving a novel and a flirtation to end not well.

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"I am a hart, by Greekes surnamed so,
Because my head doth with their tearmes agree;
For stately shape few such on earth do goe,
So that by right they have so termid me.
For kings' delight, it seems, I was ordayned,
Whose huntsmen yet pursue me day by day;
In forrest, chace, and parke I am constrained
Before their houndes to wander many a way.
Wherefore who lyst to learn the perfect trade
Of venerie, and therewith all would knowe
What properties and vertues nature made
In me, pour hart (O harmlesse hart!), to grow,
Let him give ear to skillful TURBERVILE's lore,
To PHŒBUS, FOWYLLOCS, and many more."

No animal figures so conspicuously in literature as the deer. In addition to the ancient writers whose names are mentioned in the lines just quoted, ARISTOTLE, PLINY, and JUVENAL all give him a place in their pages, and Master JOHN MANWOOD, as he is called by his disciples in the art of hunting, enumerates several instances in which the animal is spoken of in the Scriptures: "And again we read that ISAAC loved ESAU because he did eat of his venison. We read that SOLOMON had allowed him every day for his kingly diet certain harts and bucks for venison." Modern writers have produced whole volumes with the deer for a subject. Mr SCROPE gives us a work of some four hundred pages describing his experiences of deer-stalking in the forest of Atholl, and CHARLES PARK COLLYNS adds to the copious literature on the subject a volume filled with entertaining anecdotes relating to the chase of the deer from the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror to the present day. These have to do with Great Britain only, but as deer are found in nearly every country of the globe, the presumption is that it would only take a small amount of research to unearth a score of volumes in other tongues devoted to the same weighty matter.

In the past, however, as at the present time, Great Britain has been, *par excellence*, the land of sport. Long before the Norman conquest the Saxon thanes had their deer parks, and in those days the "wild red deer" were common all over merrie England. Stag hunting was not only the great recreation of early kings and nobles in time of peace, but also a national pastime in which the people were indulged on high days and holidays. At one time the forest of Exmoor existed as a "royal forest," and the preservation of the red deer was a matter of great solicitude. MANWOOD mentions a curious fact which he found on record in the Castle of Nottingham. It is dated in the time of RICHARD I., who, having roused a hart in the forest of Sherwood, pursued him as far as Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, where the animal foiled and escaped his hounds. The king, in gratitude for the diversion he had received, caused the hart to be immediately "proclaimed" at Tickell and all the neighboring towns. The purport of this was that the people were forbidden to molest the animal, so that he might have full liberty to return to his native forest. In the time of HENRY III., some gentlemen having destroyed a white hart which had given the king much diversion, and which had probably been proclaimed, his Majesty laid a heavy fine upon their lands, an acknowledgment of which was paid into the exchequer as late as the reign of Queen ELIZABETH. Formerly the great Highland chieftains used to hunt with all the magnificence of Eastern monarchs, assembling four or five thousand of their clan, who drove the deer into the toils, or toward the stations where the lairds had placed themselves. But as the chase was frequently used as a pretence for collecting their vassals for rebellious purposes, an act was passed prohibiting any assembly of the kind.

Anecdotes of deer-hunting abound, and not a few of them go to show that these animals are not always so harmless and shy of man as would appear from the descriptions given of them by many sentimental writers. A very old and well-known deer had through many a hunting season evaded the vigilance of the harbourer in the Dulverton country, and had so artfully concealed himself that he was never found by the hounds. In vain was he sought for, and long after the autumn hind-hunting was over, and when the hounds were in kennel for the winter, intelligence was brought to the master that the stag was now actually in Haddon. The hospitable hall was full of gentlemen; and wishing to show them sport, the master gave the word of command to wakennel the hounds and try for the "muckle hart." In half an hour the parts were in the saddle. The animal was soon found by the pack; but he was a strange and ghastly-looking beast, his neck swelled to a tremendous size, and his body as lean as a greyhound. He looked wholly unfit to run, but by no means unprepared to fight *à l'outrance*. Still, after gazing a while angrily at his foes, he turned his head to the wind and soon left the hunters behind. Following on the line, however, the hunters at last heard the hounds at bay, and soon came upon a scene unprecedented in the annals of deer-hunting. "In the middle of a large field," says the narrator, "stood a mighty oak, whose 'giant bole' might have witnessed the death of many a stag in good Queen BESS's time, and beneath the outstretching arms, with his hind-quarters against the tree, stood the persecuted beast. Jan in an evil moment had drafted out some of his best entries *to give them blood*, and three of them lay dead at the feet of the quarry. The old hounds, gathered in a semicircle,

'At cautious distance hoarsely bayed;'

and the deer, though he moved not from his place, seemed ready to encounter any one for whose courage or imprudence might induce him to try conclusions with him. Alas, that I should relate it! The hounds were called off to a respectful distance, but the deer's attention was still engaged in front. A rope was sent for and brought from a farm-house two miles distant, and one sportsman (?) more adventurous than the rest climbed the oak (would that he had hung in its branches by the hair of his head!), and dropped a noose over the devoted head of the victim. The deer was killed—and most unfairly killed. Had he discovered the treachery, and bolted from his position, I will not venture to say what might have been the fate of more than one bold sportsman, who, unhorsed and standing around, waited the issue of the scene."

Mr SCROPE relates that the Duke of Atholl, having wounded a stag, a deer hound was loosed, which seized the animal by the ear. The stag, on being approached by the nobleman, prepared to attack him, but while in the act of doing so was shot by him through the head. He also mentions an attack made by a stag on a carriage and horses. So deliberate was the assault that, although the postilion drove rapidly past the deer, he rounded the carriage, stopped in the middle of the road, and plunged his antlers into one of the horses, which died about two hours after. Another remarkable instance of the unprovoked ferocity of the deer is vouched for by Mr COLLYNS. He says: "When quite a lad I remember a stag in the park at Powderham, in Devonshire, the seat of the Earl of Devon, that was a terror to all the boys and girls who occasionally passed through the park, and more than once have I climbed a tree and remained there several hours in order to escape him. I also witnessed his death, after a most melancholy occurrence, which was as follows. FANNY TUCKER, a pensioner of the then Lord COURTENAY, was daily employed to carry corn across the park to an aviary. 'Old Dick,' for by that name was the deer known, knew her time of passing so well that he almost always placed himself in her track, and received a handful of corn as she went along. It happened one day that the ill-fated woman was earlier than usual, and the deer was not at his post, but on her way back he made his appearance. Alas! she had reserved no corn for Old Dick, and enraged at this, he pierced her through with his horns, and killed her on the spot. Lord COURTENAY, of course, had the deer at once destroyed. In the parish register of deaths the reader will find the following entry: 1813, December 14, FRANCES TUCKER, killed by a stag."

At present red deer are almost unknown in England, in consequence of the cultivated state of the country; but in Scotland they still abound in vast numbers, some herds counting as many as two thousand head. The large tracts of land in Scotland on which deer are preserved, and which are called "forests," are not, as might be supposed, densely wooded lands, but consist of mountainous districts covered with heather, and intersected with deep glens and corries, morasses, and patches of pasture land. These forests comprise many hundred thousand acres of land, devoted almost exclusively to deer, as no sheep are ever permitted to intrude, and even grouse are not always protected, as their presence interferes with the hunter. In Scotland deer are killed either by driving or stalking.

It is a stalking scene that is depicted in our double-page engraving. Deer-stalking demands great experience and ability on the part of the hunter. The "Old Shekarry," a most reliable authority, says: "It requires a considerable knowledge of woodcraft, besides coolness, great endurance, prodigious powers of exertion, combined with the gifts of a steady hand and a quick eye." To these, if we may trust Mr SCROPE, should be added an unusual number of intellectual attributes. In describing the ideal deer-stalker, he says: "As to mental endowments, your sportsman should have the qualifications of a Ulysses and a Philidor combined; he should be wary and circumspect, never going rashly to work, but surveying all his ground accurately before he commences operations, and previously calculating all his chances both of success and failure; patient under suspense and disappointment, calm and unruffled in moments of intense interest, whether fortune seems to frown or smile on his exertions; and if his bosom must throb at such times, when hopes and fears by turns assail it, he should at all events keep such sensations under rigid control, not suffering them to interfere with his equanimity, or to disturb the coolness and self-possession which at such moments are more than ever necessary to his operations."

CURIOUS MODES OF TAKING OATHS.

THE peculiarities attending the solemnity of oath-taking in various countries, and among different sects or parties, present some curious features, not only in connection with the terms of the adjuration, but the actions employed to render them more forcible or impressive. In the Holy Scriptures we find it was usual for the oath-taker to place his hand under the thigh, or to raise it toward heaven. Among other forms of adjuration the Hebrews and Egyptians swore by the head or the life of an absent as well as a present prince. Hanway says that among the most sacred oaths of the Persians was by "the king's head." The oath-taker swore sometimes by his own head or some precious part of his body, as his eyes, etc. In the case of the later Jews, the earth, the heavens, and the sun, as well as angels, were adjured, as also the Temple, Jerusalem, etc.; the phylactery was sometimes touched on taking an oath. Selden says the Jews were accustomed to swear laying the hand on the Book of the Law; and from this may have arisen the practice of swearing on the Gospels, prevalent at an early period throughout Christendom.

The Greeks have a special reverence for oaths; those who observed them truly were designated "pious." The adjurations were multifarious, and were commonly by the god to whom the business in which men were engaged or the place in which they were belonged. Thus, in the market, Mercury was invoked, Ceres by ploughmen, etc.; a particular oath of the Ionians was by cole-wort, dogs, geese, and plane-trees; sometimes they swore by the ground on which they stood. The fisherman swore by his nets, a soldier by his spear; kings and princes usually adjured by their sceptre. The manner of swearing was by lifting up the hands to heaven, or placing them on the altar. The Arcadians swore by the waters of Styx; Hesiod mentions that the great oath of the gods was "by the Stygian lake." Some Greek oath-takers held their garments and pointed a sword toward the throat, invoking heaven, earth, or the Furies. The ancient Roman swore by his faith or honor. Livy tells us that the sanctity of an oath had more influence than the fear of laws and punishment.

The Orientals and ancient Persians swore by the sun, while the Scythians adjured the air, and a more tangible object, the cimeter. The early Anglo-Saxons, like the Celts and Northern nations, laid their hands on some pillar of stone. Before the introduction of Christianity, Freia, the wife of Woden, was a frequent attestator of oaths. Among the Frisii, or Frieslanders, a most solemn appeal was to take up a lock of hair with the left hand and to lay two fingers of the right upon it. The Franks were accustomed to swear holding straws in their hands. The ancient Byzantines swore by their own copper coins; this was an old German custom before the introduction of Christianity. Our readers will remember the scene depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, of Harold taking the oath to William, Duke of Normandy. The authority on which the circumstance chiefly rests is that of the "Roman de Rou," of Robert Wace, written about fifty years after the conquest:

"The duke led him toward the chest,
And made him stay by the chest;
From the chest he took the pall
Which had concealed all.
To Harold he then showed
On what relics he had sworn;
Harold was sadly alarmed
At the relics he showed him."

The same writer relates that at the siege of Alençon, William was roused to fury by seeing the people spreading skins and crying, "Hides, hides for the tanner!" an insult aimed at his mother. According to the poet he

"Jura par la resplendor Dé
Court seront ceux servement"

that the men who mocked should be lopped limb from limb, like branches from a tree. He kept his fearful oath.

Richard the First, on taking his coronation oath in 1189, laid his hand upon the Holy Evangelists and the relics of certain saints. The oath administered to the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, etc., of London in this reign ended with, "So God you help and the saints." In the ninth charter of London, granted by Henry the Third, it is recorded that the citizens shall not be allowed to swear upon the graves of the dead—a practice which had been attended with gross abuses.

The "vow of the peacock" originated from a custom in the Middle Ages of serving up a peacock at table, on which the knights swore to perform deeds of prowess. Gibbon relates that at a feast given by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, at Lille, soon after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, a herald advanced bearing on his fist a live pheasant, which, according to the rites of chivalry, he presented to the duke. At this extraordinary summons he took an oath to engage in the holy war against the Turks. His example was imitated by the knights, who swore by God, the Virgin, the ladies, and the pheasant. Ashmole observes that the vow of the peacock was one of the most solemn taken by knights.

Mohammed the Second, in 1463, gave a charter to the Bosnian Franciscans, the Atnams. The Sultan in this firman says: "And I swear by the great God, the creator of heaven and earth, by the seven books, by the great prophets, by the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets, and by the sabre which I wear, that no one shall act counter to these commands as long as these monks do my bidding and are obedient in my service."

Several oaths of the Middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as oaths upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands; by taking hold of the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets, and others. Concerning the bracelet oath, Sir Henry Ellis has observed that Arngrim Jonas, in his work on Iceland, describes a bracelet of twenty ounces weight, which was kept upon the altar, and, being sprinkled with the blood of victims, was touched by those who took any solemn oaths. He says it was either of silver, or of silver and brass mixed. He adds, on another page, that for this purpose it was worn on the judge's arm during trial. Sir Henry Ellis was reminded by this "of a very remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicles, made under the year 876, where, when the Danes made peace with the English Alfred, at Wareham, in Wessex, they gave him the noblest among them as hostages, and swore an oath to him on the holy bracelet."

Of swearing on the sword, we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540 he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary; whereupon the king drew his sword, and extended it before him, saying, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice as a testimony from us and our heirs to you and all our subjects faithfully to guide, guard, and rule you, and, for confirmation, stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity that to us and our heirs you have freely offered." Hearing this, the States approached—senators, nobles, citizens, peasants, all laid their hands on the royal sword, and each took the oath of allegiance and fidelity.

Swearing on the cross was practiced by the Russians from early times; thus, in 1557, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Sweden, Ivan ratified it by kissing the cross before the eyes of the ambassadors—a ceremony that was repeated by his representative at Stockholm in the presence of the Swedish monarch.

In the reform of the statutes of the Order of the Garter by Henry the Eighth, the knights were enjoined to make a general oath upon the Holy Gospels to obey the statutes "without fraud or delusion," touching the book and kissing the cross.

Selden mentions an oath taken by the Spaniards, which is very curious: "If I first designedly fail of this oath on that day, ye Powers above, torment me my body in this life, and my soul in the next with horrid tortures. Make my strength and my words fail. In battle let my horse and arms and spurs and subjects fail me when need is sorest." This oath was confirmed by the parties sharing between them the consecrated wafer.

The "oath by the bosom," formerly observed in Germany, had a curious and interesting origin. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from the neck, a small copy of the Gospel; so the hand, when laid upon the breast, was in reality laid upon the Gospel. Chrysostom mentions a similar custom as prevailing in his time.

A curious custom observed on taking an oath in the Mine Court of the Forest of Dean, dating apparently from the thirteenth century, and continued until the middle of the eighteenth, is thus related: "The witnesses in giving evidence wore their caps, to show that they were free miners, and took the usual oath, touching the Book of the Four Gospels with a stick of holly, so as not to soil the sacred volume with their miry hands."

The Chinese have a curious mode of oath taking. Some years ago two Chinese sailors were examined at the Thames Police Court on the charge of assaulting one of their countrymen. The complainant was examined according to the practice of his country. A Chinese saucer was given to him, and another to the interpreter, and they both advanced to the window, directing their eyes to heaven, and repeating in their own tongue the following words: "In the face of God I break this saucer. If it comes together again, Chinaman has told a lie, and expects not to live five days; if it remain asunder, Chinaman has told the truth, and escapes the vengeance of the Almighty." They then smashed the saucers in pieces on the floor, and returned to their places to be examined.

In the Koran are some curious forms of oath. The Mohammedans do not employ adjurations in their judicial proceedings, but regard deliberate perjury, even when extra-judicially committed, as incurring God's vengeance. The sacred oath in Persia is "by the holy grave," that is, the tomb of Shah Hossein, who is buried in Cashmere. Jews are sworn on the Pentateuch, keeping on their hats, and the oath ends with the words, "So help you Jehovah."

The elastic character of an oath is given by Leonard Lessius, who affirms "that equivocation and mental restriction may be used." This reminds us of Hudibras:

"Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear,
Or whether it be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must
T' inform my conscience, be discust.
* * * * *
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ANXIOUS MOMENTS.—[Drawn by Gaston Fay.]

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ciating at her gypsy table, where the silver tea-kettle of Queen Anne's time was going through its usual sputtering performances. To sit in a fashionable gown—however difficult the gown might be to sit in—and dispense tea to a local duchess, was Mrs. Carmichael's loftiest idea of earthly happiness. Of course there might be a superior kind of happiness beyond earth; but to appreciate that, the weak human soul would have to go through a troublesome ordeal in the way of preparation, as the gray cloth at Hoyle's printing-works is dashed about in gigantic vats and whirled round upon mighty wheels before it is ready for the reception of particular dyes.

Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow had a longish chat in the deep-set window where Vixen watched for Rorie on his twenty-first birthday. The conversation came round to Irish politics somehow, and Lord Mallow was enraptured at discovering that Lady Mabel had read his speeches, or had heard them read. He had met many young ladies who professed to be interested in his Irish politics, but never before had he encountered one who seemed to know what she was talking about. Lord Mallow was enchanted. He had found his host's lively step-daughter stonily indifferent to the Hibernian cause. She had said, "Poor things!" once or twice, when he dilated on the wrongs of an oppressed people; but her ideas upon all Hibernian subjects were narrow. She seemed to imagine Ireland a vast sheet of bog chiefly inhabited by pigs.

"There are mountains, are there not?" the remarked once; "and tourists go there. But nobody lives there, do they?"

"My dear Miss Tempest, there are charming country-seats. If you were to see the outskirts of Waterford or the hills above Cork you would find almost as many fine mansions as in England."

"Really!" exclaimed Vixen, with most bewitching incredulity; "but people don't live in them? Now I'm sure you can not tell me honestly that any one lives in Ireland. You, for instance, you talk most enthusiastically about your beautiful country, but you don't live in it."

"I go there every year for the fishing."

"Yes; but gentlemen will go to the most uncomfortable places for fishing—Norway, for example. You go to Ireland just as you go to Norway."

"I admit that the fishing in Connemara is rather remote from civilization—"

"Of course. It is at the other end of every thing. And then you go into the House of Commons, and rave about Ireland just as if you loved her as I love the Forest, where I hope to live and die. I think all this wild enthusiasm about Ireland is the silliest thing in the world when it comes from the lips of land-owners who won't pay their beloved country the compliment of six months' residence out of the twelve."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PIGEON SHOW.

An exhibition of pigeons is one that might naturally attract many visitors, for there are few creatures more charming as pets, or better deserving of the care and attention lavished upon them. When, however, the first pigeon show was held in our city, some years ago, the management was disappointed to find that the interest taken in them was confined to a comparatively few persons. The exhibition that was inaugurated on Tuesday, February 4, at the New York Aquarium, was, however, much more successful, and the members of the National Columbarian Society have the satisfaction of knowing that they have finally awakened a general interest in the beautiful varieties they have taken so much pains to introduce into this country.

Few people who have not specially interested themselves in ornithological studies can imagine the extent of the pigeon family, or the number of its ramifications. Only one species of pigeon has been truly domesticated, but this has undergone many remarkable changes. There are now among home-bred pigeons many varieties or breeds, exhibiting strange peculiarities. These were all represented at the recent show, and afforded an interesting study to many who had before no conception of the struggle to rise above commonplace uniformity that is perpetually going on in the pigeon world. Among the most interesting varieties, as well as those most frequently met with, are the Jacobin, which has a range of feathers inverted over the head and extending down each side of the neck as a hood; the fan-tail, in which the number of tail feathers is greatly increased, and the bird has the power of erecting its tail in the same manner as a turkey-cock, whilst it also has a peculiar vibratory motion; the tumbler, so called from tumbling in the air in its flight, and further characterized by a very short bill; and the pouter, or cropper, which has the power of blowing up its crop to an extraordinary degree, so that the head seems fastened on the top of an inflated bladder. The further efforts of pigeons to differentiate themselves are too numerous to be mentioned, but many of them are indicated by the names they bear, as for, instance, trumpeters, bald-heads, beards, coots, etc.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable among these infinitely various birds is the carrier-pigeon, although the useful little creature bears no peculiar mark to distinguish it from its most commonplace fellows. Carrier-pigeons were abundantly represented at the exhibition, and one collection, numbering about one hundred, from New Jersey, was valued at $10,000. The owner of these birds, Mr. Louis Waeffelaer, of Hoboken, was in constant attendance at the Aquarium, and would allow no one to approach the cage of his birds too closely. Mr. Waeffelaer was also the fortunate possessor of three pairs of Antwerp flying-pigeons, whose cage occupied the place of honor in the exhibition. These birds were recently imported from Belgium, and are valued at $100 a pair. They have travelled distances varying from three hundred to six hundred miles, and have come out victorious in all matches to which they were entered. On the wing feathers of each bird are marked the number of miles it has flown and the number of matches it has won. The carrier-pigeon has probably been more used in the Turkish dominions than in any other country, and has often been intrusted with important messages both in affairs of war and commerce. Its rate of flight is not less than thirty miles an hour, and it has been known to pass over great distances still more rapidly. On the afternoon of the first day of the exhibition a flight of carrier-pigeons took place. Some forty birds were taken out to the sidewalk in front of the building and let loose almost at the same moment. Some of them seemed bewildered by their sudden freedom, but the larger number rose at once, and after circling round and round until they reached a considerable height, started in different directions toward their various homes. A number of them had only a short journey to make to certain points in the city, but some were obliged to make their way to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities before reaching their accustomed dwelling-places. On their arrival the news was immediately telegraphed back to New York.

There were nearly two thousand birds registered at the exhibition, sketches from which will be found on page 152. Their wooden cages extended along the walls of the entire building, and their cooing created a constant Babel of soft harmonious sounds. The exhibitors of those that were adjudged worthy of such honor received prizes of fifteen dollars each, the management desiring to stimulate the raising of rare and peculiar breeds in this country. The whole scene was immensely appreciated by the little folks, many of whom had doubtless parted with their pets to swell the exhibition. It is not likely that pigeon-fancying will ever become as popular in America as it is in England; but the taste is one that might with great propriety be cultivated. No other birds are more affectionate and interesting, especially the erratic little tumblers, which delight in being stroked and fondled. They make a most interesting addition to a country house, while as pets they repay the care and affection devoted to them.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday, 24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday, 26.—Ash-Wednesday.

"SENSATIONALISM in the pulpit" is now under a searching examination. Dr. TALMAGE, who is considered, whether rightly or wrongly, to be its defender, is under examination as to his pulpit and church methods by a committee of the Brooklyn Presbytery. Professor DAVID SWING, of Chicago, has made it the subject of one of his recent addresses to the vast audience which he gathers to hear him in M'Vicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR discusses the theme in the *North American Review*. Surely, with so much instruction and illustration, the occupants of the pulpit will learn how to do their work. The discussion is one of the healthiest of the signs of the times. It indicates a desire on the part of the people to get rid of a merely perfunctory method of performing ministerial duty. It indicates, too, a desire that a minister shall study his audiences as well as his books; shall learn their cares and sorrows, their hopes and fears; and shall talk to them less professionally and more as a sympathetic man to men who want sympathy.

The *Observer* calls attention to an important bill which is now in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the Lower House of Congress. The facts are these: Under the lead of a Neapolitan Jesuit named GASPARRI, the Legislature of New Mexico has passed a bill which allows the Jesuit fathers to hold an unlimited amount of property in the Territory, and exempts all they hold from taxation. The bill does not require the corporators under it to be citizens, and its neglect to limit the amount of property held is contrary to public policy. The Governor of the Territory vetoed it, but his veto was overridden. The Senate of the United States has passed an act setting aside this Territorial law, but the House is tardy in acting. Such monstrous legislation as this ought to be promptly abrogated, and the Jesuits taught a needed lesson.

All the romance of the Orient will soon be gone. English capitalists are making of "the bitumen, petroleum, sulphur, and salt" of the Dead Sea region in Palestine a profitable commerce. The trade in Dead Sea salt especially is proving to be large. A railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is on the way to completion. There are now three American colonies in Palestine, and all of them are said to be prosperous. Thus the West is steadily encroaching on the old habitudes of the East.

The compilers of the English Baptist Year-Book carefully collect the statistics of their denomination throughout the world. The preponderance of Baptists in the United States is so great that outside of our country their numbers appear small. The total of communicants for the whole world is 2,475,098, of this number a little over 2,000,000 are in the United States, 270,348 in Great Britain and Ireland, 98,344 in the British colonies, and 7400 in India and Ceylon. The increase in Great Britain and Ireland for 1878 was 6513. The total number of Baptist ministers is 17,983; of these over 14,500 are in this country, and 1879 in Great Britain and Ireland.

In his Yale lectures on preaching Bishop SIMPSON made a plea for the repetition by ministers of sermons which have been proved to be effective. He instanced the fact, among others, in support of his plea, that WENDELL PHILLIPS has delivered one of his famous lectures for thirty years, and always to large audiences. Mr. MOODY has the same success with addresses which have been heard scores of times. Of his lecture on DANIEL, delivered in the Rev. Dr. LEFTWICH'S Church, Baltimore, to men only, on a recent Monday afternoon, the *Presbyterian Weekly* says: "The church was filled with men of all ages and conditions. Bankers sat side by side with laborers, and clerks and merchants were crowded together in the same pew. A few colored men sat here and there, and there was quite a number of habitually drunken men in the galleries."

This certainly shows a mixed audience. Another Baltimore paper says of Mr. MOODY'S hearers in the northeastern part of the city: "At one time we noticed five professional gamblers and two avowed skeptics among the inquirers." Mr. MOODY'S plan contemplates a series of sermons in each quarter of Baltimore.

The prospects of the continuance of the Church of England as a state Church are considered gloomy by many of its distinguished leaders. The Liverpool *Argus* thus sums up the admissions of several well known men: "Canon RYLE lamentingly predicts that disestablishment is coming as certainly as to-morrow's dawn, unless the Church can be purged of Romanism, and he fears it can't. Mr. MACKONOCHIE has formed a league to help it to come—a league by no means contemptible in numbers or in zeal. Bishop ELLICOTT has just warned the faithful, through the *Nineteenth Century*, that the very existence of the national Church is menaced by the practices of such as Mr. MACKONOCHIE. The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. MAGEE, says of disruption that he thinks it 'is certainly coming.'" More alarming than all these is the language of the *Guardian*, the organ of the moderate High-Churchmen. "Unless," it says, "in some way the present ecclesiastical tension be relieved, unless the great body of the High Church party enforce some kind of moderation on their outlying irregulars, it is impossible not to see disruption and revolution, and that, too, we fear, in a not far distant future."

The British Wesleyans are making rapid progress in collecting their Thanksgiving Fund of £200,000. The contributions of London have already reached £40,000; it is expected that the entire gifts from the London circuits will reach £50,000. The new theological college for the Midland Counties will be placed at Handsworth, Birmingham, an estate of eighteen acres has been purchased, and arrangements are making for prompt organization.

The rapid progress made by Christianity in the far East receives fresh illustration in the formation of a Chinese Tract Society. Its organization was completed at Shanghai November 20, 1878. The publishing committee will consist of four foreigners and four natives, who will represent the following denominations: Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists. The four foreign members are the Rev. Dr. EDKINS, Bishop SCHERESCHEWSKY, and the Rev. Drs. LORD and BALDWIN.

The question of free or pewed churches has come into prominence again, and its earnest discussion is an unmixed benefit to society. A young woman was lately ejected from a Roman Catholic church of this city because she could not pay a fee of fifteen cents for her seat. This harsh treatment has aroused indignation, and the Catholic churches of New York have been severely censured for their practice of requiring payment on the spot for every worshipper's sitting. It has been shown, however, that they have hours of service when all seats are free, and some free sittings in each church at all times.

Whether the system of free seats has or has not been a failure is purely a question of fact. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been built up on it. For a long series of years its Discipline forbade the erection of pewed churches; and taking the country throughout, the pewed Methodist churches are much less numerous than the free. A Protestant Episcopal society exists for the promotion of the erection of free churches, and claims that the free system is more successful financially. That it has not succeeded in the great cities is, however, notorious.

The statement reads that LEO XIII. has sent a letter to the Italian bishops advising Catholics to take part in the state elections is denied. An effort is making in Rome to form a moderate Catholic party which shall recognize the monarchy and at the same time guard the Church. It meets with little encouragement.

The present number of benefices in the Church of England is over 13,000; the number of churches is 16,000. The entitled clergy are in number 25,000, fully one fifth of them without parishes. The yearly income of the Church is believed to be $40,000,000. Its heads are 2 archbishops, 28 bishops, 3 suffragan bishops, 30 deans, 76 archdeacons, and 610 rural deans. The Disestablished Church of Ireland has 2 archbishops, 10 bishops, 1298 benefices, and 2000 clergymen. The Episcopal Church in Scotland numbers 7 bishops, 212 churches, and 213 clergymen.

The Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, pastor of the Church of the Disciples in this city, finds himself compelled to retire for a season from public duty in order to secure rest and recuperation. The burden of the great debt of $185,000 has pressed very heavily on him; this has, however, been reduced to $90,000 and all expenses have been met. Mr. HEPWORTH designs to go to Europe to stay several years.

As many as 1068 parishes and stations are vacant in the Roman Catholic dioceses of Prussia in consequence of the war between the state and the Church. In the diocese of Breslau there are 200 vacancies; in Cologne, 187; in Treves, 163; in Münster, 149.

Mr. LEWIS E. JACKSON, Secretary of the New York Tract Society, who has made the moral statistics of this city a life-long study, has lately printed an estimate of the extent and cost of our municipal drink traffic. In a population of 1,000,000 there are 8000 drinking-shops, or 1 to every 125 of population. There are 489 churches, or 1 to every 2145 of the population. The cost of maintaining the churches is $5,000,000 per year; the money spent at the liquor shops is estimated at $60,000,000. Three-fourths of the annual cost of pauperism, crime, and the maintenance of police and courts of justice, Mr. JACKSON charges to the liquor traffic. This outlay he puts at $6,100,000. The total yearly receipts for licenses are $300,000.

At the annual meeting of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, recently held in London, it was announced that the Rev. JAMES DAVIS, for many years secretary, has been compelled to resign in consequence of ill health. Over three hundred new members were enrolled during the year—a greater number than has been known in any one year before since the Alliance was organized.

Among the persons who offered their congratulations to King HUMBERT upon his escape from death by the hand of an assassin were the representatives of the Protestant Churches of Italy. They were received in the most friendly manner; the King shook hands with each minister of the deputation, inquiring about each Church, and expressing surprise that the forms of Protestant faith in Italy were so many. The bitter comments of the ultramontane press of Rome upon this reception are curious. The *Osservatore Romano* says that a king who professes to be a Catholic "can not and must not interest himself in the work of Protestant evangelization, or rather of moral and religious corruption, in the metropolis of Catholicism." The *Unità Cattolica* denounced the "effrontery" of the deputation in presuming to appear before him as Protestants. The *Romano di Roma* denies the right of the deputation "to stand before the throne of the house of Savoy, on whose coat of arms is emblazoned the cross." The Protestants, says this paper, "are wicked apostates, who are defiling our city, corrupting our families, and who raise on our soil, stained with the blood of our martyred ancestors, their lying temples." The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, of the American Baptist mission in Rome, has done well to gather together these specimens of the journalism of the Papal City, and to make them known to his countrymen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two old Scotch women were discussing the merits of a minister who had lately come into their neighborhood. "And hoo d'ye like the new minister?" said the one. "Oh," said the other, "he's that deep I canna understan' him." "Hoots," said the first, contemptuously, "he's no deep—he's juist drumly." "Drumly," applied to water, means thick, muddy. The stream was shallow enough, but the drumliness made it look deep.

A lady, engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," she replied; "it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a beau knot."

"Did they encore him?" was asked of a young lady who was relating the performance of an aspirant for musical honors. "A little," she replied, "but not enough to call him out."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister; "I see the sleepers are very sound."

A wit having been asked by another person whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, said, "What! lend *him money!* You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A bereaved widower, while receiving the condolence of friends, acknowledged that it was indeed a great loss, a sad bereavement, that he had suffered, and added: "And just think! Only a few days ago I bought her a whole box of pills, and she hadn't had time to take half of them before she died."

On being deserted by her adorer, a young lady in the millinery line broke forth in this way: "Such a wretch ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a band-box!"

When may one's teeth be said to usurp the functions of one's tongue?—When they are chattering.

THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT.—A famous punster, after calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained that they were too short. The waiter said that they had no others, and that these had just come in. "Ay," said the wit, "I see your master has not bought them very long."

FITTED.

SCENE: *Fancy hosiery. Facetious Youth purchasing Hose for his Sweetheart.*

FACETIOUS YOUTH (to shop-girl). "I suppose you have all kinds of the hose, miss?"

SHOP-GIRL. "Yes, I believe we have, Sir. What kind would you like to see?"

FACETIOUS YOUTH (winking to his sweetheart). "Could you supply me with a pig-ty?"

SHOP-GIRL. "With pleasure, Sir. Just hold down your head and I'll take your measure." [*Tableau.*

BASHFUL LOVER (to his sweetheart). "Ahem, miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him."

YOUNG LADY (considerately). "I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose to me just as well?"

He did, and with perfect success.

"What shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had nearly exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she; "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked. "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

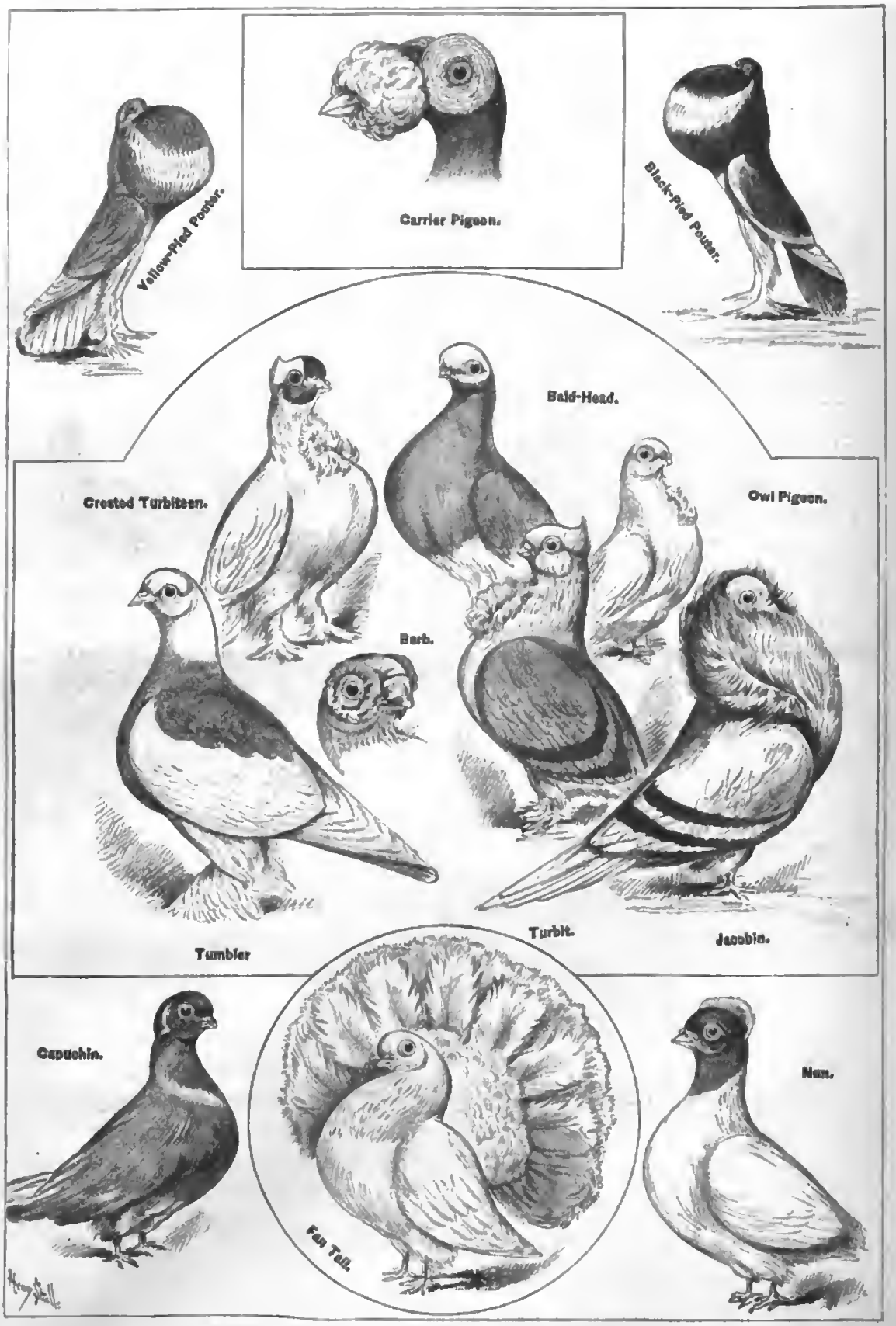
Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she has to sweep off the front steps can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh, with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without getting even a blue nose?

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"
Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;
And Sarah to the old man said,
"It's caused by a small chap."

Then Sarah's youngest brother—
As yet unknown to fame—
Looked Sarah in the eye and asked:
"What is the small chap's name?"

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

"How much will you charge for a Bologna sausage that will reach from one of my ears to the other?" asked a soldier in Seattle of a dealer. "Fifty kreutzers," was the reply. "I take the offer," replied the soldier; "one of my ears was cut off in a battle a thousand miles from here." There was a compromise.



SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK PIGEON SHOW.—Drawn by Harry Ogden.—[See Page 161.]

THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI FOR AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI.

THE above illustration represents the execution by the garrote of JUAN OLIVA Y MONCASI, who on the 25th of October last attempted the murder of the young King of Spain. The history of the crime is in brief as follows:

The attack on King ALFONSO was made by MONCASI as his Majesty was passing from the great central plaza of Madrid, the Puerta del Sol, through the Calle Mayor toward the royal palace. The King was attended by a guard of honor, but rode ahead of his aides. MONCASI, who stood near the arched passageway into the ancient Plaza Mayor, where were performed the awful acts of the Inquisition, fired twice at his Majesty, the second shot taking effect in the hand of an aide who rode up to his rescue. The culprit was at once secured. The shooting was witnessed by General GRANT, who stood at a window of the Hôtel de Paris, across the Puerta del Sol, but the ex-President was on the point of starting for Lisbon, and could only send his congratulations to ALFONSO.

The examination of the prisoner began on the second day after the shooting. The public prosecutor conducted the investigation with the utmost rigor. The court appointed counsel to defend the accused, who had declared to the magistrate at the prison that he did not wish to choose his own lawyer. According to the custom in Spain, the lawyers of Madrid are obliged in turn to take up such cases when the persons interested can not afford or do not choose to select counsel. The counsel appointed was Señor JIMENEZ DEL CERRO. He displayed much zeal in the cause of MONCASI. He requested the Court of Appeal to allow him to examine the witnesses, and to permit the examination of MONCASI by two medical men whom the defender named in his petition. Both requests were granted, and the public prosecutor on his side named two eminent physicians, who visited the Saladero Prison on October 30. The four doctors questioned the accused, and he answered all their queries with great readiness. They reported, after a second visit at a later date, that JUAN OLIVA Y MONCASI was quite sound in mind. One of the physicians desired that more information should be obtained from the family and native place of MONCASI, and Señor JIMENEZ DEL CERRO directly filed another petition claiming this inquiry, on the ground that the accused was reported to have been detained for several months in a lunatic asylum. The judge did not consent to this petition, and he only prolonged the delay granted for the medical investigation of the prisoner himself.

The trial resulted in condemnation to death, and the sentence was carried out on the 4th of January. Hanging was long since abolished in Spain, and the garrote substituted for the barbarous gallows. The method of execution is clearly shown in the engraving. The culprit is placed on a seat, his back leaning against a strong upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, inclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home against a sharp steel point for torturing a powerful screw behind the post. The arms and legs of the culprit are tightly bound. When all is ready the executioner takes the lever of the screw in both hands, gathers himself up for a powerful muscular effort, and at the moment of a preconcerted signal, draws the iron collar tight, while an attendant flings a black handkerchief over the face. The sharp point severs the bones of the neck, and a momentary convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest are usually the only visible signs of suffering. Death is instantaneous.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS ON CLIMATE.

MANY rivers have totally disappeared, or have been reduced to mere streams from an irrational and heinous felling of the forests. In the northeast of Germany, the Narp and Gold rivers exist only in name. The classic lands of antiquity are rich in sad lessons of deforestation. The springs and brooks of Palestine are dry, and the fruitfulness of the land has disappeared. The Jordan is four feet lower than it was in the New Testament days. Greece and Spain suffer severely to this day from the effects of destroying their forests. Many parts of the kingdom of Wirtemberg have been rendered almost barren by the felling of the trees. In Hungary the periodically recurring drought is universally attributed to the extermination of the forest. We attribute the present unfruitfulness of Asia Minor and Greece to the destruction of the woods; steppes, ruins, and tombs have taken the place of what was to the highest culture. Sardinia and Sicily were once the granaries of Italy, but have long since lost the fruitfulness sung of by the ancient poets.

On the other hand, man can improve the condition of the land in which he lives, more slowly indeed, but as certainly, by cultivating and preserving the forests. In former years reliable authorities have told us that in the Delta of Lower Egypt there were only five or six days of rain in the year, but that, since the time when Mehemet Ali caused some twenty thousand trees to be planted, the number of days of rain in the year has increased to forty-five or forty-six. The Suez Canal has produced remarkable results. In-

mailla is built on what was a sandy desert, but since the ground has become saturated with canal water, trees, bushes, and other plants have sprung up as if by magic, and with the re-appearance of the vegetation the climate has changed. Four or five years ago rain was unknown in those regions, while from May, 1868, to May, 1869, fourteen days were recorded, and once such a rain-storm that the natives looked upon it as a supernatural event.

Austria herself has a very striking instance of a change of climate being produced by deforestation. We refer to that stretch of miles of country over which the railroad passes, near Trieste, as you go from Austria to Italy, bleak, barren, stony, with hardly earth sufficient for a weed to take root in, a stretch of barrenness on which some dread anathema seems to rest. It is a curse that rests on it called down from Heaven by man. Five hundred years ago, and an immense forest stood on the ground where now is nothing but a sea of stone. Venetians came and hewed down the forest in order to procure wood for piles and mercantile purposes.

THE SIGHT OF FISH.

We are led to believe by the investigations of anatomists that the organs of special sense in fishes are very imperfectly developed; but while this may be true in the main as regards the special senses of smell, hearing, and touch, I am constrained to believe, from the observations of myself and many others, that fishes in general have the senses of sight and hearing developed in a much greater degree than is generally supposed. It is a popular idea that fish are necessarily near-sighted on account of the conformation of the eye, which is large, round, and prominent; and the main argument adduced to support this theory is the readiness with which they will take an artificial fly, trolling-spoon, or other artificial bait which resembles in but slight degree the natural objects of food that they are intended to represent, if, indeed, they are intended to represent any thing. It is very often the case that those anglers who are most strenuous in their theory that fish are near-sighted stultify themselves by carrying a large and most varied assortment of artificial flies of all shapes and colors, in order to meet the "fastidious taste" of the fish that often refuse one pattern or color, and rise eagerly to another, which could not be the fact were they so near-sighted as many believe. The consistency of these anglers would be more apparent if they would adopt Mr Cholmondeley Pennell's theory of artificial flies, and confine themselves exclusively to his three typical flies—brown, yellow, and green hackles.

Now, I am not of those who believe that our brave game fish possess such extreme gullibility as to mistake an artificial lure for the genuine article upon the hypothesis of near-sightedness. My opinion, founded upon numerous experiments, is that fishes see and hear as well in and through the medium of the water for all practical purposes as the angler does through the medium of the atmosphere—the clearer and more rarefied the medium, the clearer and greater the range of vision in both instances. In muddy or turbid waters the sight of fishes is necessarily limited, as ours would be in hazy or foggy weather. It is neither fair nor logical to presume that fishes in water ought to discern objects in the atmosphere above any clearer or plainer than we can perceive objects in the water while standing on the brink.

We are altogether too prone to judge every thing from our own stand-point, and to attribute to our own clearness results that in all probability depend upon other and extraneous circumstances. Who of us could tell a skillfully tied artificial fly from a real one beneath the water, when its surface was ruffled by a brisk breeze, shadowed by drifting clouds, covered with the froth and suds of an eddy, or surmounted by the foam and bubbles of a rapid? Yet there are those who contend, because fish fail to detect this difference through the same obstacles to clear vision, that they are of a verity near-sighted, and easily fooled by the very poorest semblance of a fly or feathery nondescript; but let one of these persons try a cast of the best flies upon a bright still day, when the water is perfectly clear and the surface like a mirror, and if he expects to get a rise under such conditions, he himself must be very near-sighted indeed. On the other hand, any one who has seen a black bass dart like an arrow and seize a minnow swimming quietly thirty feet away, or a brook trout flash like a meteor for a dragon-fly hovering over the water at the same distance, must admit that their visual powers are sufficient for all practical purposes.

I am well aware that scientists consider fish myopic, or near-sighted—not, however, on account of excessive convexity of the cornea, as is popularly supposed; for it is an exploded theory in medical science that myopia depends necessarily upon this condition. Indeed, in fishes the cornea is almost flat; while in birds of prey, which have a very extended range of vision, the cornea is quite convex. From the lack of analogy, from the great difference of construction of the ocular and auditory apparatus of fishes and terrestrial animals, and from the wide difference in the properties of the media of air and water, I am convinced that the organs of the special senses of sight and hearing in fishes are not well understood at the present day; and I am confident that future investigations will prove them to be possessed of much greater acuteness of vision and hearing than is now accorded them.

It is a well-known fact that fishes are attracted by any gay, bright, or glittering substance, as a finger-ring, a sleeve-button, or a coin, and have deliberately swallowed them when dropped in the water. I have caught brook trout with wintergreen and partridge berries, the bright scarlet color seeming to allure them; and I have even caught them with a naked bright fish-hook. But all this does not prove that they were the victims of a myopic mistake, or that in their near-sightedness they mistook these various articles for something else; neither does it prove that a black bass will grab at a trolling-spoon, a blue-fish snap at a bone squid, or a Spanish mackerel seize a metal or pearl troll under the delusion that they are really choice shiners or delicate piscatorial tidbits. A camel, it is said, will bolt all sorts of substances, as metal, glass, stones, leather, etc.; but when was his short-comings attributed to short-sightedness? Our dogs will often refuse good, clean food, and hunt up an old dry bone, a stone, an old shoe, or a stick, and will gnaw them with delight, and even swallow them with evident gratification. Birds will peck at and swallow bright beads, colored threads, etc., and kittens will seize, claw, and bite almost any moving small object; but these vagaries are attributed to the idiosyncrasies of the animals mentioned, while in fishes they are ascribed to defective sight. Does a salmon or a shad at spawning time seek out and ascend its native stream by instinct, smell, or sight? It is very convenient, but not at all satisfactory, to give instinct the credit for this truly wonderful faculty, on the same principle that Coleridge accounts for the blindness of love:

"His eyes are in his mind."

But what are a fish's eyes for? According to our present knowledge, they are to enable him to become "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles," with hooks attached to them.

Now, as far as the artificial fly is concerned, when it is cast lightly upon a fretted surface, I think it is generally taken by a fish under the impression that it is a natural insect; but with regard to trolls of all kinds, as spoons, squids, spinners, propellers, etc., and very often with regard to the artificial fly, I am of the opinion that they are taken through a spirit of mere bravado, curiosity, or wantonness, and not with the idea that they are living objects of prey. They are seized by the fish because they are bright, attractive, and in motion; not because they are hungry, but because they are in a biting mood, for we often find—nay, almost always find—that fish so taken are already gorged with food.

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Our engraving of the portrait of Marshal ESPARTERO is from a photograph taken many years ago, before his countenance and figure showed the effects of old age, but it represents him as he was in the latter part of his political career, under the reign of Queen ISABELLA II.

THE WONDERS OF NORWAY.

THE mountain scenery of Norway rivals in beauty and grandeur that of any other country in the world. The whole of the Scandinavian peninsula consists of a connected mountain mass which, in the southern and western parts of Norway, becomes one continuous chain of rocky highlands, with steep declivities dipping down to the sea, and only here and there broken by narrow tracts of arable land. In the higher latitudes the range rises rapidly on the western side, and of the numerous summits which lie along the water-shed, and which rise above the line of perpetual snow, the highest, called the Sulitelma, has an elevation of 6300 feet. The mean level of the range, about 4000 feet, is occupied by extensive snow fields, from which glaciers descend to the edge of the sea, while here and there the vast snow plain is broken by fiords, some of which penetrate more than seventy miles through the rocky masses. These inlets run, in many cases, through the middle of long and finely wooded valleys, inclosed by rocky walls which are either quite bare or covered with lichens, mosses, and stunted brushwood, among which water falls pour perpendicularly down the mountain-side.

South of 60° north latitude the range of the Scandinavian mountains is known as the Norska or Dovre-Field, although the latter name belongs properly only to the part immediately in contact with the Kioles. This range attains its greatest elevation at the Sogne Fiord, where it is known as the Hurungen. Here the highest summits are between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea, while the contiguous snow fields of the Jostedal, the largest in Europe, and covering an area of 600 square miles, have probably an elevation of 7000 feet. From these and other vast snow fields glaciers descend to within a distance of 2000 feet above the sea, where they often terminate in deep lakes, some of which are very extensive. This range is famed for the beauty of its numerous fiords, fringed with lofty pines, which skirt the base of the rocky walls, whose rugged sides are washed by precipitous water falls, some of which, as the Keel Foss or the Sogne Fiord, are 2000 feet in height.

The beauties of Norwegian scenery, although enthusiastically praised by travellers who have made their way into this Northern land, have not as yet become generally familiar either through the labors of artists or reiterated descriptions, so that to many of our readers the group of sketches on our double page will probably have all the charm of novelty. The special characteristic of the scenery of Norway is the grand union of precipitous cliffs with beautiful water effects, whether in the way of placid lakes, running brooks, or wild and tumultuous cascades. This is particularly exemplified in the Romedal, or valley of the Rauma, one of the grandest and most picturesque of Norwegian valleys, though often neglected from

THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN—HURRYING TO THE FRONT.

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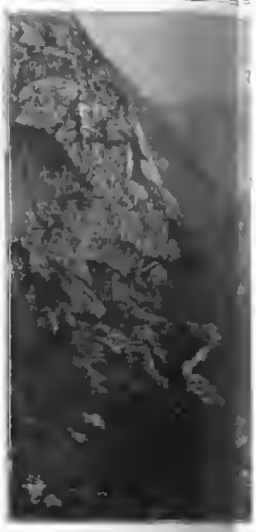
THE ROMSDALSHORN.



HITTENDAL CHURCH.

THE SKJÆGGEDALSFOS.

THE N

A TOUR THR

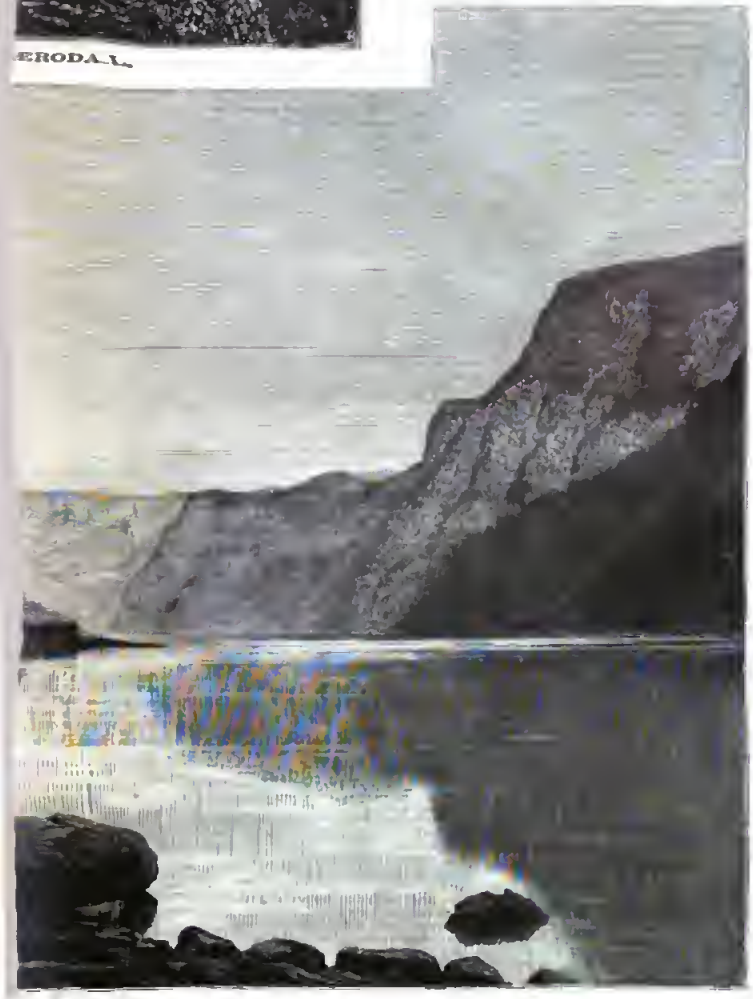
the fact of its not being on the direct line of the route generally followed by tourists. Here the mountains are exceedingly fine in outline, and the valley, some twenty five miles in length and rarely exceeding a mile in breadth, is shut in by precipices some two thousand feet in height. The chief summit of the gorge is the Romsdalshorn, a solitary peak 4188 feet high, and much resembling a ruined steeple. It rises abruptly from the valley in almost vertical precipices of dark gray rock, and although apparently inaccessible beyond a certain height, a blacksmith in the vicinity is said to have once climbed it. The tributary streams falling into the Rauma are very numerous, and their falls and cascades are highly picturesque. In this land of water falls those of the Romsdal are among the most remarkable both as regards number and beauty. Several of the nameless multitude of the minor falls pitch over the precipice, and after descending a thousand feet or more, disappear entirely. This occurs especially on the north wall, which is exposed to the rays of the mid-day sun. From where the upper edge of the rock seems to touch the sky the water starts as a blue thread, then the stream swells a little, and becomes a snowy streak, the fragments of which seem to float in the air and wave about in the wind; this feathery mist gradually diffuses and diminishes, until at last it melts away into invisible vapor, the completeness of its dissolution being proved by the dryness of the projecting rock below, on which it must have fallen had it continued to survive in its liquid state. This evaporation is doubtless caused by the combined action of the direct rays of the sun and the radiation from the wall of rock.

In studying our engravings the reader will see the four different water effects that with an infinite number of beautiful variations challenge the admiration of the traveller at nearly every step of his journey through Norway. In the Naero Fiord we have a calm and placid line of water eighteen miles in length and nearly half a mile in breadth. On each side may be seen occasional groves of birch and pine trees, and here, as elsewhere throughout this mountainous country, are the grand vertical precipices, from three to five thousand feet high, down which pour scores of beautiful cascades. At the head of the fiord lies the Naerodal, reputed to rank as third among the picturesque and magnificent valleys of the world, the Yosemite, in our own country, and the Taurus Gorge, in C Through is rune a fi by stupendous wall the roar of cataracts Where the rocks are broken as well Skjaggedalsfos, some of scenery occur ing not abruptly fro rock in rock as the case. The Skjegg and its waters fall al valley of the Ram

ERODAL.

THRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

STABLE AT BREDHEIM, THELEMARKEN.



NARO FIORD.

THE MAARKEFOS.

THROUGH NORWAY.

Cliffs, alone surpassing it in grandeur, and it is hemmed in by rocks, and resounds with the

that form the side of a gorge all are precipitous, as in the case of the most beautiful bits Here we have a cascade falling from a height, but leaping from through descending a giant staircase dale The is 700 feet in height, into a lake situated in a later mous Hardanger Fiord. The amphitheatre of ink-black rocks which receives it is gloomy in the extreme, and the unfathomable waters of the lake are walled in by cliffs rising sheer from the margin to the snow-clad field 2000 feet above Of the four great water falls of Norway, the Maarkefos is the loftiest It leaps from the edge of a mountain plateau which appears to extend for many miles above the precipices of the main chain, and both the top and bottom of the fall are accessible The height of the fall is about 1000 feet, and it comes down in one plunge from the top, presenting the appearance of a feathery tail of foam suspended in a wild black frame-work of crags, resembling a sharp-cut architectural bay rather than a cleft in the mountain side Nearly every where the rocks are vertical, and those flanking the edge on the left overhang The stream itself is little more than a mountain beck in point of size, and rustles with many a tiny break or fall in its course through a wood of birch and Scotch fir At the brink of the precipice over which it rushes the breadth can be hardly more than fourteen feet, but it is tolerably deep. Gazing down from this point, the traveller is struck with the extreme wildness of the crags below the brink of the fall; and the valley itself is a grand feature in the scene, for on the opposite side the precipices are almost mural.

The architectural attractions of this Northern country are slight compared with its natural beauties, but many of the older buildings are exceedingly picturesque, and our artist has interspersed among his landscape views several sketches that are especially characteristic. In many cases the exteriors of houses and stables are quaintly carved, as will be seen from the sketch representing a stable at Bredheim. The little church at Hitterdal is not only an interesting bit of ancient architecture, but is counted as one of the chief lions in the neighborhood of Thelemarken It dates back to the twelfth century, and is built of pine but very few of the original timbers remain. It is surrounded by cloisters, and the interior is painted a light buff color, the windows being of green glass. The great marvel of Norwegian architecture is the cathedral at Throndhjem. The city is the ancient capital of Norway, and was founded by King OLAF TRYGVASON in 997. The history of the cathedral begins with the founding of a religious edifice, on the spot where St. Clement's Church now stands, by St. OLAF, in the early part of the eleventh century. The saint was buried

little to the south of his own church, near the present site of the high altar, and his body is said to have been found incorrupt when the Lutherans plundered the shrine in 1541. Between the years 1036 and 1047 St. MAGNUS the Good raised a small wooden chapel over St. OLAF's grave, and soon after HARALD HAARDRAADE built a stone church, dedicated to "Our Lady," to the westward of this. The three churches remained till 1160, when Archbishop EYSTEIN commenced the great transept west of Our Lady's Chapel, completing it probably somewhere about 1183. He or his successor built St. Clement's Church, as it now stands, probably about this time. During the next sixty or seventy years the whole of the eastern part of the cathedral was rebuilt. According to Mr. LAING, "the west end, now in ruins, was founded in 1248, and at the end of the thirteenth century the whole structure must have stood in all its splendor." The shrine of St. OLAF was decorated with the greatest magnificence, and was long a favorite place of pilgrimage, not only for the Scandinavians, but for pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and in such veneration was he held that even at Constantinople churches were erected to his memory.

Travellers who have visited this Northern country assert that the pleasantest way of making a tour through Norway is to enter it at Throndhjem, and having explored the ancient capital, to travel southward to Christiania, making occasional detours by the way when it is necessary to do so in order to visit renowned bits of scenery which are not on the direct route. The time to travel in Norway is of course during the summer season, and especially the latter part of it, when the early frosts shall have caused the bracken to assume a ruddy hue and the foliage to be lit up with brilliant tints of red and yellow. Throughout the country, wild as it is, there are any number of small inns called "station-houses," where the traveller may be sure of a sincere welcome, and every thing that is necessary for comfort, provided he be not too fastidious. If he only have a taste for roughing it slightly, and an appetite for the fare supplied by gun and rod, he can not fail to have a most enjoyable time amid the rushing streams and rock-guarded valleys of the wild Norwegian mountains.

THE AWAKENING.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

By the Author of "Patty."

PART I.

IN THE NUT WOOD.

A NARROW steep path leads from Winchmore church yard, with its old gray towered church, to the top of Winchmore hill. At beginning, the path slopes down a little into a meadow, where the grass is scarcely dry even on this warm September day, for the sun has been shining with persistent brightness ever since the morning, as if he had determined to force a way into the cool covert of the nut wood, into which the path mounts, and a gate leads from the damp meadow, but the dull green leaves hang too thickly.

At last, tired of his long gaze down on the busy earth, the sun has sunk so low that his beams pierce through the tree stems and find their way even to the two eager nut-gatherers in the higher part of the wood.

A young fellow with a sunburned dreamy face was holding down, seemingly with a great strain on his muscles, the topmost bough of a giant nut-tree, while his companion, a dark-eyed, gypsy-faced maiden, snatched off the fine clusters with her slender brown fingers. Her white sun-bonnet made her face look darker than it really was, and the sunbeams touched the white and the pale yellow of her cotton gown, a glory spread round her, and she seemed to take up double the space she had till now filled in the green gloom.

"Come, Ruth," the young man said, "will you never be satisfied, greedy little one?" But he still held the bough, and looked at her with a fond delight that contradicted the impatience of his words.

"Only these three bunches more, they are such honey ones," the girl said, with a laughing glance that made her bright, intelligent face almost beautiful. "There, now, see. I leave go of the poor old branches, and up they go, as if they were glad to be free. But, oh, Matt, only look! How wasteful we are! How can we ever eat all these nuts, much less carry them home?" Lying at their feet was a big heap of brown and green clusters, and a little from there lay Matthew Combe's straw hat filled to the brim with nuts.

Ruth jumped from among the trees into the path that led downward through the wood, and flung herself on one of the mossy banks.

"I should have scolded my school-children for picking so many," she said. "Oh, Matt, why didn't you stop me sooner?"

"Why, child?" He stood on the bank looking down at her. "I hardly know." He roused himself with an effort. "I suppose I was thinking more of you than the nuts."

His grave voice startled Ruth; she sat upright, and pulled her sun-bonnet straight, so that she might see his face clearly. She and Matthew Combe had known each other so many years, they had laughed at and teased each other all their lives. What could make Matt, all at once, talk like grandfather?

"What about me?" Other words were ready on her nimble tongue, but the expression of Matt's eyes, as he looked at her, sent all her thoughts adrift, and the unspoken words went with them. "Why was he looking at her so intently, so—" Ruth's eyes fell beneath the ardent gaze, and she felt her cheeks grow hot.

Matt jumped down the bank and seated himself beside her. "I wanted you to come with me to-day, Ruth, because we've always gone nutting together ever since you were ten; but I had another reason too."

The girl had grown shy against her will, and the unaccustomed feeling made her petulant. "How tiresome and mysterious you are to-day!" She spoke mockingly, though her fingers pinched at the long white bonnet strings that lay in her lap. "Why don't you say out what you've got to say? I thought we never kept secrets from one another."

Matt looked eager, then he drew himself away and clasped his hands firmly round one knee. Though Matthew Combe was a farmer's son, and had lived an out-door life since he left school three years ago, his hands might have belonged to some town-bred student. To begin with, they were very well made hands, with rounded fingers and small, well-covered joints, the nails, too, were filbert-shaped, rosy, and polished as the lining of a sea-shell, they looked supremely idle hands for the hard work of life, and yet not altogether idle-looking. There was a deft grace about them, especially in the line reaching from the point of the little finger to the wrist, that suggested artistic power of some kind, and as he unclasped them from his knee, and placed one on the bank, leaning his weight on the palm, so as to bring his face nearer to Ruth's, there was eloquence in the action.

"Well, I have something particular to tell you. Listen, Ruth, and don't say I'm foolish till you've heard me out. You know how I've asked father to put me in a profession, and how he always says there's no steadfast work in me. This only means, Ruth—I wouldn't say it to any one but you, for I'm loath to speak against father—but it only means that a profession wants capital, and that he prefers to make me a farmer, which costs him nothing, to spending a little to give me the chance of a life which I could like. I can't help feeling it's a shame."

"Oh, Matt, do you mean you're not happy here?" Her dark eyes have grown pathetic with reproach.

He stretches out the other hand. "I'm always happy with you, Ruth," he says. "You are the link that has kept me here so long." Then he lets go her hand, and, springing to his feet, stands looking down at her. "What I want to say is"—he has given up the quiet tone of explanation he began with, and he goes on impetuously—"I can't bear our sordid home life, one day just like another; I long for books and knowledge, and congenial minds and— Oh, Ruth, you can't conceive how starved I feel—how I thirst for that flow of interchanged thought and feeling which I'm sure abounds in London. What's the use of a gift here if I'm to be a farmer? I should be much better without one. Isn't it so?"

Ruth looks up, the pathos in her eyes has deepened, and the tears that swim in them make them darker still. "Yes, Matt. I often feel, when I listen to your poetry, that I don't half know how good it is, and that you must want to read it to some one who really understands it." She sighed. "I love it, but then, of course, my praise is not worth having." A flush of shame came into her face. "Oh, you don't know how often I wish we were all cleverer for your sake!"

He walked up and down the road, kicking the stones out of his way and sending them rolling down the steep path that led from the church-yard. Again he stood in front of her.

"Nonsense, Ruth, I don't want you any cleverer; but have you understood me? It is useless to appeal to father, he won't even listen to my reasons. I am going to London"—he held up his hand to check the protest he saw in her face—"I have written to the editor who has accepted my poems, asking his advice, and he has told me of some cheap, quiet lodgings. I shall tell my father tonight that if he will allow me one hundred pounds for one year I will undertake to be no further trouble to him; and if, by the end of the year, I find I have failed to establish myself as a literary man, then I will come back and be a farmer for the rest of my life." He paused, but Ruth sat still, her eyes fixed on his face as if she still heard his voice.

"Well"—he spoke, impatiently—"what do you think? Isn't it a good plan? Why don't you answer?" She started and tried to speak, but she had to swallow a lump in her throat before the words would come.

"Yes, Matt, oh yes. I—I shall be glad for you to be happy—oh, very glad," she adds, earnestly, for his warning frown tells her her answer is not what he wants.

"Then you are quite glad to be rid of me?" he says, bitterly, still frowning down at her, his blue eyes storming with anger.

Ruth springs up and puts her hand appealingly on his arm. "Oh, Matt! Matt! don't be angry. Do you want to make me cry? How can I be really glad for you to go? Who have I in the world but you?" The words came almost without her will, and she shrinks away when she feels Matt's arm heavy round her waist and his breath on her flushed cheek.

"You sweet little darling," he whispered, "I hardly think I can leave you now; but, Ruth dear, if I do go, I will soon make a home for you in London, and you shall be my own little wife."

Ruth draws herself gently away and shakes her head. "I could not leave grandfather, Matt dear," she says, sadly, and yet she looks very happy.

Matt has nearly said, "Hang grandfather; he can't last much longer." It is all so new and unlooked-for that he stands holding Ruth's hand, and gazes at her with proud happiness, he knew before that Ruth liked him, but he had not felt sure that she was capable of the love he had seen in her eyes just now; he had feared the only thought of him as a brother.

"I wish I had spoken sooner," he says; "it will be so hard to leave you now."

Ruth lifts her large eyes to his, they are so full of deep, tamed love that he draws her passionately toward him, and their lips meet in a long kiss.

"You can't spare me, can you precious one?" he says, after a few minutes' silence.

"Hush!" Ruth draws away from him quickly; voices and footsteps sound coming down through the wood. Immediately after a gentleman and lady come in sight.

"The squire and Miss Crispin," Matthew mutters, sulkily. He does not care to be interrupted just now.

The squire is a big, heavy man, very tall, sandy-haired, round-faced, and blue-eyed—very like many other squires.

"Ah, good-evening, Combe; good-evening, Miss Havering. This is Violet. Hasn't she grown a tall girl at Brussels?"

The tall, fair, graceful girl has rushed up to Ruth and seized both her hands. "Don't you say you don't remember me, Miss Havering. I might easily not have been quite sure of you"—she looks down into the dark, bright face with a sweet, wondering admiration—"you have grown so"—she hesitates, and finally puts her mouth close to Ruth's pretty little ear and whispers—"so wonderfully pretty, you know." Then, half ashamed, she turns to Matt: "Oh, Mr. Combe, have you two really gathered all those nuts? May I have just one bunch?" she says, coaxingly.

And Matthew offers to carry home for her as many as she chooses.

"Thank you, oh 'ever so much,'" the girl says.

"I warrant you couldn't get such nuts in Brussels," says the patriotic squire.

"Oh, nonsense, papa! If you are coming our way, Miss Havering, mayn't we walk together?" She hardly waits for consent, but puts her hand into Ruth's arm, and gives it an affectionate squeeze. "I want you to come and see me very often," she says, as they walk on; "think how lonely I shall be in that big house with only papa."

And so they walk down through the fast fading green light of the wood, the tall, fair maiden of sixteen clinging close to her little bright-eyed friend; while discomfited Matthew Combe, follows dully with the squire (who never cares to listen to any one but himself), as he converses learnedly on the respective merits of Devonshire and Jersey cows.

PART II.

FAITHLESS.

RUTH HAVERING sat in the window-seat, leaning her head on her hand. The room was very large, reaching from back to front of the quaint old farm-house in which she and her grandfather lived, and which, judging by its square-headed windows with their mullions and mouldings, must have dated from the time of Queen Bess. The window-seats at each end of the room were deep and cushioned, and the space of wall in which they were set, being narrower than the room itself, was curtained off so as to form a large recess big enough to hold Ruth's writing table, her own special dwarf book case, and a couple of low arm-chairs. She was not sitting in either of these, she leaned against the cushioned back of the window-seat. Her dark wavy hair, rolled into a knot of plaits at the back of her head, looked yet darker against the buff-colored chintz cushions. Her eyelids looked red and heavy, and her long eyelashes were sticking together, as if with recent tears.

Out-of-doors there was plenty of sunshine, but at the further end of the room from Ruth a cheerful wood fire was blazing on the broad open hearth, and over this old Mr. Havering sat crouching. His back was toward Ruth, and only his white hair showed above the low wooden back of his chair as he bent over the blaze. He did not turn his head when a tap came at the door.

Ruth roused herself, sat upright, and said, "Come in;" but there was no bright look of expectation on her saddened face. It seemed as if the light of her life had gone out.

There came in a good-looking man of middle height, broad and sunburned, with a determined face and rather staring blue eyes. He was nearer fifty than forty. He glanced sideways toward Reuben Havering, and then he walked up to Ruth and shook hands with her.

"Don't disturb the old man," he said, in a low voice. "What I have to say concerns you, Ruth."

He did not smile, and Ruth blushed and felt timid. She had seen Mr. Combe very seldom since his son went away, and not a word had ever been spoken to make her suppose he knew what she was to his son.

"Me!" she says, shyly; "but won't you sit down, Mr. Combe?"

"No, thank you." He rests his hand upon the book-case, and Ruth stands opposite, she feels it would be rude to sit down while her visitor stands.

"May I ask do you get letters from Matthew?" Mr. Combe has an irritable smile.

"Not lately—not for some time." Poor Ruth has turned a deep red in avowing so much as this.

"Ah!"—he drew his breath slowly, and looked at her without any pity in his face. His contempt did Ruth good. She drew herself up and looked gravely at him.

"May I ask, Sir, what is the meaning of all these questions?" she said, proudly.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lass; you'll hear soon enough." The farmer gave a grim smile. "I take it for granted you know the terms on which Matt and I parted last October."

She bent her head.

"I let him have his own way, the young idiot," the farmer went on, harshly, "and he has had his hundred pounds and spent it. Now at the year's end he writes to say that he finds he has made a mistake, his poetry stuff won't make his fortune, and he wants another six months to try his hand at play writing, at which, of course, he is sure of success. You ask why I come to you with questions. I will tell you, young madam. He wrote to me soon after he went away, saying he was under a promise to you to succeed in his literary work, and that your happiness depended on his success."

Ruth's eyes brighten into sudden brilliance. "Did he really say so?—and I—"

Mr. Combe shrugs his shoulders. "And you lately have thought he had forgotten you—bless you, child, I've noticed the change in your looks—and very likely he has forgotten you. How long is it since he wrote to you?"

She hangs her head and looks sad. "Nearly six months; but I dare say he has been very busy, Sir," she says, pleadingly.

Mr. Combe's frown softens as he looks at her. He mutters something, then he says, "Now look you here, Miss Ruth"—he speaks more gently—"if Matt had been in earnest, as he ought to have been, a year ago, instead of this confounded nonsense about poetry and the drama, he'd have come to me like a man and told me that you and he had a fancy for one another, and that he wanted to make a home for you."

Ruth interrupted him. "And if he had, you would have told him to keep to farming; besides, Mr. Combe, we—I mean he"—she grew red and confused and ungrammatical—"didn't rightly know we cared for one another till just before he went."

The farmer whistled. He looked keenly at her, and then he laughed outright.

"Is that so? Well, you had plenty of time to find out before. Why, Matt's mother and me had settled matters long before I was twenty. But now what I came here for was to show you the folly of encouraging Matt to stay in London. I tell you he'll go to the dogs, and you'll never see him again. You've been a wise adviser, truly, to encourage him in such folly."

Ruth felt guiltless, but it seemed cowardly to throw all the blame on Matt's shoulders.

"Still," she said, gently, "if he has genius, it could never be developed here. At any rate, Mr. Combe, he is convincing himself which life will suit him best, and it's only fair to give him this chance of showing what his talents are."

"Genius! talents! indeed!" the farmer said, scoffingly; "they're fine words, child. The real thing in this world is to make money—that's genius, if you like. I'm no believer in your ragged men of genius."

Ruth sighed. She did not want Matt's genius to bring him to rags, and yet she felt how utterly out of sympathy his father's talk was.

"You are wrong in one thing, Mr. Combe. I have never encouraged Matt to stay beyond the time agreed on; but still, if he sees a prospect of success opening before him now, I can understand his wish to have a little longer time in London, but indeed"—tears came so quickly into her eyes that she could scarcely see—"you must not mistake our position. Most likely Matt has quite forgotten me; at any rate, I am not sure I have an influence with him now."

"In that case he's a young scoundrel. How dare he make love to such a girl as you and then give you up? Take my advice, Ruth"—he put his hand on her shoulder, frowning sternly at the wall—"don't you waste another thought on the young scamp. I've made up my mind if he don't alter his mind, give up this folly, and come home, I'll alter my will and leave him and his genius to do the best they can for each other. He talks of his fine London friends—friends, indeed! what good have they done him? He tells me he goes to parties at Lady This's and Lord T'other's; what good 'll they ever do him?—not a brass farthing's worth. Why, child, you must be foolish if you don't see how this unsettles and ruins him. I shouldn't wonder if he don't patronize Mr. Crispin himself when he comes home. No, he shan't come home if he's obstinate. Don't you fret about him. Good-day." He nodded and went out of the room. Old Mr. Havering was fast asleep over the fire, and had not heard a word of their talk.

Ruth stood dazed at first, and then with a sudden effort she ran after him into the projecting stone porch. She was just too late, the farmer had unfastened the bridle from the hook on the old wall, and had mounted his strong brown horse. Ruth stood sadly watching him as he trotted out of the yard.

"He is no doubt good and sensible, but he does not know how to get on with Matt, he's so hard and practical; and then fathers never seem to get on with sons as they do with daughters." A deep sigh sent into obscurity the vision that rose with her words. Mr. Combe was right, she should never be his daughter or Matt's wife. It had all come so slowly and gradually that Ruth felt it was certain, and Mr. Combe's news had put a seal on the truth of her disappointment.

She turned sharply away, not into the house again, the prints on the walls, the very tables and chairs, were all reminders of the long expecting hours she had passed among them—the anguish of a daily baffled hope. A gate in the yard led into the garden which ran along the side of the house. The flowers were nearly over, but there was still a regiment of tall hollyhocks, blushing pale and deep crimson in turn, with pure white and delicate primrose blossoms, pressing so closely to the stem as young nestlings to the mother bird. The path led on straight to the end of the garden between neat box edgings, with the hollyhocks on the left and a massive group of sunflowers on the left—led to where a fragrance betrayed the herb garden, an arrangement of small beds sheltered behind a rosemary hedge, with a row of straw bee hives in front. Ruth noticed nothing here, she only walked up and down, up and down, feeling as if she must choke, and at last tears came to help her to bear her misery.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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JANUARY 30, 1879.

MARS. "I can not submit—this time—I resign."
PEACE. "J'y suis; J'y reste."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 1, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "Awakening," *a started double-page engraving of an Afghan scene, and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

In some bitter remarks at the close of the debate upon Mr Edmunds's resolutions, Mr Beck, of Kentucky, said that the one thing to be thankful for was that "in less than thirty days this Congress will expire, and the Committee on the Judiciary will be dissolved, and other and fairer men will have control of it." The other and fairer men that Mr. Beck had in view are his party friends. But we doubt if the best sentiment of the country is in accord with his thanksgiving that the Republican control of Congress will expire on the 4th of March. It is about eighteen years since that control began, and whatever its faults have been, there is no doubt that, upon the whole, in view of the attempted subversion of the Union and the government, the conduct of the war, the enormous perplexities of reconstruction in every degree and detail, the settlement of the finances, and the payment of the debt, the ascendency of the Republican party has been an incalculable blessing to the country, and to human liberty and popular government every where. Democratic principles and policy and administration had brought us to civil war. Had the Republican Administration of Lincoln been overthrown in 1864, the government would have fallen with it; and when the war ended, except for the firmness of a Republican Congress against a Democratic President, unhappily elected by Republicans, the real results of the contest would have been largely lost. Unbroken union, universal freedom and equal rights before the law, a higher public credit, a greater national renown, the conclusive vindication of the military and patriotic power of a free popular government under the most prolonged and exhausting pressure, are all due to continued Republican ascendency; and Mr. Beck may be very sure that the country will not see with his unmixed delight the party that went out of Congress trying to destroy the government returning to the control of both Houses.

This is the more strongly emphasized by the fact that during the last four years of its majority in the House of Representatives the Democratic party has lost rather than gained public confidence and respect. Its sole great act of apparent patriotic statesmanship was the support of the Electoral Bill. But its subsequent conduct justified the suspicion that it did so with the expectation of a decision in its favor. All the mischievous financial legislation and attempted legislation has owed its main support to Democratic votes, while the chief debate of this final session in the Senate has ended in a distinct Democratic refusal to declare the validity of the constitutional amendments that followed the war. There is nothing in the Democratic record in the House which inspires profound and universal gratitude that both branches of Congress will now fall under Democratic control. If Mr. Beck's party are able to place at the head of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate a man of constitutional and legal ability and legislative experience and intellectual power as eminent as those of Mr. Edmunds, whose coming retirement Mr. Beck hails as a blessing, the Democratic majority and the country will be exceedingly fortunate.

It is no pleasure to Republicans to attribute the loss of the control of Congress largely to errors of their own party. There is something so proud and inspiring in the party history and achievement, akin to that of the Commonwealth's men in England, that it is painful to think how a great estate has been squandered. When General Grant was inaugurated ten years ago, elected not as a party man, but as the hero of the closing contests of the war, it was evident that the sentiment which elected him ought to direct the government for a generation. That it has lost the control of Congress in ten years, while it has steadily maintained the public credit, completed the restoration of the Union, and peacefully adjusted foreign differences, is due to causes within itself. The chief of these has been reluctance to relinquish sectional politics and to urge administrative reform. The party has thus chilled and alienated an important if not vital support, and some of its members seem to have supposed that its power might be retained by describing those who especially sustained the errors by which it was weakened as "stalwart." Meanwhile the painful and obvious truth is that the party itself is not so stalwart as it was when it commanded the support of those who now look at it askance. In the contest soon to open, "victory will perch upon the banner" just as the degree that the confidence of the doubters is regained.

THE OLD MOLE.

Mr. Bayard is reported to have warned his Democratic associates in their late caucus not to undertake revolutionary measures. The Democrats have long had a majority in the House of Representatives, but they have postponed to the very end of the session of the closing Congress a proposition to repeal the national election laws, and they said it to an appropriation bill. This is always an extreme remedy. It is saying, in effect, that the supplies for the government shall stop unless the law is repealed. The only justification for such action is that the law is so monstrous and oppressive that every risk should be taken to procure its repeal. But, in fact, not only is the law not monstrous, but there is nothing in its operation which has not been perfectly familiar to the Democratic majority for a long time. The present action may compel the calling of an extra session, at which the Democrats would control both Houses. If then they took the same course, the President would doubtless veto the bill, and the responsibility of the consequent trouble would rest with the Democrats. The legitimate and patriotic method for them would be to await the assembly of the next Congress; then to vote the repeal and abide the result. It is neither legitimate nor patriotic to attach such a measure to appropriation bills, and endanger them. And if the Republicans set the example, the Democrats will hardly gain by following an example which they denounce.

This kind of small trickery is the substitute for statesmanship offered by such Democratic leaders as Mr. Thurman and Mr. Randall. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hill perhaps see the real impediment to Democratic success, and deprecate every thing that increases it. That impediment, daily increasing, is the profound distrust of the Democratic party which is felt every where by patriotic and conservative citizens, and which is fostered by such acts as this kind of legislation, and by the conduct of conspicuous leaders like Mr. Thurman, whose course upon the financial question during the last few years and whose reported remarks in the late caucus show merely a politician playing a desperate game for the Presidential nomination. "The South," as Mr. Bayard reminded him and the caucus, is solidly Democratic already. It is "the North" which the party must consider. But Mr. Thurman was evidently considering the Convention and the nomination, and his conduct recalls the old days when Northern Democrats were always bidding for Southern favor, and thereby earning the profound contempt of their own section and of independent citizens every where. Mr. Bayard, the sole Democratic leader of eminence who commands the hearty respect of his political opponents, in objecting to the follies of his party associates is derided by them as courting and parading his own virtue, as every Republican who protests against mischievous Republican courses is censured by his zealous party associates. Our general standard of political morality recalls that of Sir Robert Walpole, one of the most thoroughly unprincipled of statesmen, who used to sneer at those who objected to corruption as saints and boys.

Happily for the future, there is a constantly clearer perception that, while the Democratic party insists upon local rule and noninterference of the national government in the States, it has no thought nor wish nor plan to protect the rights of the citizen for whose defense national protection is sought. It is as in the days of the Ku-Klux. There was then a loud cry that States should be left to deal with their own troubles. But it was seen that there was no wish in the States to deal with them, and that the most monstrous wrongs were committed without the least protest even from local public opinion. That perception may not have warranted interference, but it certainly eliminated the conviction that it would be very dangerous to the country to have that spirit controlling the government of the United States. It is unquestionable that if with the demand for leaving the protection of personal and political rights to the States the Democratic party had also insisted that the States should protect them, it would have a very much more prosperous probability then it now has of carrying the next election. In the same way, if experience had taught the country that if the national election laws were repealed the States would protect and insure the freedom and purity of elections, there would be general acquiescence in the repeal. But every State is as vitally interested in the Congressional election in every other State as within its own borders; and hence the Constitution gives to Congress the power by law to make or alter State regulations in regard to the time, place, and manner of holding Congressional elections. It also makes each House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members. The Constitution evidently does not mean that Congress is to receive any body who may have received an apparent majority of votes, and as the Constitution further empowers Congress to take care by law that no State shall deny the equal protection of the laws to any citizen, the assumption that it is not the business of Congress how Congressional elections are conducted in a State is baseless. The Democratic party seems unable to see that the country does not propose to allow it to obtain control of the government by practically disfranchising equal citizens. The cry of "fraud" does not in the least blind the eyes of any body to the crimes by which an apparent Democratic majority was secured in 1876 in some of the Southern States, and as the attempt to secure a President by such means was happily baffled, every patriotic and independent citizen will wish and work to defeat the attempts to secure Congress by the same means.

THE CIPHER PLOT.

The Potter investigation was undertaken with the hope and expectation of ruining the Administration and of disgracing the Republican party. How ludicrously this expectation has been disappointed is now historical. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Noyes, who were especially accused, have been absolutely untouched by the result of the investigation; and it has fortunately elicited a letter written by Mr Hayes during the doubtful contest, warning his friends in the most emphatic manner against any kind of toleration of questionable acts. But while an improper offer or attempt has been brought home to the Republicans, this Democratic investigation has disclosed a plot to buy the Presidency for the Democratic candidate; it has extorted from Democratic agents, one of them Mr. Tilden's nephew and a member of his family, the frank confession of their guilt and shame; and it has brought Mr. Tilden himself to the stand to testify that he did not try nor mean to try to bribe electoral boards, and was totally ignorant of what his agents were doing. The chief result of the investigation is to strip the mask of "reform" from the Democratic party, and to show to the country that such "reform" was to be inaugurated by buying the Presidency. The effort to separate Messrs. Weed and Pelton and Marble from their party is useless, for they are fair representatives of the kind of politicians that Democratic success would have brought into power, and to whom reform would have been intrusted. There are undoubtedly Republican politicians who are not very eminent reformers. But what could any good cause have gained by exchanging Mr. Chandler for Mr. Marble? and why should the interests of reform have demanded the defeat of Mr. John F. Smyth's party to secure the success of Mr. Smith M. Weed's? The capital of the Democratic party in 1876 was the resumption that after a long *régime* of Republican infamy, the Democratic party would give as a boon of reform in Mr. Tilden. And here is Mr. Tilden confessing that he did not know the monstrous rascalities that his immediate friends and political associates were carrying on in his very house. Had he been President, his "wicked partners" would have brought him to shame. Few things are more surprising in our political annals than Mr. Tilden's ignorance of the naughty things that were going on under his nose.

It is evident from all the testimony that when Mr Tilden learned of Pelton's visit to Baltimore to conclude the bargain, he called him back and reproved him. But there is no evidence or pretense that he took care to deprive such a dangerous fellow of further opportunities of mischief. In fact, with the exception of a scolding, Pelton occupied the same position as before, and actually continued the attempt to buy a vote. According to Mr. Tilden's account, his own action was confined to scolding his nephew and leaving him to his pranks. His conduct was that of a man who knew that such things, if brought to his knowledge, "would not do." But there is no sign of that mighty indignation with which his card last October declared that he should "crush out" any intimation of contemplated fraud. Indeed, when Mr. Hiscock pressed him upon this point, Mr. Tilden said that he supposed Messrs. Cooper and Hewitt would attend to the matter, and then proceeded in a kind of exculpation of Pelton, upon the ground that he probably thought that he was fighting fire with fire. The moral tone of Mr. Tilden's card was certainly not sustained in his evidence.

The general feeling in regard to Mr. Tilden's connection with the cipher bribery plot is undoubtedly that Pelton did not tell him what was going on. It is of course impossible to know what Mr. Tilden, as a shrewd and experienced politician, suspected, and what he chose not to know. But that his political conscience is very sensitive is probably not generally supposed. For some forty years he has been a Democratic politician. He went through the whole Tweed *régime* as chairman of the State Committee without any public protest. He accepted the usual party and political morality. The fact that votes were sometimes bought was of course familiar to him. Cheating at the polls and counting candidates in and out after the election were also incidents well known to him. There is, indeed, no evidence that he personally ever authorized such proceedings; but there is no doubt that he held that in politics fire must be fought with fire. Therefore he was probably not conscious of any moral shock or indignation when he learned of a plot to buy what he says was his own. Not being conscious of it, he did not express it, and cheap rhetoric about an auction for the Presidency does not express it now. Many politicians raise money some of which they know will be used to buy votes, while they would not personally buy votes themselves. They do not consider such business exactly wrong, although they regret the necessity of doing it, and of course when they hear of bargains they are not shocked. Mr. Tilden's misfortune is that while the country desired administrative reform, he, who is part of the thing to be reformed, was placed in the position of a reformer. The investigation has shown that those who supported him under the belief that he represented reform influences and tendencies were profoundly mistaken. It has exposed the hollowness of the Democratic pretense of 1876. It has not shown that Mr. Tilden personally authorized the buying of an electoral decision, but it has conclusively shown that, as between the two parties, reform does not lie as the Democratic direction.

SCHOOLS OF SHAME AND VICE.

The striking story of *Meg*, published last summer in "Harper's Library of American Fiction," contained a tragically truthful picture of the county jail as a school of vice and shame. The simple and graphic touches of the narrative left upon the reader's mind one paramount impression. It was that by an chance can an unfortunate prisoner, however young or new to crime or accessible to temptation, be reformed by such an institution, or, indeed, be made any thing but a worse criminal. If any body was led by that book or by any other influence to go to the jail of his county and to see for himself, he was probably dismayed to find that there was an exaggeration or caricature in the story, but that this method of punishing crime ended in training criminals. This result is produced by herding together in jails and poor-houses young and old, of every kind of character and degree of crime, in a promiscuous crowd, of which crafty and accomplished villainy naturally takes the lead, confirming the depraved and corrupting the weak. The fact is one which has arrested the most careful attention of those who are wisest in this subject, and the condition of women and young girls exposed to the contamination of the jails and poor-houses is so pitiful that efforts are making for the establishment of special reformatories for fallen women and girl convicts and paupers.

A striking article in a series upon the general subject was recently published in the *World*, containing extracts from replies to letters addressed to the poor-houses of the State by a committee of the State Charities Aid Association. The extracts reveal the situation in six counties, and have, as the article truly says, "a terribly tragic monotony." They show that the present system of poor-houses and jails tends not only to make the bad worse, but to ruin the comparatively worthy poor and prisoners. It is a public evil, an evil which appeals to every tax-payer as well as to every humane citizen, and the article, written with much auspicious knowledge than the great multitude of its readers can possibly possess, asserts that the evil is too deeply seated and too widely spread, is too much the result of family legislation and administration, to be remedied by individual effort, however devoted, or by private charity, however munificent. The root of the mischief is the vagrancy of the women—now in the poor-house, then at large among debased companions, then in the jail, with its destructive companionship—and this root must be re-

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moved by breaking up the miserable round. The remedy can not be enforced in the counties because of the constant changes of official control of the institutions, and the only practicable plan is a State reformatory managed by women whose lives shall be devoted to the duty. One strong argument for State rather than individual care is that the largest class of the women who are to be dealt with require in their treatment the element of authority which no private institution can command.

The necessity of separate penal institutions for women has been long recognized by the most intelligent and experienced of the experts in this subject, and the Comptroller of this State calls attention to it in his annual report. But the measure which the communication to the *World* ably urges is so reasonable and practicable that it should commend itself to the interest and active support of those who understand that the questions of crime and pauperism can be wisely treated not by yielding to distaste and disgust, but only by resolute and persistent inquiry and action.

THE PRESIDENT AND POSTMASTER JAMES.

THE President is accused of garbling a quotation from a letter of Postmaster JAMES in his message upon the New York appointments. The passage in the message is this:

"The Custom-house in New York collects more than two-thirds of all the customs revenues of the government. Its administration is a matter not of local interest merely, but is of great importance to the people of the whole country. For a long period of time it has been used to manage and control political affairs. The officers suspended by me are, and for several years have been, engaged in the active personal management of the party politics of the city and State of New York. The duties of the offices held by them have been regarded as of subordinate importance to their partisan work. Their offices have been conducted as part of the political machinery under their control. They have made the Custom-house a centre of partisan political management. The Custom-house should be a business office; it should be conducted on business principles. General JAMES, the Postmaster of New York city, writing on this subject, says: 'The Post-office is a business institution, and should be run as such. It is my deliberate judgment that I and my subordinates can do more for the party of our choice by giving the people of this city a good and efficient postal service than by controlling primaries or dictating nominations.'"

The assertion is that the President garbled the quotation because he did not cite a previous sentence to the effect that nobody should be removed without cause. There was no need of quoting it, because the President holds and has always expressed the same opinion, and because it was not relevant to his immediate purpose. If nobody is to be removed from a business office without cause, it follows that those who use the office and its powers for politics and not for business furnish conclusive cause for removal. If, therefore, the President had quoted the passage he is censured for not quoting, it would not have changed the purport of his message nor disclosed any difference of opinion upon "this subject" between him and Mr. JAMES; and this omission to quote the whole letter or any other part of the letter is certainly not "garbling."

It is equally absurd to say that the President intended to convey the impression that the letter of Mr. JAMES was written in view of the action of the Custom-house, and that Mr. JAMES approved the action. The message speaks of the Postmaster of New York as writing "on this subject?" What subject? The context that we have quoted from the message shows: upon the subject of conducting public offices as business offices and not as political agencies; and having stated his own views, the President enforced them by quoting those of the head of one of the chief public offices in the country as to the special department of public business intrusted to his care. The passage quoted by the President refers in terms to the Post-office, and he makes no assertion nor implication that it was written at this time nor in view of the Custom-house changes.

It is proper to mention that the letter in question, which was in no sense a private letter, and referred wholly to the conduct of public business, was sent to the President last summer with the most friendly purpose toward Mr. JAMES, who was simultaneously informed that it had been sent, and who replied that he had no objection, and was perfectly willing that his views and actions as Postmaster should be known. At the President's request Mr. JAMES furnished a copy of it for the President through the friend to whom the letter was addressed, with the distinct and express understanding that it should be used at the President's discretion for the public benefit. In alluding to it and quoting from it as he did in the message, the President's action was perfectly honorable and legitimate, and could be questioned only by those who prefer to misinterpret whatever he may do.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO THE COLLECTOR.

THE letter of the President to the Collector of New York is a clear and positive statement of the principles upon which he wishes the public service at the Custom-house, including subordinate appointments and removals, to be conducted. It is perfectly easy to say that he does not mean it, and that he and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector have a secret understanding. Nothing, of course, but time and observation can disprove a charge of meditated treachery, to those who desire to believe it. A similar letter has been addressed to the Naval Officer and the Surveyor, and there can be no question that they intend honestly and thoroughly to observe the spirit of the President's instructions. The practical difficulty under the GRANT administration was that the infant of reform was given to its deadly enemies to nurse. Any real change can be accomplished only by good faith. Without that the ostensible method of securing reform becomes only a more invincible protection of abuse.

The chiefs of the Custom-house will be exposed to the most relentless hostility if they honorably pursue the course indicated. They will be reproached by political associates with ruining the party prospects during a Presidential election by deferring to the impracticable whims of visionaries. The entire battery of familiar sarcasm, obloquy, and indignation will be opened upon them, and they will have to stand a pressure to which General GRANT succumbed. But we have no doubt whatever of their purpose and their determination, and we shall be seriously disappointed if, under their control, many of the most odious and notorious abuses in the Custom-house are not reformed. They are entitled to the cordial support of that immense body of citizens who have no "axes to grind," but who are deeply interested in the conduct of public business—including appointments and removals in subordinate positions—upon business principles, and not according to the dictation of politicians, or the preferences of ward associations and local committees. We welcome the new officers to their honorable and patriotic task. It is in a direction which the good sense of the country more warmly approves the more clearly it is understood.

The President's letter, which shows the kind of "machine" that he wishes to construct, is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
4th February, 1879.

"DEAR GENERAL,—I congratulate you on your confirmation. It is a great gratification to your friends, very honorable to you, and will prove, I believe, of signal service to the country. My desire is that your office shall be conducted on strictly business principles, and according to the rules which were adopted, on the recommendation of the Civil Service Commission, by the Administration of General GRANT. In making appointments and removals of subordinates you should be perfectly independent of mere influence. Neither my recommendation, nor Secretary SHERMAN'S, nor that of any member of Congress, or other influential persons, should be specially regarded. Let appointments and removals be made on business principles and by fixed rules. There must be, I assume, a few places the duties of which are confidential, and which should be filled by those whom you personally know to be trustworthy; but restrict the area of patronage to the narrowest possible limits. Let no man be put out merely because he is Mr. ARTHUR'S friend, and no man put in merely because he is our friend. I am glad you approve of the message sent to the Senate. I wish you to see that all that is expressed in it and all that is implied in it is faithfully carried out.

"With assurance of my active confidence,
"I remain, sincerely,
"R. B. HAYES.

"General E. A. MERRITT,
Custom-house, New York City."

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

ONE of the significant and interesting facts in the recent action of the Senate upon the New York appointments was the rebuke of an abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate. This is a modern practice which amounts to a practical usurpation of the constitutional executive power of nomination. The judicial construction of the clauses in the Constitution which relate to nominations and appointments is that the nomination is the sole act of the President and completely voluntary, and that the appointment is also the act of the President, which can be performed only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. It is evident that there was no intention to make the Senate a part of the active executive power, but that it was to be a check upon abuses of the right of appointment. The result, however, has been different. When the Constitution was framed, and for a long time afterward, the number of national offices was so small and the patronage so unimportant that there was no reason for departure from the plain intention of the Constitution. But as the patronage increased, the temptation to illicit action grew stronger, until, under various pretenses, it became a tacit understanding that no executive nomination was not to be decided solely upon its merits, including arbitrary attempts at removal, but by the will of the Senator or Senators from the State in which the office was to be exercised.

This practice was a plain evasion of the Constitution, and practically vested the Senators with executive functions as far as their own States were concerned. It was a practice, also, which facilitated the formation of a "ring" beginning with the Senator, which by means of the patronage could control political action in the State, transferring that control from the people or the party to a knot of interested office-holders. The consequent demoralization of such a practice is evident. Nowhere had it been felt more deeply, for nowhere was its operation more despotic and rigorous, than in the State of New York under the leadership of Mr. CONKLING in the Senate. This explains the official changes in the State that were made at the close of General GRANT'S administration. Mr. CONKLING and his chief agents naturally doubted whether they should maintain their influence under the new President, and they prepared for emergencies. Important officers were removed and new appointments made in Mr. CONKLING'S interest, in the expectation that if the new Administration should attempt a change, "the courtesy of the Senate" would sustain the Senator's opposition. Instead, therefore, of offering the touching spectacle of one man heroically standing against the whole pitiless power of the Administration, Mr. CONKLING had the great advantage upon his side in "the courtesy of the Senate," which alone could hold the Administration in check; for it is a practice which makes a Senator, as against the President, a dictator for his State.

Whether it was the feeling produced by Mr. CONKLING'S reading letters which were held to be in their nature essentially private; or indignation with the insulting manner in which, as is reported, he spoke of the President; or the conviction that a President ought to choose his own subordinates if unexceptionable; or whatever the reason, "the courtesy of the Senate" was disregarded, and the nominations were confirmed despite a unanimous adverse report from the committee and the earnest opposition of both the Senators from the State. This is a very significant and interesting fact, and one for which every man who wishes to see the rights of each branch of the government duly respected will be grateful. The Senate is bound to consider nominations upon public grounds, and not according to the personal wishes of individual Senators. If a person nominated can be shown to be unfit for the office, or if improper motives for his nomination can be proved, the Senate ought to object. But if a President desires a change in an office for which he is responsible, the change ought not to be refused because a Senator who is not responsible desires that no change should be made. The action of the Senate has restored the practice of considering a nomination upon its merits, and not in its relations to the political fortunes of individual Senators. This practice, of course, allows a Jacksonian "sweep," but the remedy is in something very different from "the courtesy of the Senate."

PERSONAL.

THE son of M. DUFAURE is a wit. On the day of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies which many thought would end in his father's ejectment from power, he was waiting at the St. Lazare station in the hope of getting to Versailles by the one-o'clock train, but the crowd was so great that he was disappointed in getting a seat on the cars. "See how badly things are regulated," he observed, laughingly; "no places have been kept for the relatives to follow the funeral."

—GUSTAVE DORÉ has been promoted to the rank of a Grand Officer in the Legion of Honor.

—EMILIO CASTELAR has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures on Spanish literature before the University of Oxford during the next summer term.

—Mr. FAIRMAN ROGERS, of Philadelphia, who is a member of the Coaching Club of this city, possesses a remarkable collection of books on horses and all kindred topics. These books are well described in the account of his library published in a recent number of ROBINSON'S *Epitome of Literature*. The collection numbers over seven hundred and fifty volumes, and contains the pith of all that has been published about the horse, from the time of that fine old whip XENOPHON down to the days of BONNER and VANDERBILT.

—Secretary SCHURZ says he has been more impressed with Chief JOSEPH than any other Indian he has seen. JOSEPH is about thirty-eight years old, of light copper-color, tall, lithe, well-formed, clean limbed, with thin, spirited nostrils, small hands, and dainty feet. His voice is musical, and he has a simple-hearted chivalry of manner that is especially noticeable toward women. There is a fixed melancholy in his face, and his keen eyes watch every official countenance with the utmost vigilance.

—BRET HARTE is having quite a success in London as a lecturer. The London *News* is quite complimentary to him, saying: "The Americans are of our own stock, yet in their treatment of the ludicrous how unlike us they are! Mr. BRET HARTE'S own vein is much more English and less thoroughly Yankee than that of his contemporaries. He is a disciple of THACKERAY and DICKENS. Of all the pupils of DICKENS he is perhaps the only one who has continued to be himself, who has not fallen into a trick of aping his master's mannerisms. His mixture of the serious, the earnest, the pathetic, makes his humor not unlike the melancholy mirth of THACKERAY and STERNE. He is almost the only American humorist with sentiment. It is only the air, not the spirit, that is changed—*cœlum non animum*."

—Another of the oldest employés of HARPER & BROTHERS, THOMAS HOBLEY, has finished his work and gone to his final reward, leaving behind him a record of which those who survive him may well be proud. Forty-seven years ago he entered the service of the house as an apprentice boy in the bindery. By diligent application to the tasks that were given him he soon mastered the business, and from that day until less than a year ago, when he was prostrated by illness, he steadily and conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his place. Possessing an indomitable energy of will, he returned to his work after a partial recovery, and for two months more he stood at his bench. Finally, however, he was compelled to give up, and in a little while all was over. He left behind him a family of devoted children and a large circle of loving friends, who will long cherish the memory of his excellent life.

—The new Senator from Louisiana, Mr. JONAS, has high reputation among his Israelitish brethren. The Cincinnati *Israelite* says that "he stands to-day the foremost Jew in our country, and his co-religionists can feel assured that not only will no stain ever attach to him, but that wherever are found purity of official life, sterling integrity, and spotless private character, there will also be found the name of Hon. B. F. JONAS, of Louisiana. As a matter of interest to the ladies, we might add that what Mr. JONAS will be in the council of the nation his beautiful wife will be to its social circles. Endowed by nature with a superior intellect, she is as charming in manner as she is lovely in form and feature. We congratulate the Jewish people in the good fortune of having two such worthy representatives at the seat of government."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: On February 7, the Senate, by a vote of 40 to 20, passed the bill to admit women to practice before the Supreme Court. The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill, and agreed to the conference report on the Indian Appropriation Bill.—On the 8th, the Senate passed the bill abolishing the volunteer navy, the Indian Appropriation Bill, and a bill giving three months extra pay to men who served in the Mexican war. The House passed the Army Appropriation Bill, with the reorganization amendment, and another forbidding the use of the army at the polls. The amendment for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department was defeated.—The Senate, on the 10th, passed the Certificate of Deposit Bill, with an amendment making the rate of interest four instead of three per cent. In the House, Mr. Manning, of Mississippi, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill repealing the statute in regard to the test oath required of jurors, and in regard to the appointment and payment of supervisors of election and special deputy marshals. The motion failed of a two-thirds vote, there being 120 yeas and [illegible] nays.—On the 11th, both Houses agreed to the conference report on the Naval Appropriation Bill. The Post-office Appropriation Bill, with amendments, was reported in the Senate, and placed on the calendar.—The Senate, on the 12th, adopted a joint resolution for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the recent escape and slaughter of the Cheyennes. Senator Cameron offered a resolution for the appointment of a special commission of nine on Inter-State commerce.

United States Senator Christiancy resigned February 10.

The New York State Senate, February 11, passed the Assembly Bill making the robbery of graves a felony punishable by five years' imprisonment.

New York State has taken prompt action to prevent the spread of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle within its limits. February 12 both Houses passed a bill, and the Governor signed it the same day, appropriating $10,000 for this purpose. General Patrick and Professor Law were appointed with power to quarantine all infected stables, to slaughter all diseased animals, to quarantine all persons coming in contact with diseased animals, to disinfect all cars and stables occupied by infected animals, and to prevent healthy animals from being brought into infected stables.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRECAUTIONARY measures against the spreading of the plague are still being vigorously pursued by the European governments. A telegram from Tsaritsin, February 13, says that since the thaw set in the number of cases has increased.—In the villages near Astrakhan the populace massacred the doctors, believing that they poisoned their patients. A semi-official statement is published in which complaint is made of Roumania's neglect to give notice to Russia of her precautions against the plague. The locking of railway carriages containing Russian officers is considered especially unfriendly and unjustifiable. Roumania claims that her action is in accord with the measures adopted by Austria and Germany.

M. Albert Grévy was elected Vice-President of the French Chamber of Deputies February 11. The same day the government presented a bill granting amnesty to the Communists.

By an order of the British Council, adopted February 10, all cattle from the United States after March 3 will have to be slaughtered in abattoirs on the Birkenhead and Liverpool docks within ten days after landing.

Later reports from Zululand confirm the news of disaster to the British troops, referred to in the article on page 166. Re-enforcements of 3000 men are to be sent out to Cape Colony at once. Fifteen steamers have been chartered for the purpose.

The German Reichstag was opened, February 12, by the Emperor William in person. In his speech he thanked the members for assisting in the suppression of the Socialistic evil. On the 13th, Herr Forkenbeck was elected President of the Reichstag, by a vote of 181 out of 2[illegible].

The definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed February 8. It declares peace and cordial relations to be re-established between Russia and Turkey; provides that the articles of the San Stefano Treaty which were not modified by the Treaty of Berlin shall remain in force; the mode of payment of the war indemnity and compensation to Russian residents of Turkey who suffered through the war is left for future agreement; all prosecutions for aiding either side during the war are abandoned, and persons implicated in the Roumelian disturbances are pardoned. The protocol declares that the recognition in the present treaty of the Treaty of Berlin changes neither the character nor the range of the latter. As Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania are independent, Russia leaves them free to come to an understanding for themselves with the Porte relative to their claims for war indemnity.—Immediately after the signing of the treaty the Russians began the evacuation of Turkish territory.—England has concluded a convention with Turkey purchasing the state domains in Cyprus, with the exception of the Sultan's private estates.

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GOVERNOR PITKIN, COLORADO.—[Photographed by C. Bohn.]

THE HON. N. P. HILL.—[Photographed by J. Collier.—(See Page 167.)]

GOVERNOR PITKIN.

Colorado, although the youngest State in the Union, is nevertheless one of the largest in area, its territory exceeding that of Great Britain. Twenty years ago there was no organized civilized community within its limits, while to-day it has many flourishing cities and towns, containing as intelligent a population as can be found in any of the older States. Ten years ago no railway had been constructed there, while at present there are more than twelve hundred miles in operation, more than one-sixth of which has been built during the past year. As a mineral-producing State it already ranks next to California and Nevada, with every prospect of outstripping them both during the next decade.

Hon. Frederick W. Pitkin, who was inaugurated Governor of this new State on the 14th of January, and whose portrait appears on this page, belongs to an illustrious line, being descended from the Pitkins and Gardiners of Connecticut. He was born at Manchester, Hartford County, in that State, August 31, 1837. Entering Wesleyan University, at Middletown, in 1854, he was graduated in 1858 with distinguished honor. A year later he was graduated from the Albany Law School, and immediately removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he practiced his profession till 1873, when failing health compelled him to retire and make a trip to Europe. Deriving no benefit from his visit abroad, he returned and spent the succeeding winter in Florida, likewise in pursuit of health. Under the advice of Dr John T. Bergalis, of this city, he removed to Colorado in the fall of 1874, where he has since, during a considerable portion of the time, been a dweller in the open air. From spring to autumn, with wife and children, he has camped out upon the parks of Colorado. This mode of life having very much improved his health, he located at Ouray, in the San Juan country, in 1877, where he has devoted himself principally to mining, practicing his profession only in cases of special interest and importance. In August last he was unanimously nominated for Governor by the Republican Convention, and was elected by a majority over both his Democratic and Greenback competitors.

Governor Pitkin is a gentleman of cultivated character, amiable manners, high ability both as a writer and speaker, and possesses rare aptitude for public affairs.

LEFT IN THE LURCH—"DRAT DAT MULE!"—[Drawn by W. Taber.]

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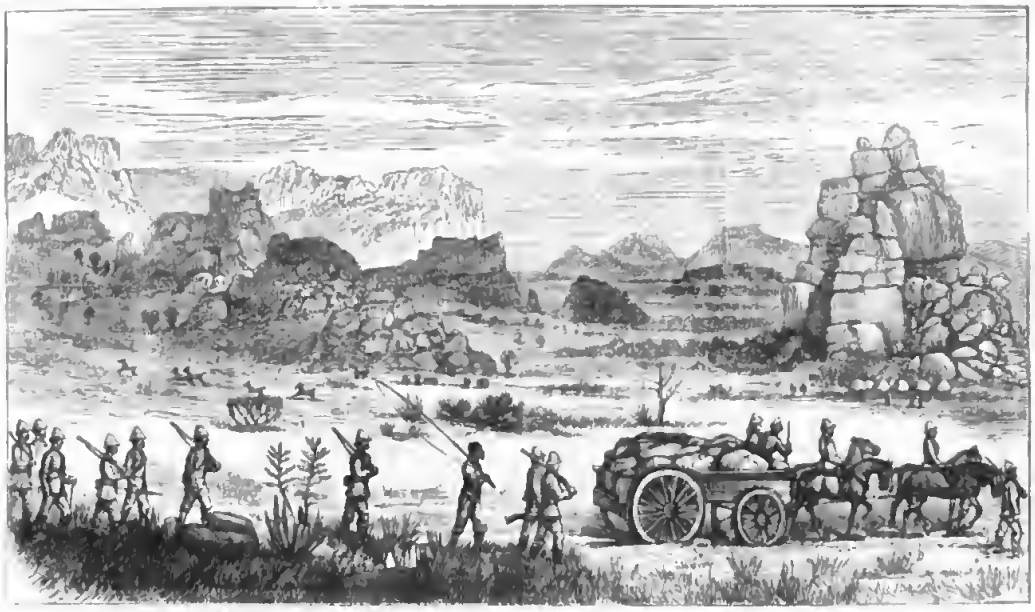


VIEW ON THE ROAD TO FORT WEBER.

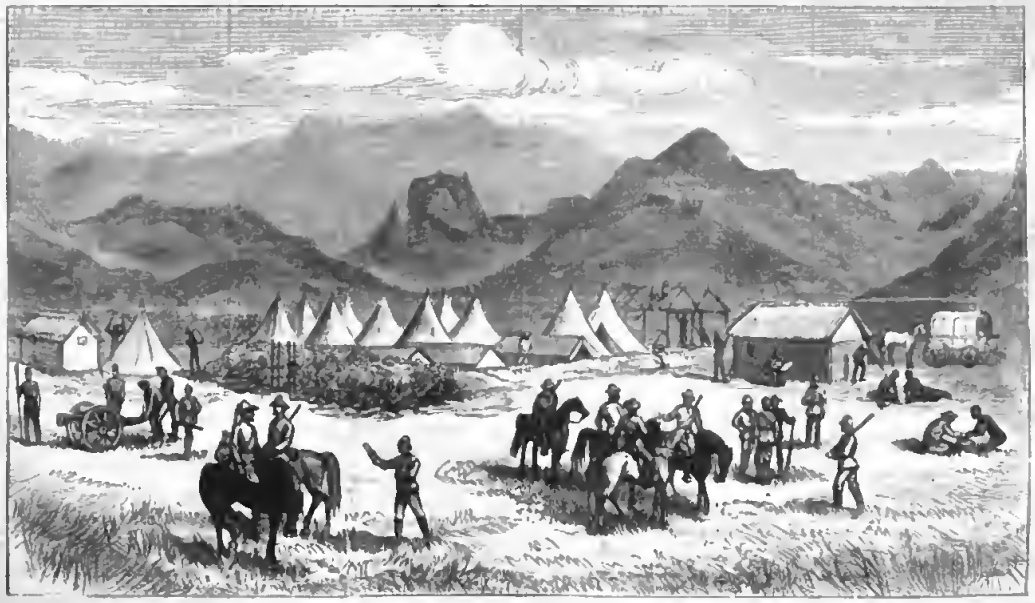
WAR WITH THE ZULUS.

THE region of the Transvaal, in South Africa, where the English are now engaged in another one of their periodical struggles with the native tribes, was originally settled by the emigrant Boers, who retired from the Orange River Free State upon its annexation to the British crown in 1848. These people declared their independence in 1852, and established a government under the title of the Transvaal Republic. Their number, as nearly as it can be ascertained, is about 25,000 souls. The Boers were subjects of Holland, and were accordingly the Cape colonists when by treaty and conquest England obtained, in the beginning of the present century, a footing in South Africa. In 1833 a large number of farmers found themselves, without any desire on their part to become British subjects, in the position of "accidents of territory" ceded to the English by the Dutch. This the hardy Boers resented, and a number of them, gathering together their flocks and herds, marched forth to fresh fields and pastures new. From the time, however, that the pioneers took possession of the fertile plateau beyond the Vaal, which had attracted them by the agricultural advantages it offered, they were constantly harassed by the native tribes, who apparently regarded the new comers simply as suitable subjects for plunder. Although a treaty had been entered into with SECOCOEN, the chief of the most important tribe on the border of the new republic, there still remained within its nominal limits a large number of Caffres, who, having obtained guns, kept themselves altogether free and independent. At one time a rising of some of these tribes lost a large and well-cultivated stretch of land to the republic, caused a great depression of trade, and, indeed, brought the state nearly to the verge of bankruptcy. But after the discovery of the diamond fields and of gold in the north and north-east of the Transvaal, new markets were opened for the produce of the country, prices rose rapidly, and with the election of President BURGERS, at one time a clergyman of the Reformed Church at the Cape, an improved system of government was introduced, and new impulse given to the republic.

DANCE OF ZULU MEN.

ZULU WAR-DANCE.

The two great difficulties with which the Boers



VIEW AT FORT OLIPHANT.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

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had to struggle were, however, the hostility of the natives and their jealousy of the English. Although sorely perplexed to manage their own affairs, they could not be induced to accept a proposal made in 1875 by Lord CARNARVON in regard to a confederation of the South African states and colonies under a more uniform system, which might reconcile their hitherto conflicting interests, and tend to the development of their vast resources. In 1876 they also rejected the Colonial Minister's urgent appeal against commencing a war with SECOCOENI, son of SEKWATI, whose territory now lay between the main portion of the republic and the recently added area of the Lydenberg gold fields. On attacking this chief the obstinate Boers suffered a series of defeats, and their public exchequer became nearly exhausted. One party in the state refused to pay the war taxes, the government became demoralized, and hopeless anarchy succeeded. Though a temporary peace had been patched up with SECOCOENI, it proved to be a hollow one, and was soon broken. A native war involving not only this tribe, but the more powerful army of the Zulu king CETYWAYO, who claimed a large district recently incorporated into the Transvaal, became imminent. At this time, if we may believe the statements of English writers, who are nearly the only ones who have dealt with the subject, the British envoy, Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who had been commissioned to examine into the matter thoroughly, became convinced that the interests of all colonists, whether Dutch or English, demanded that the Transvaal should be included in a federal union under the British flag. Accordingly, in April, 1877, in spite of the protestations of the Boers, who saw the fate from which they had fled once more descending upon them, the Transvaal was annexed to the British dominions.

Not long after the annexation, Captain CLARK, who had been appointed Commissioner in the northeast, caused the volunteer forces to be disbanded, without obtaining any guarantees for the maintenance of peace by SECOCOENI, or for the payment of the war indemnity charged upon the Caffres. Fort Burgers, the most advanced position in the northeast, was virtually evacuated, there being left in it only an assistant native commissioner with his orderly. Fort Weber, the advanced position on the west side of the Lulu Mountains, was also left equally unprotected. Apparently this policy was the worst that could have been employed. The disbandment was completed on the 18th of June, and the cannons and muskets, together with the ammunition, sent off to Praetoria, some two hundred miles from any possible enemy. The result was that the Zulus immediately recommenced their raids over the border. The inhabitants of the Transvaal suffered more than ever from these incursions, and the marauders were loud in their expressions of contempt for the Englishmen. Mr. ALFRED AYLWARD, who has given us a most entertaining volume upon the Transvaal, dealing with the subject from the point of view taken by the Boers, repeats a conversation overheard by him, which illustrates the estimate placed by the Zulus upon the doughty warriors of Great Britain: "MAKAPPERS, one of SECOCOENI's 'indunas,' or counsellors, was talking, as Caffres will, about the power of his master. A resident of Lydenberg said to him: 'The English are not like the Boers; they have soldiers who live only to fight, and can send regiment after regiment to support their flag, the presence of which, Captain CLARK knows, hanging over the Steelport fort, has as much influence as a thousand men.' The old Caffre laughed, and said, 'If SECOCOENI read the newspapers, he might no doubt be afraid of the tales the Englishmen write about their own strength and glory; but he would feel much more afraid of a hundred wild dogs than of millions of paper soldiers.'"

As early as August, 1877, it became apparent that SECOCOENI was endeavoring to avoid paying his indemnity, and a month later several laborers complained to the English authorities that they had been visited by a party of Zulus, who had ordered them to quit their farms. Then followed a terrible outrage. Mr. BELL, the New Scotland Commissioner, was murdered by some natives living on his own lands. Although apparently none of the Caffre chiefs were concerned in this crime, it nevertheless showed the disposition of the natives, and Captain CLARK was soon after induced to direct the raising of twenty five "provisional policemen," who were stationed at Fort Weber. This was also followed by the establishment of native police, a body of dressed and armed savages, intended for the protection of the border, but which in reality had the effect of further exciting SECOCOENI. His people saw men of their own race in arms against them, and in spite of messages sent by Captain CLARK ordering them to desist from further outrages, their attacks began to assume a more systematic shape. By the spring of 1878 the white inhabitants of the Transvaal were afraid to be abroad upon their farms. Even in thickly populated districts men were not safe. The Caffres descended upon the main roads, sweeping off cattle, and shooting the villagers within sight of their houses. On one occasion a town kraal, or compound, was actually entered by the marauders.

While this was going on in Lydenberg and its immediate vicinity, Captain CLARK with a small force was doing his best to restrain the Zulus in the neighborhood of Fort Weber. His efforts had produced but little result, however, though he worked with considerable determination during the summer, when rumors were heard of new troubles in a new quarter, caused this time by King CETYWAYO himself. His manœuvres had been watched with anxiety for some time by the authorities, and those of the inhabitants who had remained unconcerned about the raids of SECOCOENI became finally convinced that war was in prospect.

In November a resident of the Transvaal, writing to the London *Times*, says: "The acts of CETYWAYO and the increasing restlessness of the Zulu tribes are the occasion of this state of warlike expectancy. Several of the Zulu regiments have lately been mobilized and marched to the king's head-quarters. Their movements have had the effect of producing a mischievous alarm among the European and native communities in the neighborhood of his territory. On October 20 large bodies of men were reported to be on the march from the king's kraal to the Transvaal border; and the German settlement of Luneberg, the inhabitants of which are in a state of defensive preparation on the Pongolo River, was threatened to such an extent that the officer commanding at Utrecht thought it advisable to move two companies of the Ninetieth Regiment to that place from Utrecht."

This determined action on the part of the Zulus finally convinced the English of the necessity of taking equal measures, and in November the British ultimatum was sent to CETYWAYO, demanding the immediate disbandment and disarmament of the Zulu army, the cession of St. Lucia Bay (long known to have been one of the inlets for arms and ammunition), and the stationing of a British Resident in Zululand. This document further set forth a series of charges against CETYWAYO and the Zulus, which may be enumerated as follows: They had violated British territory: two Zulu women, flying from the consequences of adultery, fled across the boundary of Natal, and were pursued, brought back, and stoned; two British subjects had been placed under constraint. The ultimatum then turned its attention to the internal affairs of Zululand. It recited the promises made by the Zulu king at his coronation; it declared these promises broken, and demanded that a better system of justice should be established. It further charged CETYWAYO with keeping up a standing army, obliging his young men to serve in it, preventing them from marrying, using the army as an instrument of oppression, and expelling the missionaries. It then demanded that the army should be disbanded, that the young men should be allowed to marry, and that the missionaries should be re-instated.

During the weeks that followed the dispatch of this document a general exodus of the English troops took place from Maritzburg, where they had been detained by difficulties connected with the transport. Colonel ROWLANDS, who had concentrated his forces at Fort Burgers, some sixty miles distant from SECOCOENI's "stadt," at once undertook a reconnoissance in force in that direction, arriving within five miles of the enemy's stronghold. At the same time similar manœuvres were going on further south. The troops in Natal were all on the move. The German farmers of Luneberg, becoming alarmed at the threatening attitude of their neighbors, applied to the military authorities at Utrecht for protection, and two companies of soldiers were at once ordered to Luneberg. On receipt of this intelligence, General Lord CHELMSFORD, commander of the military forces in South Africa, ordered the departure from Maritzburg of the remainder of the Ninetieth and two guns to Utrecht. At the same time reports came in from the Lower Tugela district that the Zulus were concentrating on that river. Troops were accordingly removed from Grey Town to Fort Williamson, situated on the Tugela, and within a few miles of the mouth of that river.

CETYWAYO had been given until January 11 to send his answer to the English. None having arrived at that date, his silence was construed into a declaration of war, and preparations were made to advance. On the 21st of that month a column of English troops passed the borders of the Zulu chief's dominions, but only to sustain one of the most horrible disasters ever recorded in border warfare. So far, the news that has reached us is of the most concise character. It reads: "On the 21st inst. a British column consisting of a portion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, a battery of artillery, and 600 native auxiliaries, which was advancing into Zululand, was utterly annihilated near the Tugela River by 20,000 Zulus, who captured a valuable convoy of 102 wagons, 1000 oxen, two cannons, 400 shot and shell, 1000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds weight of provisions, and the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. It is estimated that 5000 Zulus were killed and wounded in the battle. Among the killed on the British side are two majors, four captains, twelve lieutenants, and a quartermaster of the Twenty-fourth Regiment; two captains of the Royal Artillery, a colonel, captain, four lieutenants, and the surgeon-major of Engineers, besides twenty-one other British officers commanding the native levies."

While we write the war is being carried on in the most vigorous manner in the Transvaal, the English being determined to teach the Zulus respect for their government, and to achieve such a victory over them as shall in future protect colonists in this part of Africa from insult and outrage on the part of the natives. Regiments are being sent from England, and the forts on the border garrisoned in such a manner as shall enable them to effectually resist attack. Of one of these defences we give a sketch on page 165. Fort Oliphant is situated on a river of the same name, which flows northward from Middleburg into the highlands, where it turns eastward to join the Limpopo beyond the British boundary. The fortified camp lately established on its banks has a parapet constructed of earth and stone, mixed with brush-wood; it stands upon a rising ground, one hundred feet above the river, and contains a hut for the officers, built of reeds fastened on a frame-work of poles and daubed with mud, also the frame of a store-house, to be completed against the rainy season, and quarters for the garrison, consisting of a hundred men of the Thirteenth Regiment and some colonial volunteers. The gun shown on the left hand in this sketch is a small BARRY four-pounder, which is very handy and useful. Fort Oliphant is surrounded by trees and bush; the river is about one hundred yards wide. The country between this and Fort Weber, some thirty miles distant, is a plain of red sand, dotted with scrubby bush and with a few large trees, but with huge hummocks of granite, some of them twenty feet high and two hundred feet in circumference, rising abruptly out of the ground. It is a view of the road between these two forts which is given in our second large sketch. Our minor engravings relate to the manner in which the Zulus amuse themselves in times when they have no real warfare on hand. A sham fight or a war-dance affords them a pleasurable excitement of the kind to which they are used.

A YEAR WITH A NEW POPE.

No man has lately appeared in public in regard to whom opinions have run such a rapid course of change as Leo XIII. His accession to the chair of St. Peter was attended with the expectation of a new policy. He was free from the embarrassments of his predecessor. Pius IX. felt the loss of the temporal power as a personal grievance. He had been a secular prince, and suffered from the shock of his fall; Leo XIII. could, without sacrifice of dignity, accept the new situation. The desire of Europe for a reconciliation with the Vatican gave color to the hope of a change. The character of Leo himself entered, too, as an element into the suggestion of a better era. Pius loved the excitement of which he was the centre; he enjoyed the importance which his contention with the whole world gave him. Some irreverent reporter has declared that the late Pope never read a book through in thirty years. Leo is a man of the closet, a lover of books, and addicted to study. We shall have peace now, said the London *Times*; Leo will correct the mistakes of Pius, and reconcile himself with the modern world.

It is astonishing how general this expectation became, and how the slightest facts were perverted to give it support. See, it was said, the character of the new Pope's appointments. Franchi, the moderate, becomes Cardinal Secretary, and Simeoni, the bitter ultramontane, vacates that post. Note, too, that the Italian bishops are directed to obtain the royal *exequatur*: Italy is to be recognized. Still more! Leo XIII. receives a deputation, and says not one word of the Virgin Mary; Mariolatry is already tacitly rebuked. He has sent General Kanzler to the right-about, and will no more keep up the farce of a temporal sovereignty. And then, too, the Allocution of March 28, 1878. He begs the cardinals to be, in fact as well as in name, his advisers. That, said the expectants of a new policy, is a step backward toward liberalism, and can only mean that Leo XIII. will divest himself of the burden of infallibility. The Roman correspondent of the London *Times* was persuaded that the Pope's reference in this Allocution to the Council of Trent was intended "as a repeal of the act of the Vatican Council, which, by declaring Pius IX. infallible, entitled him to dispense with the advice of either college or council." And when to all this was added that Leo had sent for Father Curci, that he had requested the widow of Montalembert to pay him a visit, and that the Cardinal Secretary had declared his master to be desirous of seeing a strong, united Italy, they who had pledged Leo XIII. to liberalism began to think that they had proved their case.

An almost ludicrous turn was given to these promises by the rumors of the Pope's personal condition. He was driven almost frantic by the ultramontane pressure put upon him. There was a pretty picture drawn of him chafing under the restraints imposed by hard-hearted cardinals, of his futile efforts to get away from the Vatican, of his weary, saddened air, and much more of the same pathetic purport. We were having a prisoner of the Vatican, indeed, shut in not by Italy, but by the mysterious forces of Jesuitism. The Encyclical of April 4 gave a rude shock to these pleasant dreams. There was not an uncertain word in it. "Therefore," said Leo, "it is that, in order to maintain, above all, the rights and freedom of the Holy See, we shall never cease to use every effort to preserve the obedience due to our authority, to remove the obstacles which interfere with the free exercise of our ministry and our power, and to obtain the re-instation of that position of affairs in which the dictates of Divine wisdom had formerly placed the Roman pontiffs. . . . . We are actuated not only by the consideration that the temporal power is necessary to us in order to defend and protect the full freedom of the spiritual power, but also because it is clearly shown that in the sovereign temporality of the Holy See is involved the public well-being and welfare of society." The London *Times*, in discussing this Encyclical, dealt with Leo XIII. as a Pope who had fallen from a state of innocence, and had gone over wholly to the prince of this world. Nay, had he not set up to be the veritable prince of this world himself? Alas for the hope of a papal return to the ways of pleasantness and the paths of a "liberal" peace!

But that there may be no doubt of his purposes, Leo spoke still again. No peace, save by submission to the Church, is written all over the letter of instructions to Cardinal Nina, dated August 27, 1878, and shortly after given to the world. The new Pope deviates from the policy of his predecessor not so much as by the breadth of a hair. He claims to be the head of all human society, and to be indispensable to the welfare of mankind, with as distinct an emphasis as Hildebrand or Innocent. He bids the nations to come to him, and resents their refusal to come. "We desire," he graciously proclaims, "to make our voice heard by those who rule the destinies of nations, inviting them earnestly not to refuse the solid succor which the Church offers them in these times when the want of it is so much felt." He insists again on the restoration of the temporal power, and intimates that, until it is effected, the loyalty of Catholic subjects to their princes is not assured. "The Catholics of the various states can never be tranquil while their Supreme Pontiff, the master of their faith, the guide of their consciences, is not assured of a true freedom and a real independence." "Tranquil" is a mild word; but if we read Leo aright, he means to say, "No temporal power for the pontiff, no Catholic loyalty in any state." The arraignment of Italy has a concentrated bitterness which Pius IX. never reached. Nothing is forgotten; all of which his predecessor complained is rehearsed; but besides these, the freedom of Protestant worship, "the heretical churches and schools built with impunity in the city of Rome itself," anger this infallible guide of the human race, this vicegerent of Him whose mission was one of charity to all mankind.

In a most decided yet scholarly tone Leo throughout the Encyclical of December 28 arraigns the Protestant Reformation as the cause of Socialism. He charges on the reformers that they intended the overthrow of all belief in the supernatural. Hear him: "You, Venerable Brethren, very well know that the object of the war which ever since the sixteenth century has been waged by innovators against the Catholic faith, and which has every day increased in intensity down to the present time, has been that, by the setting aside of all revelation and the subversion of every kind of supernatural order, an entrance might be cleared for the discoveries, or rather the delirious imaginations, of mere reason." A Pope has a right to his opinions, but even a Pope has no right to misstate facts. The Protestant Reformation did *not* subvert belief in the supernatural; it did not subvert the principle of authority. If it found the source of all authority in the Bible, and rejected the co-ordinate authority of the Church, it still left man a reverent, religious being. It has not set aside all revelation, but has magnified the revealed will of God. The Pope and Catholic writers obstinately refuse to admit the possibility of a recognition of the supernatural unless there goes with it a recognition of the supremacy of their Church. This willful blindness to a simple distinction vitiates their logic, and turns papal encyclicals into the merest nonsense. It is astonishing that from the centre of Catholic learning and thought a document should be issued so faulty in its premises that the slightest effort of analysis breaks it in two. The Protestant world joins heartily with Leo in his denunciation of Socialism; but whence is Socialism? The English-speaking race, the race in which Protestantism has taken deepest root, is free from the inroads of socialistic error. We owe Socialism to Catholic France—to Catholic France in rebellion against the Church, it is true, but wholly unreceptive of the Protestant faith. Had Catholic France not suppressed the Huguenots by force, she would have had a protection in their reverence for divine and human law. The rebellion against the Church would not have carried the French people over to the most shocking atheism. No; the Church has herself prepared the conditions for the existence of Socialism. Her suppression of the legitimate exercise of the faculties of the human mind engenders in time the deification of reason.

From this history of a year some facts will appear very plain to the American people.

The present Pope has, we can now readily see, a decided policy. Here is no yielding temper which will go any length to establish peace. The world could not help believing that Pius IX. was a puppet; that the real pontiff was some one else, who kept well out of sight. Pius was a good theatrical figure; he posed magnificently; with his sonorous voice and fluent speech was attractive on public occasions. In fact, he was an orator on the most commanding rostrum known to the world—the papal throne. The more reticent Leo weighs his words, means them, and no doubt will exhibit to the full the traditional papal inflexibility. Pius IX. fought a losing battle; the complaints with which he filled the world were the outcries of defeat; it would not be surprising if Leo XIII., with his larger resources of craft, were to gain some of the points of his contention. We do not say that he will stir up strife to gain them, but he stands ready to avail himself of any political convulsion which he can make tributary to his purpose. Like a wise man, he labors to repair the breaches made in the Church by the conflicts of the age; but he has so far shown no disposition to repair them by an abatement of his claims as pontiff.

Americans may as well take notice, too, that the Vatican still means war to religious liberty. In this particular a year of the reign of a new Pope has brought us no change. What is intolerable to the Leo in Rome is intolerable every where. That Protestant worship should be established in the capital of the Roman Catholic faith is an annoyance to the occupant of St. Peter's chair, but that it should flourish any where equally annoys him. In relation to this the papacy is at all times consistent with itself. Pius IX. noted in the syllabus of 1864 as one of the errors of our time the opinion that "in the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion should be held as the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship." In saying this, he agreed with Gregory XVI., who in 1832 called the demand of liberty of conscience "a frenzy," and with the Council of Trent, which admonishes princes not to permit the things declared by it "to be corrupted or violated by heretics." The logic of the Church's position compels her to repress religious freedom, and to overthrow it wherever she is able so to do.

Nor does Leo XIII. abate a particle of the tone of lofty condescension which becomes infallibility. The order to the Italian bishops to obtain the royal *exequatur* was not meant as a concession of the rights of Italy. "To obviate these grave evils we *tolerated* that the newly elected

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Italian bishops should present bulls of their nomination and investiture," is the phraseology of their chief. He condescends to yield a point, but those the less denies the royal authority. In the same condescending tone Leo offers to the non-Catholic world his interventions for its benefit. "Inspired by feelings of apostolic charity," is his language, "we turned also even to those who are not united to us by the bonds of the Catholic religion, wishing that their subjects might profit by the advantages inherent in this divine institution." What are the advantages which Leo offers the non-Catholic world? In answering this question we may fairly draw logical deductions from his principles, as he has attempted to do from the principles of the Reformation. He has not quoted the reformers to show that their teaching has led to Socialism. We will do better than that; we will quote the exact language of the papacy—we will quote from the Syllabus. Leo offers the non-Catholic world the use of force by the Church, the supremacy of ecclesiastical over civil law whenever the two come in conflict, the abrogation of the government of the public schools by the civil power, the establishment of the Catholic religion as the only religion of the state, and the union of the state with the Roman Catholic Church. These are the blessings which "apostolic charity" presses upon our acceptance here in the United States. To accept them would require the undoing of all that has been achieved since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock; the suppression of Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, Congregational, and, in short, all Protestant worship; the imprisonment or the expulsion from the country of their communicants; the handing over of our system of public education to the control of the Church; the putting out of the light kindled three hundred years ago, and the restoration of the Middle Ages. From such blessings, flowing out of the fountain of an "apostolic charity," may a kind Providence ever deliver us!

GAINES R. CROSBY.

THE HON. N. P. HILL.

NATHANIEL P. HILL, the new Republican Senator from Colorado, is a man little known in politics, and until recently was not suspected of having any ambition to enter upon a public career. He settled in Colorado about twelve years ago, and began business there by erecting smelting works at Black Hawk Point, not far from Central City, in the centre of a most flourishing mining region. All around him miners were at work crushing ore in a rude and wasteful fashion, by which a large amount of the precious metal was lost. Mr. HILL and his associates became extensive purchasers of ore; and having the field to themselves for several years, they accumulated immense fortunes. In some years their profits amounted to $300,000, and even more. Last year their business facilities were increased by the erection of new works at Denver capable of treating 800 tons of ore per day.

Mr. HILL is not an orator; but he is said to be a man of sound judgment, untiring energy, and business capacity; and although he may not often be heard in debate, he will probably make a good working member of the Senate. He is a consistent Republican, sincere and earnest in his political convictions, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was at one time a member of the Territorial Council, but sought for no higher political honors until his name was mentioned in connection with a seat in the United States Senate. Among his rivals for the position were several of the leading politicians of Colorado, and his success was largely due to his popularity with the miners. We give his portrait on page 164.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Fish Commissioners of West Virginia, Messrs. JOHN W. HARRIS, H. B. MILLER, and C. S. WHITE, have published their report for the years 1877 and 1878, and present a statement of what they have accomplished during the period mentioned. The amount of money at their command was small, but they have made a judicious use of it in erecting a hatching house; and California salmon, landlocked salmon, trout, and other useful food fishes have been hatched out and distributed throughout the State. There is reason to believe that before many years a vast improvement will have been made in the fisheries of West Virginia, thus adding materially to the resources of that commonwealth.

We noticed some time ago the appearance of a serial, entitled *The Palæontologist*, published by Mr. U. P. JAMES, of Cincinnati. This is of a somewhat novel character, being published from time to time as material is furnished, and consisting almost entirely of descriptions of new families, genera, and species by the editor. The forms referred to in the third number, of January 15, are principally from the lower and upper silurian rocks of Ohio.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association will be held on the 25th and 26th of February, at 11 A.M., at the Directors' Room of the Fulton Market Fish-mongers' Association of New York. A number of persons interested in the subject, including commissioners of States, etc., are expected on this occasion. It will be of special interest, as a full account of all the recent remarkable improvements in fish-culture will doubtless be brought forward.

Professor TOWNEND GLOVER, for many years the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has during that period been preparing an elaborate work upon the *Insects of the United States Injurious to Vegetation*. This consists of a series of plates, engraved on copper, representing the insects in their various stages of egg, larva, chrysalis, and adult, for the most part in association with the plants ravaged by them, and showing the nature of their action.

With these figures is connected an elaborate series of notices of the insects themselves, detailing their life history, accompanied by tables showing first the different plants attacked by each species of insect, and second, the different insects found on the same plant. By this combination of well-executed illustrations, descriptions, and analytical tables it becomes possible for the merest tyro to identify, without any difficulty whatever, the character of an insect and the mode of prosecuting its destructive agency in any stage of its growth.

Professor GLOVER has, so far, himself engraved on copper 273 octavo plates, illustrating about 3000 species, among them nearly all those whose action has any special relation to the farmer or agriculturist.

Strange as it may seem, this great work, of so much value to all concerned, has never been actually published, although Mr. GLOVER has at his own expense printed fifty copies relating to some of the orders, as the hemiptera, lepidoptera, orthoptera, etc. A movement has lately been set on foot, however, to induce Congress to purchase from Professor GLOVER the plates referred to, which he offers at $100 each, or what would be scarcely the price of any first-class engravers for executing them, these to be accompanied by the attendant manuscript, in such form as, for the most part, to be immediately ready for publication.

No public document of greater industrial or economical value than this has ever been issued by Congress. It is to be hoped that a proper view of the subject will be taken, and the liberal offer of Professor GLOVER accepted, and arrangements made for printing a sufficiently large edition not only to supply the principal public libraries and State agricultural and entomological associations, but for sale at cost to all working entomologists and agriculturists who may desire to possess it.

The interesting announcement is made from England of the acclimatization in the sands of Cleethorpe, on the Lincolnshire coast, of the American clam or quahaug, *Venus mercenaria*. This is one of our most valuable mollusks, and its introduction into Europe promises to be of much economical importance. The specimens noted are about three inches across the shell, and lack the violet tint of the American variety. A large number of oysters imported from the United States are imbedded in the immediate neighborhood, and it is supposed that in this way the clams were accidentally introduced. So far there is no evidence that the American oyster has multiplied spontaneously in Europe.

The ninth number of the Fifth Volume of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of Cambridge, embraces three reports upon the results of the dredging operations of the United States Coast Survey steamer *Blake* during the season of 1877–78. That upon echini is by Mr. AGASSIZ; that on the corals and crinoids, by Count POURTALÈS; and that on ophiurans, by THEODORE LYMAN. There are also papers containing reports of results previously obtained from the co-operation of the United States Coast Survey with the plan of deep-sea research inaugurated by Professor AGASSIZ, and continued by his son.

Dr. EDWIN R. HEATH, of whose proposed explorations in South America we have already made mention, left New York on the 23d of November, and reached Pará on the 19th of December. He was to have taken a steamer up the Madeira on the 22d, and thence to Exaltacion, or also across to Reyes, on the Beni River, where he proposed to spend some time in making collections and the necessary preparations for descending the river. He expected to obtain Greenwich time at San Antonio, the latitude and longitude of which is well established, and to work his longitudes by them until arriving at the Beni, where he intended to correct it by "lunars."

With a good outfit and apparatus he was to take observations of latitude and longitude at every suitable opportunity, as also to make records of the thermometer, barometer, and boiling-points.

After completing all his preparations at Reyes, and having his balsa properly constructed and equipped, he proposed to commit himself to the current, and take his chances of what might happen.

Dr. HEATH reports having received every courtesy from the Brazilian authorities, they having as much interest as himself in the solution of the various problems before him.

The thirteenth report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut presents a gratifying account of the final success of the measures prosecuted for many years, and in the face of many obstacles, for the restoration of salmon to the Connecticut—a stream in which this fish formerly abounded to an extraordinary degree, and where it has not been known for many years.

The first work of the Commission in this direction was in 1868, when 2000 salmon fry were introduced, but the number was so small as probably to allow their entire destruction. A second lot of 20,000 was introduced in 1871. These also, on account of their small number probably, for the most part perished, as only a very few could be subsequently accounted for. In May, 1873, the first really adequate supply was placed in the stream, 150,000 being planted at that time. In 1874 about 1,000,000 were introduced by the four States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; in 1875, 500,000 more; and in 1876, 300,000—making nearly 2,000,000 that were planted in three years.

Although scattering individuals of smolts and grilse were occasionally seen, it was not until 1878 that the rush of mature fish began, the first being caught on the 2d of April. From this time up to September it is estimated that at least 500 fish, weighing from 12 to 14 pounds, were taken and disposed of, besides the number that escaped the nets and remained in the river. The largest captured weighed 22½ pounds.

It is probable that during 1879 the rush of fish will be still greater, and it is earnestly to be hoped that some provision will be made by the State to prevent their destruction. A wise law would be an absolute prohibition of capture for several years, and after that the establishing a close time and the adoption of such other measures as experience has shown to be necessary for the purpose. Of course if all the fish planted are caught up by a few parties intending to supply the market, it will be impossible to maintain a public sentiment in favor of the continuation of action for restocking the river. Unless the fish are permitted to extend their range throughout the entire portion of the Connecticut River and its tributaries, accessible to the upward run, the supply can not be kept up.

No plantings have been made now for several years past by the Commissioners, so that if all the mature fish are taken as they come into the river, after 1880 the stream will again be in precisely the same condition, so far as salmon are concerned, as it has been for fifty years. At present the Commissioners are confining their attention to the introduction of landlocked salmon, no means for the hatching of shad or for the continuation of operations in regard to sea salmon having been furnished by the State.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THAT every man with a family dependent upon him ought to insure his life is too obvious a truth to admit of argument; but there are many to whom the payment of large premiums at stated times is next to an impossibility. Some who could do it by laying by a little from their earnings every week are not careful to do so, and others put it off from time to time, meaning some day to begin to save, but they never get beyond the mere resolve. In either case every dollar is spent as soon as it comes, and too often a stricken family is left to the tender mercies of charitable friends, or, still worse, to the benevolence of strangers. To meet the want in this direction of men of limited means various plans have been adopted, the most popular of which is that of mutual association for the payment of a dollar or so each on the death of a member, with an additional ten cents for the expenses of stationery and postage. One of the oldest of these bodies is the Brooklyn Masonic Mutual Relief Association, which has now on its roll 1995 members. In a report just issued some interesting facts are given. During the past year fourteen members died, and the handsome sum of $16,000 was paid to their families, or an average of $1139 to each family. All that this insurance cost was $15 for the year, which is a marvel of cheapness. One of the members who died had paid in only $6; his heirs received $1121. Another paid in but $18 30, and $1125 were paid by the association. Since the organization, which was in 1867, one hundred deaths have occurred, and $99,390 have been paid to claims. J. S. BARNETT is president, and GEORGE H. ANDERSON is secretary.

The appearance of pleuro-pneumonia among a cargo of cattle which was exported to Liverpool has caused some alarm in this country as well as in England. The restrictions imposed in regard to the exportation of cattle may seriously affect the trade. Nevertheless, it is confidently asserted that the cattle of the North-west are generally in a healthy condition, and that pleuro-pneumonia has never affected Western cattle. There will be hereafter a very strict inspection of live animals shipped for England.

"I have a friend, a prima donna," writes "Atlas," in the London *World*, "who says very quaint things sometimes. It so happened she crossed the tumbling waves of the Irish Channel recently in the middle of one of those vile storms they wire to us nowadays from America. She described the unutterable miseries of the voyage, and finally assured me most solemnly that at one moment she was so wretched that she 'all but threw up her operatic engagement,' on which statement I foolishly began to laugh, and consequently heard no more."

The Boston University has recently received a gift of $25,000, which is designed as a nucleus of a fund for a Professorship of Liberal Arts. A lady has also given to the same college $5000 toward the endowment of a Woman's Professorship in the university.

When Ashburton Webster, grandson of Daniel Webster, was buried at Marshfield, not long ago, the casket containing the remains of the great statesman was opened, and the face was perfectly recognizable. The body had been well preserved by being embalmed.

Those who were interested in the Caxton Celebration of 1877 will remember the celebrated Caxton Memorial Bible, which was printed, bound, and lettered in twelve hours at the Oxford University Press. The State Library of Albany has received a copy of this remarkable work.

If reports are true, there are two sides to the distress existing in Great Britain among the working classes. There usually are two sides to every subject. That there is very great suffering there is not the shadow of a doubt. But instances like the following show that many have not yet come to that point when they are willing to do something to relieve themselves. The owner of a loch near Glasgow much frequented by skaters applied to the Relief Committee for a hundred men to sweep off the ice, offering their railway fare both ways, a hot dinner, and a shilling a day, but could not get any men. A Lancashire gentleman undertook to relieve a family selected by the clergyman as a deserving one—that of a puddler three months out of work, with a wife and five children. He provided for them a supper of roast pork and suet pudding, and the miserable man told him he had been skating the week before, but did not go out that week, for the ice was too rough; that for three weeks he had hardly had his pipe out of his mouth, his tobacco bill being about eightpence a day; and that, thanks to kind friends, he had not wanted a meal yet.

New Caledonia appears to have some attractions. A young man was brought before a French tribunal on charge of theft not long ago. He made, of his own accord, an elaborate confession of a terrible murder that he had committed, which was proved to have no truth in it whatever. It was found that his motive was a desire to be sent to New Caledonia at the expense of the government, and for the benefit of his health.

In view of the facts that pneumonia is one of the most common and most fatal of all diseases in our climate, and that pneumonia originates usually from a sudden cold, the following "rules for winter," clipped from an exchange, are worthy of remembrance: Never lean with the back upon any thing that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered, also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases. After violent exercise never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs. Never stand still when exposed to the cold, especially after having taken exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Quinine, as is well known, is one of the most necessary as well as one of the most expensive of medicines. This drug is a preparation from the bark of the chinchona or calisaya tree, found only in certain provinces of Bolivia and Peru, at great distances from the habitations of civilized men. The supply is limited; and as it is a very important remedy in remittent and intermittent fevers, it commands high prices. In the United States it is much higher priced than in Europe. Many persons feel strongly that an article so important in medical practice should be free from tax, and efforts are being made to secure a reduction or a total abolition of the customs duties upon quinine. In this country quinine is chiefly manufactured in Philadelphia.

Paris, it is said, has just awakened to an appreciation of the virtues of "Serkys tea"—a new beverage which has the power of preserving "the freshness and beauty of early youth up to the ripest age." It is composed of "exquisitely refreshing and balsamic plants," which grow in the mountains of Moab and Libanus. Although this tea is called "new," it is really of considerable antiquity, having been used in the time of Osman I., who introduced it to the notice of the ladies of his seraglio. An infusion of the leaves thrown into the bath will help to preserve the freshness of the skin; so says report.

A rather "tough" dog story comes from St. Louis. During the recent cold "snap" a little pet dog got out of doors, and when at length found, he was on his back, frozen stiff in death, as was supposed. A little boy, son of the owner of the dog, suggested that the body be placed near the fire, to try if it could be thawed back to life; and so it was put on a rug, and the little boy began to rub the paws and nose. Some warm whiskey was forced down its throat, and presently signs of returning animation appeared, and the dog is now alive and well!

"How not to shiver" is the subject of a brief but most sensible paragraph in an exchange. The remedy is so simple as to be within the comprehension of all, namely, "to wear sufficient clothing." People make a great mistake upon this subject, many of them fancying that it is chiefly out-of-doors that warm garments are required in cold weather. So they go shivering about the house, making every body else uncomfortable by their apparent discomfort, or else openly and continually complaining of the cold rooms. The truth probably is that the rooms are abundantly heated, but they have not on sufficient clothing. In our climate nobody has a right to complain of feeling cold, unless, if he is able to supply himself, he wears warm under-flannels and other garments thick enough to be suitable for our cold, changeable winters.

A Boston paper has the following paragraph, which is worth attention from all whom it concerns—and does it not concern all?

"Somebody, remembering the Brooklyn horror, wants to know whether all our places of amusement are living up to the rules about exits, precautions against fire, and all that sort of thing. If an accident should happen any where, a thorough investigation would be ordered. Why not have it now?"

It is indicative of a very general interest in having improved homes for the poor that no less than 190 designs for a model house for working-people were recently exhibited at the Leavitt Art Rooms, Clinton Hall. These were received in response to offered prizes for the best design for a model tenement-house. It is the intention to make these designs serve as guides in remodelling old tenements as well as in constructing new ones, so as to remedy some of the existing evils in the present tenement-house system.

During the year 1878 the number of business failures officially announced in Great Britain and Ireland was 15,059. This is an increase of over 4000 failures over those reported for the year 1877.

In the annual report of the Light-house Board an appeal is made for contributions of books, pamphlets, and other reading matter suitable for light-house keepers and their families. The Board has now 160 libraries of about forty volumes each, which are sent to the different light-houses, and changed from time to time from one station to another. The moral effect of these libraries upon the keepers and their families, the stimulus they give to their mental activity, and the cheerfulness infused into their lonely and isolated homes, are a great benefit to the light-keepers, and aid in raising the standard of the service. The Board aims to establish small permanent libraries at some of the larger stations during the coming year. Many of the books now in use have been contributed by the public, for which the Board returns its thanks; but there is yet scope for the exercise of charity toward a most deserving class of public servants.

Very nearly 2000 yards of the St. Gothard Tunnel remain to be excavated; and if the work goes on this year as rapidly as it did last, about twelve months hence the labourers will meet in the heart of the mountain. Yet the masses of serpentine and schist under the Kastelhorn may prove a great hinderance. Most of the laborers employed in the galleries are Italians. They work night and day in shifts of eight hours each, and their work is described as being terribly severe. The heat is so great that they can wear no clothes. They return to the mouth of the tunnel streaming with perspiration; their faces are yellow and ghastly; they can not bear the light of the sun; they walk with bent shoulders, and stagger as if carrying burdens too heavy for their strength. They are, nevertheless, said to be cheerful and even merry. They support their hard lot without repining, and save money. It is satisfactory to know that the contractors by whom the men are employed treat them with every consideration. A surgeon is always on the spot, accidents being frequent, and ample hospital accommodation is provided for the sick and injured.

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THE FAMILY JEWEL.—[By Frank Beard.]

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A TREARY DAY.—[By J. D. Watson.]

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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1147.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

SOME OBJECTS AS DUETS.

After this Lord Mallow gave up all hope of sympathy from Miss Tempest. What could be expected from a young lady who could not understand patriotism in the abstract, but wanted to pin a man down for life to the spot of ground for which his soul burned with the ardor of an orator and a poet? Imagine Tom Moore compelled to live in a humble cot in the Vale of Avoca! He infinitely preferred his humdrum cottage in Wiltshire. Indeed, I believe it has been proved against him that he had never seen the meeting of the waters, and wrote about that famous scene from hearsay. Ireland has never had a poet as Irish as Burns and Scott were Scottish. Her whole-hearted, single-minded national bard has yet to be born.

It was a relief, therefore, to Lord Mallow's active mind to find himself in conversation with a young lady who really cared for his subject and understood him. He could have talked to Lady Mabel forever. The limits of five-o'clock tea were far too narrow. He was delighted when the duchess paused, as she was going away, and said:

"I hope you will come and see us at Ashbourne, Lord Mallow; the duke will be very pleased to know you."

Lord Mallow murmured something expressive of a mild ecstasy, and the duchess swept onward, like a three-decker with all sails set, Lady Mabel gliding, like a neat little pinnace, in her wake. Lord Mallow was glad when the next day's post brought him a card of invitation to the ducal dinner on December the 31st. He fancied that he was indebted to Lady Mabel for this civility.

"You are going, of course," he said to Violet, twisting the card between his fingers meditatively.

"I believe I am asked."

"She is," answered Mrs. Carmichael, from her seat behind the urn; "and I consider, under the circumstances, it is extremely kind of the duchess to invite her."

"Why?" asked Lord Mallow, intensely mystified.

"Why, the truth is, my dear Lord Mallow, that Violet is in an anomalous position. She has been to Lady Southminster's ball, and a great many parties about here. She is out, and yet not out, if you understand."

Lord Mallow looked as if he was very far from understanding.

"She has never been presented," explained Mrs. Carmichael. "It is too dreadful to think of. People would call me the most neglectful of mothers. But the season before last seemed too soon after dear Edward's death, and last season, well"—blushing and hesitating a little—"my mind was so much occupied, and Violet herself was so indifferent about it, that somehow or other the time slipped by and the thing was not done. I feel myself awfully to blame—almost as much as as if I had neglected her confirmation. But early next season—at the very first Drawing-room, if possible—she must be presented, and then I shall feel a great deal more comfortable in my mind."

"I don't think it matters one bit," said Lord Mallow, with appalling recklessness.

"It would matter immensely if we were travelling; Violet could not be presented at any foreign court, or invited to any court ball. She would be an outcast. I shall have to be presented myself, on my marriage with Captain Carmichael. We shall go to London early in the spring. Conrad will take a small house in Mayfair."

"If I can get one," said the captain, doubtfully. "Small houses in Mayfair are as hard to get nowadays as black pearls, and as dear."

"I am charmed to think you will be in town," exclaimed Lord Mallow; "and, perhaps, some night, when there is an Irish question on, you and Miss Tempest might be induced to come to the Ladies' Gallery. Some ladies rather enjoy a spirited debate."

"I should like it amazingly!" cried Violet. "You are awfully rude to one another, are you not? And you imitate cocks and hens, and do all manner of dreadful things. It must be capital fun."

This was not at all the kind of appreciation Lord Mallow desired.

"Oh yes, we are excruciatingly funny sometimes, I dare say, without knowing it," he said, with a mortified air.

He was getting on the friendliest terms with Violet. He was almost as much at home with her as Rorie was, except that she never called him by his Christian name, nor flashed at him those lovely, mirth-provoking glances which he surprised sometimes on their way to Mr. Vawdrey. Those two had a hundred small jokes and secrets that dated back to Vixen's childhood. How could a new-comer hope to be on such delightful terms with her? Lord Mallow felt this, and hated Roderick Vawdrey as intensely as it was possible for a nature radically good and generous to hate even a favored rival. That Roderick was his rival, and was favored, were two ideas of which Lord Mallow could not dispossess himself, notwithstanding the established fact of Mr. Vawdrey's engagement to his cousin.

"A good many men begin life by being engaged to their cousins," reflected Lord Mallow. "A man's relations take it into their heads to keep an estate in the family, and he is forthwith set at his cousin like an unwilling terrier at a rat. I don't at all feel as if this young man were permanently disposed of, in spite of all their talk; and I'm very sure Miss Tempest likes him better than I should approve of were I the cousin."

While he loitered over his second cup of coffee, with the ducal card of invitation in his hand, it seemed to him a good opportunity for talking about Lady Mabel.

"A very elegant girl, Lady Mabel," he said, "and remarkably clever. I never talked to a young woman, or an old one either, who knew as much about Ireland. She's engaged to that gawky cousin, isn't she?"

Vixen shot an indignant look at him, and pouted her rosy under-lip.

"You mean young Vawdrey. Yes; it is quite an old engagement. They were affianced to each other in their cradles, I believe," answered Captain Carmichael.

"Just what I should have imagined," said Lord Mallow.

"Why?"

"Because they seem to care so little for each other now."

"Oh, but, dear Lord Mallow, remember; Lady Mabel Ashbourne is too well bred to go about the world advertising her affection for her future husband," remonstrated Mrs. Carmichael. "I'm sure, if you had seen us before our marriage, you would never have guessed from our manner to each other that Conrad and I were engaged. You would not have a lady behave like a housemaid with her 'young man.' I believe in that class of life they always sit with their arms round each other's waists at evening parties."

"I would have a lady show that she has a heart, and is not ashamed to acknowledge its master," said Lord Mallow, with his eyes on Vixen, who sat stolidly silent, pale with anger. "However, we will put down Lady Mabel's seeming coldness to good-breeding. But as to Mr. Vawdrey, all I can say about him is that he may be in love with his cousin's estate, but he is certainly not in love with his cousin."

This was more than Vixen could brook.

"Mr. Vawdrey is a gentleman, with a fine estate of his own," she cried. "How dare you impute such meanness to him?"

"It may be mean, but it is the commonest thing in life."

"Yes, among adventurers who have no other road to fortune than by marrying for money; but do you suppose it can matter to Roderick whether he has a thousand acres less or more, or two houses instead of one? He is going to marry Lady Mabel because it was the dearest wish of his mother's heart, and because she is perfect and proper and accomplished and wonderfully clever—you said as much yourself—and exactly the kind of wife that a young man would be proud of. There are reasons enough, I should hope," concluded Vixen, indignantly.

She had spoken breathlessly, in gasps of a few words at a time, and her eyes flashed their angriest light upon the astounded Irishman.

"Not half a reason if he dare not love her," he answered, boldly. "But I believe young Englishmen of the present day marry for reason and not for love. Cupid has been cashiered in favor of Minerva. Foolish marriages are out of fashion. Nobody ever thinks of love in a cottage. First, there are no more cottages; and secondly, there is no more love."

Christmas was close at hand: a trying time for Vixen, who remembered the jolly old Christmas of days gone by, when the poor from all the surrounding villages came to receive the squire's lavish bounty, and not even the tramp or the cadger was sent empty-handed away. Under the new master all was done by line and rule. The distribution of coal and blankets took place down in Beechdale, under Mr. and Mrs. Scobel's management. Vixen went about from cottage to cottage in the wintry dusk, giving her small offerings out of her scanty allowance of pocket-money, which Captain Carmichael had put at the lowest figure he decently could.

"What can Violet want with pocket-money?" he asked, when he discussed the subject with his wife. "Your dress-maker supplies all her gowns and bonnets and hats. You give her gloves—every thing. Nobody calls upon her for any thing."

"Her papa always gave her a good deal of money," pleaded Mrs. Carmichael. "I think she gave it almost all away to the poor."

"Naturally. She went about pauperizing honest people because she had more money than she knew what to do with. Let her have ten pounds a quarter to buy gloves and eau-de-Cologne, writing paper and postage-stamps, and trifles of that kind. She can't do much harm with that, and it is quite as much as you can afford, since we have both made up our minds to live within our income."

Mrs. Carmichael sighed and assented, as she was wont to do. It seemed hard that there should be this need of economy; but it was in a manner Violet's fault that they were all thus restricted, since she was to take so much and to reduce her mother almost to penury by-and-by.

"I don't know what would become of me without Conrad's care," thought the dutiful wife.

Going among her poor this Christmas with almost empty hands, Violet Tempest discovered what it was to be really loved. Honest eyes brightened none the less at her coming, the little children flocked as fondly to her knee. The changes at the Abbey House were very well understood. They were all put down to Captain Carmichael's account, and many a simple heart burned with indignation at the idea that the squire's golden-haired daughter was being "put upon."

One bright afternoon in the Christmas holidays Vixen consented, half reluctantly at the last, to let Lord Mallow accompany her in her visits among the familiar faces, and that was a rare day for the squire's old pensioners. The Irishman's pockets were full of half crowns and florins and sixpences for the rosy-faced, barefooted, dirty, happy children.

"It puts me in mind of the old country," he said, when he had made acquaintance with the interior of half a dozen cottages. "The people seem just as kind and friendly and improvident and idle and happy-go-lucky as my friends at home. That old Sassenach forester, now, that we saw sitting in the winter sun, drinking his noonday pint on a bench outside a rustic beer shop, looking the very image of lazy enjoyment—what Irishman could take life more lightly or seem better pleased with himself?—a free-born child of the sun and wind, ready to earn his living anyhow except by the work of his hands. Yes, Miss Tempest, I feel a national affinity to your children of the Forest. I wish I were Mr. Vawdrey, and bound to spend my life here."

"Why, what would life be to you if you had not ould Ireland to fight for?" cried Vixen, smiling at him.

"Life would be simply perfect for me if I had—"

"What?" asked Vixen, as he came to a sudden stop.

"The dearest wish of my heart. But I dare not tell you what that is yet awhile."

Vixen felt very sorry she had asked the question. She looked wildly round for another cottage. They had just done the last habitation in a straggling village in the heart of the woods. There was nothing human in sight by which the conversation might be diverted from the uncomfortable turn it had just taken. Yes, yonder under the beechen boughs Vixen descried a small child with red legs, like a Jersey partridge, dragging a smaller child by the arm, ankle-deep in the sodden leaves. To see them and to dart across the wet grass toward them were almost simultaneous.

"Tommy," cried Vixen, seizing the red-legged child, "why do you never come to the Abbey House?"

"Because Mrs. Trimmer says there's nothing for me," lisped the infant. "The new master sells the milk up in Lunnun."

"Laudable economy," exclaimed Vixen to Lord Mallow, who had followed her into the damp woodland and heard the boy's answer. "The poor old Abbey House can hardly know itself under such admirable management."

"There is no big a house where you might do what you liked; yes, and give away the cows as well as the milk, if you pleased, and none should say you nay," said Lord Mallow, in a low voice, full of unaffected tenderness.

"Oh, please don't!" cried Vixen—"don't speak too kindly. I feel sometimes as if one little kind word too much would make me cry like a child. It's the last straw, you know, that crushes the camel; and I hate myself for being so weak and foolish."

After this Vixen walked home as if she had been winning a match, and Lord Mallow, for his life, dared not say another tender word.

This was their last *tête-à-tête* for some time. Christmas came with its festivities, all of a placid and eminently well-bred character, and then came the last day of the year and the dinner at Ashbourne.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"FADING IN MUSIC."

"Mrs. Carmichael, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Dovedale."

That was the sentence which went on repeating itself like a cabalistic formula in Pamela Carmichael's mind, as her carriage drove through the dark silent woods to Ashbourne on the last night of the year.

A small idea had taken possession of her small mind. The duchess was the fittest person to present her to her gracious mistress, or her gracious mistress's representative, at the first Drawing-room of the coming season. Mrs. Carmichael had old friends, friends who had known her in her girlhood, who would have been happy to undertake the office. Captain Carmichael had an ancient female relative living in a fossil state at Hampton Court, and vaguely spoken of as "a connection," who would willingly emerge from her aristocratic hermitage to present her kinsman's bride to her sovereign, and whom the captain deemed the proper sponsor for his wife on that solemn occasion. But what social value had a fossilized Lady Susan Carmichael, of whom an outside world knew nothing, when weighed in the balance with the Duchess of Dovedale? No, Mrs. Carmichael felt that to be presented by the duchess was the one thing needful to her happiness.

It was a dinner of thirty people; quite a state dinner. The finest and newest orchids had been brought out of their houses, and the dinner table looked like a tropical forest in little. Vixen went in to dinner with Lord Ellangowan, which was an unappreciated honor, as that nobleman had very little to say for himself, except under extreme pressure, and in his normal state could only smile and look good-natured. Roderick Vawdrey was ever so far away, between his betrothed and an enormous dowager in sky-blue velvet and diamonds.

After dinner there was music. Lady Mabel played a dreary minor melody, chiefly remarkable for its delicate modulation from sharps to flats and back again. A large gentleman sang an Italian buffo song, at which the company smiled tepidly; a small young lady sighed and languished through "Non è ver;" and then Miss Tempest and Lord Mallow sang a duet.

This was the success of the evening. They were asked to sing again and again. They were allowed to monopolize the piano; and before the evening was over every one had decided that Lord Mallow and Miss Tempest were engaged. Only the voices of plighted lovers could be expected to harmonize so well as that.

"They must have sung very often together," said the duchess to Mrs. Carmichael.

"Only within the last fortnight. Lord Mallow never staid with us before, you know. He is my husband's friend. They were brother officers, and have known each other a long time. Lord Mallow insists upon Violet singing every evening. He is passionately fond of music."

"Very pleasant," murmured the duchess, approvingly; and then she glided on to shed the sunshine of her presence upon another group of guests.

Carriages began to be announced at eleven—that is to say, about half an hour after the gentlemen had left the dining room—but the duke insisted that people should stop till twelve.

"We must see the old year out," he said. "It is a lovely night. We can go out on the terrace and hear the Ringwood bells."

This is how Violet and Lord Mallow happened to sing so many duets. There was plenty of time for music during the hour before midnight. After the singing, a rash young gentleman, pining to distinguish himself somehow—a young man with a pimply complexion, who had said with Don Carlos, "Three-and-twenty years of age, and nothing done for immortality!"—recited Tennyson's "Farewell to the Old Year" in a voice which was like any thing but a trumpet, and with gesticulation painfully suggestive of St. Vitus.

The long suite of rooms terminated in an orangery—a substantial stone building, with tessellated pavement, and wide windows opening on the terrace. The night was wondrously mild. The full moon shed her tender light upon the dark forest, the shining water pools, the distant blackness of a group of ancient yew-trees on the crest of a hill. Ashbourne stood high, and the view from the terrace was at all times magnificent, but perhaps finest of all in the moonlight.

The younger guests wandered softly in and out of the rooms, and looked at the golden oranges glimmering against their dark leaves, and put themselves into positions that suggested the possibility of flirtation. Young ladies whose study of German literature had never gone beyond Ollendorff gazed pensively at the oranges, and murmured the song of Mignon. Couples of maturer growth whispered the details of unsavory scandals behind perfumed fans.

Vixen and Rorie were among those roving couples. Violet had left the piano, and Roderick was off duty. Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow were deep in the wrongs of Ireland. Captain Carmichael was talking agriculture with the duke, whose mind was sorely exercised about guano.

"My dear Sir, in a few years we shall have used up all the guano, and then what can become of us?" demanded the duke. "Talk about our exhausting our coal! What is that compared with the exhaustion of guano? We may learn to exist without fires. Our winters are becoming milder; our young men are going in for athletics; they can keep themselves warm upon bicycles. And then we have the gigantic coal fields of America, the vast basin of the Mississippi, to fall back upon, with ever-increasing facilities in the mode of transport. But civilization must come to a dead lock when we have no more guano. Our grass, our turnips, our mangel, must deteriorate. We shall have no more prize cattle. It is too awful to contemplate."

"But do you really consider such a calamity at all probable, duke?" asked the captain.

"Probable, Sir? It is inevitable. In 1868 the Chincha Islands were estimated to contain about six million tons of guano. The rate of exportation had at that time risen to four hundred thousand tons per annum. At this rate the three islands will be completely exhausted by the year 1885, and England will have to exist without guano. The glory of the English people as breeders of prize oxen will have departed."

"Chemistry will have discovered new fertilizers by that time," suggested the captain, in a comforting tone.

"Sir," replied the duke, severely, "the discoveries of modern science tend to the chimerical rather than the practical. Your modern scientists can liquefy oxygen, they can light a city with electricity, but they can not give me any thing to increase the size and succulence of my turnips. Virgil knew as much about agriculture as your modern chemist."

While the duke was holding forth about guano, Vixen and Rorie were on the terrace, in the stillness and moonlight. There was hardly a breath of wind. It might have been a summer evening. Vixen was shrouded from head to foot in a white cloak which Rorie had fetched from the room where the ladies had left their wraps. She looked all white and solemn in the moonlight, like a sheeted ghost.

Although Mr. Vawdrey had been civil enough to go in quest of Violet's cloak, and had seemed especially desirous of bringing her to the terrace, he was by no means delightful now he had got her there. They took a turn or two in silence, broken only by a brief remark about the beauty of the night and the extent of the prospect.

"I think it is the finest view in the Forest," said Vixen, dwelling on the subject for lack of any thing else to say. "You must be very fond of Ashbourne."

"I don't exactly recognize the necessity. The view is superb, no doubt, but the house is frightfully commonplace. It is a little better than Briarwood. That is about all which an enthusiastic admirer could advance in its favor. How much longer does Lord Mallow mean to take up his abode with you?"

Vixen shrugged her cloaked shoulders with an action that seemed to express contemptuous carelessness.

"I haven't the least idea. That is no business of mine, you know."

"I don't know any thing of the kind," retorted Rorie, captiously. "I should have thought it was very much your business."

"Should you, really?" said Vixen, mockingly.

If the gentleman's temper was execrable, the lady's mood was not too amiable.

"Yes. Are not you the loadstar? It is your

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presence that makes the Abbey House pleasant to him. Who can wonder that he protracts his stay?"

"He has been with us a little more than a fortnight."

"He has been with you an age. Mortals who are taken up to paradise seldom stay so long. Sweet dreams are not so long. A fortnight in the same house with you, meeting with you at breakfast, parting with you at midnight, seeing you at noonside and afternoon, walking with you, riding with you, singing with you, kneeling down to family prayer at your side, mixing his 'Amen' with yours; why, he might as well be your husband at once. He has as much delight in your society."

"You forget the hours in which he is shooting pheasants and playing billiards."

"Glimpses of purgatory, which make his heaven all the more divine," said Rorie. "Well, it is none of my business, as you said just now. There are people born to be happy, I suppose—creatures that come into the world under a lucky star."

"Undoubtedly, and among them notably Mr. Vawdrey, who has every thing that the heart of a reasonable man can desire."

"So had Solomon, and yet he made his moan."

"Oh, there is always a crumpled rose leaf in every body's bed. And if the rose leaves were all smooth, a man would crumple one on purpose, in order to have something to grumble about. Hark, Rorie!" cried Vixen, with a sudden change of tone, as the first silvery chime of Ringwood bells came floating over the woodland distance—the low moon-lit hills; "don't be cross. The old year is dying. Remember the dear days that are gone, when you and I used to think a new year a thing to be glad about. And now, what can the new years bring us half so good as that which the old ones have taken away?"

She had slipped her little gloved hand through his arm, and drawn very near to him, moved by tender thoughts of the past. He looked down at her with eyes from which all anger had vanished. There was only love in them—deep love; love such as a very affectionate brother might perchance give his only sister; but it must be owned that brothers capable of such love are rare.

"No, child," he murmured, sadly. "Years to come can bring us nothing so good or so dear as the past. Every new year will drift us farther."

They were standing at the end of the terrace farthest from the orangery windows, out of which the duchess and her visitors came trooping to hear the Ringwood chimes. Rorie and Vixen kept quite apart from the rest. They stood silent, arm in arm, looking across the landscape toward the winding Avon and the quiet market-town, hidden from them by intervening hills. Yonder, nestling among those grassy hills, lies Moyles Court, the good old English manor-house where noble Alice Lisle sheltered the fugitives from Sedgemoor, paying for that one act of womanly hospitality with her life. Farther away, on the banks of the Avon, is the quiet church-yard where that gentle martyr of Jeffreys's lust for blood takes her long rest. The creeping spleenwort thrives amidst the gray stones of her tomb. To Vixen these things were so familiar that it was as if she could see them with her bodily eyes, as she looked across the distance, with its mysterious shadows, its patches of silver light.

The bells chimed on with their tender cadence, half joyous, half sorrowful. The shallower spirits among the guests chattered about the beauty of the night and the sweetness of the bells. Deeper souls were silent, full of saddest thoughts. Who is there who has not lost something in the years gone by which earth's longest future can not restore? Only eternity can give back the ravished treasures of the dead years.

Violet's lips trembled and were dumb. Roderick saw the tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and offered no word of consolation. He knew that she was thinking of her father.

"Dear old squire," he murmured, gently, after an interval of silence. "How good he was to me, and how fondly I loved him!"

That speech was the sweetest comfort he could have offered her. Vixen gave his arm a grateful hug.

"Thank God there is some one who remembers him, besides his dogs and me!" she exclaimed; and then she hastily dried her tears, and made herself ready to meet Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel Ashbourne, who were coming along the terrace toward them, talking gayly. Lord Mallow had a much wider range of subjects than Mr. Vawdrey. He had read more, and could keep pace with Lady Mabel in her highest flights: science, literature, politics, were all as one to him. He had crammed his vigorous young mind with every thing which it behooved a man panting for Parliamentary distinction to know.

"Where have you two people been hiding yourselves for the last half hour?" asked Lady Mabel. "You were wanted badly just now for 'Blow, gentle gales.' I know you can manage the bass, Rorie, when you like."

"'Lo, behold a pennant waving!'" sang Rorie, in deep full tones. "Yes, I can manage that much, at a push. You seem music-mad to-night, Mabel. The old year is making a swan-like end—fading in music."

Rorie and Vixen were still standing arm in arm; rather too much as if they belonged to each other, Lady Mabel thought. The attitude was hardly in good taste, according to Lady Mabel's law of taste, which was a code as strict as Draco's.

The bells rang on.

"The new year has come!" cried the duke. "Let us all shake hands in the friendly German fashion."

On this there was a general shaking of hands, which appeared to last a long time. It seemed rather as if the young people of opposite sexes shook hands with each other more than once. Lord Mallow would hardly let Violet's hand go, once having got it in his hearty grasp.

"Hail to the first new year we greet together!" he said, softly. "May it not be the last! I feel that it must not, can not be the last."

"You are wiser than I, then," Vixen answered, coldly, "for my feelings tell me nothing about the future, except"—and here her face beamed at him with a lovely smile—"except that you will be kind to Bullfinch."

"If I were an emperor I would make him a consul," answered the Irishman.

He had contrived to separate Roderick and Vixen. The young man had returned to his allegiance, and was escorting Lady Mabel back to the house. Every body began to feel chilly, now that the bells were silent, and there was a general hurrying off to the carriages, which were standing in an oval ring round a group of deodoras in front of the porch on the other side of the house.

Rorie and Vixen met no more that night. Lord Mallow took her to her carriage, and sat opposite her, and talked to her during the homeward drive. Captain Carmichael was smoking a cigar on the box. His wife slumbered peacefully.

"I think I may be satisfied with Theodora," she said, as she composed herself for sleep; "my dress was not quite the worst in the room, was it, Violet?"

"It was lovely, mamma. You can make yourself quite happy," answered Vixen, truthfully; whereupon the matron breathed a gentle sigh of content, and lapsed into slumber.

They had the Boldrewood Road before them—a long hilly road cleaving the very heart of the forest, a road full of ghosts at the best of times, but offering a Walpurgis revel of phantoms on such a night as this to the eye of the belated wanderer. How ghostly the deer were, as they skimmed across the road and flitted away into the distances, mixing with and melting into the shadows of the trees! The little gray rabbits, sitting up on end, were like circles of hobgoblins that dispersed and vanished at the approach of mortals. The leafless old hawthorns, rugged and crooked, silvered by the moonlight, were most ghost-like of all. They took every form, from the most unearthly to the most grotesquely human.

Violet sat wrapped in her furred white mantle, watching the road as intently as if she had never seen it before. She never could grow tired of these things. She loved them with a love which was part of her nature.

"What a delightful evening, was it not?" asked Lord Mallow.

"I suppose it was very nice," answered Violet, coolly; "but I have no standard of comparison. It was my first dinner at Ashbourne."

"What a remarkably clever girl Lady Mabel is! Mr. Vawdrey ought to consider himself extremely fortunate."

"I have never heard him say that he does not so consider himself."

"Naturally. But I think he might be a little more enthusiastic. He is the coolest lover I ever saw."

"Perhaps you judge him by comparison with Irish lovers. Your nation is more demonstrative than ours."

"Oh, an Irish girl would snubbier such a fellow as Mr. Vawdrey. But I may possibly misjudge him. You ought to know more about him than I. You have known him—"

"All my life," said Violet, simply. "I know that he is good and staunch and true, that he honored his mother, and that he will make Lady Mabel Ashbourne a very good husband. Perhaps if she were a little less clever and a little more human, he might be happier with her; but no doubt that will all come right in time."

"Anyway it will be all the same in a century or so," assented Lord Mallow. "We are going to have lovely weather as long as this moon lasts, I believe. Will you go for a long ride to-morrow—like that first ride of ours?"

"When I took you all over the world for sport?" said Vixen, laughing. "I wonder you are inclined to trust me after that. If Captain Carmichael likes, I don't mind being your guide again to-morrow."

"Captain Carmichael shall like. I'll answer for that. I would make his life unendurable if he were to refuse."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday,	2.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	9.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

INVENTIVENESS in doing good is an unmixed blessing to the world. It asks no patent rights to secure a profit to the inventor, but is willingly bestowed on all as a free gift. None of the charities of our city have been more happily conceived than "The Exchange for Woman's Work," which was opened in April, 1878. Its object is to offer a species of bazar for the sale of articles of use or ornament made by women's hands. A small percentage is charged for the services of the Exchange, that it may meet its own expenses. In less than a year 17,566 articles have been registered, and of the whole number only thirty-seven have been rejected. Receipts from all sources have amounted to $10,353; for expenses $2371 have been paid. The sum of $6546 has been returned to consignors, leaving a balance in the treasury of $1436. The commission of ten per cent. does not pay all expenses, which are defrayed in part by private contributions. The Exchange is in the hands of well-known ladies of the city, and is growing rapidly in favor.

It can not be said yet that "all is quiet" at St. James's, Hatcham. On Sunday, January 19, the new rector, the Rev. H. A. WALKER, took possession of the church. The services were plain, and proceeded peaceably to the close. When the afternoon service was over the members of the two religious parties remained, and began to use strong language toward each other. A young man assaulted one of the church-wardens, but was pushed down the aisle and forced out of the building. The police were called in, and again ordered out. The two church-wardens then, with much effort, and almost a riot, succeeded in getting the crowd away. One of them, Mr. SAUNDERS, then removed some ornaments from the altar and carried them into the vestry. The rector, throughout all the disturbance, succeeded in controlling himself, and showed a most peaceable spirit.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON, the sturdy advocate of temperance legislation in the British Parliament, is about to offer a resolution in advance of the consideration of the Permissive Bill, which he has in charge. It affirms that "a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected, namely, the inhabitants themselves, who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system by some measure of local option." Sir WILFRID is desirous of having an expression of opinion by Parliament on the principle of his bill. It is his belief that members will vote for the resolution who would not vote for the bill itself.

The American Palestine Exploration Society is about to give to the world the result of its labors in a complete map of the region east of the Jordan. This, in company with Lieutenant CONDER's map of Palestine proper, will add largely to our geographical knowledge of the Holy Land. The exploration has been under the general supervision of Professor HITCHCOCK, of the Union Theological Seminary. The first party, under Lieutenant STEEVER, surveyed 500 square miles of territory in 1873; the second, under Colonel LANE, made a rapid reconnaissance of the whole trans-Jordanic country, covering an area of 6000 square miles. The third party was led by Dr. SELAH MERRILL. The map, which has been prepared by Mr. RUDOLPH MEYER, assistant engineer of the expedition, will consist of thirteen sheets, and will be published on a scale of an inch to a mile. It contains 335 names found on no other map.

A public meeting to consider the reformation of the tenement-house system of New York is timely. The best reformation of it conceivable is to reform it out of existence. It would be abolished speedily if the average prosperous citizen were brought into immediate contact with its horrors, as pastors, missionaries, and physicians are. At best the houses are unwholesome: imperfect light, vitiated air, and crowding make them unfit for homes of human beings; but when we add the filth, the dark passageways, the frequent contact of children with obscenity and depravity, the wonder is that New York has not more frequent eruptions of disorder than have marked its history. With cheap rapid transit established, there is no longer an apology for the crowded tenement-house.

Among the recent deaths in the religious world may be recorded those of the Rev. Dr. HUGH M'NEILE, of Liverpool, and the Rev. Dr. LEONARD WOODS, ex-president of Bowdoin College, Maine. Dr. M'NEILE was the chief of the clergy of Liverpool, and a popular orator, whose fame was well known in England and the United States. Tall and commanding in person, and gifted with a rich voice, his power over his audiences was most extraordinary. He was particularly successful as a platform speaker, and was long one of the chief attractions of Exeter Hall on anniversary occasions. Dr. WOODS is best known by his translation of *Knapp's Christian Theology*. He was a man of great erudition, and a successful college president for nearly thirty years. Of late he has been almost wholly withdrawn from public life.

Dr. FALK, the cultus minister of Prussia, very earnestly defends the system of public-school education now existing in that kingdom against the imputation of irreligion. It was stated in the Diet that the FALK laws were "breeding a generation of unbelievers, and that the schools were turning out ready-made HÖDELS." He found, he said, that HÖDEL had abundance of Scripture knowledge, "and could repeat hymns by the dozen." The hours of instruction in the schools have been shortened, and the time given to religious teaching has necessarily been shortened also. Bible-reading and direct instruction in religion still obtain. This statement disposes of a charge frequently made against the modified educational laws of Prussia.

The Congregational statistics of the United States for 1878-79 still show a great disproportion between settled and acting pastors. Of churches having pastors there are only 910; of churches with acting pastors there are 1806; of churches supplied, 342; of churches unsupplied, 662; making a total of 3620 churches—a gain of 36 for the year. The ministers are—pastors, 891; acting pastors, 1464; not in pastoral work, 1136; making a total of 3496—a gain of 90 for the year.

The reply of SOPHRONIUS, Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, to the letter from the Anglican bishops, conveyed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, is full of expressions of good feeling. "Receiving as a most propitious omen," says the archbishop, "the convention recently concluded between the government of the Queen of England and the Turkish government, as affording an opportunity of drawing closer the friendly relations between the two Churches, the Greek Orthodox and the national Anglican, we pray and desire that these good relations may be more completely established between all Christian Churches who hold the one and only Head, and acknowledge the one and only Mediator between God and man, our Lord Jesus Christ, God blessed forever. All the orthodox Churches of the East, at any rate, you may be sure, will each pray continually for the peace of the whole world and the unity of all men."

The persecution of the Rev. G. S. BEN OLIEL by the authorities of Alcoy is not a solitary instance of the annoyances to which Protestant ministers in Spain are exposed. An Englishman who opened a Protestant mission at Vitoria, Spain, early in 1878, quickly found himself beset by spies employed by the priests. If he went into a house, the people there living were warned against harboring the heretic; one landlord after another was induced by priestly persuasion not to hire him lodgings. Finally his household goods were turned out of doors. "At five in the morning he persuaded an acquaintance to allow him to deposit them in his warehouse, but before the second load could arrive the priests had alarmed this person, and he refused to admit any more. For the whole day this load of furniture traversed the streets of Vitoria, seeking in vain a place of deposit. The goods found a resting-place at last in the railway station, the priests offering double the rent, however, for the place, if the company would turn out the effects of the heretic." A queer country is Spain, decidedly.

"Is the modern pulpit a failure?" was the topic of Bishop SIMPSON's last lecture to the Yale divinity students. The discussion of this theme was a strong presentation by the lecturer of the power of the pulpit as a leader in the work of civilization. The bishop made a clear distinction between "failures in the pulpit and the failure of the pulpit." He showed with much force that the pulpit is a pioneer to open the way for the secular press. "While the press"—to use his exact language—"may assist the pulpit, it is the pulpit which indirectly gives life and power to the press. It informs the public mind, incites to reading and study, and prepares a host of readers to receive and enjoy its daily issues. Will any of those men who boast of the power of the press establish a printing-office among the pagan Indians? Did any of them carry the daily press to the Feejee Islands or to New Guinea? Christian missionaries went there, the people were evangelized, a religious press was established, and a secular press has slowly followed." Of the last lecture the *Independent* says: "An audience which crowded the chapel and even filled the entranceways was in attendance, including nearly all the seminary faculty, and a large representation of clergymen, besides the usual number of ladies."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but it has one fault; it was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

It is a fact fully understood by railroad men that the lines having the most long tunnels on the route secure the bulk of the bridal-tour trade.

"Why is that like the sage themselves?" said an attenuated man, pointing to the vapor that rose from a pair of panting ponies the other day. "Because it travels fast?" timidly suggested a by-stander. "Nay, neigh," replied the a. m., as he dodged behind the nation; "it's because it's steam of horses."

"Do eagles give milk, mother?" asked the boy. "No, my son; what made you think so?" "Because I've heard the eagles scream." The mother reached for her slipper, but the embryo paragrapher had vanished.

"Those twins looks so much alike as a pair of suspenders," remark of a friend to a husband who had experienced a surprise party a few weeks since.

He could stand it, he said, to have his wife paint every thing, from a tin cup on an old straw hat, and stick it all over with Cupids and heathen Chinese. But when she swooped down upon their last mince-pie and embellished that, he thought it was time to "kick." And he did.

"When shall I call you in the morning, Sir?" asked a hotel waiter of an Aberdonian one night. He replied, pawkily, "I'll ring the bell when I wish to be called."

"Your daughter has treated me very curt—" And the young man was lifted up by the paternal boot from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteously;" and Alphonso was taken under the inhospitable roof once more, had his pantaloons mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded and hospitality rebuked.

A professor in Cornell, lecturing on the effect of the wind in some Western forests, remarked: "In traveling along the road I even sometimes found the logs bent and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went round."

A woman lecturer advertises herself in Providence as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed work of genius—the work of making the whole world kin. She brings with her the electricity of the North, the brilliancy of the aurora borealis, and all who meet her are magnetized."

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

GROWING OUT OF IT.—A pious old lady complained to her clergyman that an orthodox neighbor maintained that her—the neighbor's—children were born Christians. "Oh, well," responded the clergyman, "I wouldn't dispute with her about it; if her children are born so she claims, they will probably grow out of it in time."

THE OTHER.—"I know where there is another one just as pretty as this one," said a young fellow to his sweetheart, as he pinched her lair one the other evening. The storm that gathered upon the lady's brow as quickly passed away when the young man pinched the other one and said, "It is this one, dear."

In a country parish in Scotland, not many years ago, a town clergyman, who was officiating for his clerical brother, wished to be assured by his own eyes that his gown and tie were in perfect order before he ascended the pulpit. With this view he asked the beadle if he had not a glass to give him. "Weel, no," replied John, "but I'll soon get one for ye, Sir." Imagine the surprise and horror of the evangelical gentleman when John returned with a pewter measure in his hand, and placing it before the worthy divine, informed him that he had been quite unable to procure a single "glass," but that he had brought him a half mutchkin instead, "which," he naively added, "wad maybe dae as weel."

THE HUNGRY "SOLID" WOLF.

"I would not trust you though your skin was stuffed with straw," said the mouse to the dead cat hanging up against the wall—and so said the Democratic watch-dog to the "solid" South.

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THE LOVERS' QUARREL—"NOW, BLANCHE, DON'T!"

FLIRTATION ON THE SKATING RINK.

BLACKVILLE WINTER SKETCHES.—[Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.]

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THE EVIL-EYE.

According to the Talmudic legend, the angel Gabriel had to wash the fire which he brought over from hell to the earth by rinsing it thrice in deepest ocean. That process not being an easy one, many souls come back to us which are but imperfectly cleansed, and have not been purified to the quick. Theirs is the "evil-eye," mentioned in the Athar Veda, and in Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Theocritus, and many others—an eye where, under brows which meet, flares with a red glow a drop of the hellish fire that consumes and devours, while the heavenly fire illumines and brightens. That impure light is never so potent as when it shines from or upon an unwashed face. Eyes of witches and demons are red, says the folk-lore; the more fiendish the spirit, the more inflamed are the eyelids. This evil-eye casts a peculiar look, they say—a darting glance which stings unaware, a hungry leer which leaves a feeling of uneasiness. Nervous people thus looked at complain, or are said to complain, of weariness and drowsiness, of headache and general lack of energy. They are reported to have been "vampirised." "The spark of hell" acts on men as a hot, scorching wind acts on leaves, which it scarcely moves, while it dries their substance and destroys their vitality.

De l'aira narrates that at Mascate there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of any body only by fixing their eyes upon him. In the country of Sennar and Fazoukl they have rivals not less powerful, who, by a mere look of their evil-eye (*Ain el hassoud*), stop the blood in the heart and the arteries of their enemy, desiccate his entrails, unsettle his intellect. We learn from Grohmann that it is necessary to shut the eyes of those who are expiring, for if it were not done, the dead man would use his eyes to look at the living, especially at his friends and kindred, and would draw them after him. Wuttke reports that any body who has not the power of the evil-eye can acquire it by searching in a cemetery until he finds some plank of a coffin which has a branch-hole in it. That hole, through which the deceased was on the look-out, may be used as an eye-glass, and whoever is thus stared at sickens or comes to misfortune, and disease may be brought on the people simply by glancing at them through a chink, or with eyes askew.

Not all who have the evil-eye—the "*ill-e'e*," say the Scotch—are sorcerers; but all wizards and accursed ghosts have the evil-eye. And as witches are not all ugly and old hags, so likewise all evil-eyes are not sore or blood-shot; some are beautiful, and may even belong to good and holy people, who exert their untoward power unconsciously. In Albania even fathers were not allowed to see their sons before the seventh day, for fear that, much against their will as it would be, they might throw an evil influence upon them. When people are eating, especially when delicate morsels are served, they may swallow poison unawares—poison conveyed by the hungry and greedy looks which are glaring at the viands. Hence the custom, still extant in so many countries, for well-to-do folks, and most of all for kings, to eat alone. It is advisable not to eat in the presence of a woman, say the Zincalis, for the evil-eye, if cast by a woman, is far more dangerous than if cast by a man. The poor ignorant Sardinians have a saying amongst themselves, "*Dio vi guardi d'occhiu di letteratu!*"—(may the Lord preserve you from being looked at by a man of letters!)—for the ailments which they inflict are much worse than those inflicted by other people. Sardinians are not alone to look upon science as a downright deviltry, as a black-art, replete with potent but forbidden secrets, into which but the craftiest and wickedest can penetrate, with the help and under the guidance of the Evil One. Another explanation of the Sardinian dictum, more commonplace but less true, is that most *literati* have a more searching and more piercing look than is the wont. This helps us to understand why so many poets, painters, and musicians, more than others, are reported to be possessed with such mischievous influences. In Paris and in Vienna it is a standing joke that the composer Mr Offenbach, of *La Belle Hélène* notoriety, is a *jettatore*. And the Romans attributed the evil-eye to the late Pius IX. It has been considered supremely ridiculous that the very people who prayed the head of Catholic Christendom to bless them, at the same time locked out two fingers to break the maleficent power of his glance.

Whole populations have been said to be endowed with the power of the evil-eye: among the ancients the Telchines, the Triballi, the Thebans, the Illyrians, and all the Thracian women. Among the moderns it is attributed by the Christians to the Turks; to the Christians, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Armenians, by the Turks; to the Sunnites by the Schiites; to the Schiites by the Sunnites. In the mouth of the orthodox, "evil-eye" is a term of abuse against infidels, possessed as such by unclean spirits. Christians and Moslems agree to endow with it the gypsies and the Jews, and sometimes the Hindoos. The traveller Halévy said he took advantage of that reputed power which causes his kinsfolk to be hated in all the East, but dreaded too, people fearing as much to meet as to offend them, holding it equally dangerous either to allow them any familiarity or to refuse them hospitality—even to accept a reward for that hospitality.

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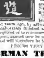

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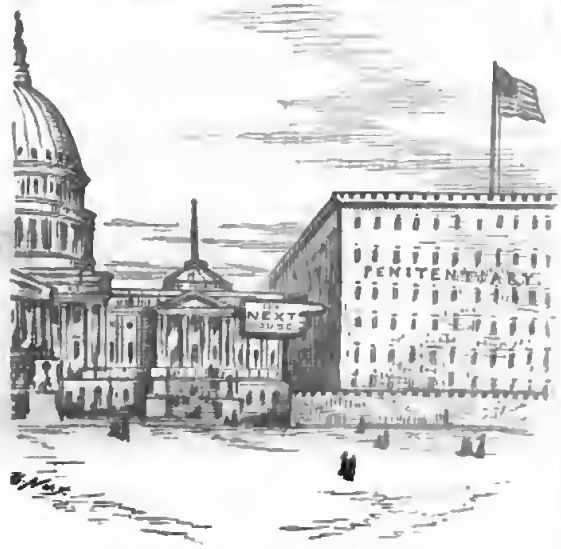

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THE WRECK OF THE GREAT GUN—INSIDE THE TURRET OF THE "THUNDERER" AFTER THE DISASTER.

THE WRECK OF THE GREAT GUN.

OUR readers will remember that in the *Weekly* of February 8 we published an illustration of the great gun on board the English iron-clad *Thunderer*, together with a description of the havoc caused by the bursting of this piece of ordnance on January 2. In the above engraving we show how the mighty instrument of destruction appeared after the terrific disaster which caused so much injury to the noble ship, and cost so many brave fellows their lives. The muzzle of the gun is entirely gone; the roof of the turret is torn off; iron beams are bent and twisted, and a portion of the side of the turret is forced out; pieces of the gun and iron grating are scattered on the floor.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the bursting of this gun should be the second great explosion that has taken place on board the *Thunderer*. The vessel was one of the unmasted turret ships introduced into the English navy mainly through the exertions of Mr CHADWICK. In 1871 the "*Devastation* type" of vessels, to which the *Thunderer* belongs, was approved by a body of commissioners as "the first-class fighting ship of the immediate future." In 1872 the *Thunderer* was launched, the original design, which had been modified in the case of the *Devastation*, under the influence of the panic caused by the loss of the *Captain*, being carried out in every respect. The *Thunderer* was not, however, put into commission for nearly five years, during three of which she lay idle in Portsmouth Harbor. In the summer of 1878 she was prepared for service with the Mediterranean squadron in the Levant, and was being taken out to sea for a trial of her engines, when a boiler explosion occurred on board, killing more than forty men, most of whom were scalded to death, and inflicting injuries on nearly twice as many. The inquiry into this disaster was prolonged for several weeks, and the result was not generally regarded as satisfactory.

It was not until the following January that the *Thunderer* was again made fit for service. Her trial trip was, however, a complete success, and she at once took rank as the most powerful iron-clad in the English navy. Her tonnage is 4407 tons, and her engines are of 6270 horse-power. Her armament, as may be conjectured, is of corresponding weight and destructive force. Originally each of her two turrets was fitted with two 38-ton guns, but on the introduction of the Armstrong hydraulic machinery two 38-ton guns were placed in the forward turret. The *Thunderer* played a conspicuous part in the movements of the fleet under Admiral HORNBY, and she formed one of the squadron in the Sea of Marmora when the terrible disaster befell her. The larger guns with which the original ones were replaced were the first of their class introduced into English war vessels, but this tells in their favor rather than against them, since they are heavier and stronger than any guns of the same caliber manufactured at a later date. They are of smaller bore, and therefore of greater resisting power, and in fact the ammunition used for them has been the same as that of the 38-ton guns. The *Thunderer's* 38-ton guns have been fired with a battering charge of 110 pounds of powder and a shot of 700 pounds, while the more recent weapons of the same class have taken a charge of 160 pounds of powder and a shot of 800 pounds. It is a reasonable inference that when so many of these weapons have habitually borne the more severe ordeal, the *Thunderer's* turret gun ought to have been perfectly safe when fired, not with a battering charge, but, as the official report states, "with full charge and empty shell." The bursting of a piece of ordnance appears, however, to be a calamity against which artillerists are not able entirely to provide, even though every precaution be taken as "proving" the gun, and the loading and firing be attended to by the most experienced gunners.

Since the calamity on board the *Thunderer* occurred, a letter has been published giving an account of the proceedings of the squadron in the Sea of Marmora, from which it appears that the crews wearied of the dullness of Artaki Bay, and were eager to get away to Ismid. Their arrival at that anchorage was signalized by a disaster which will certainly banish for some time all ennui and craving for amusement on the part of those who are connected with the department of the service in which it occurred. It is melancholy to compare the report of the sports with which the officers of the squadron begguiled their leisure at Artaki Bay on the occasion of the birthday of the Princess of Wales, in which we read that "two of the races were won by Lieutenant COXEN, of the *Thunderer*, and Lieutenant DANIELS, of the Royal Artillery, serving in the same ship," with the records of the explosion, which cite the names of these two officers as the ones who, together with eight seamen, lost their lives by the bursting of the great gun. The nature of the calamity is one which is calculated to cast a gloom over all who have to do with the huge engines of war that seem to be dangerous to friend as well as foe, and in the special case of the crew of the *Thunderer* it is easy to understand how deep the impression must be. Sailors are not now as ignorant and superstitious as they once were, but there is something painfully impressive in the brief history of this vessel which can hardly promote cheerful thoughts among her crew. It

is a mere coincidence, of course, that a 38-ton gun should have borne for the first time on board a ship which was wrecked at Spithead by a frightful boiler explosion two years and a half ago; but facts of this kind hold their ground most obstinately in the memories of sailors.

GUARDING THE PASS.

THE position held by the British forces at Dakka, at the western extremity of the Khyber Pass, is a most important one, owing to the fact that several roads leading from India to the capital of Afghanistan meet at this point. Dakka itself is a miserable village situated on the southern bank of the Cabool River, which during the winter season is a rapid stream about 120 yards in width, with a current of over four miles an hour. On the northern bank is the large village of Lalpura, the Khan of which, a near relation of the Ameer, rules over a considerable tribe, and is an ally of the British. The position forms a level basin two or three miles in length and breadth, partially cultivated, having marks of canal irrigation, and evidently liable to be overflowed in the rainy season. This plain is completely surrounded by wild and rocky hills rising from about 1000 to 2000 feet above the sea-level. It is nearly bisected by the Cabool River, and in the centre of the southern part is the fort of Dakka, which now contains the English head-quarters. This fort has been built by the Afghans since the last British invasion of Cabool. It is a square fort, each side 400 yards in length; the walls are of mud, about twenty-five feet high, with rows of barrack rooms built in upon the walls. In the centre is a summer-house and garden of the Ameer's; the former is now used as the head-quarter staff mess, and the latter as the camping ground for the general and his staff. The centre of the fort was occupied by a good number of tumble-down mud buildings, which are now rapidly being levelled and cleared away by the engineers. The Guides and First Sikhs occupy the barracks of the Ameer's troops, built up against the walls, and damp and filthy-looking places they are. The artillery are camped in the centre. The mud walls are broken and dilapidated, and the interior of the fort is commanded by several conical hills which rise from the plain at distances varying from 200 to 700 yards. About 100 yards from the principal entrance to the fort is another smaller fort, the sides of which are about 100 yards long, called Fort Macheson. This has been handed over as a store-house to the commissariat; and half a mile from it, across the river, on the Lalpura side, is another fort, the counterpart of Fort Macheson, which is garrisoned by the Khan of Lalpura.

The Khyber Pass, from its Peshawur end near Jamrood, in India, to its Jelalabad end at Dakka, in Afghanistan, is twenty-eight miles long. Excepting the valley of Lalloggerhee, six miles long and one and a quarter broad, the rest of the pass, twenty-two miles in length, is completely commanded, and there are few places where an advancing army could find cover. The road from Peshawur approaches by a stony gorge about 600 yards broad, but is concealed from view by a bend in the mountains. The road to Jelalabad winds up a rocky pass, which culminates in the heights of the Kheyd Khyber Pass. This narrow defile is commanded by a square ruined tower, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the Cabool Valley in the direction of Jelalabad. Numerous large villages are seen on either bank of the stream. The valley, two or three miles in breadth, is well cultivated, and irrigated by canals from the river, and herds of sheep and cattle add to the picturesqueness of the scene. But besides the Khyber Pass, there are other roads leading from the vicinity of Peshawur to Cabool. These are the Michni road and the Tartara road. Both of them join the Khyber Pass road at Dakka, and both these routes are sometimes used by caravans, and, indeed, greatly preferred on account of the more peaceful character of the Mohmand tribes who inhabit them. But they are far more precipitous and difficult to traverse than the Khyber route. They are very fatal to camels and other beasts of burden; hence the leaders of caravans, as a rule, prefer the risks of Khyberi exactions and plundering to the natural dangers of the other routes. The first of these routes leaves British territory at the fort of Michni, on the Cabool River, and crossing the river twice by ferries, or in the drier seasons by fords, as well as a very steep and precipitous pass, reaches Dakka after a march of something over thirty miles. The Tartara road is also very difficult and precipitous; but it has the advantage of avoiding ferries, as it passes altogether on the southern bank of the Cabool River. This road is about the same length as the Michni road. It leaves British territory at Mutta, a few miles north of Peshawur. It was partially made use of by British troops in 1841, and was found passable for mules, ponies, and donkeys, but not for camels. These two routes have both been surveyed by engineer parties from Dakka, and the Michni road has already been used as an alternative route for the conveyance of mails.

Inhabiting the vicinity of these roads are various Afghan tribes, known as the "Khyber clans." These are distributed by Colonel Macnamara in his *Gazetteer* as follows: From Sayid Mire Chukee, southeast of Jamrood, to the Shadi Bagadi road, the Sipahs; from Shadi Bagadi to Sultan Tara, the Kuki Khel; from Sultan Tara to Ali Musjeed, the Malik[illegible] and Khembar Khel; from Ali-Musjeed to Lalabeg, the [illegible] Hoffehah (in the vi[illegible] narrs). The barren [illegible] these tribes are [illegible] widely unequal to the [illegible] and these they have [illegible] ing their wants by p[illegible] time secretary to the [illegible] Punjab, gives the fol[illegible] count of the characte[illegible]

THE AFGHAN WAR—MAJOR CAVAGNARI ARRANGING WITH THE SHINWA[illegible]

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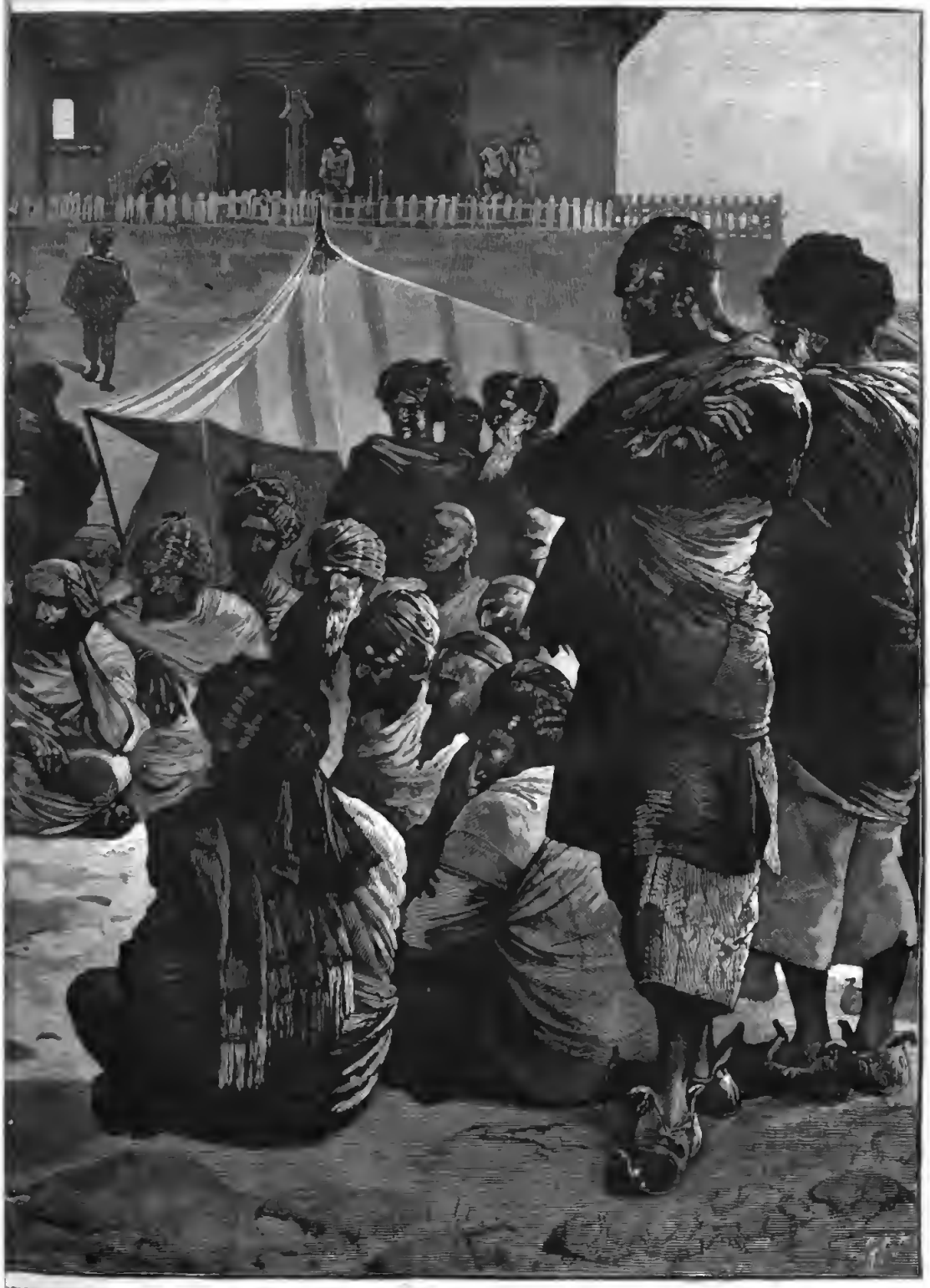

RIS FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE ROAD FROM DAKKA TO LUNDI KHANA.

ha Khel; from Lalabeg in ity of Dakka), the Shinature of the country where d to outsiet renders it an support of its inhabitants, ies in the habit of supply ilier. Mr TEMPLE, at one Chief Commissioner of the ong horse and graphic sc- ities of those Khyber clans on distinguished from the other Afghans: "Now these tribes are savages—noble savages, perhaps, and not without some tinctures of virtue and generosity, but still absolutely barbarians nevertheless. They have nothing approaching to government or civil institutions. They have for the most part no education. They have nominally a religion, but Mohammedanism, as understood by them, is no better, or is, perhaps, actually worse, than the creeds of the wildest race on earth. In their eyes, the one great commandment is blood for blood and fire and sword for all infidels, that is, for all people not Mohammedan. They are superstitious and priest-ridden. But the priests (Mullahs) are as ignorant as they are bigoted, and use their influence simply for preaching crusades against unbelievers, and inculcate a doctrine of rapine and bloodshed against the defenceless people of the plain. The hill men are sensitive in regard to their women, but their customs in regard to marriage and betrothal are very perfunctory in regard to social advancement; at the same time they are a sensual race. They are very avaricious; for gold they will do almost any thing except betray a guest. They are thievish and predatory to the last degree. The Pathan moth or often pears that her son may be a successful robber. They are utterly faithless to public engagements. It would never even occur to their minds that an oath on the Koran was binding if against their interests. It must be added that they are fierce and blood thirsty. They are never without weapons. When grazing their cattle, when driving beasts of burden, or when tilling the soil, they are still armed. They are perpetually at war with each other. Every tribe and section of a tribe has its intercecine wars, every family its hereditary blood feuds, and every individual his personal foes. There is hardly a man whose hands are unstained. Every person counts up his murders. Each tribe has a debtor and creditor account with its neighbors, life for life. Reckless of the lives of others, they are not sparing of their own. They consider revenge to be the strongest of all obligations. They possess gallantry and courage in themselves, and admire such qualities in others. Men of the same party still stand by one another in danger. To their minds hospitality is the first of virtues. Any person who can make his way into their dwellings will be kindly received, but as soon as he has left the roof of his entertainer he may be robbed or killed."

Ever since the English have held possession of the Khyber Pass efforts have been made to secure the alliance of these tribes in defending the heights, and in many cases with the most perfect success, for the Khyber clans are not actuated by any feeling of race, neither do they hold themselves bound to assist the cause of the Ameer. Major CAVAGNARI, who, it will be remembered, was the officer whose advance was repulsed at Ali Musjeed at the time when the English mission was on its way to Cabool, has been singularly successful in persuading the tribes dwelling near the pass to espouse the cause of the invaders. In our engraving we see him negotiating with the Shinwaris for the defense of that portion of the road lying between Dakka and Lundi Khana, a village at the summit of the pass. The descent to Dakka is not very abrupt, but the road is constructed between precipitous cliffs covered with stunted bushes, and the path is rough and stony for the best part of the way. Of Major CAVAGNARI's success in influencing the Khyber tribes we may judge by the following paragraph from a correspondent of the London *Times*, who thus describes the situation at Dakka: "The front of the Dakka position is guarded by the Khurd Khyber picket and General MACPHERSON's brigade in advance, while the rear is protected by our Shinwari allies and the Twentieth Punjab Infantry at Lundi Khana; the flanks are guarded by five outlying pickets of varying strength, posted on the different knolls that surround the fort. Owing to the extreme cold at night tents have been ordered to be pitched for these pickets, which are, however, pitched inside out, because the blue lining of the inside is a less distinguishable mark at night for the enemy than the white canvas. During the day a great part of the troops are employed on working parties, levelling ground in the fort, cutting drains, and making preparations for a long occupation.

To those who are interested in the struggles of race against race, and in tracing the manner in which all yield to the overmastering force of the Caucasian wherever it at present advances, there are few stories more interesting than the gradual accumulation of power on the part of the English in this portion of India. The interest taken by the British government in their Eastern possessions is greater than that awakened by all her other colonies put together. Volumes have been published regarding them, and indeed the whole career of conquest so admirably sustained since the days of Warren Hastings and the East India Company reads like a romance. A clear and interesting epitome of the advance upon Afghan dominions since the conclusion of alliance with Runjeet Singh in 1838 has just been published by the Harpers in their "Half-hour Series." It is from the pen of Major A. G. CUNNINGHAM—an authority on all questions appertaining to India—and gives in a condensed and readable form the substance of many books, and those who are interested in acquiring an intelligent view of the events that led to the present complications could not find a better guide than this little volume.

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ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

WITH a smile came the morning of Valentine's Day,
And dazzlingly white grew the snow 'neath the sun,
And the icicles gleamed in a wonderful way,
As though a young rainbow were froze in each one,

When Nellie Lee drew her red hood o'er her head,
And wrapped up the baby in warm woolen cloak
(The mistress was still sound asleep in her bed),
And slipped out, never dreaming of Barney O'Rohe.

Of course not! Why should she? She'd not known him long.
And when round the corner a-smiling he came,
Dinner pail in his hand, on his lips an old song,
Her heart gave a leap as he called out her name.

"Och, well, sure it's luck to be meetin' you here,
The first girl I've seen on St. Valentine's Day.
Did you mess o'er a boy 'fore you met me, my dear?"
"An' what if I did?" was all Nellie would say.

"Ask the wee little bhoy;" and he laughed in her eyes,
Then bent o'er the baby and gave it a kiss.
A kiss?—three or four, till the baby surprise
It gazed at him, thinking, "What uncle is this?"

Then away went my lad, and my lassie flew home
In a moment to take off her hood and her shawl;
And the mistress not yet to her breakfast not come,
And so never knew Nell had been out at all.

And though not once that day rung the postman the bell
With a few tender lines or a bit of a verse,
"What matter? I know that the kisses," said Nell,
"Barney gave to the baby were meant for the nurse."

THE AWAKENING.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

By the Author of "Patty."

PART II.—(*Continued.*)

FAITHLESS.

MATT had been gone a year, and for three months he had written letters full of hope and love; there was not much in them about Ruth, but there was a full record of his life; then all at once the letters had become hurried and full of apologies for their shortness. There had been little in them to call for a reply, and yet Ruth had answered them. "I wrote shyly at last," she said; "how could I help it?—and that has vexed him." She said this when, after six months had passed, her little timid letter was left unanswered. Till then Ruth had often doubted the reality of her love. She had never had brother or sister. She was so young when her parents died that they were scarcely more than names to her, and her old grandfather, very deaf, had been the only relative left her to love; but she had had a true and loving friend in her teacher, a French emigrée, a lady highly educated and evidently accustomed to a cultivated life, who had taken up her abode at Blackdown, as the farm was called, while Ruth's mother lived, and who had ever after till her death tenderly watched over the little creature committed to her by its dying mother.

Madame D'Argenté had been dead nearly three years, or Ruth would not have been allowed to consider herself Matt Combe's sister and to spend so much time alone with him. Her friend's death had left her very lonely, and this friendship with Matt had helped to fill the void. Ruth was only eighteen, but she had read and thought very seriously, and it seemed to her when Matt left home, a few days after their confession in the wood, that it was only this intimacy and the hours they had spent together which had made them cling to one another.

"Matt has no one else, and I have only Matt," she said, "and that is why we can't bear to go a day without seeing one another. If we saw other people it might be quite different. Perhaps it is not love, after all;" and in her first letter she hinted this, and told Matt she would not hold him bound to her.

His impetuous denial and his warm assurance of love quieted her doubts. Still, every now and then they came back. How could any one so clever as Matt be satisfied with a foolish, insignificant creature like herself? She worked hard to improve herself, feeling guilty when she thought of the time she had wasted on the hill-sides with Matt. Violet Crispin was delighted to find that Ruth was willing to pay her daily visits, and to share her studies as well as her rambles. Indeed, but for this sweet girlish friendship, Ruth would have found Matthew Combe's absence harder to bear.

She had had doubts and fears, too, whether her feeling was love. She thought she could have been content to go on in that happy friendship; and yet, even before that afternoon in the wood, Ruth had felt herself growing shyer with Matt, and also she had felt a certain gloomy dullness overspread her mind when a day passed by without a meeting with Matt. When his letters ceased the Crispins had been some time in London. The squire had his Parliamentary duties to attend to, and Violet, though not yet introduced, went to town with her father and her governess for the benefit of masters. She had a fine voice, and her father was anxious that it should be cultivated.

So Ruth was alone when the blow came. She waited a little, and then wrote to ask the reason of his silence; she hoped he was not ill; she supposed he had little time for writing letters. It was a timid, ill-assured letter, but she could not bring herself to write more warmly.

No answer came, and after a while she wrote again. At the end of this letter she said that if she did not hear from him she should imagine he wished her to give up writing to him. After this she lived for days and weeks on hope. She knew that she had made in this last little letter a kind of appeal against his neglect. She had not complained; it had only been a pathetic effort after her lost happiness.

When no answer came even to this, and hope had no excuse for lingering, wounded pride showed in her dark eyes, and her pale cheeks flushed with shame—they had grown so pale and thin—as fancy exaggerated the gloss that Matt might put on her words.

"He will think I wish to keep him when he has left off loving me," she said, passionately.

But this mood soon passed away. Poor little Ruth learned each day to see more clearly through the mist in which her own reserve and modesty had shrouded her love. It was then shrined in the deepest, tenderest, corner of her heart. She could no more get rid of the image of Matt than she could get rid of her own life. At first her spirit rose against the tyranny. "I will be no silly, love-sick girl," she said, and she tried to be gay and cheerful; but this was not easy, there being no one to help her, only the old couple at the rectory, almost as old as her grandfather—people who had vegetated at Winchmore till they scarcely knew there was any thing outside it, and to whom the squire and Violet Crispin represented the ruling powers and fashionable life. Ruth felt that Mr. and Mrs. Trevor rated her at what they thought she ought to be—fit company for the housekeeper's room at the Hall, a nice, well-behaved, useful girl, to be patronized and made much of at school feasts or in occasional weekly singing practice. It did not occur to this very ordinary pair that Ruth, living alone with the old deaf grandfather, needed sympathetic companionship, or that they might have reaped pleasure and profit from her society.

There were children to teach, sick people to tend and comfort, but there was no one to whom she could open her heart. Her grandfather was very kind and gentle, but she could not bear to bring her sorrows into his peaceful life; and very soon Ruth Havering's pale face and lagging steps began to be commented on by the villagers.

Mr. Combe had avoided her ever since his son's revelation; it had seemed to him that she, as well as Matt, had been deceitful, for until to-day he knew nothing of the sudden discovery to each other of their love. Ruth longed for the return of Violet Crispin, but she knew that the squire and his daughter would be away longer than usual, as they were to go on to Switzerland at the end of the session, instead of coming home first. Ruth was very lonely; she had brightened a little when the Crispins' return had been expected a week ago; but now there was a fresh delay, and she began to despair. It seemed to her this morning that no happy or hopeful thought would ever again be hers.

"I am growing just like the pond behind the rectory," she said, "choked with my own dead thoughts and hopes—for they are dead now."

PART III.

VIOLET CRISPIN.

"RUTH dear." It was so unusual for her grandfather to speak to Ruth when she was busy in her own special sanctum that Ruth started; she was writing a letter to Violet Crispin.

"Yes, grandfather." She crossed the room and knelt down beside him; he could always hear her better in this attitude.

"Farmer Combe's been here"—the old man laid his shaking hand on her head—"and he's brought news, lass."

The bright color flushed in her cheek, and then faded as hope rose and fell.

"What d'ye think, Ruth?" he smiled genially at the thought of the pleasure his news would give; "the squire's come home, and your friend Miss Violet with him."

Ruth jumped up and kissed the old man's withered cheek. "Is it really true? Oh, grandfather, I am so glad!"

The old man looked at her curiously. "You've missed her above a bit, I'm thinking," he said. "You've got moped all alone with me, poor Ruth;" and then he shook his head, and sighed a sort of remonstrance against his own dullness.

Ruth felt guilty and ashamed. The poor old man, then, had felt the change in her spirits, and had silently attributed it to his own want of power to cheer her. How selfish she had been!

"I might have tried harder to be cheerful," she thought; but she only laughed, and shook her head reprovingly at her grandfather, and then again kissed him.

"She told Combe to say she were a-comin', an' she won't be long, I warrant," he said, with a sly twinkle in his faded eyes. "I should ha' said to your aunt Rachel, 'Go tidy yourself;' but you are always tidy, little Ruth." His eyes glistened fondly as he looked at her.

She patted his withered hand, and her heart smote her again. After all, was she not ungrateful to say life held nothing for her? It was surely something to live for, if she could make her grandfather look as happy as he did just now.

Violet had actually come home. The morning was gray and heavy, but it seemed to Ruth that the clouds must lift soon, to be in harmony with her heightened spirits. She went back to her table by the window-seat, but she could not write; indeed, why should she go on with her letter, since Violet had come back? She might soon be with her. Her ears were strained to catch the slightest sound.

She had not long to wait. There came a tap at the window, and there was Violet's charming face pressed against the lattice, her blue eyes smiling out a glad greeting. Ruth ran out and met her in the porch. They kissed lovingly, and then looked at one another silently, as each was struck by a change in her friend.

Violet Crispin had grown taller, and developed into a lovely, elegant girl, graceful as a young birch-tree, but the charming color which had glowed on the cheeks faded as she looked steadily at Ruth, and realized her worn, changed face. And yet she looked brighter than she had looked for many a day. The sight of Violet was as refreshing to her starved eyes as a shower is to July flowers.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Ruth darling? I'll just run in and speak to Mr. Havering while you get your hat, and then we can have a walk—can't we?"

Ruth nodded; her heart felt tearfull. It seemed to her so sweet that this fair young creature should regard her still as an elder sister.

While Violet went into the room and delighted the grandfather with her charming smiles and winning little jokes, improvised for his amusement, Ruth was debating up stairs whether she should tell her friend about her sorrow.

"After all," she thought, "it would be mere selfishness. Violet can not advise me, and it will only sadden her gay spirits to know that I am really unhappy."

"Ruth, are you ready?" came sounding up the old, uneven staircase, in her friend's cheerful voice. Ruth ran down still undecided, and they started for their walk. Violet led the way chattering incessantly; first about London, and then of the delights of travelling, and, above all, of the beauties of Switzerland. "And I have something to tell you," she said, eagerly. "I have spoken to your grandfather about it, and he said, 'By all means;' so you are not to make any excuses. Oh! it will be delightful! You are to go with us to London next year—that is, if you like, and you will like, won't you, Ruth darling?" She put her hand in her friend's arm and squeezed it.

Ruth laughed. "It sounds delightful, but how can I say I will like to go so far off? I am quite content to have you again without wanting any other pleasure. But how rude I am, dear! Of course I shall like to be with you in London."

Violet looked hard at her friend, and then they went on in silence till they reached the church-yard. Violet opened the gate and held it, but Ruth hesitated. "Are you going into the wood?" she said. She had avoided the wood lately; the sight of it seemed to make her trial harder.

"Yes," said Violet; and she went on, so that Ruth was obliged to follow her, wondering not a little at her friend's willfulness. They walked on in silence till they reached the middle of the wood, browner now and more scantily sheltered than when Ruth and Matt went nutting there.

Violet seated herself on a bank where a few star-eyed flowers still lingered. "Now, Ruth," she said, looking severely at her friend, who stood, unwilling to linger, "please to sit down. How white and tired looking you are! Ruth dear, you thought me selfish just now to insist on bringing you here, I know; but, to begin with, you deserve punishment for telling a story."

"A story!" Ruth's color came back vividly. "What do you mean, Violet?"

"You said I was enough to content you, when you know that there is only one person in the world you really care to see, you naughty hypocrite." She shook her head, but Ruth's deep blushes were too much for her. She put her arm round her friend and kissed her.

"Forgive my teasing," she whispered; "but I know all about it—never mind how—and I thought I should get more courage to tax you with it here where I got my first suspicions about you and Matthew Combe, you remember, when I came home from Brussels. What a time ago it seems! and yet it's not much more than a year. Well, now, dear, I want to help you, and I think I can, if you will tell me exactly what has happened and how he has acted toward you. You see, you have told me nothing, though I am your friend."

Ruth had changed color while her friend spoke. A new feeling, a keen mortification, added itself to her sorrow in the thought that her love was openly talked of. She jumped up.

"How could I tell you?" she said, bitterly. "What would you have thought of me if I had written and complained that I loved a man who loved me no longer? It is cruel, Violet, to force my confidence in this way."

She was standing near a young ash-tree, and turning she clasped its stem between her hands and leaned her face on them. Violet was troubled.

"Oh, I am sorry—so very sorry!" she said. "I wanted to manage it all so very nicely, and how clumsy I have been! Dear, dear Ruth"—she crept up to her friend and touched her shoulder timidly—"you will forgive me, won't you? At least it was my eagerness, not me, that was wrong. I was in too great a hurry. No one knows about it but me, and it was told me as a great secret last night."

Ruth raised her head and looked anxiously at her friend. "Who told you?" she said.

Violet hesitated. "I half promised not to tell, but I can't risk the chance of vexing you again. It was Mr. Combe. He was at the station last night, and he came home with us in the wagonette. Papa drove, so Mr. Combe and I had some talk. I can hardly tell you how it came out. I think he had been telling me how ill you looked, and I said I had seen his son in London; and then he told, angrily, that he was a young scoundrel, and that you were ever so much too good for him; and then, of course, I asked questions, and he begged me not to tell a soul. He said no one in the village knew."

"Did you say you had seen Matthew Combe in London?" Ruth said, eagerly.

"Yes, we were at Lady Dresden's; it was a sort of out-door fête. I am not 'out' yet, but Aunt Barbara took me to this party because of the flowers and the band. Papa was walking with us, and all at once he looked quite surprised, and he said, 'Why, there's young Combe;' and the next minute he was talking to him; but I do not think he was glad to see us."

"Ah!" Ruth sighed; "his father told me he had grand acquaintances. I suppose he goes out a great deal."

"Very likely. Papa talked to Lady Dresden about him, and she told he was brought there by a Mrs. Haller. I saw her afterward walking with him. She is old enough to be his mother, Ruth, and she has a husband and children," added Violet, soothingly; "so of course he isn't in love with her, dear. She thinks Matthew is a genius, and she encourages him to print his poems, and then she distributes them, and asks him to her house, and takes him with her every where—makes quite a lion of him, as they call it. Papa said she was an old fool, but I think she means to be kind, only I am afraid Mr. Combe will not get rich if he prints so many poems, because papa says it is very expensive."

Ruth looked troubled; she had pictured Matt working hard, toiling to perfect himself, and instead he was wasting his time in society, and taking for his guide and companion a woman of fashion, whom Mr. Crispin had called a fool. Her love was rudely shaken, but not for long; she soon recovered herself.

"It must be very trying," she said, thoughtfully, "to be flattered in this way, and by a person so much older. I am sure it would make me conceited."

Violet smiled. "Nothing could make you conceited, you dear thing. I fancy men's heads turn quicker than girls' do; but you hope, don't you, that Mr. Combe will give it all up, and come back to Winchmore?"

"I hope so, if it is not selfish. His father said he was going to write a play, and perhaps that may succeed."

Violet shook her head. "I don't want to be unkind, dear, but I don't think success would be good for him, and I can't understand his wanting to stay in London so long." Violet looked disdainful. She thought that any man who could prefer Mrs. Haller's society to Ruth's must be contemptible. She was very angry with young Combe. "Anyway," she said, "I shall know more about Mr. Matthew when we go back to town in January, for I heard papa ask him to come and see us. I shall study him pretty closely. Aha! won't you be glad to see my letters then, you sly Ruth? Never mind; things always go right when I interfere in them." She kissed her friend heartily, and they went on arm in arm through the wood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POSSESSION BY THE DEVIL.

A LETTER from a Roman correspondent recently gave some remarkable details about a craze which has fallen upon some inhabitants of a village in the province of Udine. These wretched people, unless cured by this time, believe themselves to be possessed by the devil. This is no new thing; for as late as 1862 the village of Morzines, in Savoy, was afflicted by what doctors call "demonomania," and the antics of the "possessed" gave much trouble to the French authorities. Savoy had just been annexed to France, and Cardinal Billiet, Archbishop of Chambéry, wrote dismally to the Duc de Persigny, Minister of the Interior, explaining that the craze had begun in 1857, and that exorcism had been tried in vain, both on the maniacs individually and on the villagers collectively. M. De Persigny, who had but a slight faith in religious rites as curative agencies, ordered the prefect of the Haute Savoie to cause all the demonomaniacs to be arrested by gens-d'armes and conveyed to lunatic asylums. This summary treatment worked an instantaneous cure. The "possessed" who were lodged in mad-houses, with one or two exceptions, soon recovered their reason; and the rest of the inhabitants of Morzines took care not to be smitten with the contagion. The craze of "possession" is but one of the many varieties of melancholia. The patient in his morbid vanity believes that the devil has marked him out for a special visitation. To argue with such a person, to to bring incantations to bear against him, is to render him important in his own eyes, and thereby to rouse the very sentiments which have made him mad. Complete isolation, douches of cold water on the head, and, above all, a cool indifference to all that the man says or does, are the surest methods of curing the demonomaniac.

In old times the complaint of "possession" was very frequent. It would smite whole districts after cruel wars in which populations had been reduced to famine and become crazy from sheer misery and want of food. In Russia the ravings of the sect of "Daimoniki" are known to have such an effect upon the masses, reduced by misrule to the lowest state of poverty, that when a Daimonik begins to howl in a public place the police instantly seize upon him or her, and upon all the surrounding folk who show symptoms of derangement. This is really the only way of dealing with the complaint; and when we wonder at the ferocity of our forefathers, who used to hang or burn wholesale so-called witches, who were but demonomaniacs, we should make some allowance for the fact that terror had been proved the only method fit to cope with whole populations tainted with the diabolical spirit. In the year 1572 no fewer than five hundred supposed witches were burned at Geneva; but at the time the whole canton was infected, and business had come to a stand-still in the town in consequence of lunatics going about and screaming that the end of the world was at hand.

In France trials for witchcraft were abolished under the administration of Colbert, after an affair in Normandy in which six hundred people were implicated, and which resulted in seventeen of them being sentenced to be hanged. The trouble began about a rat, which was alleged to have held diabolical conversations with a little boy aged ten. Louis XIV. quashed the judgment, ordered the little boy to be whipped, and compelled the seventeen demonomaniacs (who seem to have believed that the rat was Satan) to choose between recanting their folly or being sent to prison. Sixteen of them recanted; only one of them—an old woman—suffered herself to be put in jail, where she died. In England a "witch" was hanged as late as the reign of Charles II., upon a sentence of Sir Matthew Hale, and it was not till 1736 that trials for witchcraft were abolished by act of Parliament in that country.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE CIVILIZATION OF BLAINE.

JOHN CONFUCIUS. "Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 8, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "The Awakening," *a spirited double-page sketch of an engagement in Afghanistan, and other interesting matters.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A BREACH OF NATIONAL FAITH.

Congress has announced to the world that the United States intend to break treaties at their pleasure. The peremptory abrogation of the Chinese treaty is a flagrant breach of public faith which outlies the good name of the country, and puts every other nation upon its guard in undertaking any dealings with us which depend upon our honor. It is not only the national honor, however, which is concerned, but a most important commercial interest. As we disregard the parts of the treaty that we do not like, China will do the same. The treaty is, therefore, at an end, if the bill be not vetoed. If it be vetoed, all other nations have, nevertheless, been notified that Congress holds all treaties subject to its discretion. It is true that a treaty has only the force of a law of the land, and that Congress may repeal any law. But a treaty in its nature is an honorable understanding between governments, made in a way which recognizes a certain method of withdrawal from the engagement. It is not contended that a nation is bound to adhere to a treaty when it proves to be seriously injurious to its welfare. But it is bound to deal with other nations as one honest man would deal with another in annulling a contract of honor. No treaty can be construed as holding us to submit passively while our civilization is overwhelmed by barbarism. But to argue that the presence of a hundred and ten or twenty thousand Chinese upon the Pacific coast is such an imminent peril to American society and civilization as to justify the peremptory abrogation of a treaty, without notice or attempted friendly modification, is insulting in common-sense. It was stated in the debate that the return of immigrants to China during the last year or two had been so great as the movement this way. Nothing whatever was said to show the need of urgency in the matter, even conceding the force of all that was said by Mr. Sargent. But such was the determination "to put it through" that even the very questionable amendment of Mr Conkling, providing substantially for a delay of action until notice could be served on China, was rejected. There has been no debate in the Senate for a long time which was so earnest and so interesting. Mr. Edmunds's protest just before the vote was very impressive and emphatic, and Mr. Hoar, in a few forcible sentences, described the situation precisely:

"Mr. President, I agree with the Senator from California in the desire to accomplish all that to says he desires to accomplish by this legislation. I agree that the coaly trade should be broken up. I agree that labourers imported—not coming in as immigrants, but imported by their employers—may properly be excluded from our ports. I agree that contracts for terms of state by capital for the employment of human beings—contracts in a which the laborer has no volition—are illegal and immoral, and should be broken up. But this legislation does not undertake alone or singly to do that. It starts by a denial of the obligation of national faith. It starts by the abrogation at the mere will of one party of a solemn treaty. It starts by reviving the Emperor of China of obligations upon which depend the rights and the property and the lives of large numbers of our own fellow-citizens, who are as much entitled to the protection of the government in their business as any other class of our fellow-citizens; and it does all these things without the slightest necessity. It does all these things because the people of California tell us that in some remote future a population which in thirty years has left a tide its immigration, according to their own account, but a hundred thousand scores of the immigrants who have staid above those of the emigrants who have returned, will come time in distant ages swamp their civilization."

The argument for the bill was a transparent pretense. It asserted that Chinese immigration was undesirable, and therefore that the treaty providing for it, and providing upon terms suggested by ourselves, should be summarily broken. But the argument does not hold together. Even if it be wise to restrain the immigration, it is neither wise nor honest to break faith. The general question of Asiatic immigration involves the most fundamental principles, and is not to be decided in a few hours' hot debate. There is no doubt that the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon do not readily assimilate. But our own national and local laws make the assimilation still more difficult. Mr. Blaine said that he was opposed to the admission of great numbers of people whom we forbade to become citizens. Yet the treaty permitting the admission was made after the prohibition of naturalization. From Mr. Blaine's point of view his argument was a reason for urging the abrogation of the treaty in a fair and recognized manner, not for summarily breaking it without the pretense of reason for his indecent haste. Indeed, throughout the debate, there was no real reason whatever advanced for the action contemplated. The apprehension of a Chinese deluge of immigration is not new. Fourteen years ago, Dr. John W. Draper, in his *Civil Policy of America*, considered the subject carefully, and held that the Pacific coast was destined hereafter to be the scene of an active Asiatic immigration. The Chinese population of California in 1860 was nearly 35,000. Dr. Draper thought that their view of America as a temporary home sprang from the natural timidity of early adventurers. But as they came with more settled intentions, the universal but temporary antipathy between different races would yield, and the general principles of the republic powerfully prevail. The facility of acquiring land would be a temptation, he thought, that an laboring class could withstand. But while Dr. Draper considered the Chinese advent inevitable, he regarded it with anxiety, and foresaw that with Eastern blood would come Eastern thoughts and Eastern habits. This was before the naturalization legislation of 1870 which prohibited the citizenship of the Chinese, or the school laws of California which forbade including Mongolian children in the apportionment. Dr. Draper's advice was that the Chinese should be fused as rapidly as possible in the population. The policy adopted was the absolute prohibition of fusion. As to the actual numbers, the *Alta Almanac*, from which Mr. Howland quoted, gives as the annual increase of arrivals over departures between four and five thousand. During thirty years the gain of arrivals over departures has been less than 140,000, leaving about 100,000 to the present number on this continent.

These plain figures, in themselves an unanswerable argument against haste or any breach of international comity, force the question home, what is the secret of this summary and hurried action? The answer is equally plain—the Presidential election. California is strongly opposed to the Chinese immigration, and the party that defeats the bill would be defeated in the election. This is the reason openly stated by well-informed observers on the spot, and made probable by the total want of force or point in the speeches for the bill. Mr. Eustis, the Democratic Senator from Louisiana, pointed out the singular position of Republican Senators who, in the actual Southern conflict between the black man and the white man, take the side of the black man, but in a contest not yet begun, and only to arise, if ever, in a remote future, take part with the white man against the yellow. It was one of the sayings of Mr. Douglas, in the old antislavery debate, that he was for the white man as against the negro, and for the negro as against the alligator. He was bitterly denounced for declaring that ours was a white man's government. Was Douglas, then, after all, a Republican of the day after to-morrow? These, however, are questions that were not before the Senate. The sole question there was, Shall a treaty solemnly ratified with a friendly power be violated, offhandedly, summarily, without taking any preliminary step which fair and honest comity requires? We are glad that, with two or three exceptions, the whole Republican weight of the Senate insisted upon fair dealing with the Chinese government. The bill was carried by a vote of 39, of which 18 were Republicans; and the minority was 27, of which 17 were Republicans.

"FIXED RULES."

In the President's letter to Collector Merritt there was one short sentence which contains the fundamental principle of a sound civil service: "Let appointments and removals be made on business principles, and by fixed rule." The head of a business house does not need fixed rules, because his conduct is necessarily regulated by business considerations. But the head of an office traditionally regarded as a place of reward for active workers, or as a retreat for disabled veterans of the caucus, would find himself overwhelmed unless he relied upon rules. For instance, if there were a vacancy in the Collector's office, and there were no "fixed rule" for filling it, he would find himself exposed to the conflicting entreaty of a dozen persons of "influence," each insisting that the appointment of his man is indispensable to the party in his "deestrick," and that the man himself is honest, capable, industrious, and so full of various virtues as General Butler when he runs as a reform candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. The only defense against the waste of his time, and the only real security for the service that the Collector under such circumstances can have, is a "fixed rule" by which the appointment is made to depend not upon the representation of an interested person, but upon the candidate's own proof of his fitness.

At this point appears the value of a competitive examination. It is said that the lower places at which the entrance is to be made are of a kind that any body who is honest and of an average capacity can fill. Probably; and if the object be to propitiate influence, the Collector will not go wrong so appointing the honest and average applicant who has the most influence. But if the purpose be to escape influence, a "fixed rule" becomes indispensable. Honest men of an average capacity differ in many things. Some can spell better than others; some can write a better hand; some have more general knowledge. Now a method which, while it abolishes "influence," also secures for the public service the honest and capable men who spells and writes and has more general knowledge than his competitors, is evidently an excellent system. But that system is a "fixed rule" of competition. Here, of course, we encounter the nimble and familiar answer that the thing wanted is tact and practical ability, not "book-learning," nor penmanship, nor knowledge of "the chief lake ports." Very well; the thing wanted, then, can not be obtained by taking the word of an "influential" gentleman, or a ward association, or a county committee, all of whom are politically interested to a particular appointment. If the thing wanted be tact and good judgment and practical capacity, it can be obtained only by trial, and "fixed rules" provide for that very trial. Thus, having selected the honest and capable gentleman who can, for instance, spell and write better, and who knows more even of the lake ports than the others, the power of "influence" is broken down, and then his practical ability is tested by actual trial, or by probation, as it is called. All this is done by "fixed rules," and by them only. The object of a competitive examination is to ascertain the one among forty or fifty who is really the most intelligent. A "pass" or "standard" examination is no defense against pressure of influence, and determines not who is best of the fifty, but who among the fifty can answer certain questions. The questions and the character of the answers under a "pass" system will be always at the mercy of the examiner. They can be easily arranged so that the person whom it is wished to appoint may succeed in answering, and then he will be appointed from among all the rest who reach the same minimum, even if they go far beyond. For to such an examination it is only necessary to "pass" a certain point.

In beginning a reform of system at any particular office, which must be assumed to be full of the abuses that make reform necessary, "fixed rules," also, are unavoidable for removal as well as for appointment. If the abuses which reformers denounce really exist, there are, for instance, in the Custom-house superfluous and incompetent officers who have been quartered upon public support for other reasons than their efficiency. This, indeed, is one of the most notorious of abuses under the old system. The committee of experts in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing two years ago—all of the same party—ascertained that more than half of the force could be dispensed with. The temptation under a system of patronage is to make places. Even General Butler admits that with a swarm of hungry office-seekers surrounding the appointing power, under a system of patronage, it is impossible to abolish needless offices or to stop leaks in the Treasury. To weed out the incompetents will be one of the first and most painful duties of a just administration of the Custom-house, and it can be done only by "fixed rules." A Collector or a Naval Officer or Surveyor might well hesitate personally to turn adrift clerks, some of them old, all of them dependent. But these officers hold a public trust, which they are bound to administer not by their private sympathies and feelings, but for the most effective public service. By "fixed rules" their duty can be done, and those who are removed will be satisfied that they have not been arbitrarily dealt with. When thus the service has been made thoroughly efficient, "fixed rules" will prescribe an removals except for legitimate cause, a fair system of promotion, and entrance at the lower grades after competitive examination. This will secure not only a better service than now to which appointments and removals depend upon the solicitation of politicians and the demands of ward associations and committees, but it will foster self-respect in the members of the service; it will remove the stigma from the term "office-holder;" it will restore every man to the service to his legitimate political sympathy and activity; it will enable the public business to be transacted upon a business footing; it will moderate the fury of party spirit and political contention by precluding the public service from being regarded as party plunder.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

There is certainly no more prominent object to a traveller about New York than the Brooklyn Bridge, and there is probably very little generally known about its details and prospects. It lies, of course, under the general suspicion that attaches to every great public enterprise in this neighborhood, of being a job of some kind, and the recent visit of a sub-committee of the Assembly Committee on Commerce and Navigation was very timely, as eliciting from Mr. Henry C. Murphy a clear and comprehensive statement of the condition of the undertaking. An imposing memorial has been presented to the Legislature, signed by some two hundred conspicuous citizens, asking for inquiry into the management and prospects of the work. The memorial states that it is feared by many responsible persons that the completion of the bridge can be effected only at enormous expense, that it will obstruct commerce, reduce the value of property, and but slightly increase the ease of communication between the cities, while the structure itself will be found unequal to the strain to be put upon it. Among the names signed to the memorial are J. J. Astor, Hamilton Fish, E. D. Morgan & Co., W. W. Astor, Royal Phelps, Rutherford Stuyvesant, Drexel, Morgan, & Co., Campbell & Thayer, J. J. Cisco, J. D. Vermilye, the Standard Oil Company, and other very weighty names. These names have, of course, not been lightly signed, and the memorial is the most emphatic challenge that the bridge has yet received. Mr. Murphy is President of the Board of Trustees, and he, with several trustees, attended to answer. Mr Murphy was under examination for three hours, and his statements were very interesting.

He said that the Secretary of War is the person legally authorized to determine whether such a bridge would interfere with navigation. The New York Bridge Company, organized under the State law, applied to General Rawlins, then Secretary of War, and he appointed General Newton and two other members of the Topographical Bureau to examine the plans and practicability of the bridge, and the effect upon navigation. They spent several weeks in the examination, and the Secretary adopted and approved their favorable report, with one modification only—that the middle of the bridge should be 135 feet above mean high water, instead of 130, as the plan proposed. The bill authorizing the work was passed by Congress on the 3d of March, 1869, and while it was still pending, the New York Chamber of Commerce asked delay until it could look into the subject. The Chamber appointed a commission, which reported that the bridge would benefit commerce by facilitating the transit of the river, and that there would be very few vessels whose masts would be higher than 130 feet, and the inconvenience of lowering the mast of such vessels should be cheerfully borne in view of the great advantages gained. The committee found no objection to the construction of the bridge. The New York Bridge Company was chartered in 1867, and conducted the work until 1875, when it was dissolved, and the work passed into the hands of a Board of Trustees, eight of whom are appointed by the Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen in New York, and eight by the Mayor, Comptroller, and Auditor of Brooklyn, every two years, the Mayor and Comptroller of each city being ex-officio members. The original plans made by the elder Roebling were approved by a board of the most eminent engineers in the country, and the plan as adopted by the Wa Department has been faithfully followed in every particular.

In reply to the question how many vessels in a year would have to lower their topmasts, Mr. Murphy replied that Philip B. Low, an experienced rigger of South Street, had made affidavit that with few exceptions all vessels not exceeding 675 tons burden could pass under the bridge unladen at half tide, that there were probably not more than two schooners and two ships frequenting this port whose topmasts must be housed to avoid collision with the bridge, and that the average cost of housing the topmasts was from $50 to $150. To the question of cost Mr. Murphy answered that up to February 1, 1879, there had been since the beginning of the work $10,103,553 54 of expenses and $10,110,619 90 of receipts. The law relieving the Bridge Company authorized $6,000,000 for completing the work, one-third to be raised by New York and two-thirds by Brooklyn, and the bulk of this appropriation had been received from the two cities. Mr Murphy said that, according to his careful estimate, $3,500,000 more would be necessary to complete the bridge, making the total cost $13,600,000, which in-

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cludes the cost of the lands taken. The towers and anchorages are almost completed, and the cables entirely. There is due from the city of New York a balance of $1,750,000. Mr. MURPHY thinks that the completion of the bridge would increase the value of Brooklyn property twenty or thirty per cent., and would increase the amount of taxable property in the State and in this city which is now taxed elsewhere. His view of the use of the bridge is that it should be free to the foot-passenger, and that a small one should be charged for transport by car. The whole question is reduced to a single point—whether the $3,500,000 shall obstruct the completion of the work. Mr. J. S. T. STRANAHAN, one of the trustees, and also a director of the Union Ferry Company, said that he not only believed, but he knew, that there had been no misappropriation of the money raised for the enterprise. This is certainly a strong statement on behalf of the bridge, and we shall await with great interest the report of the committee.

FRIENDS OF THE NEGRO.

THERE is an interesting series of papers in the last *North American Review* upon the question of negro suffrage. The names of the writers will command attention, for they are Senators BLAINE and LAMAR, Governor WADE HAMPTON, General GARFIELD, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, WENDELL PHILLIPS, MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and THOMAS A. HENDRICKS. With the exception of Mr. BLAIR—who is always an exception—they agree that the negro can not be disfranchised, which is the practical point of the discussion. As for enfranchisement, Mr. BLAINE and Mr. GARFIELD show that there was really nothing else to do. The question was whether the States lately in rebellion should be restored with their political power increased by rebellion, and nothing of slavery changed but the name. The increase of power was conceded as inevitable under the Constitution, and the negro was enfranchised as the best security of his rights, and consequently as the surest guarantee of the peace and order of the States concerned. Mr. BLAINE's summary at the end of the discussion is conclusive. Statesmanship is doing the best thing practicable when action is imperative. The dilemma offered to the Republican party was a choice of evils, and it chose the least. Mr. LAMAR's paper is ably and calmly written. It is the work of a man who has suffered and who has seen much suffering, and who has been schooled to moderate expression. It is interesting to compare his paper with that of Mr. PHILLIPS, who holds that the great Republican blunder was the refusal to confiscate and to give forty acres to every freed family, and who thinks the South is quietly awaiting a chance to do what it failed to do before. Happily, however, time and changed institutions count for something in national progress.

Mr. LAMAR and Mr. BLAINE state certain things as facts, in exact contradiction. Mr. BLAINE asserts that the negro vote is terrorized and suppressed in certain districts. Mr. LAMAR denies that there is more disturbance than is usual every where and at all elections, and that the change of the political character of the negro vote is due to his perception of the truth that he has been used as a tool to despoil his natural allies, the old master class. But we revert to our former reply to Mr. LAMAR, when he made the same general statement in the House, in reply to General GARFIELD, three years ago. If the master class had shown themselves to be the real friend of the negro, the carpet-bagger could have done nothing. If the master class had suppressed and punished the Ku-Klux, the negro would have been its warmest friend. If the master class had dealt generously with labor, and provided schools, and done what natural allies always and instinctively do, there would have been no question of the virtual unanimity of the negro vote for TILDEN in 1876. But who were the Ku-Klux?—the master class. Who practically connived at their crimes?—the master class. Who framed the black codes?—the master class. Who were the bulldozers in Louisiana?—the master class. Who were the red shirts in South Carolina?—the master class. Why were the jury laws and the national election laws necessary?—because of the master class. Why was the color line drawn?—because experience had taught the negro distrust of the master class. It was not carpet-bag eloquence that did it. It was the midnight scourging and hunting and harrying, and the scornful indifference of the master class.

The situation of that class was pitiful, and no honorable man will forget it. But neither must that master class forget that when it had the opportunity to show how much of a natural ally and friend of the negro it was, it hastened to pass the black codes. And now it shows the natural alliance and its friendship by stuffing the ballot-box against him, and by making it physically impossible for him to vote. Mr. BLAINE shrewdly points out not only that Democrats like Mr. HENDRICKS constantly and strenuously opposed negro suffrage, but now, when they accept it, it is only because it is either practically suppressed or made Democratic. Mr. LAMAR, as a sagacious Southern Democrat, and Mr. HENDRICKS, as a type of the Northern Democrat, ought to understand that no Democratic argument can prosper which assumes any regard or friendship or care for the negro upon the part of the Democratic party. CHARLES STUART and Archbishop LAUD might as well have appealed to their friendship for Cameronians and Puritans. The problem of the Democratic party in the Southern States is to obtain a confidence which it might have had without trouble. The bane of Southern and therefore of national politics is the color line. That will be a peril while it lasts. It is not to be obliterated by force or fraud. The shot-gun can not shoot it away, nor the tissue ballot juggle it off. While it lasts it is a danger, and it can be removed only by proved justice and good faith. On no other grounds can there be any alliance between the heirs of the old Democratic party and its victims. Every sign of such a disposition we shall gladly hail and acknowledge, and one of the first and most promising signs will be local justice toward bulldozers of every kind and degree.

AN OLD PRECEDENT.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, in a note to the Chicago *Tribune*, corrects our statement that the transmission to the Senate of reasons for a removal is a new precedent, by citing the case of the renomination of General ST. CLAIR by President JOHN ADAMS, in 1801, as Governor of the territory northwest of the Ohio. President ADAMS sent with his message "papers for and against the reappointment," and the committee to which they were referred made a careful examination, reported favorably, and the nomination was confirmed. The purport of our remarks, however, was not that such an incident was wholly unknown, although we did not recall the one cited by Mr. SMITH, and presume from the mention of no other that this is the only one that occurs to him. There may be others, because, as we said, communication of reasons rests with the Executive. But it is certainly not the practice, as the passage of the Tenure-of-office Law proves.

The reason that it is not the practice is obvious. The nomination is an act of the Executive responsibility. The Senate judges the act, not the reasons. The Executive is no more to be expected to assign to the Senate the reasons for a nomination, even if it effects a removal, than the Senate to transmit to the President the reasons for rejecting it. If the Executive is in doubt whether a nomination should be made, it ought not to make it, and certainly it ought not to devolve its own responsibility upon the Senate. It is evident that if the Executive voluntarily submits its reasons to the Senate, it can hardly decline to give them whenever they may be asked, and the submission is an invitation to the Senate to pass upon their adequacy. This seems to us to be a very undesirable practice, although it is one for which Mr. CALHOUN argued. Each branch of the government should maintain its own responsibility of action. In the instance cited by Mr. SMITH it would seem that President ADAMS should not have renominated General ST. CLAIR unless he were satisfied, without consulting the Senate, that it was wise to renominate him. Any other course seems to lead at last to the Senatorial dictation which President HAYES declines.

In the recent case of the New York appointments it was an exceptional act upon the part of the President to communicate to the Senate the reasons of his action. He had to encounter there an abuse of which ADAMS knew nothing—"the courtesy of the Senate." His chief opponent, who, according to the report, did not disdain personal insult toward the Executive, declared the Executive assertions to be insincere, and the Executive motives merely personal. The President was at perfect liberty to disprove such allegations, if he thought fit, by communicating the reasons of his action. The communication will be judged by the probability of the opposing Senator's misrepresentations prevailing with the Senate. Under "the courtesy of the Senate" there was undoubtedly reason to suppose that they might prevail, and the President, therefore, stated the general principles and the particular reasons upon which he acted. It was an exceptional act, but wholly within his discretion, and it was well adapted to meet the abuse which tends to impair the just Executive authority.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM D. BISHOP, who, from impaired health, has just resigned the presidency of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, has been an exceptional official among railway managers in the United States. Though a college man, he was from the outset of his career identified with business "affairs of pith and moment." Graduating at Yale thirty years ago, and soon admitted to the bar, he gave up his profession to engage in railroad enterprises. The qualities he here displayed were such that at the age of thirty he was elected a Representative to Congress from Connecticut, and at thirty-two was appointed United States Commissioner of Patents—the youngest man who ever held that important position. Subsequently he assumed the management of the Naugatuck Railroad, and twelve years ago he was elected president of the New Haven road, the affairs of which he has managed with consummate ability, placing it at the very head of American railways for excellence of administration. Its dividends have been ten per cent. per annum; its stock sells to-day at 160. The force of commendation could no farther go.

—The biography of CHARLES LEVER, soon to be published, will contain many extracts from his correspondence, which it is said are of a most amusing character, and will also give the original draft of a part of *Harry Lorrequer*, by which his reputation as a novelist was mainly achieved.

—The Rev. Dr. JOHN GEDDIE was a missionary to the New Hebrides from 1848 to 1872, laboring principally on the island of Aneityum. A marble tablet has recently been erected to his memory in the wall of the chapel of Aneityum. The inscription on it reads:

When he came here,
There were no Christians;
When he went away,
There were no Heathen.

The whole population of the island numbered about 3000. After he had been with them for half a dozen years they were all professedly Christian.

—The Emperor of Brazil has given toward the Washington Monument a stone weighing nearly eight tons, to "perpetuate the memory of the illustrious father of the American Republic, for whom he cherishes the earnest admiration."

—Ex-U. S. Senator TRUMAN SMITH, of Stamford, Connecticut, now eighty-seven years old, argued for two hours a law case at Woodbury, Connecticut, on the 11th ult., with all his old fire, and worsted his opponent.

—Canon LIGHTFOOT, the proposed Bishop of Durham, one of the softest places in the Church of England, was, in 1851, senior classic and senior Chancellor's medallist at Cambridge. He is a man of considerable oratorical powers and many social accomplishments.

—M. GRÉVY's accession to the Presidency of France is noteworthy on several accounts. First, he is a civilian and a lawyer, devoutly attached to legality; second, almost alone among the Republican members of the National Assembly of 1871, he voted the peace at Bordeaux; third, he is averse to clericalism, and will have no quarrel with Italy as far as the temporal power of the Pope is concerned. Another curious fact is that M. GRÉVY is not even a member of the Legion of Honor; another is that he is a keen sportsman and a successful agriculturist. In his native Jura he climbs the hills for game, and strolls about the valleys admiring his vines, his cattle, and his fields of maize. Part of a large tobacco plantation used to belong to him until the government bought it; and this may account for his fondness for the weed. He smokes much, and is of somewhat taciturn mood, though very sociable when he sees that conversation is expected of him.

—Secretary EVARTS, who is always saying neat things, especially at dinner, remarked, a few nights ago, in reply to somebody who happened to have been reading one of the regulation jokes about the Secretary's endless sentences and gracefully repeated it: "Oh, nonsense! I don't object to that sort of thing at all. People who expect to injure me by calling attention to my long sentences forget that the only persons really opposed to long sentences in this country are the criminal classes who deserve them."

—They have a little fun among the Senators at Washington once in a while. A few days ago, during a discussion on the Library Bill, Senator THURMAN, in answer to a remark by Mr. BLAINE that we might as well have a national academy of music as a national library, said that while favorable to a national library, he should oppose a national conservatory of music, because it would operate against a little establishment of that sort in his own State—the Conservatory at Cincinnati; upon which Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, in an audible aside, remarked: "Oh, that's all right; it won't hurt Ohio to establish a conservatory here, because nearly all Ohio is here already."

—Mr. BATES, the giant, with his giant wife, lives in Seville, Ohio, in a house much like other people's houses, only much larger. The doors, windows, and shutters are of unusual size. The house is thirty feet wide by ninety-six feet, and nicely finished. Mr. BATES is regarded as a very superior farmer. A few weeks ago his wife gave birth to a child, the second since her marriage with her present husband, and in both instances the child died. If the last child had grown to maturity, it would have been the tallest kind of person. On the day of its birth it measured thirty inches in length and weighed twenty-two pounds. Its chest measure was sixteen inches, and its feet six inches.

—Senator-elect CALL, of Florida, is a grandson of Colonel JOHN LEE, of Virginia, a Revolutionary soldier, and a member of the same family to which General ROBERT E. LEE belonged.

—The monument which the Italian people propose to erect to the memory of VICTOR EMANUEL will cost about $1,000,000. It is to consist of a colossal equestrian statue mounted on a triumphal arch. The competition for it is to be thrown open to the world.

—EDMUND YATES, in the last number of the London *World*, mentions the following: "Since the Very Rev. Dean STANLEY came back from America, his friends say he is given to transatlanticisms in his utterances. I only know that I read in his little discourse to the Workingmen's Club last week, apropos of the Jerusalem Chamber and the old story of 'Madcap Hal,' that 'the king came to himself, and hearing who had taken the crown, he thought it was a wild freak of his son; accordingly *he sent for him*, and administered warnings, which had such an effect upon the young man,' etc. Old HENRY 'going for' young HENRY has a flavor about it somehow."

—OLE BULL, when in Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. O. B. divides his time between Madison and his house at Bergen, in Norway. The latter is on a fairy-like island. Mrs. BULL is a Madison lady, and a capital woman of business, attending to much of the detail of his engagements. By-the-way, that was a neat compliment to the violinist paid by a celebrated Kentucky stock raiser, who named a fine young bull "Ole."

—A gentleman recently said to Vice-President WHEELER, "You care as little as any man I ever knew for the mere pomp and millinery of high office." Mr. WHEELER replied, thoughtfully, "But how little there is in it to make one care for it!" Mr. WHEELER has for some years past been accustomed to give $500 to home missions. This year, on account of the debt of the board, he doubled it, and sent $1000.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* has the admirable custom of posting its readers as to the longevity of people who have had obituary notices published in its columns. During the year 1878, 606 people died in that city who were over eighty years of age, more than three-fifths of the number being women, who were, moreover, the longest-lived. Of the 261 men who during 1878 died at eighty and over, the following numbers reached the various ages designated: 80 years, thirty-four; 81, thirty; 82, twenty-four; 83, twenty-nine; 84, twenty-four; 85, eighteen; 86, twenty-one; 87, eleven; 88, twelve; 89, fifteen; 90, nine; 91, two; 92, nine; 93, three; 94, five; 95, four; 96, one; 97, four; 98, three; 99, two; 100, one. The oldest person who died in Philadelphia during the year was CATHERINE GALLAGHER, aged 107. Almost her entire life she enjoyed good health, and never had medical advice until her last illness.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: In the House, February 14, a bill was reported authorizing the President to appoint General James Shields, of Missouri, as a brigadier-general on the retired list. Great confusion followed, and the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole.—On the 15th, the Senate, by a vote of 39 to 27, passed the Chinese Immigration Bill. Several amendments were rejected, one by Mr. Conkling authorizing the President, if the Emperor of China refused to negotiate a modified treaty, to inform him that the United States will regulate or prevent Chinese immigration by laws of its own.—The House, on the 17th, by 178 to 67, passed the bill appropriating $26,000,000 for the payment of arrears of pensions, and also passed the River and Harbor and Deficiency Appropriation bills.—On the 18th, the Senate passed the Internal Revenue Bill. The amendments imposing a tax on tea and coffee were rejected, and the section repealing the tax on matches was stricken out. The tax on snuff and tobacco was reduced to sixteen cents. The bill is to go into effect May 1.—On the 19th, the Senate passed a bill fixing the pay of letter-carriers at $1000, $900, and $600 for the respective grades. In the House, the Democrats tried to attach a repeal of the Election Law to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, and a struggle ensued which threatened to be long and exciting.

Hon. Zachariah Chandler was elected, February 18, United States Senator from Michigan, in place of Hon. I. P. Christiancy, resigned.

The north-bound passenger train on the Selma, Rome, and Dalton Railroad fell through a rotten bridge over Mulberry Creek, thirteen miles from Selma, February 18. Three persons were killed, three fatally injured, and many severely wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS of British troops have been dispatched to the Zulu country. Later telegrams, *via* Madeira, say that Colonel Wood's column was attacked on January 24 by 4000 Zulus. The enemy were dispersed with trifling loss to Colonel Wood's command. Several attacks on Pearson's column and other columns have been repulsed, but the gravity of the situation has not been exaggerated.

It was officially stated in St. Petersburg, February 18, that there had been no fresh cases of plague or deaths therefrom for a day or two previously. England has asked permission of Russia to send physicians to investigate the disease. The spotted typhus is spreading in Salonica, and even in Berlin the Chief of Police has ordered a special inspection of lodging-houses on account of the prevalence in that city of the same fever.

The definitive treaty of peace ratified by the Sultan reached St. Petersburg February 18. An imperial manifesto was issued announcing that the Czar had also ratified the instrument, and that the troops were coming home. The Czar thanked God for Russia's glorious victories. The city was illuminated in the evening.—The powers, replying to Russia, recognize Roumania's right to Arab Tabia, while regretting her hasty occupation.

In the German Reichstag, February 18, Herr Lasker presented a motion contesting the correctness of the government's interpretation of the Socialist Law, and refusing the consent of the Reichstag to the proposed arrests of members. After a long debate, the first part of the motion (disputing the correctness of the government's interpretation of the law) was adopted by a large majority, only the German Conservatives and Imperialists voting against it. The part refusing assent to the arrests was adopted almost unanimously.—On the 19th, Prince Hohenlohe was elected Second Vice-President of the Reichstag, by 166 votes to 73, but he declined.

A riot occurred at Cairo February 18. Four hundred disbanded Egyptian officers, who had not been paid, surrounded the official residences of the President of the Council and Minister of Finance, and clamored for their money. The Khedive was insulted, his ministers were shot at, and the rioters were dispersed by the troops, who fired on the crowd.—Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, has resigned.

A new Austrian cabinet has been formed, with Dr. Stremayr Premier and Count Taaffe Minister of the Interior. Prince Auersperg and Herr Unger will secede; the other ministers will remain.

In the British House of Commons, February 14, the Liberals and Home Rulers united to carry a motion in favor of assimilating the Irish borough franchise to the English and Scotch, but the measure was defeated, by a vote of 166 to 187.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, February 14, the Minister of War declared that he would enforce the decree of 1795 making the "Marseillaise" the national anthem. The committee on the Press Bill has been formed, with M. Émile de Girardin as president. The members of the committee agree that all existing press laws should be abrogated and replaced by a law based on the broadest possible principles.—The cabinet, on the 20th, accepted the Amnesty Bill as amended by the committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, son of the Grand Duke Constantine, has been exiled to Orenburg for publishing a pamphlet in favor of the speedy construction of the Orenburg and Tashkend Railway, by the way of Kara Turgai and the Sir-Daria River, in order to force England to abandon her resistance to Russia's Eastern policy.

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piano, struck a chord or two, and began the old melody, with its familiar refrain:

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"

Before his song was finished Violet had kissed her mother and glided silently from the room. Lord Mallow saw her go, and there was a sudden break in his voice as the door closed upon her—a break that sounded almost like a suppressed sob.

When Vixen came down to breakfast next morning, she found the table laid only for three.

"What has become of Lord Mallow?" she asked Forbes, when he brought in the urn.

"He left by an early train, ma'am. Captain Carmichael drove him to Lyndhurst."

The old servants of the Abbey House had not yet brought themselves to speak of their new lord as "master." He was always "Captain Carmichael."

The captain came in while Violet knelt by the fire playing with Argus, whom even the new rule had not banished wholly from the family sitting-rooms.

The servants filed in for morning prayers, which Captain Carmichael delivered in a cold hard voice. His manual of family worship was of concise and business-like form, and the whole ceremony lasted about seven minutes. Then the household dispersed quickly, and Forbes brought in his tray of covered dishes.

"You can pour out the tea, Violet. Your mother is feeling a little tired, and will breakfast in her room."

"Then I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll have my breakfast with her," said Vixen. "She'll be glad of my company, I dare say."

"She has a headache, and will be better alone. Stop where you are, if you please, Violet. I have something serious to say to you."

Vixen left off pouring out the tea, clasped her hands in her lap, and looked at Captain Carmichael with the most resolute expression he had ever seen in a woman's face.

"Are you going to talk to me about Lord Mallow?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then spare yourself the trouble. It would be useless."

"I can not conceive that you should be so besotted as to refuse a man who offers so much. A man who has wealth, rank, youth, good looks—"

"Spare me the catalogue of your friend's merits. I think him a most estimable person. I acknowledge his rank and wealth. But I have refused him."

"You will change your mind."

"I never change my mind."

"You will live to repent your folly, then, Miss Tempest; and all I hope is that your remorse may be keen. It is not one woman in a thousand who gets such a chance. What are you that you should throw it away?"

"I am a woman who would sooner cut my throat than marry a man I can not honestly love," answered Vixen, with unblenching firmness.

"I think I understand your motive," said Captain Carmichael. "Lord Mallow never had a chance with you. The ground was occupied before he came. You are a very foolish girl to reject so good an offer for the sake of another woman's sweetheart."

"How dare you say that to me?" cried Vixen. "You have usurped my father's place; you have robbed me of my mother's heart. Is not that cause enough for me to hate you? I have only one friend left in the world, Roderick Vawdrey. And you would slander me because I cling to that old friendship, the last remnant of my happy childhood."

"You might have a dozen such friends, if friendship is all you want, and be Lady Mallow into the bargain," retorted Captain Carmichael, scornfully. "You are a simpleton to send such a man away despairing. But I suppose it is idle to ask you to hear reason. I am not your father, and even if I were, I dare say you would take your own way in spite of me."

"*My* father would not have asked me to marry a man I did not love," answered Vixen, proudly, her eyes clouding with tears even at the thought of her beloved dead; "and he would have valued Lord Mallow's rank and fortune no more than I do. But you are so fond of a bargain," she added, her eye kindling and her lip curving with bitterest scorn. "You sold Bullfinch, and now you want to sell me."

"By Heaven, madam, I pity the man who may be fool enough to buy you!" cried the captain, starting up from his untasted breakfast, and leaving Vixen mistress of the field.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS.

THE town of Pine Bluff, in Jefferson County, Arkansas, is picturesquely situated on the Arkansas River, and enjoys extensive facilities for commerce both by water and railroad. Our sketches on page 184 exhibit some of the characteristics of the place. The first sketch gives a view of the public square, including the county court-house, and underneath it is a scene sketched during the trial of a noted horse-thief. Our readers will observe that almost every person in the room—judge, sheriff, jurymen, and spectators—has either a pipe or cigar between his lips.

Another sketch shows the style of ferry-boats used on the Arkansas River. In this instance the boat-hands are attempting to make a landing in the teeth of a strong wind. Underneath is a view of the city high school. This building is about eighty feet square, three stories in height, and well arranged for school purposes. Pine Bluff now contains a population of about 5000, and its situation, in the most flourishing cotton-producing region of the State, will probably insure rapid progress and prosperity.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR EICHWALD, an eminent Russian paleontologist, many years ago collected some remarkable fossil vertebrates in various parts of Russia, and published several elaborate memoirs describing their character and relationships. The acquisition of this collection has been a subject of desire by some of the principal museums of the world, and it is stated that among other applicants the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY had nearly concluded arrangements for the purchase when the death of Professor EICHWALD prevented its consummation. It is probable that, had this purchase been effected, it would ultimately have found its way to Yale College, and been included in the treasures placed in the museum of the institution by Professor O. C. MARSH, Mr. PEABODY's nephew. It is now announced that the collection embraces over 30,000 specimens, and has been presented by the widow to the University of St. Petersburg.

Naturalists are not likely to lack convenient catalogues of current publications in all parts of the world relating to their specialties. The *Zoologischer Anzeiger* of Professor J. VICTOR CARUS has already been referred to as a work of great value, and with the beginning of 1879 Messrs. R. FRIEDLANDER & SON, of Berlin, booksellers, issue a new work under the title of *Naturæ Novitates*, containing a bibliographic list of current literature of all nations on natural history and the exact sciences. This is furnished at a nominal price to all who apply for it.

Mr. L. S. BOUTON, one of the founders of the Royal Society of Arts, of the Mauritius, established in 1850, has recently died in that country. He was for a long time a curator and director of the museum of the society.

The enterprise of Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT in preparing two vessels for arctic exploration, the one to proceed by way of Spitzbergen and the other by Behring Straits, is already well known to our readers. The steamer *Jeannette* has been assigned to the Behring Straits service, and is, we understand, already in San Francisco.

A bill has been introduced into Congress by Mr. WOOD authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to accept this vessel and take charge of her. The bill provides that it is to be fitted up with any material on hand, and authority is given to enlist the necessary crew and to provide the naval officers, and the expense, at least the pay of the men, will be subsequently refunded by Mr. BENNETT.

It is not improbable that this vessel will be made useful in the search for and relief of the *Vega*, Professor NORDENSKIÖLD's steamer, which, in the opinion of some, has been frozen in near East Bay, on the western shore of Behring Straits. It is asserted that she is in company with a number of American whalers, likewise caught in the ice by the premature advance of winter.

An overland expedition is to be sent by way of Siberia by order of the Russian government, and a vessel, it is understood, will soon be on its way, *via* the Suez Canal and Japan, to be in readiness to go north at the earliest possible moment.

The terrible epidemic of yellow fever in the South during the summer of 1878 induced the appointment of a joint commission by the Senate and House of Representatives, which was authorized to call to its aid a board of experts, for the purpose of investigating the whole subject, and the causes which tend to the development and propagation of the disease, as well as the means of its repression, whether by quarantine or otherwise. This board, composed of representative men from different parts of the country, including, of course, those from the Southern States, has prosecuted its labors with great industry, sending committees to the localities where the disease originated and to which it was extended. This board has just published a report to Congress on the subject of epidemic diseases. The conclusions to which they came are in large part technical, and are better fitted for a medical journal than for the *Weekly*, but it may be stated that there is a decided preference on the part of the commission for a rigid quarantine as an initial step in all measures taken for the prevention of this plague.

Another distinguished geologist, and the head of the Geological Survey of Italy, has recently died, in the person of Professor B. GASTALDI, at the age of sixty. His first essays in natural science were in the line of anatomy and paleontology; but before long he applied himself almost exclusively to physical geology, in which he became a proficient. He was especially conversant with the geology of the Alps, a large portion of which he traversed on foot for the purpose of more satisfactory examination. He was one of the founders of the Italian Alpine Club.

VICTOR GHILIANI, one of the founders of the Zoological Society of Italy, died in Turin on the 27th of May.

The subject of green oysters has lately been brought to the attention of the health officers of Washington as possibly indicating by the color an unhealthy article of food. A critical examination, however, has shown nothing in the oyster at all likely to be injurious to man. A spectroscopic examination has revealed, as has been done before, the presence of minute traces of iron, but the amount of metal in a bushel of oysters would be scarcely appreciable excepting to the spectroscope. It is probable, indeed, that this examination, which is still in progress, will show the same in oysters entirely uncolored, and in regard to which no suspicion exists. The alleged spectroscopic determination of copper in some green oysters requires confirmation.

It is now pretty well understood that the green color is due to a minute diatomaceous plant. It is well known that in Europe green oysters are preferred to others, and that the color is imparted by placing oysters for a certain period in pots on the shore, in which these diatoms are found to occur in great number.

In further illustration of this fact it may be stated that the attention of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia was recently called by Professor LEIDY to his observation during the summer of large patches of a yellowish-green substance on the beach between high and low water marks. This, on being subjected to microscopical examination, was found to consist of a single species of diatom (*Amphiprora constricta*). This was in a state of extreme activity, and such as readily to bring it within reach of the oysters, clams, and other lamellibranch mollusks. Its power of motion was such that even when shaken up with a quantity of sand it very soon worked its way out to the surface, upon which it formed a thin scum.

It is probable that a very large portion of the food of the oyster and clam is derived from minute vegetation, especially from some species of ocean diatoms, not all being colored, however. The one to which Professor LEIDY refers did not exceed 0.003 of an inch in length.

Among recent deaths in Germany deserving notice in a scientific journal is that of Dr. WILLIAM ENGELMANN, for many years the head of the establishment of WILLIAM ENGELMANN, in Leipsic. This house has been long noted for the extent and importance of its scientific publications, not exceeded in this respect by any other in existence. His death took place on the 23d of December last.

The death of the widow of the late Professor FARADAY is announced as having taken place in the early part of January.

Among the various substances used for preserving meats, borax has constituted the basis of not a few, the more important and better known being the Swedish invention bearing the name of *aseptin*, which has been recommended especially for the preservation of fish. According to LE BON, however, while this preserves meats very well, after a few weeks the use of the meat so preserved causes serious intestinal trouble, as being really more or less poisonous. He therefore thinks that it should be positively prohibited.

He states that several companies who had commenced preserving American meat with borax have been obliged to give it up, and he considers even salt as undesirable. One objection to the use of salt he bases on the following considerations: The most nutritive part of the meat is the juice, of which thirty to forty per cent. can be eliminated by pressure. If meat is plunged in a saline solution, or the surface is covered with salt, an exchange rapidly takes place between the soluble principles of the meat and those of the saline solution, thus destroying its food value, even though the meat is not materially changed in general appearance.

The only proper methods, therefore, according to LE BON, of preserving meat, are by cold and by PASTEUR's process. He promises to present some applications of this, which he considers a satisfactory solution of the problem.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ADULTERATION of food is a subject to which the attention of the public has been specially directed of late. We say *food*, but the fact is that almost every thing we eat, drink, and wear is, in part at least, something different from what it pretends to be. In regard to food and drink, in many cases doubtless the adulteration is in itself harmless, except that the articles tampered with are less nutritious than pure ones. But manifestly the original design of adulterations is to defraud the purchaser for the benefit of the dealer or the manufacturer. By mixing an inferior article with one of good quality, by substituting one thing for another, by the admixture of damaged substances with those which are uninjured, by dilutions, and in various other ways, customers are systematically cheated. If the retail dealer does not know the quality of the article he offers for sale, he is in fault; it is a part of his business to inform himself. But if purchasers are indifferent to the well-known fact that they are constantly using adulterated articles, and prefer to be cheated rather than make an effort to remedy the evil, of course the evil will continue and increase. Coffee, for example, is very generally adulterated, and some persons do not object to an admixture of a small proportion of chiccory. But those who desire the pure article find it almost impossible to get the ground coffee without a percentage of chiccory. And when, to protect themselves, they buy roasted coffee whole, they perhaps do not know that there are several processes for preparing a "coffee bean" out of chiccory and from other foreign substances, some of which are far less desirable than even chiccory. There are at least a score of substances which have been largely employed to adulterate our favorite breakfast beverage. Numerous other articles on our tables would be found impure if subjected to proper tests. The following simple test is said to detect with certainty the presence of chiccory in ground coffee: On the surface of a glass of water put about half a tea-spoonful of the coffee to be examined; stir it in with the water rapidly for nearly half a minute; if the water becomes immediately colored, and several grains sink to the bottom, it is a sure indication that the sample is not pure. Pure coffee gives only the slightest tint to the water, and rarely if ever any of its grains sink to the bottom, unless left to stand for several hours.

Sensational letters published in the St. Petersburg *Golos* state that hundreds of bodies of those who died from the plague at Astrakhan in December are yet unburied.

England's war with the Zulus bids fair to be one of the most serious which she has carried on in South Africa. The immediate cause of hostilities was the redress demanded by the British government for certain brutal acts committed against refugee women who had sought shelter in Natal, and the non-performance of certain regulations made at the time Cetywayo was made king. As Zululand is a vast region, and is inhabited by something like 300,000 natives, who are a powerful and warlike race, it is not likely to be subdued without a long struggle.

In order to prevent the introduction of diseased meat into the market, the Brooklyn Board of Health has ordered the proprietors of several slaughter-houses in Williamsburg and elsewhere throughout the city to report to the board all cattle that may be sent there for slaughter. As soon as word is received that animals have been received, an inspector or veterinary surgeon will visit the place and examine them.

A Danish sailor named Goldsmith proposes to sail across the Atlantic from Boston next summer, accompanied by his wife, in an open boat eighteen and a half feet long. He meditates a trip around the world, going to Norway, Sweden, by the North Sea to Scotland, by the Mediterranean to Alexandria, through the Suez Canal to Aden, across the Indian Ocean to India, through the Straits of Malacca, thence northward to Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Jeddo, and finally across the Pacific to San Francisco, which place he expects to reach in the fall of 1881. From the Golden Gate he will come East to Boston by rail. The boat is so constructed with air-tight compartments that it will float even if filled with water.

In Malden, Massachusetts, the Board of Health has passed a resolution, of which the following is an extract: "No child from any family in which a case of scarlet fever or diphtheria has occurred or shall hereafter occur shall attend any school in this town without a certificate from a physician that all danger of contagion from the disease has ceased. No member of any family wherever there is or has occurred a case of the above diseases should communicate or mingle with other people unless by consent of the attending physician."

Early in February it was stated in Boston newspapers that all the ice companies in that vicinity had done well, many of them having laid in enough to last nearly two years. The ice garnered is thick and of good quality, and it is predicted that the price will be low next summer.

Subscriptions to the New Armory Fund of the Seventh Regiment have of late become so inadequate to the proper prosecution of the work that the General Committee has decided to have the regiment borrow the amount necessary to complete and finish the new building without delay. Subscriptions are still solicited, as every contribution will reduce the amount of the proposed loan. When the armory is sufficiently completed, a grand fair will be held in it—probably next October—and it is believed that from this and other sources sufficient money will be raised to cancel any indebtedness incurred.

The first pile of the new ocean pier at Long Branch was sunk on February 10, in the presence of a large number of spectators. This is called the anchor pile, and is about twenty feet from the beach and two hundred from low-water mark. In the hollow pile was deposited a bottle containing New York papers, a history of the proposed pier, and an address to be read by whoever, in future ages, "should dig up that pile."

Reports from the South indicate that the yellow fever is not wholly eradicated from certain sections. It is thought by physicians that the exhuming and removal of bodies has caused a re-appearance of the disease, and that unless the authorities prohibit this the fever will again occur with its former malignity. The bodies of many wealthy persons were buried in Potter's Fields, their relatives having fled to the North, and when it was thought that the weather was cold enough, arrangements were made to remove them. But it is now believed that the frost has not penetrated deep enough to destroy the sources of danger.

General Melikoff has ordered the formation of a military cordon along the entire course of the Volga to prevent the spread of the plague. The military authorities have dispatched seventeen additional doctors to the infected districts. General Melikoff is taking very energetic measures there. A correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya* telegraphs that General Melikoff, finding the local prisons in a shockingly filthy condition and overcrowded, threatened the officers with death if such a condition of things continued.

It is a relief to know that in consequence of the efforts of the Brooklyn Board of Health the Governor of New York has prohibited the sale of the milk from several hundred cows confined in stables connected with distilleries at Blissville, Long Island. These stables had been visited by inspectors, the cows were diseased, and yet every day thousands of quarts were retailed to unsuspecting customers. Governor Robinson ordered the stables to be quarantined. Certain milkmen who, contrary to orders, offered this milk for sale, were promptly arrested; and one day six hundred quarts of "swill milk" were thrown into the sewer, in compliance with the orders of the Sanitary Superintendent. It is believed that much of the prevailing sickness and mortality among children is due to the use of this poisonous milk.

In London the other day an officer seized a number of sacks of flour containing seventy-eight per cent. of plaster of Paris; and it was proved that a baker had made and sold 114 loaves of bread therefrom. On account of a legal technicality, it is said that the Lord Mayor refused to condemn the lot or prohibit its sale. Finally the merchant who had advanced money on the shipment, on the representation that the bags contained flour, instituted an action for conspiring to obtain money on false pretenses and with intent to defraud, and thus the impostor was arrested.

The *British Quarterly Review* for January, in an article entitled "London Gas," expresses its full belief in the advantages of the electric light, and thinks that a subdivided electric light is not only possible but probable.

A "Grand Combination Billiard Tournament" is announced to take place in this city in April or May, when there will be an exhibition of two popular styles of playing, and there will also be two series of prizes.

The wealth of England is computed at $40,200,000,000; the wealth of France at $40,300,000,000.

In 1876 the entire quantity of meat imported into Great Britain is stated at 14,160,431 pounds. In 1878 the amount had increased to 83,061,210 pounds. These statements are made with regard to the American trade alone. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in speaking of the increasing dimensions of this trade, remarks that "every year Europe can spare fewer cattle, and it is to America we must look to make up the deficiency in the home supply."

Among the towns now quarantined on the Lower Volga are several of the chief commercial centres in Eastern Russia. Saratoff, about 400 miles above Astrakhan, is an important manufacturing town; Samara, a little higher up, is the centre of trade in "koumis," or fermented mare's milk, so largely used for medicinal purposes. The traffic of Astrakhan in furs and stuffs of various kinds is well known. That the value of the Volga trade is appreciated by the Russian government is shown by the money which has been expended upon the new railways that have lately united Saratoff and Tzaritzin with lines centring in Moscow. The direction in which the plague is spreading makes it a most serious calamity to Russia.

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SOCIAL PASTIMES IN INDIA.

WHATEVER else may be wanting in the lives of those English officers and their families whom destiny has compelled to accept an appointment to India, there is at least plenty of amusement. The climate is such as to render Europeans indisposed for labor of any sort; there are always plenty of native servants to do all the work that is necessary, and the only resource is gayety of one kind or another. One lady, in detailing her experiences with the military exiles whom the authorities in England had sent to wear out their days at the cantonment of Bangalore, tells us: "There was no lack of amusement, if the heat, to which I was unaccustomed, had not exercised me on that. I lost my interest in such things. Ball succeeded to ball, dinner to dinner, and there was the usual amount of dancing and flirting and eating at both; there were excellent races and plenty of reviews and brigades, to say nothing of other pleasures."

Whatever the feelings may be with which an English regiment leaves the shores of its native island, a glance at an Indian station like that of Bangalore is sufficient to convince even the most apprehensive of its members that the life before them has its compensations. At this place the centre of the cantonment is occupied by a large green parade-ground, which looks like a well-kept common. This open space is lined by rows of white houses, each standing cottage-like in its own garden, and at the first view suggests an English village on a large scale. The houses, although they differ in size, are all built after the same pattern; and the grounds also are nearly always laid out in the same style. Bangalore has a splendid ball-room and race-course, one of the best of circulating libraries, and a band garden that rivals any in all India. There are several excellent hotels, a number of imposing churches, and a few handsome residences. In many instances the European officers who have permanent appointments to this post have taken great pains to ornament and beautify their dwellings. Most of the regimental officers of Bangalore live on their own floes; that is, they occupy houses clustered together and close to the huts or barracks in which their men are housed. This contiguity is naturally productive of a great deal of intimacy in the corps, and—alas for human nature!—of a great deal of squabbling at times.

One of the institutions in India which does much toward promoting social intercourse among the English residents is what are known as "travellers' bungalows." As travellers in India, once beyond the range of military stations, must bid farewell to hotels and other conveniences of civilization, the government has erected, at distances of fifteen and twenty miles along the principal roads, certain houses for their use. These houses are generally built to accommodate only a small number, and it frequently happens that as many apply for shelter at once that difficulties ensue regarding the adjustment of rival claims. Ladies, presuming upon the consideration usually accorded to their sex by the other, are apt to turn helpless bachelors, who have been asleep for hours, out on the verandah to finish the night. Each bungalow is left under the charge of a government "peon," who is bound to supply the traveller so far as possible with whatever he may think fit to order. The peon will also perform the office of cook, if desired to do so. In this manner the English excursionist in India generally contrives to get over the ground in a very happy, independent sort of style, provided he is not too particular about his bed, and is contented to eat the everlasting curry and rice, which, in the opinion of the peon, is usually the only dish a traveller has a right to command.

Hospitality is a virtue carried even to excess among the Anglo-Indians, who delight in entertaining strangers, particularly if they have but recently come from England, or even Europe. There was at one time a certain house in Mysore which may serve as an illustration of the manner in which permanent residents will exert themselves to please their guests. The owner of the Red Lion, Dr C——, durbar surgeon to the Rajah of Mysore, had one of those large hearts which must be forever giving, and so cordial was his welcome to all that there was rarely ever a room in his house left unoccupied. Probably an establishment was ever conducted in which more attention was paid to the comfort of guests. The house was large and beautifully furnished, for every governor and Commander-in-Chief who went and returned on his way to and from Mysore as the guest of the Rajah set apart for these distinguished visitors a room furnished in a style worthy of the occasion. All along the back of the house there were disposed settees and chairs, where the guests at any hour call for tea, and the gentlemen enjoy

LIFE IN SOUTHERN INDIA—

RETURN FROM EARLY TEA.

[illegible] Chief, as he [illegible] annual holiday, hailed [illegible] Dr C——, and the rooms [illegible] personages were [illegible] of their occupants. [illegible] broad carpeted veranda [illegible] couches, whilst the [illegible] by various little tables [illegible] of the house might [illegible] or other refreshments, [illegible] their cigars and newspapers at the same time. It is some such entertainment as this from which the merry party in the accompanying illustration have just returned, for the artist writes: "Our engraving represents a party of people returning from 'early tea,' which has been held in the veranda of a country house in Southern India. It is in general a suitable sort of gathering. After having spent a portion of the early morning riding, or playing at tennis or Badminton, as the case may be, they stop in to have a chat with a neighbor before going home to dress for breakfast. As soon as the sun becomes too hot for walking or riding, the veranda makes a cool and pleasant lounging place. Beyond this lies the drawing-room, which, with its pretty ornaments, luxurious couches, and long swinging punkah, forms a further refuge when the scorching rays begin to fall upon the veranda. By this time, however, the horses outside begin to stretch their necks and whinny, to imply that they too would like something in the way of refreshments. Usually attention is paid to their wants by their masters and mistresses, who, in India as elsewhere, are apt to include their horses among the animals they delight to pet. The white suits and topi hats of the gentlemen, the bright faces of the ladies in their trim habits, and the unusual style of the house in which we find ourselves, all contribute to make up a picture like, and yet remarkably unlike, any thing that may be met with in England."

Horse-back riding is an amusement especially dear to the English residents of India. Many ladies are exceedingly enthusiastic in regard to it, and spend hours of every day in the saddle. The author of a charming volume called *Gup* (the Hindoostanee for gossip, which flourishes to an great an extent in the Indian peninsula as in other quarters of the globe) tells us many a pleasant story of her experiences as an equestrian, but is very decided about giving a preference to the native pony when it is a question of exploring the jungle or traversing the roads of the hill country. She says: "I used occasionally to ride a pony while in Rangoon, but for explorations in the surrounding jungle nothing was so convenient as sure-footed as a native pony. The one I kept for my particular use was acknowledged to be a great beauty, being thirteen hands high, which is an unusual height for a Pegu pony, and rendered him valuable in proportion. Ajax was black, built like a little dray-horse for strength, and very clever at jumping. We had another, a gray, called Saxon, which was a prettier pony than Ajax, though not so large, but he had a hard mouth, which is one of the peculiar faults of that breed. Ajax cost twenty five and Saxon twenty pounds, both very high prices for Pegu ponies, for ten pounds is considered a very large sum to give for one. The little mares that are too small for breeding (some of them not being much larger than Newfoundland dogs) can be had for very small prices, varying from one pound to three. The Pegu ponies are very small, and generally very obstinate; they are difficult to sit upon for any one who has been accustomed to ride a horse, on account of their ambling paces, by which they almost wriggle their riders off, their disposition for shying is also very great. They are the only creatures, however, fitted to ride through a country which is more than half jungle, and which possesses no roads to speak of. My horse was continually falling with me, through awkwardness in attempting to climb over slippery banks, or jump over roots in the jungle, whilst I never met with an accident on a Pegu pony but once. I was accompanying my husband and a friend in an expedition through the jungle, the gentlemen walking, whilst I rode a pony named Sandy. At one part of the way we came upon the dry bed of a water-course, which was some six feet deep, and across which a rough narrow bridge of planks had been thrown. I had no fear of crossing it, particularly as my friend had his mare by my bridle-rein; but as Sandy reached the middle he halted, and, planting his fore-feet firmly upon the bridge, refused, donkey-wise, to stir either backward or forward. The gentleman who led him gave him a cut with his stick, when the brute instantly commenced to back toward the edge of the planks, and, getting his hind feet over, threw me off in his struggle into the bed of the water-course. My friend fought with the pony for a minute, and then, by sheer strength and the use of the reins, hauled

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him on to the planks again and forced him over at the other side. In the mean while, I was lying on my back in the 'nullah.' However, my husband came to my assistance, and I was glad at be able to ride home again, and to be thankful that Sandy had not alighted on top of me, when I might have been killed, instead of only bruised."

An Indian station is by no means an unpleasant place for young and pretty ladies who are fond of attention. The preponderance of the sterner sex over the fairer one at such points is so great that a lady possessing the least attraction is almost certain to be surrounded by admirers at all hours of the day and night. The following story, although wearing a slightly exaggerated air to incredulous minds, is solemnly vouched for by the author of *Gup* as having been related to her by an intimate friend, Mrs. D——, whose word is not to be doubted:

"She told me that at the time they sailed for India there were two sergeants of the name of D—— in the regiment, one of whom (not her husband) died on the passage out; and when the troops were landed at Madras the information of his death was sent to head-quarters. Their destination was Bangalore, and they marched by slow stages. When within a few miles of the place, as they were halting for the last time, a detachment of one of the other regiments in Bangalore marched out with their band at play them into the cantonment—a compliment usually paid to troops in India. Mrs. D——, who was a very pretty woman, was seated at breakfast with her husband on this occasion, when a fine, handsome sergeant, armed with a large bouquet of flowers and some fruit, popped his head into the tent, and having introduced himself, made his little offering at Mrs. D——, and sat down with them. He had not sat there many minutes, however, when another non-commissioned officer, bigger and better-looking than the first, and carrying a basket of fresh butter and eggs, also entered, and having, notwithstanding the frowns of his comrade, presented his gifts to Mrs. D——, and seen them most graciously accepted, took a seat likewise. Mrs. D—— and her husband hardly knew what to make of their new friends, they appeared so very eager at make themselves agreeable, but they both agreed in thinking them the most hospitable and sociable strangers they had ever come across, and that if every one in India was so kind and anxious to ingratiate himself, the place must be paradise. In the course of conversation, however, Sergeant D—— happened to speak of his wife.

"'Oh! you're a married man, then?' observed one of the strangers, apparently relieved by the news.

"'Of course I am,' replied the husband; 'why, there she is.'

"'*That* your wife?' exclaimed the first man, with intense surprise.

"'Why, we heard you had died coming over,' was the rapid exclamation.

"'We thought you were the other D——.' And then their rage melted away in laughter.

"'There are four others coming to meet you with presents.'

"'You'll have enough butter to last you for a week.'

"'You'll be able to smother yourself with flowers, Mrs. D——, if you like.'

"'But why—how—what is the reason of it?' exclaimed husband and wife, still mystified.

"Then it all came out; the reports that Sergeant D—— had a very pretty wife, and that Sergeant D—— had died on the voyage out, had become jumbled up together in the non-commissioned officers' quarters at Bangalore; the result of which was that Mrs. D—— had some half-dozen aspirants to the honor of her hand before she knew what their intentions were or was in a position to accept any of them. The two suitors above mentioned having got over their disappointment, entered heartily into the joke of deceiving their rivals, and the whole party sat out quietly the visitations of some four or five other men, all of whom appeared laden with some offering or other for the supposed widow of Sergeant D——, whose good looks had preceded her to Bangalore. But when at last the grand explanation was given, it all passed off very amicably.

"'I'm very sorry, for your sakes, that I ain't dead,' said Sergeant D——, jocosely, 'but as I'm alive, and I can't help it, suppose we make the best of a bad job, and all have a good breakfast together?'"

CONCERNING GHOSTS.

We may be said now to be above the terror of ghosts; but for long ages they were a cause of misery, a cruel nightmare preying upon the infantine mind of man as it slept or lay half awake in its cradle. Death was believed to change men much for the worse, and at transform even their nature. Tylor has brought together many instances of this belief:

"The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New-Zealanders have supposed the souls of their dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life. The Caribs said that of man's various souls some go to the sea-shore and capsize boats, others to the forests to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost's vengeance has been found to act as a check on murder. Of some tribes in Central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the main characteristics of these ghosts is at do harm to the living. The Patagonians live in terror of the souls of their wizards, which become evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of North Asia fear their shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits who are the hurtfulest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings. In China it is held that the multitudes of wretched destitute spirits in the world below, such as souls of lepers and beggars, can sorely annoy the living; therefore at certain times they are appeased with offerings of food, scant and beggarly; and a man who feels unwell, or fears a mishap in business, will prudently have some mock clothing and mock money burned for these 'gentlemen of the lower regions.' Notions of this sort are widely prevalent in Indo-China and India. There whole orders of demons were formerly human souls, especially of people left unburied or slain by plague or violence; of bachelors, or of women who died in childbirth, and who henceforth wreak their vengeance on the living."

And we read in Ettmüller's *Alt-Nordische Studien*: "Arwit and Asmund were great friends. They swore eternal friendship, and that the first to die would soon be followed by the other at the grave. Arwit's hour came, and he was buried, with his horse and dog, in a cavern. Asmund did not long delay at fulfill his promise. Accordingly he caused the sepulchre to be opened, entered it, and seated himself near the body; then the large stone was rolled on the cavern's mouth, and he was shut from the world. It happened that some days afterward the Swedes, led by Erik, invaded the country. Being apprised that the mound contained rich treasure, they proceeded to open it. Asmund was discovered. Ghastly he stared, with clothes torn, hair dishevelled, his white face smeared with blood. He declared that every night Arwit came to life again, ferocious by hunger. Arwit having devoured the flesh of the horse and dog, fell unawares upon his friend and brother, and bit off his left ear. Every night the battle raged afresh. He, Asmund, with his unbroken sword, had split Arwit's skull and smashed his ribs."

This story throws a lurid light on what was believed at be the state of the defunct souls. Not absolutely dead, they were constantly starving; at most times they remained motionless, but now and again they would be relieved by some water, by some drops of milk or blood or honey, by the wind bringing them smells of viands, fumes of sacrifices, which they eagerly sniffed. Dire hunger impelled them to fall upon all carrion. The Eriner Sertok of Greenland attacks the dead on their way at heaven and spoils them of their viscera. The Boothams of South India take advantage of human offal and excrement, at do the flies. Rabbis caution us that some recesses in the house are swarming with them. Ghosts are the very hunger, they are famine itself. Roaming every where, they devoured not only dead corpses but also the living bodies, for in former times every ailment was supposed at be the work of a demon who preyed upon the vital parts, fed upon man's substance, like some hideous tapeworm located in the entrails. They are the servants of death, the emissaries of the grave. Some, it is true, protect their kith, are well-doers to their own family, but doers of evil to all others. On the whole they are mischievous beings. Touched by them, any man or animal sickens or dies; the flower withers which they graze. They extract and absorb the essence of things as they look upon them. They pass over the orchards as a killing frost, over the young wheat as a blighting wind. If they enter a man who be of their lineage and of their especial favorites, by a rare miracle he may become a genius, a seer, or a prophet; but as a rule he is turned into a fool, a demoniac, or an epileptic. If they enter their victim but *en passant*, their presence means sore eyes, oppression, fever, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments. What says the folk-lore?—"He who steps over the graves gets a rash; he who reads the epitaphs on the tombstones, his memory is weakened.... He who smells flowers gathered in cemeteries loses the scent ... Lovers are estranged when earth from a church-yard is thrown between them ... A pregnant woman miscarries when she walks over a coffin.... He who brushes a ghost unawares is shot by the elves to the loins.... 'Between the living and the dead,' teaches the Talmud, 'the partition can never be too deep. Put a rock, put a wall between you and them, and if you can not do more, turn the head away from them.' How should not the ghosts be dreaded? They are pestilence, they are Black Death, which carries off populations at once. When they are packed close together, they push, rend, and tear, they cause earthquakes in the subterranean depths, and in the atmosphere storms, tempests, and cyclones. Witches are fiendish souls which have located themselves in a human body like some crab in a strange shell, or have been called up by some conjurer. At Jeypoor, South India, a hag, when angry with any one, will get at night at the top of the hut in which lies her intended victim. Through a hole in the roof she reaches the sleeper by a ball of thread, whose other end is in her mouth, and thus she draws the blood out of him. She may even remove the ribs from one's breast, or place various substances in one's stomach, without his knowledge."

Every where it is in criminal alliance with the demons or ghosts that witches are said to have destroyed crops by worms or caterpillars, by moths or rust, by mildew, dry-rot, or by hail. They scatter scab and murrain among the flocks, they dry up the cows, or make them give blood instead of milk. Their power is much on the wane, it is true, but as long as it lasted no wonder that the poor miserable country folks were intent on their extermination. Quite recently in Mexico a wretched old female was burned alive for being suspected of sorcery. In fact, the ferocious and stupid prosecution of those supposed malefactors is, in the later centuries, a foul blot on the magistracy of all European countries, and on the Protestant and Catholic clergies alike.

We need no longer wonder then, as we study the history of funeral rites, at the trouble which was taken in securely disposing of the dead, so as to prevent them from bursting the bonds of the grave, intent upon rambling at the general discomfort of men.

Tchouvashe screw the lid of the bier as fast and strong as they can. Tcheremiss hedge the body in between poles too high to be climbed up. Arabs squeezed the soul under thick slabs, and every passer-by added a stone to the heap. Amazons are careful that not a sod be taken from the grave, for fear lest the superincumbent earth should become too light. In Bohemia during the twelfth century, when the people went home from a burial, they flung stones and chips of wood above their shoulders without ever looking behind—a delicate hint to the dead not to loiter among his former friends. Chávávis and Eionámás (South America) closed the mouth and nostrils of the dying, that death might not escape and pounce upon others. Not satisfied with this contrivance, Peruvians stitched these apertures with a strong cord, others fastened the arms of the dead (Polynesia), or tied their toes (Ceylon), or pounded their bones (the ancient Balearians), and bottled the powder in closely fitting jugs. Another device was to eat the body raw (Australia), or roasted (Polynesia). By chopping the bones, extracting the marrow and ingesting it, one was sure to give a final quietus to the deceased, and bolt in all his strength and virtues. Among the always practical Chinese, special officers were appointed by the crown at hoot and shout at the obnoxious shos—to frighten them away, as if they were merely a band of sparrows or pilfering monkeys.

AN EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The recent meeting at Washington of various intelligent and practical educators ought at produce some new facts in the history of the art, some suggestions of real advantage to the country. It should be followed by the attention of all the parents in the nation, all the intelligent. It is a convention that treats of subjects interesting to every class in the community. The care of the children is the supreme duty of the family, church, state. A good system of treatment for the children of the present generation, an honest education, a careful training in the industrial arts, would do more for the future prosperity of the nation than any other measure that can be conceived of. A stringent educational law is required that should remove the intense ignorance that has so long clouded the progress of the Southern States, that would convert Tensas Parish and Shreveport into the abode of humane and civilized men, that would teach to every child of the Northern cities some habits of cleanliness and good order; that would introduce neatness into the crowded tenement-house, self-respect in the retired street. There is no doubt that the first aim of every educational system should be a moral one, almost a political one. It is designed to fit the child for his future duties in the community, teach him purity in thought and conduct, regard for the welfare of others, neatness in dress and person, obedience, order, gentleness, politeness, firmness. The ideal aim of a good plan of education is to produce industrious, modest, intelligent men and women. There is, it is true, little hope at present of doing much in the crowded public school, of affecting the individual life, of forming a useful character, until some more effective means shall be found for personal instruction, until the large classes are divided, the excessive number allotted to each teacher reduced. At least in the schools of New York and other large cities the practice of overfilling the rooms, overburdening the teacher, is too often the cause of very inferior instruction. It is asserted often with justice that the scholars learn little, that even their reading and writing is indifferently done, that the personal influence of the teacher is scarcely felt.

Yet no one who has visited one of these public schools has failed to see their immense value to the community. Even the most imperfect are useful at a degree that is inestimable. They collect together a great body of children, the greater part of whom would otherwise have been left at utter ignorance, complete neglect. They teach them the elements of cleanliness, decency, decorum, form them into classes, regulate their conduct. Some are extremely poor, come from miserable homes, or none at all; in the school they find warmth, comfort, order, good society. Some are well off, and are or ought to be taught to aid with friendly attentions their poorer companions. All are obliged to observe the common rules, at obey a generally cultivated teacher. It is said that in the German public schools, where princes and peasants sit side by side on the same benches, instructed by the same masters, often the friendships formed at school never pass away, and the associations of early youth soften the divisions of society. Germany is intensely feudal and aristocratic; with us public instruction should be made to teach republicanism and human equality. Parents and strangers, citizens, sincere friends of progress, can not visit too often the public schools. They should make it a part of their duty as men, citizens. Mothers should watch with care over the progress of their children, and see that they are well instructed and cared for. The whole city should watch over its public schools and visit them. There can be no more pleasing spectacle. The children, however poor, are prepared for school with some attention to neatness; the more fortunate are perhaps more carefully tended. The classes form with regularity, the animation of youth is excited by music, singing. The great rooms are filled with their busy throngs, and an army of fifteen hundred scholars may sometimes be found gathered in a single school-house. More than a hundred thousand children, about one-tenth of its population, assemble every fair morning in the public schools of New York; more than two hundred thousand are enrolled upon the list of scholars. Many schools are so crowded that they can receive no more. The system is rising in popularity. It is the cheapest, the most effective, for the people. It has grown up with the country; it is the foundation of its republicanism.

But what are its defects? They are so great, so numerous, that the labors of generations of educational reformers may be required to correct them. The first is the fact that the system is wholly ineffective, irregular, disordered; that it fails perfectly to educate large masses of children; that its enemies every where are permitted to impair its utility, its friends too often dull and cold in its defense. In all parts of the Southern States education is yet only a name; whites and blacks grow up in a common ignorance; the teachers are starved; the school-houses, where they exist, log-cabins or worthless huts. The recent reports from all this section of the country show that the majority of its people are growing up savage and untrained. But still more dangerous is the class of uneducated persons in our larger cities who never hear of a school. They are found in tenement-houses, close streets, untidy corners; they are numbered by hundreds of thousands; they form a dangerous class that in the next generation may prove the source of infinite trouble at the nation; they are the chief source of crime, in politics of corruption; they become thieves, murderers, burglars. What is at be done with the uneducated in all parts of the Union? how can they be brought under the influence of moral training? are questions not educational conventions may well labor to answer. In Prussia they would be arrested and sent to school; in England the parent who refuses at educate his child is fined; in the United States one-third of the children are suffered to grow up in barbarous neglect. It is plain that this condition of things must be stopped by legislation, and that the welfare of the country will demand such a reform in the educational law as shall make our system one that is complete in all its parts.

Between the cultivation of letters, the taste for literature, and the public schools there should be a real connection. They should provide a class of readers able at feel the excellence of literary skill, the value of facts, the attractions of knowledge. The public schools ought to found a national literature. This is what they have done in Germany. Germany is the country most productive in all the labors of solid scholarship, in classics, science, history, research, and nearly all its eminent men of letters are the fruits of a careful training in its public schools. They begin on the benches of the village school-house, always in later times kept by a cultivated teacher, are advanced from class to class, reach the gymnasium, are trained in the national universities, become at last professors or private teachers, students, authors. The state throws open its finest institutions to the energetic scholar, and the university of Berlin has made Prussia the mental centre of the German race. Through this course of training passed Niebuhr, Tischendorf, Ranke, Mommsen, Schweigger, and an infinite list of active scholars and authors whose works fill the catalogues of the Leipsic Fair, and furnish the material for the often less thorough studies of France and England. From the public schools of Germany comes that thoroughness in scholarship that has long been the envy of less laborious authors. Dictionaries, grammars, histories, scientific treatises, all find their origin in the same source. Even Shakespeare owes his most careful elucidation to the scholarship of Germany, and Anglo-Saxon literature its best treatises to a German and a Dane. The public education established by Stein and Humboldt has made the German race the powerful centre of scholastic literature.

Thoroughness can only be attained by careful organization; it is chiefly attained by a rigid study of the elements of knowledge. But in the widely diffused school-houses of our extensive system, reaching from the wildest districts of Maine, the most impoverished sections of the Middle States, to the new counties of Oregon and California, it would be useless at look for perfection in teaching, or that completeness of organization that makes the German and sometimes the French schools admirable in their results. We must wait until the country is older, its lands thickly settled, its distant towns the seats of literary taste, before we can look for this literary progress. But we can at least lay down the principle that thoroughness shall be the leading aim of all our teaching; that it is better to read, write, and cipher well than to be imperfectly trained in algebra or carelessly educated in the languages; that it is better to know thoroughly the history of our own country than superficially that of many countries; wiser to leave the young intellect to read and draw in knowledge naturally than overburden it with a cumbrous load of studies from which it turns away to idleness and dreams. A mind well grounded in the elements of knowledge necessarily desires more.

It would be easy to suggest many improvements in our mode of instruction, many of them will follow necessarily the growth and advance of the whole country. A period of prosperity awaits it that will leave ample room for literary progress. Yet it is worthy of a careful study at notice how much of this prosperity rests upon its general intelligence and its public schools. Already as a people the Americans are outstripping all other races in the industrial and inventive arts. A recent writer in one of the English papers attributes this progress to the superior cultivation of the American. He is a hardware man, and finds that in locks, tools, guns, watches, and a variety of works in brass and iron, the American citizen excels the Englishman because he is more intelligent. "I was surprised," he says, "at the ingenuity and intelligence of the men" of a gun factory at Providence. This is the result of the common-school education. It is the combined influence of intellect and republican culture. It is thoroughness.

Eugene Lawrence.

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"BERGH ON THE LINE."

Two-and-twenty street cars standing in a row,
Horses in, drivers there—why do they not go?
Cross and sulky men-folk grumbling up the street,
Cross and sulky women looking at their feet,
Or asking the policeman, with an angry sigh,
"What's the matter?" "Well, madam, Bergh is on the line."

"What a nuisance!" and with scorn Beauty walks away.
Says a little foreigner, "Who's dis Bergh, Sir, pray?
Some great general, no doubt?" "Yes, he's had some fights—
Hard-won fights for horses, Sir, and for horses' rights."
"But I understand not it." "That's your care, not mine.
Move forward, Sir—crowd enough: Bergh is on the line."

Grumbling, praising, on all went; but I heard one say,
"Gentlemen, we're proud to walk to the snow to-day—
Proud to think our mother-land has so great a heart,
She can stoop, with love and law, to take a wronged beast's part;
For the 'good time coming,' Sir, 'tis a gracious sign.
We may well afford a cheer for '*Bergh upon the line!*'"

SILK INDUSTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The progress made in this country since its settlement in the mechanical arts is perhaps greater than ever made elsewhere in the same length of time, and nearly every one will admit that few things have aided the growth of the country itself so much as the skill with which machinery has been adapted to the wants of a widely scattered people. The co-operation of the brains of our inventors with the energy of our people has enabled us to compete with other countries in nearly every thing to which machinery has been applied. This has become so marked a characteristic as to be recognized abroad as well as at home, and it is every day becoming more and more evident that if we would maintain the excellent position which we have won among the most skillful and highly civilized nations, we must continue to excel them in that art of adapting means to desired ends which has been taught us by our necessities, as otherwise the denser populations of other countries will give them an advantage in the arts of manufacture. Every effort, therefore, which improves our mechanical processes is of some consequence, and when it is of a kind to affect favorably a great manufacture, or to make the introduction of another staple industry profitable, it becomes a matter of national concern. Such an improvement has recently been made in the reeling of silk as would seem to come fairly under the head of an important addition to the nation's capital of mechanical resources.

The production and manufacture of silk, which has become one of the great staple industries of the world, is in a peculiar condition in this country, and although it has made great progress during the past twenty-five years, it has been in spite of a very serious difficulty. It is believed that this difficulty is now, through the progress of invention, quite removed, and that the United States may in the future excel as much in the production of silk as they do now in that of cotton. To give a clear idea of what has been needed and is now made possible in the silk industry of the United States, it will be best to divide the industry, for descriptive purposes, into three parts, as is done practically in "the trade," viz., first, the *culture*, meaning the growing of the worm, and the other work required up to the time that the cocoon is secured; second, the *filature*, or *reeling*, meaning the work of drawing the filaments from the cocoons and combining them into the skeins of thread which are technically known as "raw silk;" and third, the *manufacture*, which is subdivided into the operations of "throwing," "cleaning," "doubling," "twisting," "stretching," "dyeing and finishing," and many others.

As to the culture, it has always been *in itself successful* in this country, and in many sections the product is finer and better than has ever been obtained from any other country. Nevertheless silk-culture has *never been profitable*, because, for reasons that will be explained, it has always been found to be impracticable to carry the work through the second stage, the reeling, in this country, and therefore there has been no market for the cocoons when grown. If a market can be had at fair prices for cocoons, the culture of silk will soon become of vast importance to the country, and afford an income to many thousands of people, especially in California and the South.

The reeling is the only process in silk-working in which but little progress has been made for hundreds of years. In all the other steps improved methods and machinery have enormously lessened labor and diminished cost. This may be judged from the fact that such silk fabrics as are now worth about twelve dollars a pound were formerly worth their weight in gold, and that, too, at a time when gold was worth more in proportion to labor than now. The progress of invention in silk machinery has been incessant, but, with the exception of some trifling details, it has left the ancient reel untouched. In fact, the work of reeling is so delicate that until recently the inventor was without the means of accomplishing the result desired—automatic working—and so the reeling of silk is still done almost as slowly and laboriously as it was a thousand years ago. The reels are finer, more neatly built, and more nicely finished, but in principle they are the same now as then.

The operation of reeling is as follows: The reeler puts a number of cocoons into hot water, and brushes them with a brush made of fine twigs until the ends of the filaments of a number of cocoons are found. The filaments of several cocoons are then united, and as they adhere they form a thread, which is wound upon a reel, the cocoons in the mean time giving off each its filament, and turning and moving about on the surface of the warm water. Now, uniformity of size and strength being the first requisite of the thread, the reeler is obliged to watch it with extreme care, and to run the reel very slowly, lest a filament break, and a defective thread be wound upon the reel before she can prevent it. When it is stated that these filaments are so fine that it would take over five hundred miles of a single one to weigh a pound, it will at once be seen that the labor of watching them must be immense. In fact, a first-rate reeler can reel only from one and a half to six pounds a *week*, according to quality. Such an amount of labor to accomplish so little can, of course, only be used in places where labor is very cheap, and silk-reeling as a paying work upon the ordinary reels is simply out of the question in this country. The condition of affairs in regard to silk-culture in this country is in effect precisely the same as that of the cotton crop before the invention of the gin—the crop can be raised well enough, but it requires too much labor to prepare it for market. Practically, therefore, until better machinery for reeling is introduced, the United States can not raise silk to advantage. But with automatic reeling machinery, silk can be produced here quite as well as any where else.

The manufacture of raw silk into fabrics has become an important business in this country since 1850, the total value of silk manufactured here annually being now from $21,000,000 to $26,000,000. This industry is possible here because of a protective tariff and the use of very fine machinery. It would be very much more profitable and extensive could our manufacturers depend upon a home supply of silk, instead of being obliged to import their raw material.

It has long been supposed that but little could be done to improve the silk reel, because of the extreme delicacy of the work to be done, and for other reasons connected with its mechanical requirements which can hardly be explained except at considerable length. It has recently been found, however, that by the use of an exceedingly simple electrical stop motion the reel may be so improved as to be capable of accomplishing, according to the kind of work to be done, from ten to thirty times as much work per operative as at present, besides turning out a much better and more uniform product. This will bring the cost of reeling, in labor, down to a point which will make it very profitable to engage in it here, and will, it is hoped, prove of very material advantage both to the silk trade and the country at large. The reeling is at the foundation of all silk manufacture, as all silk, except the refuse which is utilized as "spun" silk, passes through this process.

The consumption of silk in this country is now about $50,000,000 worth per annum. Nearly all of this is imported, either as raw or finished material, but it is believed that there is now no reason why this state of affairs should continue. In fact, it seems probable that before many years we shall be able to add raw and manufactured silk to our growing list of exports, besides supplying the home demand. This improvement in the reel has been thoroughly tested. It involves the use of neither new methods of operation nor very delicate or expensive mechanism. In itself it is extremely simple, but becomes important in view of its application to a great industry at a point where improvement has been so long and so sorely needed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 9.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

The Christian ministers of New York have been requested to "bring the evils of the existing overcrowded tenement-house system before their congregations on the fourth Sunday of February" (the 23d). It is also advised that public meetings be held to consider the subject on the evening of that day. The tenement-house population on Manhattan Island is estimated to be 500,000, and the number of such houses to be 21,000. They are still erected, in spite of the hard times; in the last ten years 7041 have been built, at a cost of $82,308,000. We consider in this country that the population of a State is dense when it averages 150 to the square mile; but in the Eleventh Ward of this city it averages 326 to the acre, and in the Seventeenth Ward 305 to the acre. Three hundred and five acres would be about the area of three Pennsylvania farms, the population of which would hardly exceed thirty persons. But there is even worse overcrowding; there is one block in the Eleventh Ward in which are 52 tenement-houses, occupied by 589 families, and representing 2256 inhabitants. It is difficult to see how packing can be carried further with any probability of sustaining life.

The tenement-house system in New York is not over forty years old. It is almost wholly unknown in Philadelphia and in Baltimore, where, as a rule, the families of working-men have separate houses. It is the outgrowth of the rapid increase of the population of the city. Successful efforts have been made to improve the quality of such houses with success and profit to the owners. The manner in which a people are housed has so much to do with their morals that too great attention can not be given to the proposed reformation. Moreover, vice and immorality must be paid for in the end by the thrifty tax-payer.

A bill for making primary education compulsory has been brought into the Assembly by the French Minister of Public Instruction. With characteristic French thoroughness, the penalties of neglect to obey its provisions are such as must be instantly felt. The punishment for the careless father is suspension of political rights for a period varying from one to five years; conscripts who are unable to read and write will be the first summoned to active military duty. The present French ministry also contemplate the restoration to the state of the sole right of conferring academic degrees. This change would abrogate the concessions made a few years ago by the Assembly and Senate, under which the Catholic universities acquired some privileges in the conferring of academic honors.

Both the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting and the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board have sent earnest protests to President Hayes against the anti-Chinese bill now before him for his signature.

Canon Joseph Barber Lightfoot has been nominated by the English ministry to the see of Durham, made vacant by the resignation of Right Rev. Dr. Baring. Canon Lightfoot is well known to scholars in this country, and the announcement of his appointment to this important position will be received by them with great pleasure. His commentaries on the New Testament epistles have passed through several editions; he has also been a large contributor to the *Speaker's Commentary*, to Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*. He once refused the bishopric of Lichfield, preferring to retain his position in the University of Cambridge. Dr. Lightfoot is classed among the moderate High-Churchmen; his predecessor was one of the foremost representatives of the evangelicals.

The quarrel between the new rector of St. James's Church, Hatcham, and his church-warden was renewed on the last Sunday of January. On the morning of that day the church-warden, Mr. Sanders, found the obnoxious cross and candlestick again on the communion table; making protest to the rector, he removed them to the vestry. When this was done, the rector declined to hold service, and the building was closed. At the opening of the doors for afternoon worship the candlestick and cross were found on the communion table as before; the irrepressible Mr. Sanders once more removed them to the vestry, and Mr. Walker, the rector, once more closed the church. The police were present in force; a rush was made by the mob for the school-room, in which was supposed to be a crucifix. They were, however, kept back by the constables. The *Times* publishes a letter from the Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Walker, in which the latter is sharply reproved for closing his church on the Sunday named.

The Baptist Year-Book for the State of New York, just issued, reports the number of pastors for 1878-79 to be 660; of churches, 879; of baptisms during the year, 5007; of communicants, 113,307—an increase of 1057. The seven largest churches in the State are the Abyssinian, New York, with 1302 members; Strong Place, Brooklyn, with 960; Owego, 922; Binghamton, 813; Calvary, New York, 785; Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, 762; First, Brooklyn, 759. The net value of Baptist church property in the State is estimated to be $8,000,000; the average amount of property for each church is $10,000. The whole amount paid during the year for the support of public worship was $780,780. Making the necessary deductions for payments on interest and care of property, the average paid to each pastor is estimated at $620.

It is said by Protestant missionaries in Greece that there is less religious liberty in that kingdom now than in the period of Turkish rule. Lately the Minister of Education offered the wife of a Baptist missionary in Athens the privilege of re-opening her school on condition that either a picture of the Virgin should be hung up in it, or a Greek priest permitted to teach the catechism of his Church there every day. The proposal was, of course, declined. This school was closed three years ago because of the refusal of the missionary to teach the children the Greek catechism.

Leo XIII. proves to be a vigorous reformer in his own household. He is the implacable enemy of the sinecurists who hold snug places in the Vatican. "No work, no pay," is the meaning of his recent orders, and the alarm created may be readily imagined. In one of the offices of the palace place-holders went to their duties at noon and left at 1 P.M. Their laborious services consisted in placing signatures to a few official documents. Leo is also intent upon abolishing the exorbitant fees which have been for ages the scandal of the Roman Curia. It is an old maxim that nothing can be secured at Rome without money; in fact, the papacy has subsisted on taxes levied upon the Catholic world. One of the arts of the ancient Popes was to enlarge their revenues by the multiplication of fees. The peremptory strictness of the present pontiff will make him very unpopular with the crowd of officials who have so long traded on the devotion of the faithful.

The income of the Pope is very narrow, and economy is for him a necessity. The contributions of Peter-pence have fallen off. The appeal in behalf of the prisoner of the Vatican no longer avails. Leo XIII. has not the personal popularity with the Catholic masses enjoyed by Pius IX. It is said that in a private meeting with the cardinals he confessed that "he had thought for a moment of the millions which the Italian government holds always at the disposal of the Holy See."

Bishop Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, deprecates the adoption of the revised version of the English New Testament which is expected shortly to appear, and in a published letter gives his judgment against the adoption of any revision. His question whether the American Bible Society is committed to the adoption of the new version has elicited a distinct statement: (1) that the American Bible Society has no connection with the revision of the Bible now going on; (2) that the revised version will be published by the English university presses. It can only be adopted in the United States by the general consent of the Churches, for whose verdict the American Bible Society must wait. In advance of the appearance of the new version criticisms on it are premature.

Some alarm has been created among the Catholics of France by the reported decrease in the numbers of the French clergy. Statistics have been collected, however, which show that the decrease is apparent only; they are of interest to all who study the religious condition of the French people. In 1817 the number of French parish priests and vicars receiving stipends from the state was 30,022; in 1836 it was 34,709; in 1830, 33,977. In 1846 the number had grown to 36,983, and in 1856 to 39,255; in 1866 to 42,452. The last rapid gain was due largely to the annexation of Nice and Savoy. The latest official returns give the following totals: parochial clergy, 43,039; clergy in colleges, 5040; religious orders, 8000—in all 56,089. The parish clergy have, therefore, increased in France since 1817 over eighty per cent. These facts show that the hold of the Church upon the masses of the people is not shaken by the skepticism so common among educated Frenchmen.

The vexed question of the relative numerical strength of the Established Church and the Nonconformists in England has been lately revived. The *Nonconformist* claims that for 1878 the totals are about as follows: Church of England, 6,360,000 sittings; Wesleyan Methodists, 1,702,794; Congregationalists, 1,395,570; Baptists, 913,765; other Methodist bodies, 1,214,967; all others, 994,719—giving a total for all of 12,611,745. If this be accurate, the Establishment is the Church of about half the population of England and Wales. These statistics are, however, only in part based on exact computation.

The King of Siam, who was when a boy a pupil of Mrs. Owens, has issued a proclamation establishing religious liberty in the Laos states of his dominion. The proclamation declares that "if any person or persons wish to embrace the Christian religion, they are freely allowed to follow their own choice. It is, moreover, strictly enjoined on the princes and rulers and the relatives and friends of those who may wish to embrace Christianity that they throw no obstacle in the way, and that no creed be enforced on the Christians, nor work demanded of them which their religion forbids them to do."

The same intelligence of the growing influence of Christianity comes from the provinces of China which were lately scourged by famine. The display of Christian charity to the sufferers in measures of relief has led to a more respectful treatment of missionaries. The Rev. Dr. John Nevius, of Chefoo, reports that "in some districts whole villages and communities are ready to profess themselves Christians; hundreds have been baptized, and thousands are on the roll of applicants for baptism."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"That young lady tried her best to catch your husband before you married him," remarked one lady to another, as a mass of curls and braids, flounces and over-skirt, passed the window at which they were sitting. "I wish she'd got him!" was the quick reply. And then a dead silence fell upon the two, and wonders in crochet-work were accomplished in the next half hour.

The young man who took up the collection in church the other Sunday, when nothing but five-cent pieces were forth-coming, remarked that it was a neat bit of nickel-plating.

At a Methodist Conference meeting in New York a man got up and said he had long wished to speak, but his wife wouldn't let him. His wife had died, however, and having his liberty at last, he proposed to exercise it. In about two minutes the entire Conference wept over the death of the lady as over the loss of a personal friend.

Business Notions.—A gentleman recently about to pay his doctor's bill said, "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford, at the very least, to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

Enthusiastic.—He thought he had married a spiritually young creature with æsthetic tastes. The first Sunday she ate three platefuls of dinner and two rounds of brown bread. He says it was the most enthusiastic æsthetic taste he ever met with since he saw the lions in the circus fed.

Hot and Cold.—An editor says, "It is just as easy for a child to fall into a tub of cold water as into a tub of hot water, and yet we never read of a child's falling into a tub of cold water."

A witty lady was once told by a gentleman of her acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and, upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied: "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-ladle."

A bachelor has left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of miserable fare set before him at the table.

"This sidewalk's handy, but not as handy as I wish it was," said the man who reached his length on the icy pavement.

An Irishman noticing a lady pass along, espied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes, and in the right place, he exclaimed, "Faith, ma'am, your gallowses are untied."

A man can fasten skates on his sister in much less than half the time he can fix a pair on some other fellow's sister. Why is this? Figure it out, and send us the answer on ice.

A writer in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* gives a little incident in reference to Shakspeare at a trans-pontine theatre in London: "Me lud! the Duke of Buckingham is harrived!" "'As 'e? Be 'ringed then set with 'is blarsted 'ead!"

How is it that a hot furnace is always coaled?

She figured up: "Ten cans at 15 cents, $1 50 cents—that is 150 oysters; milk, butter, and sundries, $1 50; that is 150 stews, at 25 cents, will be $—a net profit of over $30." Then she smiled sweetly, and the oyster-man knew that she was the refreshment committee of the church festival.

Always Full.—The late George Robins, the well-known auctioneer, said in one of his advertisements of an estate that he had for sale, "In that favored region the moon is always at the full."

An Irish waiter at a Christmas gathering at an uptown hotel complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around his rale estate wid his hands in his pockets, never drameing what a pretty invitation he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner."

ATTACK ON THE RESUMPTION SAFE.

U. S. "If you think to stop my mouth, you will be greatly mistaken. This sudden kindness at your hands will only make me more watchful."

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"THE LOVE-LETTER."—[From the Painting by C. Kaiser.]

"THE LOVE-LETTER."

INTERCOURSE between lovers is generally very simple and easy. They have every thing in the world to say to each other, and no difficulty in making themselves understood. There is the language of the eyes, of meeting hands, which can express more in an instant than can be told in a novel. But the case is different when it comes to writing letters, especially if one is not accustomed to expressing thoughts and emotions with the pen. The most ardent lover, who was never at a loss for words when he could whisper them into the ear of his adorable one, finds pen, ink, and paper serious obstacles to the flow of language, and labors and frets over his tender epistle as if it were a task in composition at school. Not every one is up to the ingenious plan of an intelligent subject of the Fifteenth Amendment, who bought two copies of a book of love-letters, retained one, and gave the other to his girl. He copied and sent her letter number one, the answer to which she copied and sent to him. In this way they went through the volume, and appeared to take real pleasure in the correspondence. The peasant girl in one picture is evidently untaught in the art of writing, and has sought the assistance of the genial old parish priest, to whom she confides the loving secrets of her heart. He seems to be waiting for the hasteful utterance of some very tender sentiment.

PETRELS AND CAPE PIGEONS.

THERE is some confusion as to the birds alluded to under the title albatross and Cape pigeon, the latter being clearly confounded with the stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken. So far from the sailors being superstitious as to the capture of the Cape pigeon, which is of a black and white color, and about the size of a tame pigeon, their catching is looked upon as an amusing recreation for the younger passengers on board, and occasionally for the sailors themselves. I have caught many stalls mawks—a bird of the same description, but of smaller size—but never heard of their being eatable, and their rank smell is enough to convince most people who have handled them that it would require a very good cook indeed to fix them up into an eatable dish.

The only use I have ever seen them put to has been the preservation of their pinion bones for pipe stems. I have never seen one shot, the method of capture being the dropping overboard of a pork-baited hook at the end of a log line, the bait being kept stationary (to the limit of the line) by board floats. The albatross is very suspicious, and will touch nothing in motion, as as soon as the line has run out, it must be reeled up and the process begun anew. Heading a good sized albatross up a quarter of a mile, with wings and flat feet set against the water, is good work for three or four men. Most are labelled and collared, and let go again.

In southern latitudes the Cape pigeons follow a ship in thousands. They are caught as follows: A common bottle cork is tied to the end of a long piece of thread, and trailed behind the stern so that the cork touches the water. This gives the required tension or tautness to the thread. As the birds fly in clouds from side to side astern, some of them constantly strike the thread with the wing, and the resistance is enough to turn them over it, when the thread is wrapped round the wing, and the bird is hauled on board. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds are thus caught in a day.

I remember when sailing to India on board the ship *St. Lawrence*, with troops, in 1861, and a shipful of passengers, that on the 1st September (the opening day of sport in England) we first struck pigeons, and sweepstakes as to numbers soon took the place of the excitement of hooking a single bird on board. As well as I can recollect, we caught over six hundred to half a dozen cooks.

Against such numbers of pigeons, I saw but one stormy petrel caught on that or any other voyage. The ship's doctor, a young surgeon named Garner, caught one on his thread. He took it to his cabin, where, being an enthusiastic naturalist, he proposed to kill and skin it. It was his first voyage, and he was much elated at securing the specimen. Half an hour afterward a deputation from the crew, headed by a boatswain's mate named Hawes, arrived to beg him to let the bird go, or some dire calamity would happen. He agreed to do what they wished, but killed and preserved the bird as soon as their backs were turned—a fact which came to their knowledge later

on, when they grumbled exceedingly at the risk he had put the whole ship to.

I forget whether it was on the following Christmas or New-Year's Day, but on one of them, while the *St. Lawrence* was at anchor in the Hoogly, off Calcutta, the doctor dropped dead off his chair after dinner from heart-disease, and, on a visit which I shortly afterward paid the vessel to liquor up those who had brought me through a four months' voyage, the sailors one and all gravely attributed his death to his slaughter of the Mother Carey's chicken; and I am convinced that meddling with another on any future voyage would have provoked that ship's company almost to mutiny.

PAYING FOR VERMIN.

If a man pays his keepers for vermin so much a tail he will very probably pay for a good deal that has not been killed on his own land. But, as vermin wander a good deal, if they have been killed in the district, it comes to much the same thing. If trappers on any estate are paid so much a head for what they may capture, they are very apt to borrow dead vermin from neighboring trappers who may be merely paid wages without any vermin allowance.

There is no better sport than a good rat hunt, with two or three ferrets and a couple of sharp terriers. Some time ago I went over to a stack-yard built near a small stream: the banks of the stream were honey-combed with rats. We put in the ferrets, and the rats bolted, taking headers into the stream like frogs. We had a couple of trout landing nets with long handles, and as the rats swam down the stream we ladled them out for the terriers. Altogether, in stream and stacks, we killed some thirty or forty rats, and left them lying about. The farmer himself happened to be away on that particular day; but after we were gone one of the farm servants collected the rats, took them to his master, who paid for rats, and got the reward. This was fair enough. But that same morning these same dead rats were carried over to a neighboring farm, and the floor of an old barn was salted with the dead rats. After dark the man turned out with a lantern and some sticks, shut the door of the barn, and kicked up a row. The farmer came out to see what was the matter; the man opened the door, showed him the straw turned over, all the rat-holes stopped, and a score or two of dead rats. He also paid for them. I don't know if these particular rats earned any more money. But if any of the neighboring trappers were working on tail money, he probably would have the last pull out of them.

Fifty years ago the black rat (now extinct) was very common in houses. It lived all over the house—"up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—like mice, not like the gray rat, which is mostly confined to the drains and lower story. An old gentleman used to pay his son (a mere boy) so much a tail; sometimes the old gentleman thought the tails were a little dry and shrivelled, and suspected they were not fresh caught—in fact, tails that he had seen before; so, when produced, he took to throwing them in the fire. The boy was a clever rat-catcher, and the rats were getting scarce, so, when he caught them, he cut off the tails merely, letting the old rat go to breed. So much for paying by tails!

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THE Afghan town of Jelalabad occupies a position not far from midway between the English outposts at Peshawar, in the Punjab, and Cabool, the capital of the Ameer's dominions. It is generally described as situated at the western extremity of the Khyber Pass, as Jamrood is at the eastern, the distance between the two points being twenty-eight miles. Since the middle of December the English have been in possession of the town. On the 12th of that month the officials and notables of Jelalabad journeyed to Dakka to tender their submission and services, and four days later General Brown commenced his march in that direction. By the 20th the English troops were established in the fortresses, which offered comparatively good winter quarters.

Jelalabad is not described as an attractive place by Eastern travellers, and Hiouen speaks of it as "a small, dirty place, with mud walls, round towers, narrow streets, and a population of about 2000." Its houses cluster upon the alluvial level a little to the south of the Cabool River, and the town stands not quite 2000 feet above the sea. Westward the country rises suddenly to an elevation of 3000 feet, so that the upper portion of the valley has almost a rigorous European climate, while that of the lower is very nearly tropical during the warmer months of summer. Even the hot simoom is not unknown. The numerous rills which flow down from the surrounding heights supply it abundantly with that great necessity of Eastern lands, water for irrigation, and accordingly, even when famine is pressing with terrible severity on the thirsty plains of the Punjab and the desert reaches of Rajpootana, the Afghans of the Jelalabad Valley are harvesting large crops of rice and wheat and millet, not only sufficient for their own wants, but also for exportation to the starving cities in the level below. Fruits are likewise largely cultivated, and authorities in particular form a special article of food, being dried, and then ground down into a sort of meal, largely consumed by the poorer classes, and often making up the staple of their diet. The central portion of the glen is, in fact, one continuous garden, thickly dotted with little villages of Hindoos or Afghans, and studded with the castles of an circa or modern feudal chieftains.

The Hindoo element, which constitutes every where an important part of Afghan society, is especially conspicuous at Jelalabad, for the whole valley of the Cabool River was once regarded as forming a part of India, to which, as a tributary basin of the Indus water-shed, it naturally belongs. The followers of Buddha, who often hate in Afghanistan are found only as bankers and traders among the feudal Pathan aristocracy and peasantry—like the Jews in mediæval Europe—here master strong as cultivators and artisans. Some of these outlying Hindoo communities belong to the same high caste as the Rajpoots of India, but others rank with the Jats of the Punjab, that fine race of hardy cultivators and sturdy soldiers, who have often fought bravely for their native princes, and who now, under a peaceable rule, form the main stay of agriculture. In the Jelalabad Valley, as elsewhere, their industry and hardihood insure them success, and raise them far above the lazy Afghan nizamen, whose only real talent is that of robbery and vendetta, but who, of course, look down with the hardly contempt of all predatory classes upon the humble followers of the plough.

Jelalabad is, in fact, a place of considerable antiquity, having been first laid out as a royal residence by the Mogul conqueror Baber, the founder of the Delhi dynasty, commonly known in Europe as the first Mogul. Driven from his ancestral home in Khokan at the age of twenty-one, the young barbarian swept down the passes of the Hindoo Coosh. The Cabool Valley was the first part of the Indian empire which he succeeded in obtaining, and, strangely enough, was one of the first to slip from the feeble grasp of his descendants. Baber's grandson Akbar, the great organizer of the Mogul dominions—the Darius of the Delhi dynasty, as Baber was its Cyrus—built the existing town and called it Jelalabad (or, as we write it, Jelalabad), that is to say, the city of Jalal, after his own original name of Jalal-ud-din.

In modern times the town of Jelalabad has been rendered famous by the gallant defense of General Sale during the war between the English and Akbar Khan. In the winter of 1841-42 the Ghilzies, one of the most formidable of the Afghan tribes, having gathered with a view to cutting off the communications of the English with India, General Elphinstone sent Sir Robert Sale with two regiments from Cabool to force the Khoord Pass. General Sale set out in October, and fought his way through to Jelalabad, which he reached by the middle of November. Almost immediately afterward a body of Afghan horsemen brought a letter from the weak and confiding Elphinstone, in which the convention entered into with Akbar Khan was announced, and Sale was ordered peremptorily to march with arms, ammunition, and stores to Peshawar, the Afghans promising that the "troops would not be molested on the way." Serious as was the responsibility of refusing to obey orders, General Sale called a council of war, in which, after much doubt and hesitation, it was decided to remain at Jelalabad and defend the place against all who should come. The fortress then consisted of an irregular quadrilateral surrounded by lofty ramparts, with a perimeter of about 2100 yards. The works were of earth, without parapets, ditches, covered way, or outworks of any sort. There were thirty-three bastions, but their construction was so faulty that they were worse than useless. The town con-

tained but 800 houses, and was surrounded with walled gardens, inclosed fields, ruined forts and mosques, affording admirable cover for an enemy. On three sides, at a distance of about 400 yards, lay the ruins of an ancient wall. Opposite the southwest angle ran a range of heights completely overlooking the town. Parallel to the north side, within 150 yards, there was a mud bank nearly twenty feet in height. This extended several miles to the east, and afforded a secure and unseen approach for any number of men.

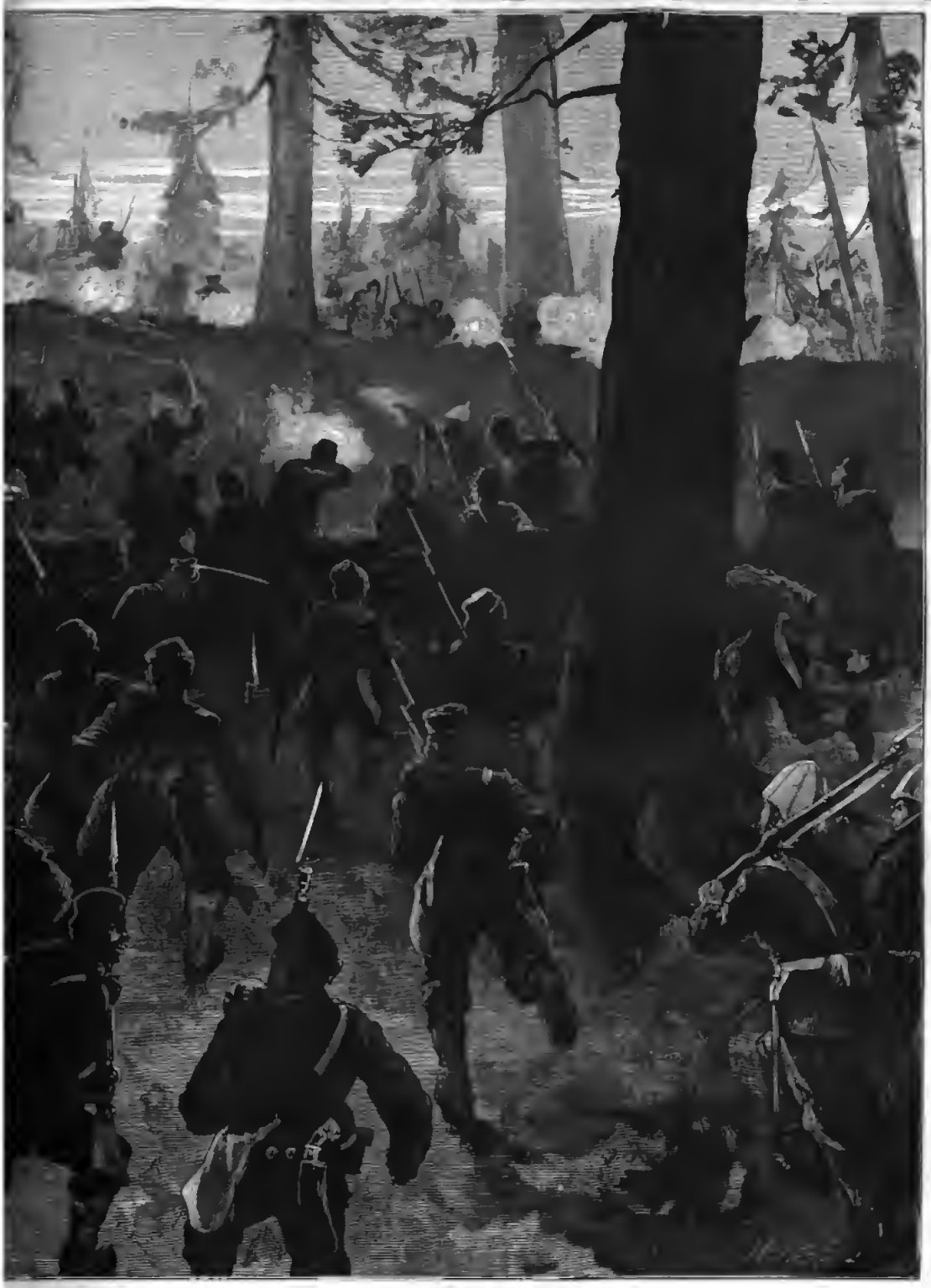
While this course of action was being pursued by the forces of Sir Robert Sale at Jelalabad, the disasters that befell other portions of the English army, whose leaders had trusted to the assurances of the treacherous Afghans, baffle description. Twenty-six thousand men, women, and children fell in the rocky defiles and mountain gorges of Afghanistan, partly under the incessant harassment and murderous attacks of the Afghan troops and the wild hill tribes, but more from hunger and the deep snows and wintry blasts of this inhospitable region, 5000 feet above the level of the sea. Of all that host only one, Dr. Barnes, made his way alive to Jelalabad, bringing the news that the army of Cabool had ceased to exist. When he arrived he was faint, bleeding, and covered with wounds, and grasped in his hand a small fragment of a sword, his only weapon. Four miles from town the cavalrymen sent out to bring him in found the mutilated remains of three of his companions, after killing whom the Afghans had gone back to the hills, leaving Barnes, who had lagged behind, to escape unnoticed. Not another living soul came through the pass, though for several nights lanterns were suspended above the walls and bugles sounded to encourage any who might survive. General Sale set himself to work to prepare for a siege, and while the walls were manned with non-combatants trained to handle pikes made out of old hooks and other scraps of iron, the garrison turned out to forage. In two days 170 cattle and 700 sheep were brought in, the former being slain and salted down, and the latter sent out to graze near the walls. Trees and bushes that might afford cover to an enemy were cut down, and even the doors and windows of unoccupied houses were torn away and laid up for fuel. In the middle of February, 1842, Akbar Khan's army arrived before the walls, which were strong already, and daily becoming stronger. Four days later, just as the men marched out and set to work, there came a trembling of the ground and a noise "like the sound of a thousand heavily laden wagons rolling and jolting over an ill-paved street." The men, panic-stricken, rushed out of the trenches, and in an instant walls and houses, splitting asunder, came crashing down. The whole of the parapets were reduced to shapeless heaps of ruins, breaches were made in the walls more accessible than any which the troops had found on their arrival, and scarcely a house in the town but was thrown down or injured. In a few seconds an earthquake undid the work of three months, though providentially the casualties were wonderfully rare, and the stores sustained no damage.

The indefatigable garrison immediately set to work repairing the walls and sending out green-cutting parties. Akbar Khan neglected his best opportunity through wholesome fear of his antagonists, who were as hay behind their mud heap, and confined himself to a galling fire on the foragers and working parties. Remarkable stories are told of the prowess of the garrison. The country, it is said, had been so carefully marked and measured that the artillery practice was phenomenal; one officer is said to have killed a single Afghan horseman with a cannon-ball at a distance of over a mile. During sorties were made, in one of which 600 sheep were brought back from the besiegers' flocks. At last, however, food and ammunition both began to fail, and a desperate venture was determined upon. In the early part of April General Sale, weary of waiting for General Pollock's advance from Peshawur, sallied out with the whole garrison, and falling upon Akbar Khan's great army, completely routed it, taking camp, baggage, artillery, standards, horses, arms, ammunition—in fact, every thing belonging to the besiegers, who could carry nothing with them in their precipitate flight. From half rations the garrison found themselves suddenly in possession of plenty; indeed, a fair was opened, and provisions sold to the country people. Merriment replaced the anxiety from which the garrison had suffered so keenly, and as General Pollock's army marched up from the Khyber Pass they were received with the old Jacobite melody, "Oh, but ye're lang a-comin'." When General Pollock retired from Cabool, after punishing the Afghans, he destroyed the works at Jelalabad, and although they were to a certain extent repaired by Dost Mohammed, they still present a dilapidated appearance, owing to the thoroughness with which the English performed their task.

Our double-page engraving relates to one of the splendid feats of the late war, namely, the forcing of the Peiwar Pass by General Roberts. The troops concerned in this great undertaking were mostly Indian, and were formed into two brigades, one commanded by Brigadier Cobbe, and the other by Brigadier Thelwall. The First Brigade consisted of the Eighth Foot, Fifth Punjab Infantry, Twenty-ninth Native Infantry, and Twenty-third Pioneers, with a mountain train. The Second Brigade consisted of [illegible] landers, Second Punjab [illegible] terles Royal Horse [illegible] Cavalry, with one [illegible] and the Fifth Gurkhas.

During the latter part [illegible] troops had been gradu[illegible] vicinity of Mohammed [illegible] Valley, with a view to [illegible] The advance began [illegible] morning of the 20th [illegible] stony plateau in the [illegible]

THE AFGHAN WAR—ASSAULT ON THE BARRICADE AT THE SPIN-GAWI KOTAL, DE[illegible]



EMBER 2, 1878.—[FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL GORDON, TWENTY-NINTH PUNJAB NATIVE INFANTRY.]

Seventy-second High-
fantry, 7 and A Bat-
y, the Twelfth Bengal
of the Tenth Hussars,

Last November these
concentrated in the
fort, in the Kurum
attack upon the pass.
thrown o'clock on the
oops marching over a
biting wind. About
eight o'clock the Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, reconnoitring in front, reported that the enemy had been seen in the villages and undulating ground before the Peiwar Hills. The Twenty-ninth and Fifth Punjab Infantry and two mountain guns were at once detached to the left, and proceeded, under cover of a low range of hills, till they reached the Mangal village of Tomerange. From this point the road turned up a steep defile, and crossed ranges overlooking the village of Turgia. Here a full view was obtained of the enemy, who appeared to be swarming up the pass in endless columns. The Fifth Punjab Infantry rapidly pushed down and occupied the village, while the Twenty-ninth went up the glen, hoping to gain the summit before dusk. The enemy now commenced firing from higher ground; but the Twenty-ninth pushed on, and the leading companies succeeded in gaining a position well up the glen, amid a thick pine forest. A hot skirmish then opened, the Afghans using their artillery, while the remainder of the division, pushing on directly to the front, came into action, and replied by a sharp infantry and artillery fire. Evening was now far advanced; it was impossible properly to support the Twenty-ninth Native Infantry, and the troops had been under arms since 3 A.M., so General Roberts ordered the force to retire to bivouac. On their way back the Twenty-ninth came under a heavy fire from the Afghans, who crowned the crags above, and poured down a brisk fusillade. The Fifth Punjab Infantry covered the retreat admirably, and the whole force ultimately bivouacked under the pass. The casualties were one officer dangerously wounded and sixteen Sepoys killed and wounded.

After this the division halted for two days to enable supplies to come up. The enemy's position, which was very strong, and impregnable in front, consisted of a high range of pine-clad hills and precipitous cliffs. The road over the pass led between high commanding hills. The Afghans occupied a front of some seven miles, and numbered 4000 men. They had twenty-four guns, all placed at commanding points. They had also placed field artillery on the crest of the pass, and amused themselves firing into the camp. The position having been thoroughly reconnoitred, General Roberts on the night of the 1st of December set out with five regiments, four horse artillery guns, and a mountain battery, with a view to surprising and turning the enemy's flank. A force was left in the camp to make the front attack and silence the guns in position. The movement was well planned and ably carried out, despite the difficulties attending the night march. The force moved due south three miles, then turned up the bed of a torrent toward the Spin-gawi Kotal, or crest under the main range. The view of the pass at this point is the one given in our engraving. Here the Afghans had erected a barricade. It was at dawn that the assaulting column came unobserved upon the enemy's intrenchments in the dense pine forest. As day broke, a sharp roll of musketry smote the enemy's line, and in a very few minutes Major Fitzgerald and his gallant Goorkhas had captured the first of the Afghan intrenchments.

The Seventy-second Highlanders and the Twenty-ninth Punjab Infantry then gave material assistance, and before the sun was well up, the whole of the enemy's left flank was gained. Resistance, though short, was determined, and the Afghans left several dead on the ground. On the English side, Captain Kelso, of the Artillery, was shot dead, and several Goorkhas and a number of the Seventy-second Highlanders were wounded. The troops, sweeping through the intrenchments, collected on a wide plateau of the ridge to the left. The Twenty-ninth were sent out to skirmish through the pine forest and along the backbone of the ridge leading down to the pass, the Goorkhas and the Seventy-second Highlanders acting as a support, with the Second Brigade in the rear. The object of the movement was to join hands with the front attack from the camp, where the heavy guns and the Martini-Henrys of the Eighth could be distinctly heard. The Twenty-ninth pressed on, and for a mile met no resistance; but on reaching the ridge overlooking the Kotal, the enemy were seen crowding up the slopes and forests to the right front, evidently with the object of cutting off the English rear. A sharp skirmish ensued. Some of the Twenty-ninth pushed on to the enemy's ridge, but being overwhelmed by superior numbers, had to fall back a short distance. The Afghans were now in great force, and from nine to four both sides were sharply engaged. A battery then enfiladed the Afghan left flank, and the whole of the English front was hard by the First and Second brigades. An incessant fire was kept up; but at five the general, taking one brigade, made a flank movement to cut off the enemy's retreat, leaving the Second Punjab Infantry to line the ridges, and the Twenty-ninth to guard the wounded.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the pass was evacuated, and the enemy were in full retreat, the flank movement having evidently made them fearful for their communications. The English troops bivouacked on the field at elevations varying from 6000 to 8000 feet. Water was scarce, but wood fortunately was abundant. The loss on the English side amounted to less than 100 men; but that of the Afghans was much larger, 100

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dead being left on the field, besides those that were removed in the retreating force. Twenty guns and a large amount of stores and rifles were captured. By the 4th of December the Afghan troops were utterly routed. The success was most complete. The position held by the Afghans could scarcely have been stronger, and they fought with skill and determination. As in all outer fighting, the element of chance played a considerable part. The night march being undiscovered was a most fortunate circumstance. Had the Afghans kept the slightest look out, there might have been a disastrous reverse instead of a victory. As it was, the attack upon Peiwar Pass was among the most signal successes of the war.

TWO OF THEM

In the farm house porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cosy chat.
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wise old jockum, the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be *two* of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's Neighbor Grey with his children four,
To be glad together. Had *I* one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With my own good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm-tree
Donald waited alone, and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and hush her down,
And heard the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there *may* be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright:
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with the blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head.
"One of Neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"I'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand (?).
"I'm!" said the farmer, "yes, I see;
It is *two for yourself* and *one for me*."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

THE AWAKENING.

A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

By the Author of "Pauvy."

PART IV.

BELINDA.

MRS. HALLER, or, as she preferred to be called by her admirers, Belinda, was lying in a long, low chair. Her attitude would have indicated great fatigue; it certainly displayed her supply dovelyeped figure, and also showed her pretty shoes and more than was necessary of her stockings.

Mrs Haller had been very fair, and her blonde hair still kept its color and lustre, her blue eyes, too, were still bright, and her nose was unexceptionable, but her lips were beginning to lose their firmness, and minute creases near her eyes and lines across her white forehead let out the secret that Belinda had lost her youth. Elderly people said how young Mrs. Haller looks; middle-aged people said how well she wears, but women of thirty deplored Belinda's increasing slimness, and said that she made herself up. She was looking in excellent health to-day, though she tried to appear interesting and exhausted.

Sitting near her on a low stool was a handsome and well-dressed man, in whose it was not easy to recognize Matt Combe, his silken whiskers and fashionably cut coat completely changed his appearance. Only when he spoke, the country accent betrayed itself. Also there was something constrained in his attitude—a remembrance that prophesied an awkward gait when this well-favored mortal should move across the room. He held a manuscript in his hand, and was reading from it to Belinda. "Ah, why, beloved one—"

Mrs. Haller drew away the white hand which had been propping her foil, dimpled cheek, and clapped it impatiently against its fellow palm.

"My dear Lawrence"—she always called him Lawrence—"you have called her 'beloved one' six times already." Then, hiding a yawn with her hand, "I suppose we must for you rankes me extra critical, but you must carefully look to this scene, it wants movement terribly."

A flush rose on his face, and he pressed his lips together. He closed the manuscript. "You are tired," he said, pettishly, "and not fit to judge. I shall not read any more. Let us talk instead."

Belinda looked vexed. "You are quite mistaken," she said, coldly. "But of course all authors are alike: directly a word of blame is spoken, the critic is to fault."

Matthew laughed. "Well," he said, "I dare say there's some truth in what you say, we are a touchy lot. But this scene is really the best in the play, and I had just come to the best part of it. But never mind," he said, abruptly. "What evening will suit you best for the first rehearsal?"

Mrs Haller did not answer. She raised herself out of her reclining attitude, and bent her well-shaped head forward as if she were listening to some far-off sound. Her special room, with its pale blue satin walls, panelled here and there with plaques of Sèvres china, and glittering with richly framed mirrors and gilt sconces and brackets, was at the back of the house, behind the two large drawing-rooms. A heavy tapestry curtain hung over the door; but Belinda's ears had caught the sound of a knock at the entrance door below. Matthew Combe frowned at her evident indifference. Only a few days ago Mrs. Haller had hung on every word he spoke, and had professed to find the greatest happiness in listening to his verses, but to-day her manner was completely changed. He was puzzled, and angry too.

"I beg your pardon," said Belinda, "you were asking—"

"Perhaps you will think it over and let me know," he said, impatiently.

"What have I to think over?" said Mrs. Haller, politely.

Matthew stared at her. "In any thing the matter?" he said. "I thought you really took an interest in this play. You know," he went on, in a sore, wounded voice, for she looked quite unmoved from her smiling politeness, "I should never have tried to write a play but for you. You urged me to do it. You wished to produce it here."

She smiled and held up a warning finger. Then Matthew heard a tap at the door, and Mrs. Haller said, "Come in."

"I will write to you," she said, before the door could open. Then she did not look at Matthew again, but rose up to welcome her new visitor.

He was rather older than Matthew, not quite so tall or so handsome, but more distinguished-looking, with the manner of a man well accustomed to flatter and to be spoiled by women. He sank at once into a chair beside Mrs. Haller, who made no effort to introduce her two visitors, and fixing for a moment his fine dark eyes inquisitively on Matthew, he turned his back on him.

"I thought I should find you alone," he said, in a low but very distinct voice.

Matthew grew hot and cold with indignation. Who was this insolent man, and what could Mrs Haller mean by behaving in this way? And then he looked at her, and he understood.

The smile that always greeted him, that he had mistaken when he came into her room to-day, was on her lips as she looked sweetly into the new comer's dark eyes—more sweetly, poor Matt thought, than she had ever looked at him. A tempest of jealous mortification swept over him, and he got up abruptly.

"I have an appointment," he said. How harsh and rough his voice sounded to himself after the full soft tones of this new favorite! "You will tell me about what we were speaking of the next time I come."

Mrs Haller held out her hand without rising. "Good-by," she said. "By the way, I ought to introduce you to Mr Proter, whose name, I suppose, is on every one's lips just now."

Another radiant smile to the dark-eyed young painter, who just bent his head in answer to Matt's stiff and rather awkward bow.

"Good-by, Mr Combe," repeated Mrs Haller; and then, as the door closed on Matt, the yawed impertinently. "There is surely no such egotist as a poet," she said, with a laugh; "he puts on his war paint at the first critical word. I have found fault with that poor young fellow's play, and he has withdrawn vowing vengeance."

"You ought to say a word to poet," drawled out Mr Proter, "ought you not?" The young artist's question sounded like an after thought, as if deference were not a habitual quality with him. "I fancy a real artist of any sort has learned the measure of his own power, whereas the tyro, being utterly ignorant either of failure or success, only sees a boundless horizon before him, and feels himself lord of it. But really, beautiful Belinda, I should have thought you far too discerning to encourage the growth of amateur verse. Just now it is one of the plagues of society; every one writes verses."

Mrs. Haller smiled and tapped her cousin with her fan, but she looked and felt guilty, it was terrible to be considered foolish.

"I know I am soft-hearted," she sighed, and threw down her eyes in her most girlish fashion. Meanwhile Proter, looking keenly, was deciding that she should sit for Mrs. Primrose in his next picture for the Royal Academy. "The truth is, this poor young fellow, who is not long from the country"—she smiled playingly—"was introduced here by a patron of his, and we were asked to be useful to him, but I really never counted on being bored in this way. I have been listening to this play of his for more than half an hour."

"Terrible infliction!" the young artist laughed. "I should have gone to sleep. Well, he's a lucky fellow to get listened to by you—the Beast at the feet of Beauty," he flashed his dark eyes at Belinda. "But now, my dear Mrs. Haller, I want to know when I may have the pleasure of seeing you at my studio. Nothing much to see there, but you will see the beginning of my new picture, and as you have expressed a wish to come, I shall feel honored by a visit."

"Oh, I am sure there is plenty worth seeing!" Belinda said, with girlish enthusiasm. "I have not seen your sketches yet, and I so dote on sketches, one sees the true artist in them far more than in finished pictures, don't you think so?" She lifted her blue eyes to his face in a kind of reverent admiration.

Mr Proter had heard this sort of thing before, and from prettier and younger women than Mrs. Haller. But then these younger women had not possessed enormously rich husbands, nor had that the taste for art that Mrs. Haller was said to possess. Certainly her worship, from every point of view, was very pleasant, and the young artist, who was as sharp as he was handsome, locked his thoughts most successfully.

"May I come to-morrow?" said Mrs. Haller, softly.

In his heart Mr Proter felt inclined to laugh at her tone, and think of her as the sister of Winchmore did, but he looked deeply gratified.

"Oh, by all means. At what time may I have the pleasure of expecting you?"

Mrs Haller was silent for a few moments, then lifting her eyes to Proter's, "I will write and fix a time," she said, sentimentally, "and I want to fix for you to come some evening to see my husband, who much wishes to know you, quite without ceremony, you understand. We shall only be a *trois*—so much better for making acquaintance, is it not?"

"Oh, yes; delightful," said Proter.

"The note shall tell you every thing," then she raised her eyelids with a kind of sweep of the long fair eyelashes, and beamed at him out of her soft blue eyes.

"Good by," she said, rising; the pressed his hand tenderly. "I am so anxious you and Mr Haller should become acquainted."

PART V.

A RETROSPECT.

A RAINY evening in May, and as Matthew Combe comes up into Piccadilly from his lodging in Pimlico he seems to emerge into a chaos of mud splashes and the blurred light of carriage lamps from the vehicles, hurrying some up, some down, the broad thoroughfare with freights of gaily dressed ladies and fashionably dressed men inside them.

Matthew looked down at the mud and thought of his boots.

"I should not have had so far to go if Mrs Haller had kept her word to me," he said to himself. "It's a confounded shame. She has used me very ill, but she shall pay for it yet. When she sees how well the play goes she will be sorry enough that she gave up the triumph of having produced it. She is just the woman to have enjoyed such a triumph. Well, that charming Violet Crispin will have all the honor and glory instead. I know that confounded artist spoil the affair with Belinda—jackanapes!"

Matthew had been a good deal lately at the Crispins' house in Park Lane. At first he had felt awkward with Violet, and in constant fear that she would speak of Ruth flavering, but this fear had worn off. Miss Crispin never spoke of Winchmore, she seemed far more intent on getting Matthew to speak of himself. In his heart he longed for a word about Ruth. His father had written angrily last autumn, upbraiding him with his conduct, and speaking of the girl's pale and changed looks. Hitherto Matt had quieted his conscience by the argument that until he had the means of providing for a wife he had no right to keep Ruth bound to him, and that therefore it was best not to keep up the attachment by letters. This resolution came to him after he had been admitted to the privilege of intimacy with Mrs. Haller, and after he had began to wonder whether he could endure to shut himself up in a small house even with Ruth Havering.

It was so very pleasant to be thought a genius by Mrs. Haller, whose assumptive manner and fashionable dress and great wealth established her as a great authority with simple Matt Combe. At first every time he dined at the luxurious house in Eaton Place he came away more and more dissatisfied with himself. Why had he been such a fool as to sacrifice himself to the first pretty face he had known?

"Such a boy as I was, too!" for he felt as if years intervened between him and Winchmore, and so day after day he put off writing the letter which Ruth was pining for.

When at last her little pathetic appeal came, he had been striving as hard to forget her that he felt irritated instead of touched by this reminder, and he tore the letter up without giving it a second reading. He had remorseful pangs after ward, and if Mrs Haller had not made incessant demands on his time, perhaps he would have answered Ruth's appeal. But the season was at its height, and on the very morning after his regrets had troubled his sleep he had promised to go with Belinda to Ascot.

A few days after, Ruth's second note came, in which she bade him farewell. He read this twice, held it in his hand, and for a little while he turned from the thought of Mrs Haller and all his London gayeties, but the glamour was still on him—he had no extra power of seeing life really than Titania had of seeing that her Adonis was a vulgar clown with an ass's head. The intoxication of flattery and luxury was as powerful as Puck's charmed herb, but for this intoxication he must have loathed his close London lodging and the meagre fare he obtained on when he took his meals at home.

Mrs. Haller was resolved that the glamour should not fade away for want of fostering. When she left London she invited Matt down to her country house and limited him to his heart's content. He read his poems aloud to her guests, and sometimes improvised verses to Belinda herself. He had a study allotted to him where he really tried to work, and where he produced some pretty little poems, which in due time appeared in a magazine. But when he came back to London he was obliged to see that his lodgings looked dingier than ever, and that writing poetry was not remunerative.

He and Mrs Haller maintained a close correspondence, and in answer to his complaints of want of success in a pecuniary point of view, she advised him to write a play; large sums had been made, she said, by a successful play. He had now reached the end of his first year, and his father, in his angry letter, had told him he would give him the means of staying six months longer in London, and if he then still found himself unsuccessful he must choose between a return to Winchmore or a self-supporting life in London.

But the play had begun to grow under Matt's hands, and he wrote and told his father he could not decide until the fate of his play had been settled. But he had not calculated on the difficulties that lay before him. Hitherto Mrs. Haller had been a tower of strength to him; he had found that the manager of a theatre was far more obdurate and inaccessible than the editor of a magazine. He offered his play to every theatre in town, and with the same result, and often the same words.

"Mr. —— regrets that his arrangements are such that he is quite unable to avail himself of Mr Combe's kind offer."

Mrs Haller soothed and comforted and encouraged, but her belief in this rising star was shaken, and indeed by this time she had been openly laughed at for encouraging him, and she began to think that Matthew Combe, as Lawrence, as she called him, was very slow in developing. But perhaps Matt's decline in her favor was chiefly owing to Belinda's introduction to Mr Proter, who, just about the time that it was settled that the play should undergo the test of private judgment, and be performed in Belinda's own drawing-room, was introduced to her as one only a rising light, but one who had shot suddenly from the horizon and taken his place as a star of the first magnitude.

Mrs. Haller's heart beat with joy as she thought that now at least, if she could succeed in attaching the young artist, she had secured a prize worthy of all the attention and patronage the proud lavish on him—a coveted prize, too, for it had often vexed her that after the favorable impression produced by Matt's appearance and pleasant talk subsided, few people seemed to covet the poet's society, or to overwhelm him with invitations and civilities.

After his meeting with Mr Proter she wrote to Matt expressing her regret that circumstances had occurred which made it impossible to produce *The Awakening* at her house, and also he called to ask the reason of this sudden change. Mrs. Haller "was not at home." He had not been able to speak to her since, for though they had met in secrets, she had always been so taken up with Mr Proter as some other friend that Matt had found it impossible to get even a few words alone with her.

Now as Matthew Combe went slowly on to Park Lane (he had started too soon) he was contrasting Mr Crispin's treatment with Mrs. Haller's, and one glamour which still lingered in regard to that lady loosened its hold on his imagination. Had he really been deceived? were these slow, dull-witted, country people, as he had called them, and whose invitations he had treated last year with neglect—were they, after all, his real friends, and was Belinda but a fair-seeming mirage?

Mr Crispin had been so very kind in offering his house for the performance, and Violet Crispin had actually offered to take the part of the heroine. Matthew had been completely charmed with her zeal and interest, she had given up so much time to the play. There had been many rehearsals, and Matt felt sanguine. He had not received as much praise from the actors as he expected, but still he thought all would be right. He had spent a great part of to-day at the house, working hard that all should be ready, and now he was going to enjoy his success. The actors certainly were, with the exception of Violet, rather unpromising, but her acting made up for the rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAIFS.

A GENTLEMAN who frequented a circus noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him.

"My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?"

"I can't keep awake," rejoined the boy. "it is a terrible bore to see them doing the same thing every night."

"But why do you come?"

"Oh, I can't help it—I must come. *I have got a season ticket!*"

Macklin, when sitting at the back of the house, was prevented from seeing the stage by a gentleman who stood up in front. He tapped him with his stick on the shoulder, and addressed him with the most studious politeness: "When any thing entertaining occurs on the stage, perhaps you would be so and say to friend here; for you see, my dear Sir, that at present *we must totally depend upon your kindness.*"

Nobody could ever satisfy Beethoven in the matter of cookery. He could manage a gridiron or frying-pan with great skill, and was decidedly proud of his art in concocting soup. Count Castel de Maria invented a musical spit which played tunes according to the condition of the joint. If a piece of beef was before the fire, and was well done, the musical spit played "Oh, the roast beef of Old England!" Paganini was an adept in cookery, and would thunder anathemas at whoever put in a grain of salt too much.

A very deaf organist used to officiate at a church in a West-of-England town, where, on the occasion of a marriage, he was requested to play Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." If he had not been deaf, all might have been well; but hearing only the word march, he went to the church and astonished the whole bridal party by striking up the "Dead March" in *Saul*.

"What on earth are you playing?" cried the bridegroom's best man, rushing up to the organ-loft in a fury.

"A march, as I was told."

"But not the 'Dead March.'"

"Oh, I thought *any march would do*," said the organist when they at length made him hear.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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COMING BACK TO MOTHER ENGLAND'S APRON STRINGS.

"VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, *February 18, 1879.*

"The citizens of Sitka supplicated the commander of her Majesty's ship *Osprey* for protection from the Indians, representing that without immediate protection fears of indiscriminate massacre were entertained. The commander signified his readiness to go, on an official request, if instructed that the situation was urgent. No objection was made by me, nor was protection asked as necessary, and so I informed the commander. The *Osprey* left for Sitka to-day at noon.

ALLEN FRANCIS, United States Consul."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 15, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the conclusion of* "The Awakening," *a fine double-page engraving of the Cathedral at Wells, England, and other attractions.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE LATE CONGRESS.

The Congress which has just expired has done less mischief than was apprehended. Its first session threatened a disastrous financial legislation, which was stayed by the President's veto and by public opinion, while the decisive expression of the sentiment of the country at the last election, and the tranquil resumption of specie payments at the time fixed by law, effectually paralyzed the evil tendencies during the last session. Undoubtedly, also, under the apparent instigation of Mr. Tilden, it was the purpose of some of the majority and the hope of others that the investigation into the alleged frauds of the election of 1876 might result in action looking to the unseating of the President, or at least to the fatal smirching of eminent members of the Administration. This purpose and hope of Democrats were stimulated by the open hostility of some Republicans, and by the remark attributed in a noted document to Mr. Conkling—of the authenticity of which his conduct left no question—that if the truth of the Louisiana election were known, it would rank the Administration in depthless infamy. The investigation, however, has entirely recoiled upon its originators and abettors, reducing to a minimum the suspicion of Republican foul play, and eliciting the frank confession of Democratic attempts to buy the electoral vote for Mr. Tilden. It has proved to be the most prodigious boomerang in our political annals. It was intended to help the Democratic canvass of 1880, but it has furnished deadly weapons to the Republicans. Mr. Tilden himself, by his own testimony, is left in the position of knowing the criminal attempts of his agents, yet doing nothing to prevent their continuance. The failure of this effort possibly to unseat the President and throw the country into confusion, and the failure to carry a policy of virtual repudiation, are the two chief failures of the late Congress, over which the country may well rejoice.

In the last session the Democratic declaration upon the subject of "Southern claims" was very significant. Leading Southern Democrats asserted their opposition to the payment of all claims arising out of the war, thus depriving those Republicans who still hope to raise a sectional cry, instead of regretting any sectional bias in politics, of their strongest reliance. In stating their views many of the Southern Democrats showed the old sectional feeling in the way which most alarms the North; but the position taken by them was, nevertheless, one of the most interesting and important events of the Congress. The Indian question was left in *statu quo*. The report in favor of placing the Indians under the care of the army was a strong argument for a reform of the civil service system of appointments. The counter-report was a strong plea for the adequacy of a properly regulated civil superintendence. But the question came to no thorough or decisive debate. The elaborate bill for the reorganization of the army failed. The Democratic House showed a jealousy of the army which is not justified by its conduct or its numbers. Nothing is more ridiculous than to urge against our little scattered handful of soldiers the arguments that apply to a great standing army in the hands of a king. It is perfectly easy to provide legal and civil defenses against military encroachment, and there is an considerable number of persons any where in the country who wish to magnify military authority. It is quite right that soldiers as soldiers should not interfere at elections even to keep the peace, provided that the peace can be kept otherwise, and all rights be secured.

But the Democratic disposition of the House upon this subject and upon all that concerns the rights of the colored citizens is a disposition which, more than any thing else, keeps alive the distrust of the Democratic party. From the time when that party was virtually the apologist and upholder of slavery down to the attempt of the Democrats in the expiring days of the late session to attach the repeal of election laws to an appropriation bill, the party has defied the sentiment of justice and humanity which is instinctive in the American people. The moral argument is always against the Democrats, and in the late Congress they have done very little to change that situation for the better. Whenever the Democratic party proves that it means to maintain equal rights, and the "solid South" punishes, swiftly and surely, offenses against the colored race, protecting the negro voter as it protects the white voter, the Republican party as a party will receive a blow, because then its principles will have become the accepted policy of all parties. But until the Democratic party takes that position it will find it a very hard task to supplant the Republican upon general issues of administration, because those who might be alienated from the Republican party upon the latter ground are held to it still more strongly upon the former. The Democratophobia of which the Springfield *Republican* recently spoke is the well-considered conclusion of intelligent men that Democratic ascendency under existing circumstances would result in gross injustice to the negro voters. The great blunder of the Democratic party in and out of Congress during the last two years, and with a truly patriotic Administration, is that it has rather increased than lessened this conviction, and hence the kind of Republican reaction that we have seen. The passage of the Pension Bill and that of the Chinese Bill are both among the discreditable acts of the late Congress. The next will assemble under changed auspices. The Democrats will control both Houses, but the House of Representatives by a greatly reduced majority. The change of majority in the Senate in the middle of the term of an Administration of the opposite party might lead to confusion except for the principle announced by Mr. Bayard, that the Senate should consider nominations upon their merits, and not upon the supposed or alleged reasons of the Executive. The situation will be interesting, and it will be watched with great attention.

THE CHINESE BILL.

It is long since the country has been stirred with as genuine an indignation as that produced by the passage of the Chinese Bill. It was as wanton a breach of the faith of treaties, as gross a wrong, committed with such haste, and without a pretense of the necessity of haste, that the popular condemnation was immediate and universal. The Senators who advocated the bill spoke as if a hundred thousand Chinese on the Pacific coast were such an imminent and appalling peril to American civilization and forty millions of Americans that the public honor and American principles and international comity must all be thrown to the winds in order to avert the danger. Press and people of all parties have seldom been as unanimous as they were in protesting against this bill, and seldom has the fact that Congress does not always represent the country been made more evident.

It was well understood that the reasons alleged for passing the bill were not the real reasons. It was and is generally believed to have been hurried through not from any honest apprehension that such an act was necessary to save American civilization or to protect American labor, but to save the autumn elections in California, and protect the interests of the party that should show itself to be most zealous upon the subject. The vote showed, as we said last week, that the Democrats here away the palm of such zeal. Almost the entire Republican weight of the Senate was thrown against the bill, and in that act represented the Republican sentiment of the country. Such legislation was felt to be a price much too high to pay for party success, desirable as it may be, and as a bid for the California vote the Democratic party is entitled to the prize. Senators Hoar and Hamlin took the position that the Republican Senatorial leaders of other days would have taken. Seward, Sumner, Fessenden, would have denounced the bill on every ground, and would have scorned such an effort for such a purpose. The earnestness and feeling of the brief discussion in the Senate, and the overwhelming force of the argument against the bill, recalled the energy of the radical debates of twenty years ago, when the Republican minority carried off the honors and the glory.

What is the imminent danger against which the bill, abruptly breaking a treaty which we had warmly welcomed, was supposed to protect us? It is the torrent of barbarism which, as is alleged, is setting in with terrible force upon our Pacific coast. What are the alarming facts? That the movement to and from China during thirty years has left a hundred thousand Chinese upon our shores, and that during the last six months more than twice as many Chinese have returned to China as have come to America. In the face of such facts Congress resolved abruptly to break a treaty, to withdraw from American citizens and commercial interests in China all treaty safeguards, and to serve notice upon every country with which we have treaty engagements that we shall violate them without notice, and whenever we choose. And all this to carry an election in California. There could have been no doubt what the Executive would do. The question was not of Chinese immigration, nor of the influx of barbarism; it was a question of the faith of treaties and of the national honor. It was precisely one of the occasions which illustrate the wisdom of the veto power confided to the Executive, and which show how the President with the veto may more truly represent public sentiment than a Congress of politicians attempting to outbid each other for a party advantage.

"SEEING A FAIR COUNT."

The injustice of party spirit was never more strikingly illustrated than in the snap judgments recently pronounced by respectable journals, upon the most meagre reports and *ex parte* statements of correspondents, in relation to the testimony of General Barlow before the Potter committee. It is rather a serious business for such journals to brand men who stand well in the community as treacherous and dishonorable, and when it is inconsiderately done not only do the character and influence of the press justly suffer, but the public suffers by the increased reluctance of honorable men to take part in public affairs if the condition is groundless insult and calumny. The assumption hitherto has been that the Republican "visiting statesmen" went to see fair play in Florida and elsewhere, and that all the Republican visitors in Florida, excepting General Barlow, were perfectly satisfied that the vote of the State was honestly cast for Mr. Hayes. But the cross-examination of General Barlow seemed to intend not to throw any light upon the question of fraud, but to be an attempted act of discipline of the witness for not insisting through thick and thin that there was no doubt that the Republicans had carried Florida. The only result of such a course is to raise the question whether the Republicans really did carry it. It has never been pretended that General Barlow did not endeavor to ascertain the facts as carefully and honestly as Mr. William E. Chandler or any of his other associates, nor that he did not insist that the same rule should govern all the returns, whether it favored the Republican side or not. But the course taken by the cross-examiners implied either that he should not have done this, or, conceding that he did it, then that he did it in a clandestine manner treacherous to his associates.

The evidence, however, shows that his associates knew that he differed from them on certain points, and the fact that he was "counsel," under such circumstances, could not change his declared position nor his moral duty. What did "counsel" mean? It meant just what General Barlow offered and gave—his legal knowledge and experience to maintain whatever he believed to be right and just upon the Republican side, but nothing more, and all this legal service to be strictly subordinated to the supreme duty of "seeing a fair count," not a Republican count. He directly and positively asserts that he never was nor assumed to be, but distinctly and expressly disclaimed being, "counsel" in any sense that should commit him to defend or advocate any Republican claim that did not seem to him to be justified by the facts, or which should prevent him from using all proper efforts to secure the end for which he came, namely, an honest count. Nothing was shown to disprove this assertion. Mr. Chandler testified that General Barlow stated this position to him distinctly, and that he replied that it was inconsistent with the position of "counsel." That was Mr. Chandler's view. It was not General Barlow's, and Mr. Chandler did not convince him. The conversation certainly shows that General Barlow did not conceal his view of his duty. It is, indeed, a preposterous proposition that a man who goes "to see a fair count," and who consents to serve as counsel for certain purposes, is thereby bound to refrain from any lawful advice or argument to or with any body in order to secure the object in view, namely, a fair count. General Barlow was not in Florida to the advocate of a certain case, bound to secure success for his political friends at all costs; he was there as an American citizen, to see that the result of an election was honestly ascertained.

But he must not do it in a "treacherous" way. Certainly not. And it was after the conversation with Mr. Chandler, and after the telegram of Mr. Brady, and after "suspicion" was aroused, that his associates asked General Barlow to argue certain points. Would this have been possible if they had really believed him to be "treacherous?" Their suspicions meant no more than that they began to believe that he would not insist at all hazards upon a Republican decision. They did not break off relations with him, as they unquestionably would have done had they believed his position to be dishonorable. They were vexed undoubtedly, and thought him perhaps very Quixotic and impracticable, but their conduct proved that they did not regard him as false. Mr. Chandler's testimony seems to show that he, at least, thought the general's position to be dishonorable. But it is conceivable that good citizens may have another standard of political honor than that of Mr. Chandler; and all such citizens will agree that any visitor, Republican or Democrat, who went to any Southern State with any other purpose and in any other spirit than that set forth by General Barlow is not a good judge of political honor. If the Republican visitors went to Florida to take a side, and by hook or by crook to claim the State for Mr. Hayes, every one of them would deserve as deep and universal a scorn as that which has fallen upon Pelton and Marble and Weed and the other Democratic alphers. If they went simply to see that justice was done, and that there was "a fair count," it is a very suspicious fact that without attempting to show that he was wrong, the personal character of the only one who did not wholly agree with them is bitterly attacked. General Barlow's letter to the *Times* will satisfy those who do not personally know him that he did nothing unbecoming a man of honor. Those who know him need no such assurance.

COMMON-SENSE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

One obvious advantage to the public service of the rules of appointment just announced at the New York Custom-house is the instant relief of the pressure from individual politicians, committees, and associations to secure appointments—a pressure which is incessant, and which constantly deters the superior officers from their duties. Under a system of patronage every body who is out of work, or invalid, or who has been politically active, or who wishes an "easy berth," applies to some "person of influence" to procure him a place under government, as if there were so many places under government as there are persons who wish employment. The "persons of influence," the committees and associations, betake themselves to the Custom-house, or the Post-office, or the Navy-yard, or the departments in Washington, and begin the business of pressing and urging for appointments. The places are always full, and appointments can be made only by turning out the incumbents. To ask for an appointment, therefore, is practically to ask that somebody who is in shall be turned out, and that a man who is honest and efficient and experienced shall make way for another who is on more so.

The knowledge that this is the system, the consciousness of every incumbent that it is not his fidelity and efficiency, but the support of some influential friend, which will keep him in his place, teaches him to rely not upon himself, but upon the friend's "influence," and naturally inclines him to a servile deference to the desires and directions of the appointing officer. Knowing, also, that his time is short, the incumbent is under constant temptation to make hay while the sun shines. The system, instead of appealing to his pride, tends to destroy his self-respect. Meanwhile the constant pressure and demand for appointment produces a feeling that "persons of influence" and committees and associations have a right to dispose of the offices, and the doctrine of rotation becomes the rule of the service. Thus in three years a recent Collector removed 630 officers out of 903, the whole number employed; and in the investigation that followed the Swartwout defalcation, the Auditor, when asked why he had not mentioned a certain malfeasance of his superior that he knew of, answered, "Because we clerks of the Custom-house consider ourselves in the service of the Collector, and not in the service of the United States;" and the Assistant Cashier was also silent, as he said, "in conformity with Custom-house practice."

A competitive examination secures an appointment not by the favor of the Collector, not by the pressure of "persons of influence," committees, and associations, but by the tested and proved merit of the applicant. The good consequences are evident. It puts an end to arbitrary removals, be-

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cause such removals are made in order to appoint particular persons pressed by influential politicians. It puts an end, also, to the pressure. It restores the good feeling and self-respect of the service by showing every man that he holds his place not by the favor of somebody else, but by his own good conduct. It enables the chief officers to attend to their duties instead of surrendering their time to hearing people who want other people appointed; and it reduces the number of vacancies to be filled to those which arise from death, resignation, or legitimate removal. In the thousand or more offices of the New York Custom-house, for instance, these would be so inconsiderable a number that the noble army of political bummers and dead-beats, knowing that the vacancies were few, and that the proved best man would get every one of those few, would look elsewhere for help. As for the favorite objection to an examination, that decayed school-masters and clergymen and academy and college graduates would get all the places, it is enough to say that decayed educated men and graduates of colleges are quite as likely to be efficient public servants as decayed party bummers and graduates of gin-mills and protégés of politicians, and that where especial knowledge is required, it is very much more likely to be ascertained by experience, for which a reformed system provides, than by the representations of ward associations and political committees. The rules as announced at the Custom-house will depend for their efficiency entirely upon good faith, and of that there can be in this instance no question. This, also, makes a system of probation less necessary, because, the object being an efficient service, any candidate who is appointed, but proves upon trial to be inefficient, will for that reason be dropped. The action now taken at the Custom-house is one of the most cheering signs of administrative reform, and it is a work for which the Administration and its representatives deserve the cordial gratitude and support of good citizens.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE proposed amendments to the Constitution of New York in regard to city government are very important, and are evidently drawn with great sagacity, and in the light of practical experience. The report and recommendations of the Commission of which Mr. EVARTS was chairman, which were also the result of most intelligent deliberation, drew public attention to the subject, and instructed the public mind upon the peculiar perils of municipal government. The plan to make the tax-payers a constituency to control the finances was not favored, and the whole scheme failed of adoption, but the work of the Commission was by no means lost. The new amendments involve no change of municipal constituency for any purpose, but they apply to cities, with important modifications, the general principles of the national and State governments. They are applicable also to every city. They provide for the proper concentration and responsibility of power, and correct the loose and vague system of distribution of authority by which real responsibility is destroyed. Thus the Mayor is to appoint, with the consent of the Council, the heads of all administrative departments, and he may remove them upon filing a statement of reasons with the Clerk of the Council, filling vacancies in the same way as original appointments, and all his appointments are to expire with his own term. The heads of departments are to have similar powers over their subordinates, although the terms of their subordinates, we presume, would not expire by the removal of the head.

The city government is to have exclusive power to levy taxes and to regulate local expenditures, and no money is to be paid from the city treasury except in pursuance of an appropriation by the Council, except money received for State taxes. The Mayor is to have a veto, which the Council may overcome as the Legislature annuls the Executive veto, except in case of contracts, for debt, levying taxes, fixing salaries, and appropriating money. Cities are forbidden to incur an aggregate indebtedness beyond ten per cent. of the aggregate assessed valuation of taxable property, and rigid restrictions are laid upon contracting debt. The local taxes are not to exceed one and a half per cent. of the assessed valuation, but the Legislature in time of great public calamity may authorize additional and exceptional taxation. These are simple and excellent and practicable suggestions. They contemplate the two objects which experience has shown to be indispensable in municipal systems—the concentration, that we have mentioned, of power and responsibility, and stringent safeguards against reckless extravagance. These are purposes which all intelligent citizens have at heart, and provisions which secure more of them should have the hearty support of all such citizens.

Propositions of this kind must be judged always in a great degree by those from whom they emanate. When the TWEED Ring submitted the city charter, it could not have been doubted for a moment that however fair its appearance, it was the work of corrupt schemers, and provided a system which they were to administer. Coming from them, it should have been understood that it was a scheme of robbery made easy. Every project of the kind must be closely scrutinized in this way, and none could bear such a scrutiny more satisfactorily than that of which we speak. No suspicion of illicit purpose can possibly attach to it. It was submitted to the North-side Association by the chairman of its Law Committee, the Hon. GEORGE H. FORSTER, and the association adopted it and urged its passage by the Legislature. It is an amendment to the Constitution, a general law for all cities, not a special charter. It gives the Mayor great power, but not more than the Chief Magistrate of a city ought to have, and it is framed upon a tried and familiar model with such modifications as wise experience has suggested. It would be a great triumph for this overwhelmingly Republican Legislature to provide a satisfactory apportionment and a rigorous and equitable system of municipal government. Advantages are gained for a party not by palpable tricks like the Chinese Bill to Congress, but by efficient measures for promoting the public welfare. "The public" is not a fool. The quiet citizen who merely votes intelligently, and is not known as a politician, estimates very shrewdly the difference between patriotic regard for the public welfare and trimming and balancing for a partisan purpose.

LITTLE ABUSES.

THE late disclosures in regard to the supply of all kinds of articles to members of Congress under the head of contingent expenses is ludicrous and humiliating. There is a notorious relaxation of principle upon contact with the public money, and that "every body does so," and "it has always been so," and "it is perfectly understood," and "it is a recognized way of eking out the salary," are forms of the excuses and pleas which men who are not dishonest make when they deal with the public treasury. The details, as gathered from the pamphlet of contingent expenses, are remarkable. Eight hundred and thirty-six pocket-books and purses were furnished to members of the House, probably as stationery; one thousand and forty-four knives, including "Champagne knives," appear on the list, and to one gentleman a "set of cutlery," visiting-cards of all kinds, corkscrews, and "cork-holders;" opera-glasses, pocket dictionaries, and various works of economical science; Family Bibles, hymn-books, *Bible for Learners*, and *Bards of the Bible; Songs of the Sanctuary* and one backgammon board; HOMER's Iliad; *Macaulay's Life; Baby Opera;* book-cases and travelling-bags; a fan, nail-brush, and cigar-case; and, with the rest, repairs of a pocket-book at twenty-five cents. There is nothing like the last since "MARCY's patch."

The publication of such facts and details is called washing dirty linen in public, because it brings the national name into disgrace to have such trivial things bruited through the world. But abuses may be laughed away in the beginning which, when suffered to grow, can be corrected only painfully and at great cost. It is the habit of concealing little public evils which fosters great public wrongs, and one of the main safeguards of a republican popular system is that it throws impurities to the surface. The indisposition to acquiesce in small outrages and swindles and abuses, the willingness to write a letter to the newspaper when things go wrong in the train or in the street, is the sign of a public spirit which takes care of the commonwealth, reduces the taxes, and raises the character of public officers. Light is the best police. "Turn on the light" is the motto of wise practical statesmanship. A great deal of the light turned on will perhaps show only that the alarm was false. But it is obscurity that makes things seem to be large, and it is in the dark that knavery burrows.

There is no knavery in the ridiculous details of the contingent expenses. The honorable gentlemen bagging their cork-holders and backgammon boards, their Iliads and travelling-bags, have no fell intention. It is mere acquiescence in a venerable abuse. But the money that buys a member of Congress an opera-glass is not his money; it is raised by public taxation; and if, as he rattles the dice and throws victorious doublets, he should reflect by what right he is possessed of his backgammon board gratis, it would be as puzzling a question to him as a point of constitutional law. It would be an excellent public service if every local paper should publish the acquisitions of its members of Congress under the head of contingent expenses. They are but sprouting and tender abuses, but those who can not see small wrongs are apt to be blind to larger wrongs, unless they hold with MIRABEAU that little moralities interfere with great conduct. It is in this view that the proposition of Mr. SKINNER in the New York Assembly to abolish useless offices and to prevent the constant small waste of the public money is a genuine public service; and the responsibility of defeat will rest wholly with the majority.

A HALF HOUR IN AFGHANISTAN.

MAJOR A. G. CONSTABLE, "an old Bengal gunner," has contributed a very entertaining and instructive chapter to our knowledge of Afghanistan in a number of the "Half-hour Series" just issued. The basis of his little work is a lecture recently delivered with great approbation before the American Geographical Society, and his story is that of an eye-witness. The author has served in India and in the British army of invasion of Afghanistan in the day of DOST MOHAMMED, the father of the Ameer SHERE ALI. He gives a free-handed sketch of the country, its people, and its politics, with a clear and plain statement of the grounds of the present British policy, which the old Bengal gunner cordially approves. The little book is full of information most pleasantly conveyed—the story of an old soldier, warm and genial, such as he might tell in camp by the fire and over the pipe—and it will serve as an admirable manual for those who are too busy to undertake an exploration of all the details of the question, but who wish to have a general and distinct conception of the country and the situation.

PERSONAL.

LADY ANNE BLUNT'S *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*, just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is one of the most remarkable, dashing, and entertaining books of travel ever written by a lady. Lady BLUNT is the granddaughter of Lord BYRON. The ground over which she and her husband journeyed has scarcely been written about, and is therefore perfectly fresh to the reader. Here is a piquant little scene in Bagdad, the likes of which we have never before encountered: "AHMET AGA, the Nawab, received us on the roof of his house, which is used as a sort of anteroom, and to which one ascends by an outer staircase, and then conducted us with much ceremony to a drawing-room on the same level. Here we found two little boys, his sons, who seemed to be eleven and twelve years old, though we have been told that they are really older, dressed in tight-waisted frock-coats, and wearing gold-embroidered caps on their heads and polished boots on their feet. They looked very shy, but had good manners. These children, it presently appeared, were married about a month ago to two little girls still younger than themselves, cousins of their own, and great heiresses. They presently came in, shyer even than their little husbands, and, one would have supposed, only old enough to be just out of the nursery, although really ten and thirteen years old. They were dressed alike, in long green dresses brocaded with gold, with gold belts, gold earrings, tiaras of moderately good diamonds, and new nose rings."

—The many friends of JOHN G. SAXE scattered throughout the land will learn with regret that the distinguished poet and genial gentleman is confined to his room in his house at Brooklyn from chronic melancholia, superinduced by illness in his own case and among members of his family. Mr. SAXE was fortunate enough to go early into the lecture field, where his brilliant and witty productions won prompt popularity, and insured for him a handsome competence. In addition to this he has been one of the most successful of American authors, over eighty editions of his poems having been published. Like several other of our most distinguished poets, Mr. SAXE is shrewd in business matters, and has amassed enough of this world's goods to give him an ample income. For several years past he has lived a life of lettered ease in his fine house in Brooklyn.

—Of the rising generation of American artists, no one has given brighter promise of great achievements than Mr. E. A. ABBEY, whose picture in the water-color gallery of the Paris Exhibition was the only work of the kind sent from this side of the Atlantic that attracted the notice and commendation of Parisian art critics. Mr. ABBEY is at present residing in London, in a pleasant art colony, where he enjoys the society of BOUGHTON, ALMA TADEMA, and many other well-known painters. He is busily engaged in work, making studies of English life, landscape, architecture, antiquities, etc., and collecting a great variety of picturesque material which will adorn the pages of future numbers of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. ABBEY'S reception in England has been most cordial and gratifying. The reputation of his work had preceded him; but, aside from this, his frank genial manners, his ingenuous modesty and open heartedness, his culture and gentlemanly qualities, were an open sesame to the London world of art and letters. Mr. ABBEY will remain some time abroad, and the readers of *Harper's Magazine* will soon have the pleasure of seeing in that periodical the first-fruits of his artistic rambles in the old country. The number for May will contain an interesting paper on Stratford-upon-Avon, written by Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, and richly illustrated with engravings from drawings by Mr. ABBEY, and from recent photographs.

—Of the Hon. HAMILTON FISH the following is related by "Gath," in a letter to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*. Mr. FISH said: "I owed my first election to Congress, which was the cause in part of my subsequent good fortune, to a habit I had of settling disputes between neighbors without recourse to law. I went to a school kept by the grandfather of General BADEAU, our consul to London. In the neighborhood were many wealthy ship-carpenters, whose sons were my companions. After I was admitted to the bar most of those boys grew up, and came to me with their suits. In five cases out of six I compromised them. I said to the litigious spirit, 'You don't want to be spending your money on courts and lawyers. See your enemy, and settle your difference. Come to my office, and I will have you meet him.' In almost all such cases the opponents became my friends, and I was elected by five hundred majority in a district invariably Democratic by nearly a thousand."

—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* will be delighted to learn that, in addition to the literary and artistic treasures which make each successive number of that periodical more attractive than the last, two serial novels are soon to be begun: "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," by WILLIAM BLACK, and "Mary Anerly," by R. D. BLACKMORE. The conjunction of these brilliant luminaries is significant; for of the recent school of fiction—developed since the death of DICKENS and THACKERAY—each of these novelists in his own field holds easily the first place. The new novel by BLACK will not be a tragedy, like "Macleod of Dare," but a bright summer romance. BLACKMORE'S new story, we are assured, will not disappoint even the most enthusiastic admirers of the author of "Lorna Doone"—the greatest romance since WALTER SCOTT'S day. These two new novels placed thus side by side will doubtless provoke comparison, but those who prefer "Mary Anerly" will insist that it is not that they love BLACK less, but BLACKMORE!

—The Austrian ambassador at Paris, the Count von Beust, is a musician and composer of merit as well as a diplomatist. He recently performed on the piano, at a musical soirée, a waltz entitled the "Retour des Indes," in commemoration of the journey of the Prince of Wales to his Eastern possessions.

—Governor WASHBURN has given and the Wisconsin Legislature has accepted a fine estate in Dane County, near Madison, known as "Edgewood Farm," to be used as a school for indigent boys.

—Reading lately CHARLES MACKAY'S *Forty Years' Recollections*, this paragraph concerning the "personal" habits of literary men struck us as worth quoting, because true. Mr. MACKAY asked WORDSWORTH if there was any truth in the current report of the time that SOUTHEY had died literally of overwork. "There is no truth in it," said WORDSWORTH. "He was a calm and methodical worker, and calm, *steady work never kills*. It is only worry and hurry that kill. SOUTHEY wrote a great deal, but he wrote easily and pleasantly to himself. Besides, only those who have tried know what an immense deal of literary work can be got through comfortably by a man who will work regularly for only four, or even for three, hours a day. Take the case of Sir WALTER SCOTT, for instance. What an immensity of work he got through! and yet he was always idle at one o'clock in the afternoon, and ready for any amusement. SCOTT died of pecuniary trouble, not of work."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 20th ult., passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill, including the Brazilian subsidy clause. The House decided the Florida contested election case by unseating the Republican member, Mr. Bisbee, and substituting his Democratic opponent, Mr. Finley.—On the 22d, Hon. Zachariah Chandler, the newly elected Senator from Michigan, was sworn in. The Senate struck out of the Army Bill the reorganization section and the clause forbidding the use of soldiers at the polls. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Chinese Immigration Bill, and tabled the bill for the repeal of the third section of the Resumption Act as amended by the Senate.—On the 24th, the Senate adopted the Butler clause of the Army Appropriation Bill, allowing railroads to operate their telegraph lines for commercial purposes. The House rejected several of the amendments to the Internal Revenue Bill, and ordered a conference committee. The rules were suspended, and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, amounting to $18,[illegible], was passed.—The Senate, on the 25th, passed the Yellow Fever Bill, and refused to consider the claim of Mr. Corbin to the seat occupied by Mr. Butler. The House refused to pass the bill providing for the payment of the pension arrears out of the proceeds of the certificates of deposit. The Legislative Appropriation Bill was passed, with the amendment abolishing Federal supervision of elections. The Republicans abstained from voting on the amendment so as to leave the House without a quorum, but a member from Minnesota voted inadvertently, which made up the quorum. The vote on the passage of the bill was 143 to 117.—On the 26th, the Senate passed the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. The Democrats tried to exclude the section providing for the payment of the United States Deputy Marshals, but it was retained. The House passed the Census Bill, after providing that the enumerators shall be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate.—The Senate, on the 27th, refused to take up the Geneva Award Bill. The House adopted the conference committee's report on the Internal Revenue Bill.

The Ohio Prohibitionists met at Columbus on the 26th ult., and nominated G. T. Stewart for Governor, and J. W. Sharp for Lieutenant-Governor.

A reckless engineer exploded a boiler in Stockton, California, on the 23d ult., and sixteen persons were killed and twenty-six injured.

A roving band of Indian marauders who had committed grave depredations in the Lower Weiser country were pursued by the settlers, surprised in camp, and thirty-six of them were killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Government Amnesty Bill was adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies on the 21st ult., by a vote of 345 to 99. M. Louis Blanc's proposal for a plenary amnesty was rejected by 363 to 105.

The German Reichstag, on the 22d ult., approved the Austro-German Treaty of Commerce, and on the 24th approved the International Postal Treaty relative to registered letters.

The Sanitary Department of the German government has received information confirming the statement that the plague has ceased in Astrakhan.

The British House of Commons, on the 27th ult., voted a supplementary credit of £1,500,000 for the Transvaal and Zulu wars.

The British ship *Adriatic* stranded near Dunkirk, on the 16th ult., on the passage from Pabellon de Pica. Forty-two persons were drowned.

An avalanche near Marburg recently killed twenty-one persons and destroyed nine houses.

The King of Burmah has murdered all the royal princes and their families, numbering eighty-six, and removed the new ministers, replacing the old ones, and restoring the former despotic government.

THE MARTHA WASHINGTON RECEPTION, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK—TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

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ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER BY RAIL, AT BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.—[From a Photograph by F. J. Haynes.—See Page 207.]

A BARBER'S SHOP AT STANDING ROCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY—AN INDIAN CHIEF HAVING HIS HAIR DRESSED.—[Drawn by William A. Rogers.]

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ROSE LEGENDS.

In the neighborhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley, which still bears the name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and where, according to a Mohammedan myth, a compact was made between the Wise Men and the genii of the Morning Land, which was writ not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water upon the petals of white roses. In Paris, in the sixteenth century, an edict was issued requiring all Jews to wear a rose on their breasts as a distinguishing mark. In the Catholic Tyrol betrothed maidens are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state.

Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation—their entrance into the world; and when, at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift in the shape of a rose garland is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At Mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honor.

Many orders, fraternities, and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections—the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosière," by which in certain localities a money gift and a crown of roses are bestowed on the most devout and industrious maiden.

THE PLAGUE IN THE EAST.

The East, that once gave knowledge and the arts to Europe, seems now to pour not only plague, pestilence, and war. There is a sad fatality resting upon its decayed civilization. England and Russia struggle blindly for its fallen provinces; the black sepoy is arrayed against the hill tribes and the Afghans. Meantime the East revenges itself on its conquerors, and sends its pestilence to the West to punish the last destroyers of its people. It has always been so in history; an Eastern invasion has always been followed by a period of plague and death. Already the pestilence has made its way to Europe, and threatens Moscow, and already Germany and Austria draw a close cordon of quarantine against the Russian territory, and hope, perhaps in vain, to exclude the fatal Eastern gift from the populous cities of the Danube and the Rhine. Yet it is the peculiar good fortune of the modern age that it has escaped in a great measure from the epidemics that once preyed upon Europe. The last century has been a singularly healthy one. Except two or three outbreaks of cholera, it has known no general mortality. The yellow fever of the South has been limited to a narrow region. Life has been extended by science, made more secure by the progress of sanitary regulations, by personal care, and the introduction to cities of aqueducts and sewers. The contrast is remarkable between the innumerable plagues of the Middle Ages, or even of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the comparative immunity of the nineteenth. In the age of Milton the Oriental plague still ravaged Europe, desolated Florence, Paris, London, penetrated to the remote English villages and the Scandinavian hamlets. Its recurrence was constantly looked for even in cleanly, industrious Holland. It seemed always to slumber in the narrow, crowded lanes of the European capitals. Paris and London in 1600 resembled Constantinople and Cairo in their exposure to the dreadful pestilence.

As we pass back in history the woes of mankind seem to increase steadily, and human life hangs by a feebler thread. One reads with dismay of the countless disorders—foul, fierce, deadly—that ravaged incessantly the cities of Europe. It was the gross habits of the people, we are told by the chroniclers, their drunkenness, revelries, the filthy houses, untended castles, the cities shut in by high walls that exclude the air, the crowded streets, the poverty, vice, shame, ignorance, barbarism, that invited disease, and it rained down in endless tortures. One of the strangest of them was the sweating sickness. All England was merry with the defeat of Richard III. in 1485, the triumph of Henry, the hope of a lasting union of York and Lancaster. The army moved on from Bosworth Field toward London covered with glory. No thought of the coming plague alarmed the people. The citizens of the loyal capital prepared to meet their king with proud acclamations, and crown him at Westminster with unexampled pomp, when suddenly the pestilence descended. It appeared in the army at Milford Haven, in Wales, broke out in the capital, and covered London with the horrors of a disaster worse than sack or siege. The air was foul and fetid. Men dropped dead in the streets, or were scarcely able to drag themselves home to die. The rich, the humble, fell by the merciless tormentor. The city rang with the groans of the dying. Two lord mayors and six aldermen died within one week. The strong, the sick, fell together. "Scarcely one amongst a hundred that sickened did escape with life," says Holinshed. The coronation was forgotten amidst the miseries of the people. The victorious army perished in the moment of its glory. It is said that all over Europe about this period violent diseases raged. Italy was ravaged by the plague; Germany filled with malignant epidemics; France, in 1482, swept by a fatal fever. Louis XI., the cruel tyrant, hid in his tower from the infection, and ordered his forty cross-bowmen to shoot down any living thing—man or beast—that came near the castle. The face of nature seemed disturbed. Heavy rains fell over England, vast flights of locusts covered Southern Europe, the harvests failed in France, the poor fed on herbs, an eclipse of the sun in 1485 filled men's minds with gloom, and the vile army of Richmond, made up of wandering freebooters, brought with them the elements of disease. The sweating-sickness came again to England in 1500. In 1517, when Henry VIII. was wasting in prodigal luxury the ill-gotten gains of his father, the people perished—a shivering fit, a brief struggle, and death was certain. Sir Thomas More tells the story of one of his friends, a learned scholar, who boasted of his own security from the plague, but died of it in two or three hours afterward.

About this time happened the complete destruction of the French army before Naples. Francis I. had sent his nobles, his chivalry, and thirty thousand men, the flower of his troops, into Italy; the Imperialists fled before them. They sat down before Naples, and besieged the hopeless capital. It seemed certain to fall. The citizens were starving; the aqueducts were turned off; no help was near. But Naples was saved by the folly of man, the rage of heaven. The waters of the aqueduct, spread over the lowlands, filled them with malaria. Soon the soldiers sickened; the pestilence rose to a sudden violence. Within seven weeks the fine French army sank into despair and death, and only a few thousand pallid, helpless soldiers followed the standard of their general. They fled; the enemy pursued and captured them. The memory of the horrible pestilence is preserved by the French and Italian historians in language borrowed from Thucydides.

As we pass still farther back in history, the violence of disease, the helplessness of man, increase. Every city, every village, every region of the earth, was filled with constant contagion. The Black Death in 1348 was preceded by a general pestilence. In the island of Cyprus the common plague broke out; an earthquake shook the hapless land, the sea burst in upon it. Scarcely any of its inhabitants were left alive. The Black Death began, it is said, in China. It was preceded by floods and storms, drought, famine, earthquakes, terror; four millions of people perished of famine near Kiang; the seasons were distorted, the air infected. But the ravages of war, famine, want, were as nothing compared to the all-reaching malignity of the mighty plague. In China it was estimated that more than thirteen millions died—an exaggeration that marks the reign of unexampled terror. The plague passed into India, and nearly depopulated it. On the highlands of Central Asia, in Tartary, in Armenia the land was covered with dead bodies, the wild wastes were sown with death. It reached Syria; Cyprus was again almost a desert. Ships without crews floated on the Mediterranean, and no one came near them, or afterward ships floated on the North Sea, and carried the pestilence with them. At length, in 1347-48, the plague approached the cities of Europe, passing from China with the caravans along the shores of the Caspian, or from India to Bagdad, Egypt, and Constantinople. Early in 1347 it reached Sicily, Marseilles; in January, 1348, it appeared at Avignon, at Florence in April, in England in August. Its course was erratic, and Russia escaped until 1351 the terrors that had fallen upon Constantinople three years before.

It was upon the cities of Europe, the crowded centres of all the abuses of barbarism, that the plague inflicted its necessary penalties. The record of their losses throws into insignificance all that is told of any modern disease. In Florence 60,000 died; in Venice, 100,000; in Paris, 50,000; Avignon, 60,000; London, 100,000. Nearly every other European city lost in a similar or larger proportion; many were left without a single inhabitant. Wealthy men thronged with their gold to the monasteries for protection, but the monks closed their gates against their offerings. At Avignon the Pope consecrated the river Rhone as a burial-place. In Denmark and Norway navigation ceased. It is computed that 25,000,000 of the inhabitants of Europe died of the Black Plague. In the midst of the universal woe a wild religious excitement arose: the Flagellants wandered through the cities, their eyes fixed on the ground, their garments black, a red cross on their breast; scourges knotted with iron points were borne before them, and with these they tore their flesh, amidst sighs and tears, covering themselves with bleeding wounds. From city to city, through woods and wilds, in the severest winter, the blighting heat, the strange procession of men, women, children, marched onward, chanting a sad hymn, a mad wail of despair. A victim was required, and the unhappy Jews, industrious, intelligent, wealthy, fell under the suspicion of the fanatics. They were accused of poisoning the wells, of infecting the air, of magic and sorcery. The Christians resolved to destroy them; the noble and the mean formed a league for their extirpation. All Europe rang with the horrible persecution of the Jews. At Strasburg 2000 were burned alive in their own burial-ground; a few escaped the flames, and were murdered in the streets; 12,000 were put to death at Mayence.

From such horrors the progress of five centuries has delivered us. Fanaticism has nearly perished, disease and death have receded before the rise of knowledge. It is well sometimes to look back upon the past, to see from what we have escaped; what science, education, labor, have done for us; how the brittle thread of life has been strengthened, and the comfort of millions assured. It is not possible to estimate too highly the value of sanitary progress. Cities that were once the constant abodes of pestilence and fever have been made almost as healthful as the breezy uplands of the country. London, once the seat of perpetual plague, has become remarkable for its low death rate, its pure air. Paris stands not far below it. In most European cities the conditions that once invited the Eastern pestilence no longer exist; and if it come to them at all, it will appear in a milder form than when castle and cottage united in defying the laws of health. The sternest pessimist can not refute the proofs of sanitary advance. But the progress of the past teaches us how valuable may be the results of the future, how carefully nations, communities, cities, should study the rules that guard and cherish human life. They should be taught in the common school, the college, become the first aim of governments and officials. A government that devotes itself to the care of life and health will necessarily become the most popular of all. Our New World cities, in the pride of youth, have too often neglected to provide for the requirements of sanitary progress, and the plague in the East may warn them of their indiscretion and their peril. Eugene Lawrence.

A HISTORIC TABLEAU.

The Martha Washington Reception, which has now become a delightful feature of social life in New York, taking place annually on or about the 22d of February, was this year made peculiarly attractive by the introduction of a great historical tableau representing the inauguration of Washington as the first President of our republic. This most important event, our readers will remember, took place in the city of New York on the 30th of April, 1789. Congress having determined that a suitable ceremony should be observed on Washington's taking the oath of office, a day was fixed upon, and services were held in all the churches of the city at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after noon the committees of Congress and the heads of departments waited upon Washington, and a grand procession was formed, the military in advance, the committees next, and then the President in a coach alone, followed by various civil officers and citizens. Having arrived at Federal Hall, he ascended to the Senate-chamber, and passed thence to the balcony in front, where the oath of office was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston.

The occasion is cited as one of the most impressive scenes in the brief history of our country. Washington, reverently appealing to Heaven, said, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," adding, as he kissed the sacred volume, "So help me God." The Chancellor then turned to the people and exclaimed, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." No sooner were the last words uttered than the spectators took up the cry, and the air was filled with acclamations which nearly drowned the roar of the cannon. Benson J. Lossing, in his *Field-Book of the Revolution*, in speaking of the scene, says, "That was the crowning act of the Revolution; then constitutional republicanism, pure and vigorous and abiding, was first inaugurated upon earth."

In preparing for the reception, which this year took place in the Academy of Music on the evening of the 20th of February, the ladies and gentlemen to whom the arrangements were intrusted spared neither labor nor expense to produce a most brilliant patriotic display. The decorations were magnificent, and the drop-curtain, which in the early part of the evening hid the stage, where preparations for the tableau were being made, was in itself a work of art. At the top and sides it was decorated with a specially painted piece of drapery. Two large bronze medallions of General and Mrs. Washington hung by cords from a bar on which was perched an eagle. Around them was a wreath of olive leaves. At one side was a picture of Mount Vernon, and at the other a representation of the tomb of the Father of his Country. Out from these hung the national colors, gracefully festooned. There was also the usual floral display throughout the building. Two bushes laden with crimson camellias flanked the principal entrance to the dancing platform, and immense vases filled with cut flowers and intertwined with evergreens stood at the side entrances.

The rising of the curtain was an event watched for with some anxiety by those who had gathered to take part in the festivities of the evening, for, owing to the difficulty of posing so large a number of performers, there was considerable delay before the tableau was ready for exhibition. Finally, however, at twenty minutes before eleven, the music of the "President's March," better known as "Hail, Columbia," was heard, and the curtain rose slowly, revealing the beautiful scene depicted in our engraving on page 204. The stage presented a remarkably realistic appearance. In the background, facing the spectators, was an excellent representation of the old New York City Hall, afterward called Federal Hall. This was a substantial-looking stone building, with a recess and balcony, fronted by an old-fashioned iron railing, and supported by Greek pillars in the centre. The decorations were literal transcripts of those which ornamented the old hall. On the left of the square was a scenic counterpart of the old Verplanck mansion—an eminently substantial and respectable building in red brick, two stories high, with narrow stone trimmings. On the other side of the stage humbler mansions stood, from whose windows Norwegian peasants waved their pocket-handkerchiefs. On the portico of one of these mansions sat a young lady clad in blue, languidly watching the proceedings. In the square before the hall were grouped the military and citizens, among whom was "Black Sally," represented by Mary Wilson. The windows of Federal Hall and the windows and doorways of the adjoining houses were filled with spectators.

In the centre of the scene, on the open gallery of Federal Hall, stood General Washington, surrounded by men whose names are famous in history. Our first President was personated by Mr Thorpe—a venerable and distinguished-looking gentleman from Boston, whose likeness to the original was remarked by every one. He was dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth, white silk stockings, and wore silver buckles on his shoes; a gray wig, tied with a black ribbon, adorned his head. The very Bible on which Washington swore his inaugural oath reposed on a crimson cushion before him, and the oath was administered by Robert Livingston—not the same gentleman of that name who administered it ninety years ago, but a direct descendant. The crimson cushion was held by Samuel A. Otis, Secretary of State, represented by Mr Cogswell, of the same family. Near him stood John Adams, Vice-President (Mr Crane). Lady Washington, as she is most frequently called, was personated by Mrs. Francis Meagher, whose appearance fully justified the management in having called upon her to fill such a prominent position.

The oath of office having been administered to General Washington, the curtain fell, but only to be rung up again, showing the same figures in different attitudes. Again it descended, and from behind it came the sound of fifes, the roll of drums, and the noise of the tramping of men. A third time it went up. The soldiers who had vanished appeared again from the side. In the original scene of which this was the mimic representation, after the oath was administered, the new President and suite withdrew to the Senate-chamber, where an inaugural address was delivered. On the occasion in question the procession marched round the dancing floor, making an interesting spectacle. First came a troop of horse, dismounted, in the uniform of Lee's Partisan Legion, then came the German Grenadiers, then the New York Grenadiers, then the Scotch Infantry, and then the Continentals. The Marshal and officers, a committee of Masons carrying the old Bible, General Washington and suite, and the Sheriff and citizens, brought up the rear. When they had resumed their old positions in front of Federal Hall, the curtain again descended.

After the procession there followed another novel and beautiful feature of the evening's entertainment. The curtain rose for the fourth time, and a party of dancers dressed in Norwegian costume took possession of the floor. There were in all twenty-five couples, who, after promenading round the floor, formed three double sets, and began what was called on the programme "a dance of the olden time." The first part was about the same thing as the familiar Lancers, but soon the figures became more complicated. The men kneeled on the floor and clapped their hands, while the ladies crossed hands and danced down between them. Then they reversed, the ladies taking to their knees and the gentlemen dancing over their heads. The costumes were brilliant, after the manner of peasant costumes, and the effect was heightened by the many colored lights thrown upon them. The artistic use of calcium-lights had also done much to heighten the effect of the tableau.

When this dance was concluded the ball was opened, and the floor was soon filled, gentlemen in knee-breeches dancing in the same set with gentlemen in swallow-tail coats, and ladies with powdered hair and patches side by side with the latest Paris importation. Altogether the occasion was a most successful one, although the attendance was not so large as could have been desired, considering that the proceeds of the entertainment were designed to replenish the exchequer of St. John's Guild, one of the most enterprising and useful charitable associations in our city.

AMERICAN FISH-CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Fish-cultural Association took place on the 25th and 26th of February at the Fulton Street Wholesale Fish Market. This association, which at its commencement was only intended as a method of protection for trout-raising, has by degrees wonderfully increased in membership, influence, and scope of subjects treated, until to-day it is one of the leading societies in the country. There is but one association in Europe which resembles it, and that is the Deutscher Fischerei Verein. Last year, in order to embrace a greater variety of topics relating to fish, the title of the association was changed from Fish-culturists to Fish-cultural.

At the two days' meeting, subjects of great interest were discussed. One of the most remarkable was a paper read by the President, Robert B. Roosevelt, on the reproduction of eels. Though the female of the eel has been found with eggs fairly developed, the male eel with his milt has not yet been discovered. It is not yet perfectly clear whether the reproduction of eels follows the same line as that of other fish. Mr E. G. Blackford read a paper on white-bait. Some objections were possible in regard to catching these small fish, because it was thought that white-bait were small shad. Professor Baird, on examining the white-bait caught at Gravesend Bay, Long Island, declared that they were the young of the *Pomolobus pseudoharengus* and the *P. mediocris*—species of herring identical with the English white-bait. Mr. Blackford proved that white-bait could only be caught in certain months, when the shad had not yet deposited their eggs. As protection of fish and crustaceans enters into the topics presented to the meeting, Mr S. Johnson read a paper on lobsters. Some 15,000 tons of lobsters are caught annually on the New England coast, but the demand now surpasses the supply. Lobsters of all sizes are caught, and statistics show that the lobsters are diminishing in size. The association proposed framing a law, to be enforced all along the coast, fixing a limit to the

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size of the lobsters which would be marketable, considering that lobsters under 10½ inches should not be caught. Among numerous papers read were the following: on "Aquaria," by Fred Mather; on "Choice of Fish for Various Localities," by Seth Green; on "Trout Culture," by Mr J. Annin, Jun.; on "Prehistoric Fishing and Fishing Implements," by B. Phillips, and on the "Enemies of Trout," by Mr H. D. M'Govern. The association will meet next year to the close of March. The officers of the association are R. B. Roosevelt, New York State Fish Commissioner, President; G. Sheppard Page, Vice-President; B. Phillips, Corresponding Secretary; J. Annin, Jun., Recording Secretary; E. G. Blackford, Treasurer.

ACROSS THE MISSOURI BY RAIL.

On the 12th of February the first locomotive and train of the Northern Pacific crossed over the Missouri River west from Bismarck. Our sketch on page 205 faithfully outlines the cold wintry job. The thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and the ice bridge spanning the "Big Muddy" from thirty-six to forty-two inches thick. The iron rails were placed upon twelve-foot ties, twelve inches wide, with three-feet centres, and resting directly upon the ice. Chief Engineer Rosser tested the ice by loading fifty tons of earth upon a space twenty feet square. The ice gave way during the night, the earth cutting out a piece exactly conforming to the line of the base of the pile. General Rosser accepted this evidence of the strength of the ice as satisfactory, and, contrary to all precedent in railroad building in the United States, constructed his track upon the frozen surface of the river. The track is perfectly level, and the rails are thirty feet long. Trains are not permitted to remain standing upon the track. The motion of the train is favorable to the experiment, which may be regarded as an engineering success.

The Northern Pacific is in course of construction one hundred miles west from Bismarck, and the engineers are using this method of transporting the materials across the river before the ice breaks up.

ABOUT BATS.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform, and to the climates in which they are located. Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two to a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebræ. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to the membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Every thing in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfill their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ, or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or, we might say, in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

Only one species, chiefly inhabiting the dense forests of South America, and designated the vampire-bat, is known to have a taste for blood. This appetite, like that of the gadfly, is demonstrated principally in settling on the shoulders and flanks of quadrupeds, and with their teeth inflicting wounds that are apt to be troublesome. In the absence of animals to be attacked, natives sleeping in the open air are said occasionally to suffer from incisions in their feet or toes. Waterton, in his South American rambles, was exceedingly anxious to be bitten by the vampire-bats, and slung his hammock in an open loft for the purpose, without effect. The bats that fluttered about all night declined to meddle with him, but a native Indian lying near at hand suffered by the abstraction of blood from his toes. Fowls were likewise attacked, and an unfortunate donkey came in for a large share of attention. Vampire-bats, wherever found, are provided with sharp-pointed incisors, so arranged as to make a triple puncture like that of a leech, and as in the case of leeches, these bats might possibly be rendered medically available as phlebotomists. Their habits appear to have originated the Eastern superstition of the vampire—a troubled spirit that with carnivorous appetites preyed on living beings by sucking their blood during sleep, and which, under the name of ghoul, figures in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the designation vampire, given to the poor bats, was derived from the vampire of legendary superstition. Anyway, the bats are guiltless of the hideous revelries we hear of in the old legends.

Viewed as strange creatures, neither exactly one thing nor another, bats possess strong characteristics of their own. For one thing, bats do not live gloomily aloof from each other, but form communities in which, we may suppose, they derive much mutual comfort. Some species are more gregarious than others; but on the whole they indulge in the pleasure of living together in places away from other animals. They are to be found in garrets, church spires, and caverns, where during winter they can socially suspend themselves by their claws to rafters or to the clefts of rocks. If the place be particularly suitable for their hibernating habits, they may be seen hanging in myriads with their heads downward, yet not so dormant as they seem, for upon any noisy intrusion they will burst away like a cloud overhead.

Besides being companionable in their seclusion, bats may challenge any living creatures for the care of their young. They show immense parental solicitude. The female carries her infant bats about with her, covering them the best way she can in her cloak-like wings, and from time to time resting to suckle them. On these occasions the papa bat lends a helping hand. He watches over the mother and her charge, tending them assiduously, and nestling close to them to impart warmth and protection. In some respects, therefore, the good conduct of bats might afford a lesson to beings of much higher pretension. Facts like these, acting on the higher emotions, should materially qualify the ordinary ideas about bats. From their retiring and crepuscular habits, they can hardly be made pets of, like dogs or canaries. Nevertheless, as observed in their aerial flights, they are gentle and amusing; and instead of being pelted, abused, and shot at, they invite our interest, compassion, and gratitude. As auxiliary to certain birds, they are of much service to the agriculturist and gardener by keeping down the numbers of noxious winged insects.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH

Sunday, 16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

The Legislature of Rhode Island has protested against the anti-Chinese bill passed by Congress. William Lloyd Garrison has also spoken a strong word in favor of the Chinaman, Senator Blaine an equally strong word on the other side. There are, in reality, two questions involved in this case; the one touches its substance, the other the method adopted by us. As to the first, it has been shown that in 1878 more Chinese departed from the Pacific coast than arrived there. After thirty years of immigration, there are not many more than one hundred thousand Chinamen in California. Nothing in these results can justify a breach of the solemn obligations of a treaty. There is unquestionably an evil in the fact that the Chinese come as laborers under contract, and not as families. This and any other defect in the working of our treaty with China can be remedied more decently by the usual method of revision. In addition to the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board and the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of New York, the Methodist Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia and the American and Foreign Antislavery Society have requested the President to veto the bill.

The prospect of the passage of the new education law of Belgium is bitterly bewailed by European Catholics. From 1870 to 1877 the Church party controlled the administration of the state; in June, 1877, the liberals carried the elections, and a new ministry was formed, with M. Frère Orban at its head. The old education law made religious instruction compulsory, and gave the clergy the right of visiting and inspecting the schools. The result was that education was controlled by the Catholic priesthood. The new bill forbids the school-masters to teach religion; religious instruction may be given by the local clergy, but this must be done before or after school hours. The clergy have, however, no authority to inspect the schools or to make official complaints against the teachers. The Catholic opponents of the bill lay much stress upon the fact that M. Frère Orban is a leader of the Masons of Belgium.

The debts of Archbishop Purcell's savings-bank have gone far beyond the first estimation of their amount. It is now stated that they will reach four million dollars. The German Catholics of his bishopric have complained that the Irish were favored in the expenditure of this money for diocesan purposes, and are unwilling to do much in supporting the scheme of relief. How was such an enormous debt contracted? is a question which is asked on every side. One opinion is that the archbishop took the people's money at six per cent. annual interest and put it into church buildings, which, of course, paid no revenue. The interest on the deposits, therefore, went on compounding for over twenty years. This, though probably true, appears almost incredible.

The British Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund has reached already £70,000. The general committee invested with the duty of superintending appeals for contributions have resolved to appropriate £10,000 for the establishment of an orphanage. A gentleman of the name of Jevons offers to give £9000 for this purpose. The sum of £8000 will be set apart as a permanent fund, of which the interest will be appropriated to the relief of necessitous local preachers. Aid will also be given to Methodism in Scotland and the Connectional Temperance Committee. The Wesleyans of Ireland have changed their well-known connectional school in Dublin to a college, which will be known as Wesley College. A new building has been erected for its accommodation, at a cost of £14,000. They have also a college at Belfast, with an endowment of £20,000.

The Friends, or Quakers, have one argument in their favor as a distinct people which is in every way to their honor. It is that the average of life among them is greater than that of the rest of the community. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is authority for the statement that elaborate tables prove the expectation of life at the birth of a male Friend to be 45.34 years, "the mean among the general public being 40.36." The average life of Quakers is, however, above this mean value; it has been shown to vary from a little over fifty-one to fifty-eight years. Out of 943 deaths of Quakers occurring during the last thirty years, there were 163 of persons under the age of thirty to death, 224 died between thirty and sixty, 517 between sixty and ninety, and 39 at ninety and over.

The movement for the suppression of the Oneida Community in this State, if suppression is possible, has not begun too soon. Its existence has been long a great scandal. Noyes and his followers have occupied the site on which they now live for thirty years. They have combined business shrewdness with systematic licentiousness. On the 14th of February a meeting was held in the parlors of the University of Syracuse to consider the best means to be adopted for the enforcement of law against the Community. Fifty gentlemen were present, among whom were Bishops Huntington and Peck, Chancellor Haven; Professor Mears, of Hamilton College; the Rev. Drs. Torrey, Holbrook, Fowler, Warren, and Van Slyke. Two resolutions were adopted: (1) That it is the urgent duty of the people of the State to take measures for the suppression of the immoral features of the Oneida Community; (2) that a committee be appointed to whom shall be referred all questions of fact and law relating to the Oneida Community, and of the measures which ought to be adopted, to report at such future meeting as the committee shall call. Bishop Huntington was appointed chairman.

Father Hyacinthe finds already that in France as in Switzerland the Church reformer treads a thorny path. He has written a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, in which he apprises him of the opening of the new Gallican Church in Paris, and "expresses regret that the religious system temporarily triumphant in France obliges the successor of St. Denis to condemn as heretical the doctrines which were long the strength and glory of the French Church." Most judicious friends of Father Hyacinthe will regret that this letter was written. The archbishop has replied briefly, and reminds him that in the view of the Church he is nothing more than an excommunicated person. The Bishop of Ely has written to Dr. Eden, the Primus of Scotland, that advice only, and not help, was pledged by the Lambeth Conference to the Old Catholics and others on the continent of Europe who have renounced the Church of Rome. He maintains that in offering Father Hyacinthe the assistance of the English Church the Primus has gone beyond his powers. This, coming at the moment of the sending of the oratorical letter to the Archbishop of Paris, is very unlucky for the French reformer. It should be stated that the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and the bishop in charge of the mission stations in Europe are both members of the committee of which the Primus of Scotland is the head.

Great concern has been created by the alleged misappropriation of funds of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society (Congregational), charged upon the late treasurer, Mr. Denison. The executive committee of the society, having made a thorough examination, now report that the treasurer has disposed of all the securities of the society, valued at $90,000, without their knowledge. He has substituted for the securities sold others of little or no value. They hope, however, to recover part of the sum of $19,000, which was set apart as a permanent fund.

The meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga in May next will be an event in its history. The Commissioners will pay their own way without taxing the hospitality of the people. This change removes one of the reasons for reduced representation. Although the great hotels will not be opened so early in the season, arrangements are making for the accommodation of all who may attend.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neile, Canon of Ripon, and long a leader of the evangelicals in the Established Church, has suggested much remark upon the altered positions of Church parties in England. Within the Establishment the evangelical party has undoubtedly lost ground, if not in numbers, then in power. The London *Times*, while noting the fact, pays a deserved tribute to the work done by its leaders. "They abolished," says this paper, "the slave-trade, they organized benevolence; they revived religion; they reformed manners; they were the first to take in hand the education of the people. ....Their theology was narrow and austere, but they went to the Bible and to an upright conscience for their rule of faith, and they recked little of the Church and of its authority." This is indeed high praise. The growth of the reaction against evangelicalism, led by Keble and Newman, is one of the most interesting passages of modern ecclesiastical history. It should be stated, however, that the *Record* disputes the assertion of the decline of the evangelicals in the English Church. "The torch kindled by Wesley and Whitefield," it says, "has not passed almost by natural succession into the hands of Keble and Newman." The history of the recent growth of Church parties in England is yet to be written.

The tenement-house system of New York was made the topic of sermons delivered on Sunday, February 23, by Rev. Drs. Marvin R. Vincent and Morgan Dix, Rev. John W. Kramer, and other ministers. Two large meetings were also held on that evening, one in the Madison Square Presbyterian, the other in the Anthon Memorial Protestant Episcopal church. At these gatherings men spoke who have had large experience in dealing with the problems of city life. Charles L. Brace said: "New York has a pre-eminence in youthful criminals. In the Children's Aid Society about fifteen thousand children seek shelter in the lodging-houses in one year. About six thousand are sent to prisons. A boy brought up with such surroundings is a natural criminal, and for a little girl to keep pure under such circumstances is almost impossible." Dr. Elisha Harris, well known from his connection with the Board of Health, gave it as his opinion that of the twenty-four thousand infants born yearly in the tenement houses there was very little chance of the survival of more than one-quarter. Dr. Stephen Smith, formerly a member of the Health Board, put the number of children who die annually in New York at sixteen thousand; the chief causes of disease and death among them he considered to be the foul air and filth amidst which they live. Mr. Alfred T. White, of Brooklyn, exhibited plans of improved houses erected by him; these have outside staircases, and secure privacy for each family. It is to be hoped that some measures of reform may grow out of this revived interest in the housing of half of the people of New York.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A cockney inquired at the post-office the other day for a letter for "Henry Hoggins." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hold letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch. It begins with a ho. Look in the 'ole that's got the hoes."

"There," said the shop-man, pointing to a beautiful épergne—"there's a fine centre-piece." "Cent apiece?" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near—"cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me, if you please, Mr. Smith;" adding, *sotto voce*, "I'd no idea them things was so cheap."

At Ann Arbor one of the students bet the crowd that one of the professors in the law department would treat them. After the money was put up, some one asked, "What will the professor treat on?" "Treatise on international law," was the reply. After which there was an awful silence.

Dr. Johnson remarked, when he heard that a friend of his had married a second time, that it was an instance of the triumph of hope over experience.

The great want of the church just now is a congregation.

All the signers of the Declaration of Independence signed their names with quill pens except one; he signed his Witherspoon.

A man froze the bottom of his feet lately, and as he held them to the stove he remarked, "Two soles with but a single thaw out."

The Portsmouth *Times* tells of a well-known homœopathic physician of that city who has been presented with an eleven-pound-and-a-half girl. Looks as if somebody in that family didn't believe in homœopathic doses.

A contemporary has been asked, "Can a man belong to a brass-band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way. But if he is a member of a brass-band, and is given to practicing on a cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian."

Popular Song in England.—"By, Baby Bunting, Dizzy's gone a-hunting to get a little Afghan skin to wrap the British lion in."

"Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, as he leaned back in his seat at the theatre, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking comedian had produced. "Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion; "it's one of her sister's old ones made over." His jaw dropped into his lap as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose *personnel* his partner had been studying.

Cleanliness is generally regarded as a virtue, but in Germany they call a bath "bad," and even in France they look upon it as a "bain."

Fat Cook (*with conscious blushes, to the lady who wants to engage her*). "As to their bein' no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect as you've been single yourself; and a girl as is rayther showy in figger can't well help 'em comin' about."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she could not stand the electrical franchise.

Thompson says you may talk of your water cures, your movement cures, and your blue-glass cures; but there is nothing like the sinecure, after all.

A Dutch saloonist, when asked why he hung a beer mug in front of his place, replied: "Don't dot Constitution of de United States say, 'Hang out your banners on dose outside walls'? So I puts mine flag on de front wall of mine store."

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the post-office corridor yesterday; "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas-time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella. We had to trade it for a barrel of molasses."

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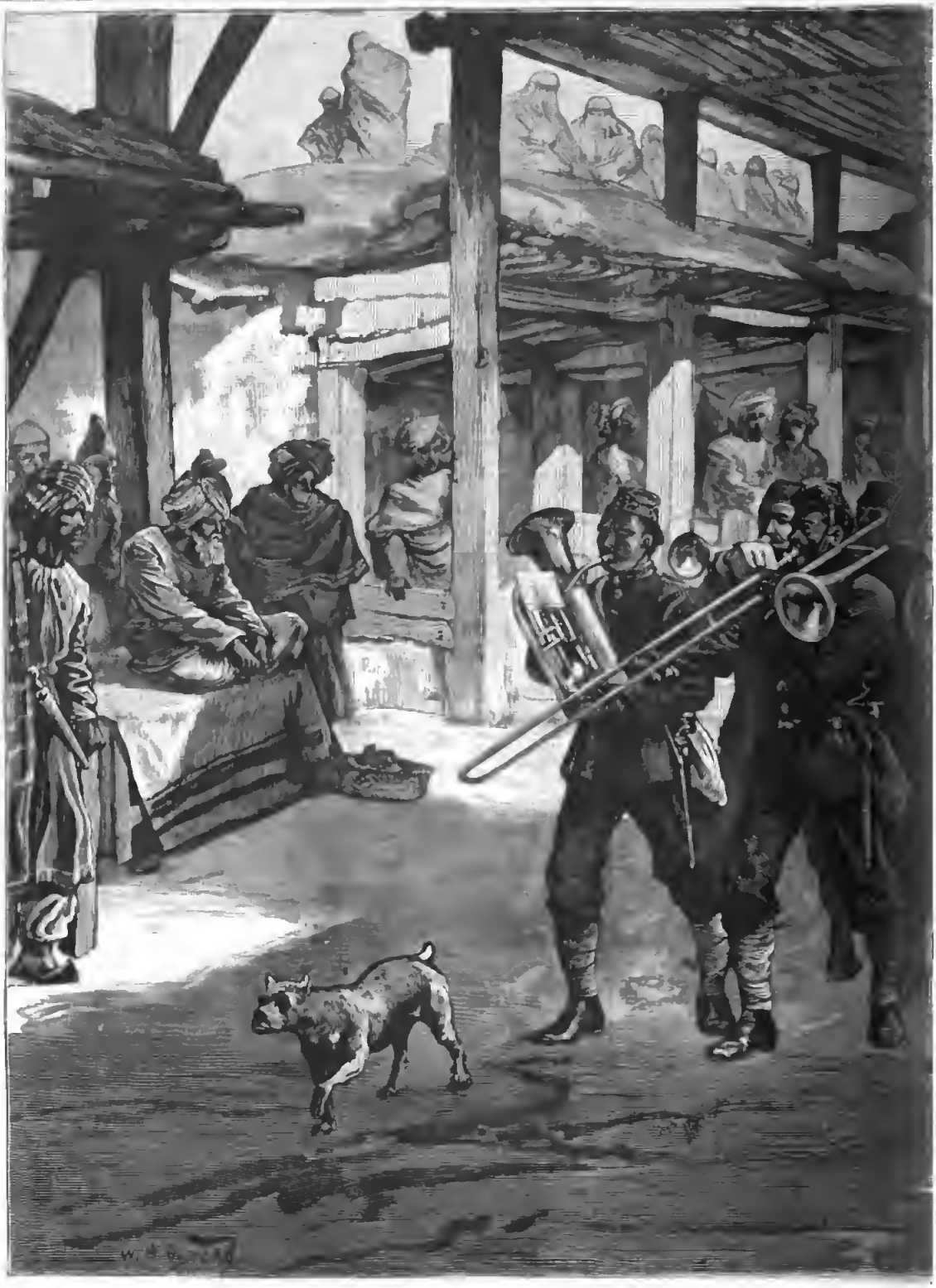
MARCHING THROUGH JELALABAD.

THE entry of Sir SAM'L BROWNE's division of troops into Jelalabad, Afghanistan, at noon of December 20, was made to the following order: The Tenth Hussars and MACPHERSON's battery of Royal Horse Artillery. After that General MACPHERSON entered with his staff, followed by the fourth battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with their band playing the "Old Ninety five." Then followed the Twentieth Sikhs, and the Fourth Goorkhas with their band in action. They had intended to play "Slap bang, here we are again," to indicate that the army were only re-occupying old quarters, but the music had been left behind. The rear was brought up by the Frontier Brigade, under Brigadier-General JAMESON. This contained the guides, Dr LAWRENCE's mule mountain battery, and First Sikhs with their bagpipes playing. After passing out by the Cabool Darwaza, they wheeled to the left, and got round to the camp. Our illustration shows the Fourth Goorkhas marching through the bazar, under command of Colonel TCXTON, who is seen riding next after the band, followed by Major HOWCUNNY and Lieutenant BOTTON, with the artist behind them. Just in front of the regimental band runs the pet dog of the Fourth Goorkhas, a white bull-dog with a stumpy tail, which they call "Bullie." He is a very gentle creature at ordinary times, but as fierce as a Goorkha when roused to anger.



THE AFGHAN WAR—THE FOURTH GOORKHAS

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1127.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGE TO FORTUNE," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"EYE BY DOG SCHEMES AND EYE BY DOG FRETTE."

CAPTAIN CARMICHAEL said no more about Lord Mallow; but Violet had to listen to much plaintive bemoaning from her mother, who could not understand how any well-brought-up young woman could refuse an Irish peer with a fine estate, and the delights of a *trousseau* made by the renowned Theodore. Upon this latter detail Mrs. Carmichael dwelt at more length than upon that minor circumstance to a marriage—the bridegroom.

"It would have been such a pleasure to me to plan your *trousseau*, darling," she said; "such an occupation for my mind in these wretched winter afternoons when there is no possibility of driving or making calls. I should have attended to every thing myself. Theodore's general way is to make a list of what she thinks necessary, allowing her customer to correct it; but I should not have been satisfied with that, even from Theodore, though I admit that her taste is perfect. And then, you know, she is hand in glove with Worth, and that alone is a liberal education, as somebody says somewhere about something. No, dear, I would have done it all myself. I know the exact shades that suit your complexion, the dashes of color that contrast with and light up your hair, the style that sets off your figure. Your *trousseau* should be talked about in society, and even described in the fashion magazines. And then Lord Mallow is really so very nice—and has such a charming baryton—what more can you want?"

"Only to love him, mamma dearest, which I do not, and never shall. That frank loud voice of his does not stir a fibre of my heart. I like him extremely, and so I do Mr Scobel, and Bates the groom. Lord Mallow is no more to me than either of these. Indeed, Bates is much nearer and dearer, for he loved my father."

"My dear Violet, you have the most republican ideas. Imagine any one putting Bates on a level with Lord Mallow?"

"I don't, mamma. I only say he is more to me than Lord Mallow could ever be."

"Your travelling dress," murmured Mrs Carmichael, her mind still dwelling on the *trousseau*; "that affords more scope for taste than the wedding gown. Velvet suits your style, but is too heavy for your age. A soft clinging cashmere, now, one of those delicious neutral tints that have been so fashionable lately, over an underskirt of a warmer color in *peau de soie*, a picturesque costume that would faintly recall Lely's portraits at Hampton Court."

"Dear mamma, what is the use of talking about dresses I am never going to require? Not for all the finery that Theodore ever made would I marry Lord Mallow, or any body else. I am happy enough with you, and my horse, and my dog, and all the dear old things, animal and vegetable, that belong to this dear old place. I shall never leave you or the Forest. Can you not be content to know this, and let me alone?"

"You are a very willful girl, Violet, and ridiculously blind to your own interests," remarked Mrs. Carmichael, throwing herself back in her chair with a fretful look, "and you put me in an absurd position. The duchess quite congratulated me about your brilliant prospects, when we were chatting together on New-Year's Eve. Any body could see how devoted Lord Mallow was, she said, and what a splendid match it would be for you."

"Let the duchess marry her own daughter, and leave me alone," cried Vixen, scornfully.

This was the kind of [illegible] continually during the [illegible] followed Lord Mallow's [illegible] friends the Scobels were [illegible] per, and lamented her [illegible] merits. It was known [illegible] circle that she had been [illegible] Lord Mallow. Mrs. Car[illegible] the fact to all her frie[illegible] strictest secrecy. Of [illegible] Roderick Vawdrey [illegible] word to her about Lo[illegible]

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ARCHING THROUGH THE BAZAR, JELALABAD.

ng she had to endure it winter months that nature. Even her old l her about the Irish ibility to perceive his nghant her particular lerie enough to refuse lchael had whispered in, under the seal of Vixen's acquaintance, cale one who said no Mallon, but he was much kinder to her after the Irishman's departure than he had shown himself during his visit.

Spring put on her green mantle; and when the woods were starred with primroses, and the banks lovely with heaven hued dog-violets, every one of any pretension to importance in the social scale began to flee from the Forest as from a loathsome place. Lord Ellangowan's train of vans and waggons set out for the railway station with their load of chests and baskets. Julius Cæsar's baggage was as nothing to the Saratoga trunks and bonnet boxes of Lady Ellangowan. The departure of the Irishies from Egypt was hardly a mighter business than this emigration of the Ellangowan household. The duke and duchess and Lady Mabel Ashbourne left for the Queen Anne house at Kensington, whereat the fashionable London papers broke out in paragraphs of rejoicing, and the local journals bewailed the extinction of their sun.

The London season had begun, and only the nobodies staid in the Forest to watch the rosy sunsets glow and fade behind the yellow oaks; to see the purple of the beech boughs change mysteriously to brightest green, and the bluebells burst into blossom in the untrodden glades and bottoms. Captain Carmichael found a small house in Mayfair, which he hired for six weeks, at a rent which he pronounced exorbitant. He sacrificed his own ideas of prudence to the gratification of his wife, who had made up her mind that she had scarcely the right to exist until she had been presented to her sovereign on her new name. But when Mrs Carmichael ventured to suggest the Duchess of Dorrelnle as her sponsor on this solemn occasion, her husband sternly tabooed the notion.

"My aunt, Lady Susan Carmichael, is the proper person to present you," he said, authoritatively.

"But is she really your aunt, Conrad? You never mentioned her before we were married."

"She is my father's third cousin by marriage, but we have always called her aunt. She is the widow of Major-General Carmichael, who distinguished himself in the last war with Tippoo Saib, and had a place at court in the reign of William the Fourth."

"She must be dreadfully old and dowdy," sighed Mrs Carmichael, whose only historical idea of the Sailor King's reign was as a period of short waists and beaver bonnets.

"She is not a chicken, and she does not spend eight hundred a year on her dress-maker," retorted the captain. "But she is a very worthy woman, and highly respected by her friends. Why should you ask a favour of the Duchess of Dorrelnle?"

"Her name would look so well in the papers," pleaded Mrs Carmichael.

"The name of your husband's kinswoman will look much more respectable," answered the captain; and in this, as in most matters, he had his own way.

Lady Susan Carmichael was brought from her palatial retirement to spend a fortnight in Mayfair. She was heavy, wiggy, and snuffy; wore false teeth and seedy apparel; but she was well-bred and well-informed, and Vixen got on with her much better than with the accomplished captain. Lady Susan took to Vixen, and these two went out for early walks together in the adjacent Green Park, and perambulated the picture galleries before Mrs. Carmichael had braced herself up for the fatigues of a fashionable afternoon.

Sometimes they came across Mr Vawdrey at a picture-gallery or in the Park, and at the first of these chance meetings, struck by the obvious delight with which the two young people greeted each other, Lady Susan jumped to a conclusion.

"That's your young man, I suppose, my dear?" she said, bluntly, when Rorie had left them.

"Oh, Lady Susan!"

"It's a vulgar expression, I know, my dear, but it comes natural to me; I hear it so often from my house maids. I fancied that you and that handsome young fellow must be engaged."

"Oh no. We are only old friends. He is engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne—a very grand match."

"That's a pity," said Lady Susan.

"Why?"

"Well, my dear," answered the old lady, hesitatingly, "because when one hears of a grand match, it generally means that a young man is marrying for the sake of money, and that young old friend of your looks too good to throw himself away like that."

"Oh, but indeed, Lady Susan, it is not so in Rorie's case. He has plenty of money of his own."

The important day came; and Lady Susan, Mrs Carmichael, and Violet packed themselves and their finery into a capacious carriage, and set off for St. James's. The fair Pamela's costume was an elaborate example of Theodore's highest art, colors, design, all of the newest—a delicate harmony of half tints, an indescribable interblending of feathers, lace, and flowers. Violet was simply and elegantly dressed by the same great artist. Lady Susan wore a petticoat and train that must have been made in the time of Queen Adelaide. Yes, the faded and unknown hue of the substantial brocade, the skimpiness of the satin, the quaint devices in piping-cord and feather stitch, must assuredly have been coeval with that good woman's famous hat and spencer.

Poor Mrs Carmichael was horrified when she

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saw her husband's kinswoman retired for the ceremony, not a whit less wiggy and snuffy than usual, and with three lean ostrich feathers starting erect from her back hair, like the ladies in the proscenium boxes of Sheb's Theatre, whose gayly painted effigies were so dear to our childhood.

Poor Pamela felt inclined to shed tears. Even her confidence in the perfection of her own toilet could hardly sustain her against the horror of being presented by such a sorceress.

The ceremony went off satisfactorily, in spite of Lady Susan's antiquated garments. Nobody laughed. Perhaps the *habitués* of St. James's were accustomed to scarecrows. Violet's fresh young beauty attracted some little notice to the waited among the crowd of *débutantes*, but as its being ascertained that she was nobody is particular, curiosity languished and died.

Mrs. Carmichael wanted to exhibit her court dress to the opera this evening, her her husband protested against this display as bad taste. Vixen was only too glad to throw off her finery, the tulle puffings and festoonings, and floral wreaths and bouquets, which made movement difficult and sitting down almost impossible.

These six weeks in town were chiefly devoted to gayety. Mrs. Carmichael's Hampshire friends called on her, and followed up their calls by invitations to dinner, and at the dinners the generally met people who were on the eve of giving a garden party, or a concert, or a dance, and who begged to be allowed to send her a card for that entertainment, spoken of modestly as a thing of on account. And then there was a hurried interchange of calls, and Violet found herself meandering about an extensive croquet lawn, amongst no known nobodies, under a burning sun, looking to other girls, dressed like herself in dresses *à la* Theodore, with the last thing in sleeves and the last not in crains, all pretending to be amused by the rapid and languid observations of the cavalier told off to them, paired like companions of the chain to Toulon, and almost as joyless.

Violet Tempest attended no less than eight private concerts during these six weeks, and heard the same new ballad, and the same latest *gavotte* in C minor, to every one of them. She was taken to piano-forte recitals in fashionable squares and streets, and heard Mozart and Beethoven till her heart ached with pity for the patient sufferer of the performers, knowing how poorly the and the majority of mankind appreciated their efforts. She went to a few dances that were rather amusing, and wakened to her heart's content. She rode Arion in the Row, and horse and rider were admired as perfect after their kind. Once she met Lord Mallow, riding beside Lady Mabel Ashbourne and the Duke of Dovedale. His florid cheek paled a little at the sight of her. They passed each other with a friendly bow, and this was their only meeting. Lord Mallow left cards at the house in Mayfair a week before the Carmichaels went back to Hampshire. He had been working hard to his senatorial duties, and had made some telling speeches upon the Irish land question. People talked of him as a rising politician; and when over his name appeared in the morning papers Mrs. Carmichael uplifted her voice to the breakfast table, and made her wail about Violet's folly in refusing such an excellent young man.

"It would have been so nice to be able to talk about my daughter, Lady Mallow, and Castle Mallow," said Pamela, in confidence, to her husband.

"No doubt, my dear," he answered, coolly; "but when you bring up a young woman to have her own way in every thing, you must take the consequences."

"It is very ungrateful of Violet," sighed the afflicted mother, "after the pains I have taken to dress her prettily ever since she was a baby. It is a very poor return for my care."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

They were all back to the Abbey House again early in June, and Vixen breathed more freely in her sweet native air. How dear, how doubly beautiful, every thing seemed to her after even on brief an exile! But it was a grief to have missed the apple blossom and the bluebells. The woods were putting on their ripe summer beauty; the beeches had lost the first freshness of their tender green; the amber glory of the young oak leaves was over; the hot of the primroses had paled and faded among the spreading bracken; masses of snowy hawthorn bloom gleamed white amidst the woodland shadows; bean fields in full bloom filled the air with delicate odors; the summer winds swept across the long lush grass in the meadows, beautiful with ever-varying lights and shadows; families of sturdy black pigling were grubbing on the waste turf beside every road, and the forest fly was getting strong upon the wing. The depths of Mark Ash were dark to nocturnal under their roof of foliage.

Vixen revelled in the summer weather. She was not from morning till evening, on foot or on horseback, sketching or reading a novel, in some solitary corner of the woods, with Argus for her companion and guardian. It was an idle, purposeless existence for a young woman to lead, no doubt; but Violet Tempest knew of no better thing that life offered for her to do.

Neither her mother nor Captain Carmichael interfered with her liberty. The captain had his own occupations and amusements, and his wife was given up to frivolities which left no room in her mind for anxiety about her only daughter. So long as Violet looked fresh and pretty to the breakfast table, and was utterly dressed in the evening, Mrs. Carmichael thought that all was well: to, to least, as well as it ever could be with a girl who had been so benighted as to refuse a wealthy young nobleman. So Vixen went her own way, and nobody cared. She seemed to have a passion for solitude, and avoided even her old friends, the Scobels, who had made themselves odious by their championship of Lord Mallow.

The London season was to its height when the Carmichaels went back to Hampshire. The Dovedales were to be at Kensington till the beginning of July, with Mr. Vawdrey in attendance upon them. He had rooms in Bury Street, and had assumed an urban air which in Vixen's opinion made him execrable.

"I can't tell you how hateful you look in lavender gloves and a high hat," she said to him one day in Charges Street.

"I dare say I look more natural dressed like a gamekeeper," he answered, lightly, "I was born so. As for the high hat, you can't hate it more than I do; and I have always considered gloves a foolishness on a level with pigtails and hair-powder."

Vixen had been wandering in her old haunts for something last than a fortnight, when, on one especially fine morning, she mounted Arion directly after breakfast and started on one of her rambles, with the faithful Bates in attendance, to open gates or to pull her out of bogs if needful. Upon this point Mrs. Carmichael was strict. Violet might ride when and where she pleased—since these meanderings in the Forest were so great a pleasure to her—but she must never ride without a groom.

Old Bates liked the duty. He adored his mistress, and had spent the greater part of his life in the saddle. There was no more enjoyable kind of idleness possible for him than to jog along in the sunshine on one of the captain's old hunters, called upon for an greater exertion than to flick an occasional fly off his horse's haunch, or to bend down and hook open the gate of a plantation with his stout hunting-crop. Bates had many a brief snatch of slumber in those warm inclosures, where the air was heavy with the scent of the pines, and the buzzing of summer flies made a perpetual lullaby. There was a delicious sense of repose in such a sleep, for it was not quite as pleasant to be jerked suddenly into the waking world by a savage plunge of the aggravated hunter's hind-legs, goaded to madness by a lively specimen of the forest fly.

On this particular morning Vixen was in a thoughtful mood, and Arion was lazy. She let him walk to a leisurely pace under the beeches of Gretnam Wood, and through the quiet paths of the New Park plantations. He came slowly not into Queen's Bower, tossing his delicate head and sniffing the vernal air. The streamlets were rippling gayly in the noontide sun; far off on the yellow common a solitary angler was whipping the stream—quite an unusual figure in the lonely landscape. A delicious slumberous quiet reigned over all the scene. Vixen was lost in thought, Bates was dreaming, when a horse's hoofs came up stealthily beside Arion, and a manly voice startled the sultry stillness.

"I've got rid of the high hat for this year, and I'm my own man again," said the voice, and then a strong brown hand was laid upon Vixen's glove, and swallowed up her slender fingers in its warm grasp.

"When did you come back?" she asked, as soon as their friendly greetings were over, and Arion had restricted himself to the companionship of Mr. Vawdrey's hack.

"Late last night."

"And have the duchess and her people come back to Ashbourne?"

"*Pas si bête.* The duchess and her people—meaning Mabel—have engagements six deep for the next month: breakfasts, lawn parties, music, art, science, horticulture, dancing, archery, every form of laborious amusement that the genius of man her invented. One of our modern sages her said that life would be tolerable but for its amusements. I am of that wise man's opinion. Fashionable festivities are my aversion. So I told Mabel frankly that I found my good spirits being crushed out of me by the weight of too much pleasure, and that I must come home to look after my farm. The dear old duke recognized that duty immediately, and gave me all sorts of messages and admonitions for his bailiff."

"And you are really free to do what you like for a month?" exclaimed Vixen, naively. "Poor Rorie! How glad you must be!"

"My liberty is of even greater extent. I am free till the middle of August, when I am to join the Dovedales in Scotland. Later, I suppose, the duke will go to Baden, or to some newly discovered fountain in the Black Forest. He could not exist for a twelvemonth without German waters."

"And after that there will be a wedding, I suppose?" said Violet.

She felt as if called upon to say something of this kind. She wanted Rorie to know that she recognized his position as an engaged man. She hated talking about the business, but she felt somehow that this was incumbent upon her.

"I suppose so," answered Rorie. "A man must be married once in his life. The sooner he gets the ceremony over, the better. My engagement has hung fire rather. There is always a kind of flatness about the thing between cousins, I dare say. Neither of us is in a hurry. Mabel her so many ideas and occupations, from orchids to Greek choruses."

"She is very clever," said Vixen.

"She is clever and good, and I am very proud of her," answered Rorie, loyally.

He felt as if he were walking on the brink of a precipice, and that it needed all his care to steer clear of the edge.

After this there was no more said about Lady Mabel. Vixen and Rorie rode on happily side by side, as wholly absorbed to each other as Launcelot and Guinevere—when the knight brought the lady home through the smiling land, in the glad boyhood of the year, by tinkling rivulet and shadowy covert, and twisted ivy and spreading chestnut fans—and with no more thought of Lady Mabel than those two had of King Arthur.

It was the first of many such rides in the fair June weather. Vixen and Rorie were always meeting in that sweet pathless entanglement of ash and beech and holly, where the cattle line of the spreading branches was just high enough to clear Vixen's coquettish little hat, or in the long straight fir plantations, where the light was darkened even at noonday, and where the slumberous stillness was broken only by the hum of summer flies. It was hardly possible, it seemed to Violet, for two people to be always riding in the forest without meeting each other very often. Various as the paths are, they all cross somewhere: and when more natural than to see Rorie's brown horse trotting calmly along the grass by the wayside, to the first bend of the road? They made no appointments, or were not conscious of making any; but they always met. There was a fatality about it; yet neither Rorie nor Violet ever seemed surprised to this persistence of fate. They were always glad to see each other; they had always a world to tell each other. If the earth had been newly made every day, with a new set of beings to people it, these two could hardly have had more to say.

"Darned if I can tell what our young miss and Master Vawdrey can find to talk about," said honest old Bates, over his dish of tea in the servants' hall; "but their tongues ha' never done wagging."

Sometimes Miss Tempest and Mr Vawdrey went to the kennels together, and idled away an hour with the hounds, while their horses stood at ease with their bridles looped round the five-barred gate, their heads hanging lazily over the topmost bar, and their big soft eyes dreamily contemplating the opposite pine wood, with that large capacity for perfect idleness common to their species. Bates was chewing a straw and swinging his hunting-crop somewhere in attendance. He was with his young mistress every where, and played the part of the "dragon of prudery placed within call;" but he was a very amiable dragon, and entirely minded him. Had it come into the minds of Rorie and Vixen to elope, Bates would not have barred their way. Indeed, he would have been very glad to elope with them himself. The restricted license of the Abbey House had on charm for him.

Whither were these two drifting in the happy summer weather, lulled by the whisper of forest leaves faintly stirred by the soft south wind, or by the low murmur of the forest river stealing on its stealthy course under overarching boughs, mysterious as that wondrous river in Kubla Khan's dream, and anon breaking suddenly out into a clamor loud enough to startle Arion as the waters came leaping and brawling over the shining moss-green boulders? Where were these happy comrades going, as they rode side by side under the glancing lights and wavering shadows? Every body knows where became of Launcelot and Guinevere after that famous ride of theirs. What of these two who rode together day after day in sun and shower, who loitered and lingered in every loveliest nook in the forest, who had the same tastes, the same ideas, the same loves, the same dislikes? Neither dared ask that question. They took the happiness fate gave them, and sought not to lift the veil of the future. Each was utterly and unreasonably happy, and each knew very well that this deep and entire happiness was to last no longer than the long summer days and the dangling balls of blossom on the beechen boughs. Before the new tufts on the fir branches had lost their early green, this midsummer dream would be over. It was to be brief as a school-boy's holiday.

What was the good of being so happy, only to be as much the more miserable afterward? A sensible young woman might have asked herself that question, her Violet Tempest did not. Her intentions were pure as the innocent light shining out of her hazel eyes—a gaze frank, direct, and fearless as a child's. She had no idea of tempting Roderick to be false to his vows. Had Lady Mabel, with her orchids and Greek plays, been alone in question, Violet might have thought of the matter more lightly, but filial duty was involved in Rorie's fidelity to his betrothed. He had promised his mother on her death bed. That was a promise not to be broken.

One day—a day forever to be remembered by Vixen and Rorie, a day that stood out in the foreground of memory's picture awfully distinct from the dreamy happiness that went before it—these two old friends prolonged their ride even later than usual. The weather was the loveliest that had ever blessed their journeyings—the sky Italian, the west wind just fresh enough to fan their cheeks, and faintly stir the green feathers of the ferns that grew breast-high on each side of the narrow track. The earth gave forth her subtlest perfumes under the fire of the midsummer sun. From Boldrewood the distant heights and valleys had an Alpine look in the clear bright air, the woods rising line above line in the far distance, in every shade of color, from deepest umber to emerald-green, from dark est purple to translucent azure, yonder where the farthest line of verdure met the sun-lit sky. From Stony Cross the vast stretch of wood and moor lay basking in the warm vivid light, the yellow of the dwarf furze flashing in golden patches amidst the first bloom of the crimson heather. This southern corner of Hampshire was a glorious world to live in on such a day as this. Violet and her cavalier thought so, as their horses scattered up and down the smooth stretch of turf in front of the Forester's Inn.

"I don't know what has come to Arion," said Vixen, as she checked her eager horse in his endeavor to break into a mad gallop. "I think he must be a hot Scotch people call 'fey.'"

"And pray what may that mean?" asked Rorie, who was like the young lady made famous by Sydney Smith—what he did not know would have made a big book.

"Why, I believe it means that in certain moments of life, just before the coming of a great sorrow, people are wildly gay. Sometimes a man who is doomed to die breaks out into operatics on his death, till his friends wonder to him. Haven't you noticed that sometimes in the accounts of suicides the suicide's friends declare that he was in excellent spirits the night before he blew out his brains?"

"Then I hope I'm not 'fey,'" said Rorie, "for I feel uncommonly jolly."

"It's only the earth and sky that make us feel happy," sighed Violet, with a sudden touch of seriousness. "It is just an outside happiness, after all."

"Perhaps not; her it's very good of its kind."

They went for afield that day, as far as the yews of Sheden; and the sun was low in the west when Vixen wished her knight good-by, and walked her horse down the last long glade that led to the Abbey House. She was very serious now, and felt that she had transgressed a little by the length of her ride. Poor Bates had gone without his dinner, and that dismal yawn of his just now doubtless indicated a painful vacuity of the inner man. Rorie and the were able to live upon air and sunshine, the scent of the clover, and the freshness of the earth; but Bates was of the lower type of humanity, which requires to be sustained by beef and beer; and for Bates this day of sylvan bliss had been perhaps a period of deprivation and suffering.

Violet had been accustomed to be at home and freshly dressed in time for Mrs. Carmichael's afternoon tea. She had to listen to the accumulated gossip of the day—complaints about the servants, praises of Conrad, speculations upon impending changes of fashion which threatened to convulse the world over which Theodore presided; for the world of fashion seems ever on the verge of a crisis awful as that which periodically disrupts the French Chamber.

To have been absent from afternoon tea was a breach of filial duty which the mild Pamela would scarcely recent. Violet felt herself doomed to one of those gentle lectures which were worrying as the perpetual dropping of rain. She was very late—dreadfully late: the dressing-bell rang as she rode into the stable-yard. Not caring to show herself to the porch, lest her mother and the captain should be sitting in the hall ready to pronounce judgment upon her misconduct, she ran quickly up to her dressing-room, plunged her face into cold water, shook out her bright hair, brushed and plaited the long tresses with deft swift fingers, put on her pretty dinner dress of pale blue muslin flattering all over with pale blue bows, and went smiling down to the drawing-room like a one Hebe dressed in an azure cloud.

Mrs. Carmichael was sitting by an open window, while the captain stood outside and talked to her in a low confidential voice. His face had a dark look which Vixen knew and hated, and his wife was listening with trouble in her air and countenance. Vixen, who meant to have marched straight up to her mother and made her apologies, drew back involuntarily at the sight of those two faces.

Just to this moment the dinner-bell rang. The captain gave his wife his arm, and the two passed Vixen without a word. She followed them to the dining-room, wondering what was coming.

The dinner began in silence, and then Mrs. Carmichael began to falter forth small remarks, feeble as the twitterings of birds before the coming storm. How very warm it had been all day, almost oppressive; and yet it had been a remarkably fine day. There was a fair to Emery Down—at least not exactly a fair, but a barrow of nuts, and some horrid pistols, and a swing. Violet answered, as in duty bound, but the captain maintained his ominous silence. Not a word was said about Violet's long ride. It seemed hardly necessary to apologize for her absence, since her mother made no complaint. Yet she felt that there was a storm coming.

"Perhaps he is going to sell Arion," she thought, "and that's why the dear thing was 'fey.'"

And then that rebellious spirit of hers arose within her, ready for war.

"No, I would not endure that. I would not part with my father's last gift. I shall be rich seven years hence, if I live as long. I'll do other the young spendthrifts do. I'll go to the Jews. I will not be Captain Carmichael's bailee. One slave is enough for him, I should think. He has enslaved poor mamma. Look at her now, poor soul! she sits so hardly fear of him, crumbling her bread with her pretty fingers, shining and sparkling with rings. Poor mamma! it is a bad day for her when fine dresses and handsome jewels can not make her happy."

It was a miserable dinner. These three were not want to be gay when they sat to meat together; but the dinner of to-day was of a gloomier pattern than usual. The strawberries and cherries were carried round solemnly, the captain filled his glass with claret, Mrs. Carmichael dipped the ends of her fingers into the turquois-colored glass, and discriminated a faint odor of roses.

"I think I'll go and sit in the garden, Conrad," she said, when she had dried those tapering fingers on her fringed doyley. "It's so warm in the house."

"Do, dear. I'll come and smoke my cigar on the lawn presently," answered the captain.

"Can't you come so once, love?"

"I've a little bit of business to settle first. I won't be long."

Mrs. Carmichael kissed her hand to her husband, and left the room, followed by Vixen.

"Violet," she said, when they were outside, "how could you stay out so long? Conrad is dreadfully angry."

"Your husband angry because I rode a few miles farther to day than usual? Dear mother, that is too absurd. I was sorry not to be to home in time to give you your afternoon tea, and I apologize to you with all my heart; but what can it matter to Captain Carmichael?"

"My dearest Violet, when will you understand

that Conrad stands in the place of your dear father?"

"Never, mamma, for that is not true. God gave me one father, and I loved and honored him with all my heart. There is no sacrifice he could have asked of me that I would not have made; no command of his, however difficult, that I would not have obeyed. But I will obey no spurious father. I recognize no duty that I owe to Captain Carmichael."

"You are a very cruel girl," wailed Pamela, "and your obstinacy is making my life miserable."

"Dear mother, how do I interfere with your happiness? You live your life, and I mine. You and Captain Carmichael take your own way, I mine. Is it a crime to be out riding a little longer than usual, that you should look so pale and the captain so black when I come home?"

"It is worse than a crime, Violet; it is an impropriety."

Vixen blushed crimson, and turned upon her mother with an expression that was half startled, half indignant.

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Had you been riding about the forest all these hours alone, it would have been eccentric—unladylike—masculine even. You know that your habit of passing half your existence on horseback has always been a grief to me. But you were not alone."

"No, mamma, I was not alone. I had my oldest friend with me; one of the few people in this big world who care for me."

"You were riding about with Roderick Vawdrey, Lady Mabel Ashbourne's future husband."

"Why do you remind me of his engagement, mamma? Do you think that Roderick and I have ever forgotten it? Can he not be my friend as well as Lady Mabel's husband? Am I to forget that he and I played together as children, that we have always thought of each other and cared for each other as brother and sister, only because he is engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne?"

"Violet, you must know that all talk about brother and sister is sheer nonsense. Suppose I had set up brother and sister with Captain Carmichael! What would you—what would the world have thought?"

"That would have been different," said Vixen. "You did not know each other as babies. In fact, you couldn't have done so, for you had left off being a baby before he was born," added Vixen, naïvely.

"You will have to put a stop to these rides with Roderick. Every body in the neighborhood is talking about you."

"Which every body?"

"Colonel Carteret, to begin with."

"Colonel Carteret slanders every body. It is his only intellectual resource. Dearest mother, be your own sweet easy-tempered self, not a speaking-tube for Captain Carmichael. Pray leave me my liberty. I am not particularly happy. You might at least let me be free."

Violet left her mother with these words. They had reached the lawn before the drawing-room windows. Mrs. Carmichael sank into a low basket-chair, like a hall porter's, which a friend had sent her from the sands of Trouville; and Vixen ran off to the stables to see if Arion was in any way the worse for his long round.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Carl Stölker, an eminent Swiss ornithologist, has lately died, at the age of thirty-nine. His published papers have related almost exclusively to the birds of Switzerland.

Dr. George Dawson Rowley, a well-known British ornithologist, died in England on the 21st of November, 1878. With ample means at his command, he accumulated a very fine collection of birds and eggs, which was distinguished by the possession of a larger number of eggs of the extinct great auk than were to be found in any other. He published at his own expense a costly work entitled *Ornithological Miscellany*, in which were several important monographs of groups of birds and descriptions of interesting species.

In view of the rapid course of geographical exploration and research in Central Africa, the announcement of the discovery of a bed of coal on the shores of Lake Nyassa will not be without its importance, as the introduction of steamers into the interior waters of the country has already been commenced, and will doubtless be rapidly extended. This discovery was made by Mr. Rhodes, who accompanied Nelson in a recent exploration around the lake, the coal being found near the northern extremity. The outcrop was seen at several places, and about ten miles south of Florence Bay, at an elevation of about four hundred feet above the lake. Three distinct veins were discovered, one of them seven feet thick.

The use of the so-called fish meal, made of dried fish, for the feeding of fish in ponds, especially of carp, has lately been introduced in Germany, and, as it is said, with excellent effect. The fish devour this substance (which costs but little) very greedily, and what remains unconsumed does not readily decompose, in which state it would cause much injury to fish in ponds. Salt herring and other fish are also said to be available for the same purpose.

Mr. Thomas Sopwith, a well-known mining engineer, born in 1803, died in January at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Professor Heer has made the interesting discovery that the flax cultivated by the inhabitants of the pile-dwellings of Switzerland is not the common cultivated flax of the present day (*Linum usitatissimum*), but quite another species, which grows on the Mediterranean. The two species are nearly allied, but the latter is distinguished by the smaller seeds, and by the stem branching from the ground, while in the other the seeds are larger, and the stem is simple. In view, however, of the fact that the native country of the cultivated flax is not known—nor, indeed, has it ever been found in a wild state—the inference is readily derivable that it has descended from the wild plant by long-continued cultivation ever since prehistoric times, the result being to gradually produce larger seeds and unbranched simple stems.

Arrangements are in progress in Berlin for the purpose of bringing into relations the geographical societies of Germany and the rest of the world, in the establishment of a central union for the furtherance of German interests in foreign countries.

There is, perhaps, no scientific institution in Europe the activity of which, in the way of exploration under its auspices, equals that of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. There is always under way a number of researches, for the most part prosecuted in European or Asiatic Russia, but sometimes embracing other portions of the globe. The reports of these expeditions are usually published in quarto form, with copious illustrations. Among the most distinguished explorers it is only necessary to mention the names of Schrenck, Middendorff, Prjevalsky, and others, in confirmation of this statement.

At the annual meeting of the society recently held a very interesting summary was given of the operations in 1878, the acquisitions to the museum being of the utmost importance. Of special interest was, perhaps, the presentation of a specimen of the Northern sea cow (*Rytina*), for many years exterminated, and until recently supposed to have been confined in its location to the Copper Islands, especially Behring Island, situated to the west of the Aleutian chain, in the North Pacific.

Mr. Phillipeus has, however, lately found on the shores of Behring Strait a large number of skulls and bones of this animal, and taken them to Russia, so that it is probable that by the acquisition of these animals from the new locality American museums may be able to secure specimens of this extinct species.

Another fossil of still greater antiquity is the *Elasmotherium*—a horse-like rhinoceros belonging to the quaternary period. This specimen was obtained near Sarepta, on the banks of the Volga, the regions where the Oriental plague is said to be raging.

It is announced that the Academy will open to the public a great anthropological museum, which will be the rival of that at Moscow, so well known to all students. Among other enterprises of the Academy, it has arranged for the publication of a complete catalogue of all the animals of Russia.

Mr. Sibiriakoff, of Irkutsk, Siberia, whose name is already so well known in connection with the patronage of arctic investigations, is now completing a steamer of 350 tons for the purpose of going to the assistance of the *Vega*, Professor Nordenskjold's vessel, now supposed to be ice-bound on the coast of Siberia, possibly opposite Wrangell's Land. It is expected that the vessel will leave, *via* Suez, in August for Behring Strait, and, if possible, will continue her journey to the Lena, and perhaps even to the Yenisei.

A French cable dispatch of the 11th of February announces the death of Professor Paul Gervais, an eminent French naturalist and palæontologist, in the sixty-third year of his age. He occupied successively positions in the Museum of Natural History of Paris and in the Faculty of Science at Montpellier, in the Sorbonne, and finally again as professor of palæontology in the Natural History Museum. His works on recent and fossil mammals, etc., are among the most valuable published by French authors.

The death of the Rev. W. F. Darby, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the author of a work entitled the *Astronomical Observer*, is recorded as having taken place in England in January last.

Dr. George Winter, a well-known Swedish zoologist, died at Nice, on the 11th of January, at the age of thirty-four.

Still another work intended for the assistance of the naturalist has been commenced, under the title of *Guide du Naturaliste*, to serve as a monthly geographical bulletin. It is edited by Mr. A. Bouvier, and published in Paris. The work, although general in its title, is confined to a list of the articles in the scientific periodicals and transactions of France. It contains also notices of new publications, diagnoses of new species, and notes upon geographical distribution, etc.

It will be news to Americans that American locust-trees are considered in Germany as possessing poisonous qualities. According to one writer, the dust produced by turning this wood on the lathe produces diarrhœa in the workmen. Professor Ascherson states that some children who accidentally ate a portion of the root of this tree exhibited very decided indications of poisoning.

Rich discoveries of copper, resembling that of the Burra Burra Mine in Australia, it is announced, have lately been made at Howe Sound, a few miles from New Westminster, in British Columbia. There is little doubt that the whole region to the north of Puget Sound, and including a great part of Alaska, will in time be found to contain an immense store of valuable minerals of a great many species. Copper, both native and in the ore, is well known to exist in Alaska, and it is said that gold and even silver are now about being worked in paying quantities.

The thirteenth annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts is, as usual, a document of very great interest, emanating as it does from the oldest of our State fishery commissions. Some striking facts are given as to the movement of fish up the Lawrence fish-way, surmounting a dam twenty-eight feet in height, showing that quite a number of alewives, salmon, and shad made a successful passage. The Commissioners call attention to the great increase in the number of alewives as the result of measures taken by them in that and. A corresponding increase is noted of the bay and shore fisheries, which have been shown to be so closely connected. Much important information is given in regard to the restoration of salmon to the Merrimac River, and the somewhat unexpected fact is mentioned that the young fish probably do not go down to the sea till the third year, instead of the second, as has hitherto been supposed. Quite a bill of indictment is brought by the Commissioners against the Legislature of Connecticut for failing to make regulations to protect the upward run of salmon and shad in the Connecticut River, all the efforts of Massachusetts looking toward an increase of this fish being neutralized by the impossibility of securing laws to protect them and allow a fair percentage to pass up from the ocean.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is a question of great and general interest what sort of climate is suitable for that large class of invalids who suffer in a greater or less degree from pulmonary complaints. Many such, having banished themselves from the comforts of home and the society of friends, have found too late that the location sought for health has proved wholly uncongenial, if not fatal. Those suffering from lung diseases will gain valuable information from an article by Dr. T. M. Coan, entitled "Climate for Invalids," which appears in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. Dr. Coan is of opinion that a favorable climate for such invalids should exhibit but a small difference between the day and night temperatures in any given twenty-four hours; that it should show a comparatively small range between the different monthly mean temperatures of a given season, or between different seasons of the year; that there should be equability in the supply of moisture; and that the climate should be free from excessive wind, cloudiness, and dust. A heavy barometrical pressure is also regarded as beneficial in the prevention and cure of pulmonary diseases. The article of which mention has been made contains a table showing the season temperatures in about thirty-five different places, arranged in the order of equable climate. Funchal, Madeira, heads the list; the mean difference between summer and winter being only 8.10°. The Atlantic islands of the Gulf Stream possess the most equable of all mild climates, and various localities in Western Europe and in the Mediterranean rank next. A visit to Georgia or Florida is often of the highest use for rest and relaxation, but Dr. Coan believes that it is these rather than the specific influence of the climate there that prove beneficial. He says, "Except in Southern California few spots in our country can rightfully claim to possess a climate that is beneficial for pulmonary complaints." In San Diego, California, the mean difference of temperature is but 15.40°. But at St. Paul, Minnesota, the mean difference between summer and winter is 53.10°, and at Denver, Colorado, 44°. The interior in mountain climate of the United States is in general a dry climate of excessive extremes, and dangerous for delicate invalids.

At a public meeting recently held in this city an executive committee of prominent citizens was appointed to make arrangements for a great public gathering to be held here on April 30, the ninetieth anniversary of the union of the States, and the inauguration of George Washington as first President. The purpose of the April meeting is to initiate more fully and formally the movement for an International Exhibition in New York city, and to give notice to all nations and governments that such Exhibition will be held in 1883, that year being the centennial anniversary of the foundation of our government.

Early in March a library of extraordinary value will be sold at auction in New York, the collection of Mr. George Brinley, recently deceased. We should not, however, speak of the entire collection being offered for sale in March, as it is said that the catalogue now bound, which covers the books to be then sold, includes but about one-third of the whole. The chief feature of this collection is the number of exceedingly rare, early printed American books.

At the thirty-eighth annual Commencement of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, 200 graduates received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Chancellor Crosby, in his address to the graduating class, presented six old trite proverbs as valuable counsellors for them to take into their life practice, enlarging and commenting upon each. These were: "A rolling stone gathers no moss," which the speaker translated, "An itinerant doctor gets no practice;" "The early bird catches the worm," that is, "The doctor who is ready will be called;" "Pleasant words are health to the bones," which may be read, "A doctor's cheerfulness is often as good as his physic;" "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," which was applied to time rather than to money; "*Labor omnia vincit*," which, freely translated, means, "Industry wins the prize," and, as applied to a physician, teaches that he should attend to his business faithfully, and keep his knowledge apace with the times; and lastly, "*Obsta principiis*," which has been humorously rendered, "Nip mischief in the bud," and inculcates a careful avoidance or abandonment of bad habits.

The ladies' "order of dance" of the Liederkranz Ball—which was considered the most brilliant ball ever given by the society—was peculiar. In the centre of a colored circle, surmounted by an American eagle, shield, and olive branch, was the golden fac-simile of a ten-dollar gold piece, inscribed, "In the year of resumption, 1879." On the obverse was a map of the world, with figures of Terpsichore, Folly, and Music.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone is a fine pianist, and possesses a sweet and powerful voice. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home when he was Prime Minister, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special favorites.

Students who have been perplexed and annoyed in attempting to use the inadequate and confusing catalogues of many public libraries will find great satisfaction in the new catalogue of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library. The second part of this work has been recently issued, and the third part, now in course of preparation, will complete the index of about 60,000 volumes, every one of which is made available to readers by its means. This catalogue has one general alphabet of authors, titles, subjects, etc.; but by a special system of subject headings, which fits into the general alphabet, the books are brought before the eye and mind of the inquirer topically in a very convenient and scientific order. This valuable reference book is a success of which the author and compiler, Mr. S. B. Noyes, may justly be proud, and its moderate price will bring it within the reach of a large class of students.

The model for the memorial statue of Byron, which is to be placed in some conspicuous part of London, has just been completed. The work represents the poet seated on a rock, his right hand supporting his head, and his left resting on an open book on his knee. Beside him lies his constant companion, the great Newfoundland dog Boatswain, regarding his master with watchful earnestness.

A notorious criminal named M'Kimie, known as a "road agent" in the far West, and the Ohio burglar, was recently sentenced to spend ten years in the Ohio Penitentiary, and on another indictment is to receive an additional sentence of ten years. After these twenty years are served, he will be claimed in Salt Lake City to serve fifteen years, having escaped from prison there; then in Nebraska, to serve an unexpired term of fifteen years, having escaped from prison there. His next call is from California, for ten years, having there escaped from the authorities. A man who has earned sixty years of imprisonment should be well watched.

Not long ago a justice in this city, in passing sentence on a young lad who had snatched a pocket-book from the hands of a lady in the street, advised ladies not to expose their pocket-books to public view as much as is customary. If this case is needful, quite as much so is it that conspicuous valuable jewelry should be kept out of sight in the public streets. As a recent robbery showed, a valuable diamond ear-ring, worn by a lady walking in Fifth Avenue, attracted the attention of a robber, and the rough assault made endangered the lady's life. The glitter of a diamond pin in a gentleman's scarf has doubtless often caused the attack made upon him in night hours. It may be unfortunate, but it is certainly true, that in a great city inconspicuous dress is a valuable safeguard.

Perhaps the "Midgets" are as diminutive as any pair of known mortals. One of them—a girl, said to be fifteen years of age—is named Lucia Zarate, and was born in Mexico. She weighs four and three-quarter pounds, and is about as large as—a medium-sized doll. The boy is a native of Chenango County, New York, is fourteen years old, and turns the scales at nine pounds.

The Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, has lately received from Paris, for best books in raised letters and maps—the work of the scholars—a handsome silver medal, awarded by the jury of the International Exposition last summer.

About seventy valuable horses are supposed to have been burned with the livery-stable at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-second Street.

Probably few persons realize the extent to which the manufacture of glass is carried on in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. More than half the glass made in the United States is produced in that city. There are about seventy-five factories, which give employment to over five thousand hands.

The French National Lottery, which has given rise to so much speculation, amusement, and hope, is already an event of the past. The ticket-holder who dreamed of drawing a rivière of diamonds and India shawls has been reduced to doubting if Fate had in store for him even a box of candies, a pair of corsets, a fishing-rod, or a boy's felt hat. Happy possessors of an omnibus, an iron kiosque, or an ornamented rustic bridge from the park of the Champ de Mars—included with truly commendable thrift among the large prizes—are rushing about wildly to find purchasers. The man who has been accorded a case of [illegible] is not cheerful. The lady who fainted in the hall of the Trocadéro when her number emerged from the great wheel on the stage was speedily revived by the painful certainty that she would receive a threshing-machine. The Englishman who drew a padlock succeeded in controlling his emotions with national phlegm. The Italian to whom was accorded a barrel of salt butter has gone home.

Unfortunately there is a reverse to the picture. Haggard work-women, dragging pale little children after them, hover with feverish eagerness about the Trocadéro and adjacent avenues. Desperate workmen, out of employment, slink down the Champs Elysées gloomy and defiant. These have dreamed, hoped, taken the bread from their own mouths and those of their families, for a chance in the wheel of fortune. These have placed candles before the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires and prayed for success. How terrible the reaction of despair! How grave an evil for the masses is a national lottery, with its glittering tinsel of false hopes!

All the world knows who won the great prize. The rumors of the streets, the echoes of the press and the telegraph, have at length centred on one man. The town no longer repeats, "Do you know who won the grand prix? It is a tobacconist on the Avenue Wagram." "No, it is a butcher on the Avenue de la Grande Armée." "On the contrary, it is a commercial traveller of a great house at Bordeaux," etc.

The happy possessor of the first gros lot is M. Aubriot, a workman in a manufactory of buttons in the city of Paris. This workman, sober and industrious, enjoys the esteem of his employer and fellow-artisans. He is married, and having lost his son has adopted a little orphan niece in his family. So restricted were the means of Aubriot that in order to buy the eight tickets which he held in the lottery he did extra work, and thus saved the requisite amount. When his employer learned of his good fortune, he joined his congratulations to those of Aubriot's comrades. The gentleman then wrote a letter to the president of the Commission, stating the good character of his employé, and dispatched Aubriot in his own carriage with it. The president of the Commission received a letter from a workman, who then withdrew modestly without explanation. On opening the missive the president discovered that the bearer of it was the winner of the grand prize. He called for Aubriot, wishing to give him a public ovation, but the man had already returned to his own place.

Aubriot is now rumored, with Gallic bonhomie, to have offered his photograph to the illustrated journals, in the belief that fame and greatness are inseparable.

It is not recorded that the happy possessors of iron kiosques, ornamented bridges, salted butter, and padlocks have personally congratulated the favorite of fortune on his triumph.

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A MATTER OF TASTE.

Confucius. "How can Christians stomach such diet?"

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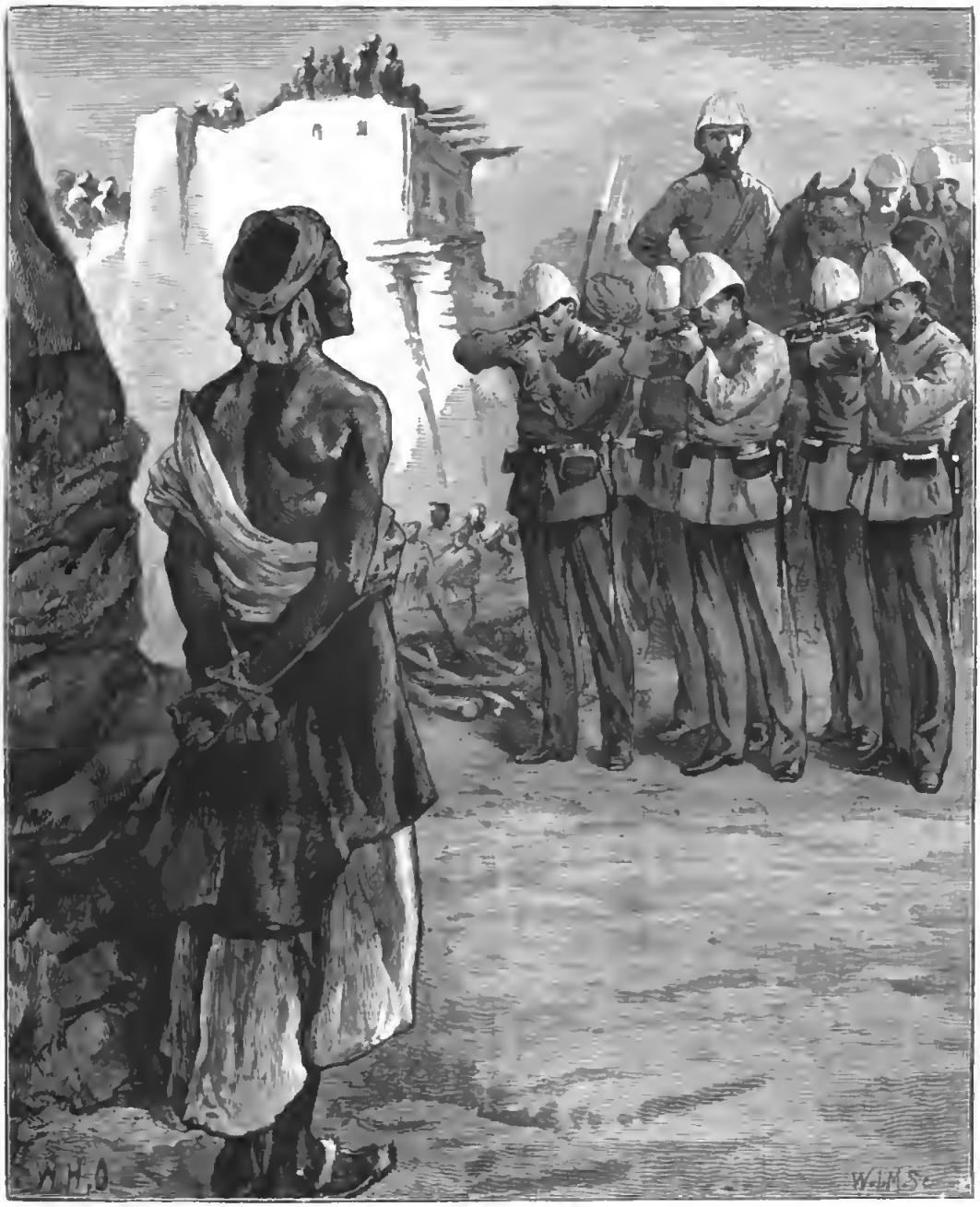

EXECUTION OF A GHAZI, OR MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC, AT THE PESHAWUR GATE, JELALABAD.

THE EXECUTION OF A GHAZI.

ALTHOUGH the occupation of the town of Jelalabad by the English forces took place without any opposition on the part of the Afghan troops, there were one or two instances in which violence was shown by men, who were animated by a kind of fanaticism. There is among the Indian Mussulmans a sect called the Ghazi, who place even less value upon their own lives than is usual among the devout followers of Mohammed. These are all supposed to go directly to paradise if they die while fighting for the faith, but the Ghazi have a special inclination toward martyrdom. This alone could account for the extraordinary recklessness of the unfortunate man represented in our engraving, who in the full presence of the English endeavored to do what is called "running amuck" in the bazar of Jelalabad. His victims were two soldiers of the native Punjab regiments, one of whom was unarmed, and engaged in the peaceful business of making purchases. An English officer who witnessed the execution of the criminal describes the circumstances as follows:

"On Monday, December 23, two of our guides, who, unarmed, were standing in the Jelalabad bazar, were suddenly attacked by a Ghazi, and one of them dangerously wounded. After a struggle the man was arrested and brought to trial, when he was sentenced to be shot, and his body to be then burned. This man was not an inhabitant of Jelalabad, but merely a wandering Ghazi, or fanatic, who proves about the country for the express purpose of murdering as many 'infidels' as possible, and of being slain in his turn, and thus martyred, as he imagines. The burning of the body, however, after death, renders a man unfit to be reverenced as a martyr and a saint, hence the supplemental sentence. The culprit was shot outside the Peshawur Gate of Jelalabad by a firing party of five sabbers of the Rifle Brigade, in the presence of Major CAVAGNARI, the provost-marshal, and several other British officials. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the inhabitants unanimously approved of the sentence, and exhibited no sympathy with the wretched criminal, who, however, met his death heroically."

The founder of the sect of the Ghazi was GHAZI KHAN, a holy Mussulman, who first subdued the country of Bhagepoor, in Hindostan, to the Mogul power, and whose humanity and impartial justice gained for him not only the worship of true Moslems, but even of the Hindoos themselves, who frequently perform long and painful pilgrimages to his tomb at Shreaghat. The Ghazi reject the belief in metempsychosis, which is a leading doctrine of the Hindoo faith. They teach that the entire universe was created by a Supreme Deity; that the souls of men were before this life existent in a Divine Being, into which they will again ultimately be merged after having been purified from all earthly propensities. A profound secrecy is imposed upon all the adherents of the sect as to the immediate forms and observances with which their tenets are bound up; they are subject entirely to the Brahmans in the direction of their domestic affairs, and subsist upon a common stock, which is in the hands of the Brahmans also. There is a marked resemblance in the opinions and observances of this sect to those of the ancient Pythagoreans.

The head quarters of the sect of the Ghazi is the town of Ghazipoor, the people of which are said to be notorious for their turbulence and discontent. The principal object of interest in the town is the palace of SAADUT ALI, built at the beginning of the last century as a country residence for a Nawab of that name, one of the royal family of Lucknow, and also for the purpose of exercising some show of constraint over the people of Ghazipoor. This palace is a beautiful specimen of Mogul architecture, and is in tolerable preservation, though long since deserted by royalty. A very finely proportioned arcade, which forms the most picturesque part of the buildings, composes the front and entrance to the body of the palace. It is mounted upon a high terrace of masonry, surrounded with channels for water, and pools and basins of quaint device, in which magnificent jets were once continually playing, but which are now dry and choked with rubbish. The palace itself is oblong, and in the centre is a small audience hall tastefully decorated and supported by pillars. The angles of the building terminate in domed pavilions, the windows of which are of white marble trellis-work, admirably carved into flowers and running patterns of a purely Eastern character. Parts of the structure are freestone from Chunar, and other parts are built and ornamented with red sandstone, which must have been brought from Allahabad. The site of the palace is particularly fine and commanding, and from the arcade the view up and down the Ganges is varied and extensive. The building is mounted upon a projecting angle of the river bank, which forms an abrupt precipice, and is protected by a parapet wall. Below it are the remains of other stone buildings and fortifications, but the greater part of the available ground has been overrun by huts and bazar barracks, together with a few modern Hindoo temples painted red and white. Many of these, however, which would otherwise prove blots on the landscape, are rendered highly picturesque by overhanging clusters of the feathery bamboo and tamarind, and some of the roofs are thickly cov-

ered in with broad-leaved melon plants, the fruit of which is very large, and when ripe of a deep gold-color. Ghazipoor is the station for a corps of English infantry and several officers. The cantonment is prettily laid out, and the climate is good. On the parade-ground to the northeast of the town is a monument to Major Cornwallis, who died at this station while on the way to the upper provinces. The English at Ghazipoor are regarded with the most bitter jealousy and suspicion, especially by the Ghazi, to whose influence it is supposed that the restlessness and turbulence of the inhabitants are in a great part due.

GETTING A BARGAIN.

A profitable bargain in old military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some six hundred rusty helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St. Irene, from the Turkish government, at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions, showing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for twenty piasters apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure, he raised the price to thirty, then to forty, and finally to fifty piasters, until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like eighteen shillings per helmet, and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale at the bazars; and then the authorities, waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from two to three pounds apiece.

Certain enthusiastic young painters had heard that the secrets of a great artist's coloring might be learned by carefully peeling one of his pictures coat by coat, and resolved to try the experiment. Clubbing together all their available cash, they became the owners of a Madonna by Titian, and went to work with a will. The eager seekers after knowledge laid the precious picture on a table, and removed the outer varnish. They thus arrived at the naked colors, which had by that time assumed a very crude form, owing to the fact that a certain amount of licorice tincture, and of Turkey rhubarb, had become incorporated somehow with the varnish, and to which the colors had been indebted for their golden warmth. This brought them to the glazing proper, which had been deprived of the evidence of age by the removal of the little cups which had formed in the canvas between the web and the woof. The next process was to remove the glaze from the saffron robe, composed of yellow lake and burnt sienna. This brought them to a flame-color, in which the modelling had been made. The robe of the Virgin was next attacked; and upon the removal of the crimson lakes it appeared of a greenish-drab color. So they went on removing every color in the picture, and at last had the ineffable satisfaction of feeding their eyes on the design in a condition of crude blank chiar-oscuro. Blinded by enthusiasm, they flew at the white and black with pumice-stone and potash; when, lo! the bubble burst, and the Titian proved to be a farce, as something very rubicund met their astonished eyes, which proved upon further excavations to be the tip of the red nose of King George IV.

A defendant in a suit heard in an English court, being questioned as to what had become of five hundred pounds left to him by his mother, answered that it had gone where it was owing. Pressed for further explanation, he said he had paid it over to an innkeeper, according to the terms of an agreement made between them that the legacy, little or much, which his mother might bequeath him, should, as soon as it was received, be paid to the publican, the latter on his part undertaking to keep him while he lived, and bury him respectably when he died. Who got the worst of the bargain in this instance it is impossible to say. The profit and loss on such contracts are liable to be affected by undreamed-of contingencies. An intemperate ne'er-do-well was persuaded by a sharp man of business to turn some property he held over to him, in consideration of receiving two suits of clothes every year, and an allowance of twelve shillings a week as long as he lived, his speculative benefactor calculating the dissipated rascal would soon drink himself to death. He was doomed to be grievously disappointed. As soon as the agreement was signed, sealed, and delivered, the wily fellow forswore intoxicants, and lived respectably to a ripe old age, leaving the bargain-monger, and his trustees after him, with a balance, so far as that speculation went, very much on the wrong side of the ledger.

Some eighteen months back a London newspaper informed its readers: "The two islands known as the Barker Islands, which suddenly disappeared a little while ago, persist in declining to be found. It may be remembered that a Tasmanian capitalist named Fisher bought from the Australian government the right to remove guano from these islands, and that he dispatched three vessels for guano cargoes to the latitude mentioned, but when the ships arrived, no trace of the islands could be discovered. It was supposed that they, together with their inhabitants, had disappeared through a volcanic eruption. Mr Fisher had unfortunately paid for his guano in advance, and now that the islands are nowhere, the guano is in exactly the same place. The worst of it is that the Australian government does not seem to have the smallest intention of returning the money paid by Mr Fisher, who also lost a large sum in fitting out the vessels."

Especially has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery manifested its potency in curing tetter, rose-rash, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Sold by druggists.—[Com.]

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Need no other Award of Merit than grateful testimonials of cures. These are better than anything from Expositions of Paris or Philadelphia, where Allcock's Plasters were not exhibited, being too widely and favorably known to use any such props.

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS QUICKLY CURE CHILBLAINS.

Office of the Hall Hygeine Glove Company, No. 145 South Clinton Street, Chicago, February 3, 1879.

Hon. B. Brandreth:

Dear Sir,—I have given Allcock's Porous Plasters a thorough trial for chilblains, which have afflicted me for 25 years past. I applied strips on the inflamed and itching part, and the relief was immediate. I used them for a week, and my feet became perfectly well. If you can get Allcock's Plasters there will be no trouble about chilled or frosted feet. My wife and self have used them with the greatest effect in backache and liver complaint. They give a fine appetite if worn on the pit of the stomach.

Yours truly, Wm. E. Hall.

Hudson River Railroad Station, Sing Sing, February 6, 1879.

My Dear Doctor,—Your Allcock's Plasters have been in constant use by myself and family for the last ten years. They are invaluable in colds, coughs, pains in side and chest. My children never complain of Allcock's Plasters; you don't have to hold noses to enable them to be taken.

On the 10th of January, just past, I was attacked with a most severe influenza. It prostrated me for a week; nothing relieved me, and I was afraid of pneumonia. I therefore sent to your factory and got a quarter of a yard of plaster and applied it to my chest. In twenty-four hours my breathing was much easier, and in forty-eight hours I was well. I wore the plaster for weeks without inconvenience.

Yours truly, W. T. Lyon, Ticket-Agent.

To Hon. B. Brandreth.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JAMES W. HUSTED, EX-SPEAKER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

Peekskill, October 30, 1878.

B. Brandreth, President of the Porous Plaster Company:

My Dear Sir,—I desire to bear witness to the virtues of Allcock's Porous Plasters. About a year ago I was thrown from a carriage and badly bruised. Suffering great pain, I was carried home, and some three or four of Allcock's Plasters were applied. The effect was almost immediate, and in a short time all pain left me, and I was soon up and attending to business.

Your plasters are very useful in cases of severe colds and coughs. I used three—one on my back and two on the chest—when I had so bad a cough that my friends thought nothing but a trip South would save me. These plasters, however, soon effected a perfect cure. My family use them constantly. There is no humbug about them; they perform all they promise.

Yours truly, James W. Husted.

Brockway, No. 25 Mulberry Street, January, 22, 1879.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sing Sing:

Dear Sir,—Last October I took a severe cold, which settled in my side, chest, and small of my back, causing much pain, inconvenience, and anxiety. I thoroughly tried several applications recommended for my trouble, but without obtaining the least benefit. At length a friend advised me to try Allcock's Porous Plasters, which I have since done to my entire relief. This trouble had lasted more than a month before I tried Allcock's Plasters, and seemed to increase in violence, but within two or three days after applying the plasters, I could discern an improvement in my condition, and within two weeks the pain and soreness had entirely disappeared, and I have felt nothing of it since.

Yours truly, L. H. Sawyer,
At Tatham Brothers, 82 Beekman St., N. Y. City.

Beware of imitations. Allcock's Porous Plasters are sold by all druggists. Principal office, No. 294 Canal Street, New York.—[Com.]

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This Protector is designed to be worn by children to prevent their stockings and other garments from wearing out or becoming soiled at the knee while playing about the house. It can be adjusted and removed in a moment, and protects the knee from scratches and other injuries. They are very durable, and will stand the roughest kind of usage. For sale by all the fancy goods and notion houses throughout the United States. A handsomely colored lithographic picture, representing a group of children at play, wearing the Knee Protector, sent free to any part of the country by addressing GEO. E. KING, Manufacturer, 573 Broadway, N.Y.

Young America Press Co., 35 Murray St., New York, manufacture a variety of hand, self-inking and rotary presses, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150, including the Centennial, Young America, Cottage, Lightning and other celebrated printing machines. Our new rotary press, the United States Jobber, is cheapest and excels all other presses. Lowest prices for type and printing material. Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, etc., 10 cts. A sample package of plain and fancy cards, 10 cents.

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Send two ten cent pieces wrapped and enclosed in a letter for trial package sufficient for twenty plants for three months, including a little book on "How to make House Plants Bloom," by Professor Maynard of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., 43 Chatham St., Boston; 2 Park Place, New York.

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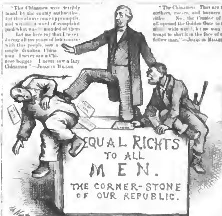

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WELLS CATHEDRAL.

THE present cathedral at Wells replaces the earlier Saxon building, which had fallen into complete decay during the century after the Norman conquest. Authorities disagree as to how much of the original edifice remains, owing to a difference in the records which give account of the various restorations. The name of the prelate under whose direction the work was performed was Bishop ROBERT, who held the see during the latter half of the twelfth century. Subsequently we learn that "the whole of the cathedral west of the presbytery was pulled down by Bishop JOCELYN, of Wells, who began to rebuild it on a larger scale and with far greater magnificence." Some part of this new church was consecrated by Bishop JOCELYN himself in 1239. The existing nave, the transepts, the central tower as high as the roof, and the west front of the cathedral are the work of this bishop. About 1280, during the episcopate of Bishop BURNELL, the crypt of the chapter-house seems to have been completed, and the chapter-house itself is generally and with all probability assigned to the time of Bishop WILLIAM DE LA MARE. In 1321, under Bishop DRAKEPORD, the central tower was raised to its present height, and five years later the same bishop had seen the completion of the choir and the Lady-chapel. The upper portion of the southwest tower was raised in the same manner by Bishop BEKWITH, who also built the eastern walk of the cloister, with the library over it. The western cloister walk and part of the southern were the work of Bishop BURGHERSH, the latter having been completed soon after his death by THOMAS HENRY, Treasurer of Wells.

The most remarkable feature of Wells Cathedral is the west front, of which a prominent view is given in our engraving. It consists of a centre in which are the three lancets of the western window, and above them a gable receding in stages, with small pinnacles at the angles, and of two wings, or western towers, projecting beyond the nave, as in the cathedral at Salisbury. The upper part of these towers is in the style known as Perpendicular. The northwest tower was completed by Bishop BEKWITH, whose statue remains in one of the niches; the southwest tower was the work of Bishop HAREWELL. Both these towers, fine as are their details, have a somewhat truncated appearance, and it is probable that the original Early English design terminated at the upper most band of sculpture. The three western doors are of unusually small dimensions, perhaps in order to leave ample room for the dais of figures which rise above them. Six narrow buttresses, at the angles of which are slender shafts of Purbeck marble supporting canopies, divide the entire front into five portions. The statues which fill the niches are, without exception, of Doulting stone. The number of figures on the entire west front is upward of 300, of which 152 are either life size or colossal. Of the larger figures, twenty-one are crowned kings, eight crowned queens, thirty-one mitred ecclesiastics, seven armed knights, and fourteen princes or nobles in costumes of the first half of the thirteenth century. It is not impossible that color may have been formerly applied to these statues, as to the small figures within the porch, and they may perhaps have been identified by labels with inscriptions. At present, however, it may be said that not one among all the statues on the historical tier can be identified.

The first impression on entering the choir of Wells Cathedral will not readily be forgotten. Owing to the most beautiful and peculiar arrangements of the Lady-chapel and the retro-choir, in the manner in which the varied groups of arches

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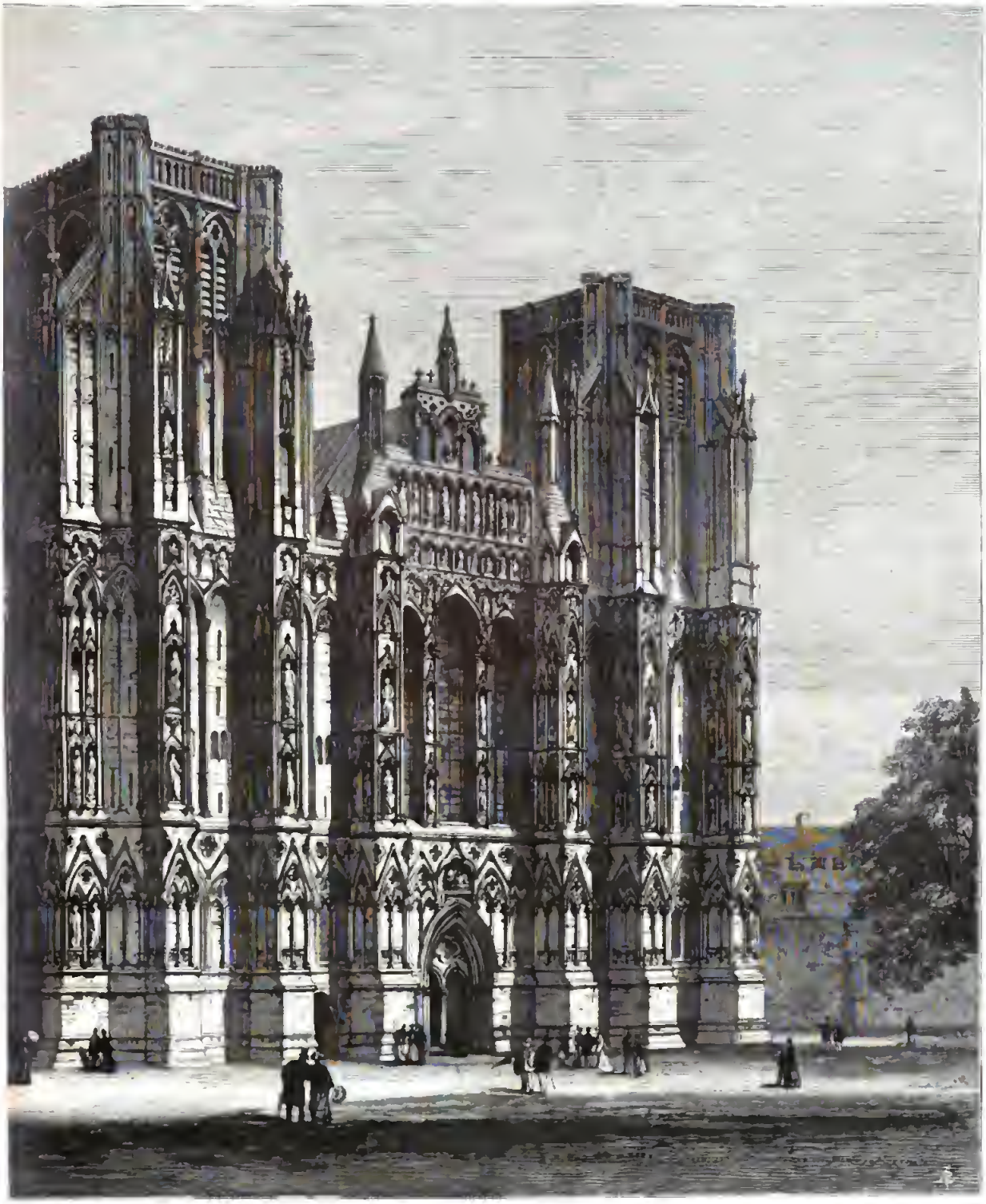
ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHI

and pilasters are seen beyond the low altar screen to the rich splendors of the stained glass, to the beautiful architectural details of the choir itself, and to the grace and finish of the late restorations, it may safely be said that the choir of no other English cathedral affords a view more impressive or more picturesque. It is difficult to determine whether the effect is more striking at early morning when the blaze of many colored lights from the eastern windows is reflected upon the slender shafts of Purbeck marble and upon the vaulted roof, or at the late winter services, when the darkened figures of saints and prophets in the clear-story combine to add something of mystery and of solemn gloom to the mass of half seen aisles and chapels. The choir has been thoroughly restored at a comparatively recent date. It was closed so that the work might begin in 1848, and re-opened for divine service in March of 1854, on the occasion of the funeral of Dean JERVIS, who had contributed munificently toward the undertaking. The lime and colored washes were carefully removed from the sculptures. The stalls, the pulpit, and the arrangements about the altar are entirely new; the vaulting has been decorated in polychrome, and there are two new windows of stained glass. The first three piers and arches of the choir are Early English, of the same character as those of the nave and transepts, and are probably the work of Bishop JOCELYN. The remaining portion, including the whole of the vaulting, as well as the tabernacle-work and clear-story above the first three bays, is in the Decorated style, and is worthy the most careful study.

The "inverted arches" supporting the central tower may be examined before entering the choir. The effect of their inverted lines, as seen from the nave aisles and from the angles of the transepts, is most singular and unusual, but the contrast with the surrounding forms is too sharp to be altogether agreeable. The enormous support and strength afforded by them are, however, evident. The tower itself is in the early English style as far as the roof. In 1318 the masons voluntarily taxed themselves to the extent of the fifth part of their income in order to raise this tower, which was accordingly carried up three more stages, and completed in 1331. In 1337 and 1338, convocations were called in great dismay, on account of a settling in the work of the tower, owing to which extensive cracks or fractures had appeared. One writer speaks of this calamity as "a disaster not uncommon with the mediæval masons; for notwithstanding all that has been said of them, they were unskilled, unscientific persons, who put [illegible] mass upon mass [illegible] settle they had [illegible] expedients to [illegible] again." The [illegible] into the ground [illegible] mass, probably [illegible] arches, for [illegible] rents took place [illegible] The mischief [illegible] the arch, and [illegible] thus supported [illegible] double arches [illegible] arches were pu[illegible]



TURE—WELLS CATHEDRAL.

acking their buildings on the edifice began to all sorts of means and and set it as its legs ells Cathedral had sunk or degree then was cons- of the pressure on the on inspection that the e crown of the arches ibectly from the apex of with is all the masonry r to remedy this the rected, and the original lled in with large blocks of stone. The adjoining arches of the triforium, as may be seen both in the nave and transepts, were blocked up to foreman part of the weight in a lateral direction. After the completion of these works it does not appear that any further arc- chief took place. The fan tracery of the vault is Perpendicular, and was probably introduced under the direction of Bishop Beckington.

Among the names of prominent prelates con- nected with the see of Wells, which also includes Bath, the bishops being styled "of Bath and Wells," is that of Hadrian de Castello, who nearly suffered death from poison at the instiga- tion of the infamous Alexander VI. Hadrian was a native of Cornete, in Tuscany, and was dis- patched as papal legate to Scotland by Pope Ju- lius II. The death of the Scottish king de- tained him in London, where he became intimate with Archbishop Morton, by whom Henry VII was persuaded to intrust him, on his return to Rome, with the management of all business be- tween England and the papal court. In the year 1503 the bishopric of Hereford was conferred upon him, from which in the following year he was translated to Bath and Wells. In the mean time Alexander VI (Alexander Borgia) had raised him to the cardinalate, and afterward cast- ing a longing eye upon the wealth which Hadrian had amassed, attempted to poison him, with cer- tain other cardinals, at the famous banquet which took place in August, 1503, in the garden of the Vatican. The poisoned wine was, however, pre- sented to the Pope himself by mistake, who died, and whose son, the equally infamous Cæsar Bor- gia, never recovered from the effects of the same poison.

Another prelate whose name is generally re- membered in connection with the see of Bath and Wells is Thomas Ken, described as "one of the most primitive and holy bishops, who by God's means has been raised up to adorn the Apostolical Church in England." Bishop Ken was born at Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, in July, 1637. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Winchester College, and his name is still to be seen cut in the stone on a buttress in the southeast corner of the college cloisters. Here commenced his friendship with Francis Turner, afterward Bishop of Ely, who was subsequently associated with him in many of the most remarkable events of his life. As a young man Ken was at one time the do- mestic chaplain of Bishop Morley. In 1669 he became prebendary of Winchester, and was af- terward appointed chaplain to King Charles II., and to Princess Mary of Orange. At this time he composed his Manual of Prayers for the Use

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prise so great, an influence so powerful, thus centralized and put up for contest at short recurring periods, would jeopard the peace and safety of any nation. The election of a President would never lead to the effort and struggle and bitterness with which it is now attended, nor be followed by any question as to who was really the choice of the people, nor be the subject of any attempt to defeat their will, but for the offices within the gift. No nation can withstand a strife among its own people so general, so intense, and so demoralizing. No contrivance so effectual to embarrass government, to disturb the public peace, to destroy political honesty, and to endanger the common security was ever before invented. Its existence in this nation was not designed, but was the result of a national growth and centralization which the fathers could not foresee, and failed, therefore, to provide against. Every principle upon which they founded government, every practice which they inculcated, demands of us in some way to break up this system, and by removing the evils remove also the dangers with which it threatens us."

In the earlier part of the report there is another passage upon the same general subject which is not less truthful:

"On the other hand, the power of an Administration with the absolute disposal of one hundred and ten thousand offices, some of whose members are most interested in disposing of them so as to sustain themselves and their action, is enormous, as has been felt at every step of the investigation. There is no form of continuing influence equal for convenience and control to that of an office. If a man be bribed by a sum down, he may lose it or waste it, and then the control it gave over him will be gone. But in an office which he holds at the pleasure of the person who appointed him he is under continuing control. While he is compliant and serviceable he receives a support; but when he fails in either regard, or confesses where he might have kept silent, his supplies are cut off, and he is turned out on the world without means and without character, ruined by his confession of the truth. Patronage has, besides this, the further advantage that it affords the possibility of ascribing its bestowment to just causes, and while being used for the most reprehensible purposes, the motives of its use may be concealed. It is the history of all state conspiracies that if the conspirators succeed, the means by which they do so are rarely disclosed or published while their party remain in power or control."

Mr. Webster in 1835 sententiously said the same thing: "It is generally true that he who controls another man's means of living controls his will."

It is undoubtedly true that our system of patronage is the source and supply of the most serious evils that now threaten us. If the character and conduct of Congress appall the observer, they are both largely explained by the system of patronage. If the aversion to political activity upon the part of good citizens, which our shrewdest critics have mentioned, be seen to be fraught with danger, it is due in great measure to patronage. If the general meanness and dishonesty of practical politics be alarming, they may be traced immediately to the system of patronage. If despicable rings and cliques control parties, and party spirit, always fierce enough, is inflamed and imbittered, it is mainly the result of the vast patronage of office. There is no political reform which would tend so much to the relief of so many evils as a rigorous diminution of the patronage. The very strong expressions of the majority report are doubtless due to the chairman, Mr. Potter, who is known to favor some wise treatment of the question. He has more than once alluded earnestly to the subject, and it is a significant fact that both in his report and in that upon the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department the question is so forcibly urged upon public attention. The Indian report asserted in effect that the military service was more trustworthy than the civil because of the tenure—in other words, because it was not at the mercy of patronage. The Potter report describes patronage as the crowning danger of the country. These are plain signs which should not escape the attention of the friends of reform, because they show the working of the leaven of truth in the public mind, and forecast the public opinion which will demand a change. The crucial question in a republic always is, Will the people restrain themselves, will parties moderate party spirit? That is the question of civil service reform, which thus becomes a test of patriotism and of the ability of self-government. The argument is incontestable. The only question is of willingness to apply the conclusions.

The remark of Mr. Potter that the evil of patronage is the crowning danger is the more striking because it proceeds from a partisan of the party which is now in control of the Congress that will count the next electoral vote. The election will be undoubtedly close. The result will depend upon the vote of a very few States, possibly upon that of one State. Now the dullest mind can see that the temptation of Congress to tamper with the result is immensely increased by the fact that the vast plunder called patronage depends upon the decision. Every member will feel that his power and importance will be enormously enhanced, and that his ambitions can be much more surely gratified, if he can grasp his "share" of patronage. The legitimate prizes of political contention are few compared with the chances of a general grab for plunder. Every politician will see in the declaration of the vote for his candidate the chance of impregnable party organization and a continuance of power not to be easily disturbed. The feeling that leads a majority to seat the party candidate in a contested election, so that such seating has now become almost a settled practice, would be a thousandfold stronger in the case of obtaining all the patronage of the government. Is it wise or safe to foster this peril? Yet our system of patronage fans and blows the fire of party spirit to white heat, and exposes men at every point to the severest strain of temptation. It is this vast patronage, this holding or losing hundreds of thousands, not of "offices" only, but of small places attached to offices, with all their emoluments, the fact that the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of families depends upon the result of the election, which makes the Presidential contest so absorbing and so dangerous, and surrounds its decision with such appalling temptations. And all this acknowledged peril can be obviated by diminishing the patronage in the simplest and the most practicable manner.

BLACK HOLES IN NEW YORK.

The great meeting to consider the evils of the tenement-house system showed how deep and strong is the consciousness of the abuse and the necessity of a remedy. There is, indeed, no doubt that all intelligent people are of one mind upon the subject, and the power of the Board of Health is very great. But it is a discretionary power, and it will be used only so far and so fast as public opinion requires. The law, also, can do much. As Mr. Choate well said, the Legislature can restrict the number of persons that shall be packed in a certain area of lodging-house, as Congress decides how many passengers shall be carried in a vessel. But the two important points to carry are the support by public knowledge and opinion of vigorous measures by the Board of Health, and the practical proof to the owners and inmates of tenement-houses that a decent lodging is no more costly than indecent kennelling.

This, as Mr. Choate said, has been proved elsewhere, and he referred to George Peabody's lodging-houses in London. Mr. James M. Brown said, as evidence that something could and would be done, that thirteen tenement-houses in the city have been leased by a company of ladies for improvement and experiment, and that $70,000 have been offered toward a million for a model block. The reason of such movements was eloquently stated by Mr. Godwin and others. It is one which involves the common welfare. The worst house in the city avenges itself upon the best, as in the "black assize" at Oxford the suffering of the prisoners avenged itself by the infection and death of "the Lord Chief Baron, the sheriff, and about three hundred more." The children of the slums prove their kin with the children of the palaces, and the pestilence bred in Mackerelville devastates Murray Hill. The tenement-houses—Black Holes of the city—are the nurseries of every kind of disease as well as of crime and vice. Much has been done and well done by the Board of Health. It is a matter of congratulation to the community and of honor to the Board that in a port so exposed as New York to the chances of a great immigration, the general health is so excellent, and that epidemics have been stayed. The city, indeed, is exceptionally situated for thorough drainage and ventilation. But it is something to improve advantages, and the tenement-house movement is an effort to improve them still more.

We have already published some of the appalling statistics in regard to tenement-houses. They and their perils are the sores that threaten the moral, physical, and political health of the country. They are so repulsive that most people prefer not to see them. But there elections are decided. There men are virtually appointed who levy and collect taxes, and govern great cities, and decide the electoral result in great States. There is the problem not only of humanity and of charity, but of statesmanship. The meeting of which we have spoken was one of practical politics as well as of practical morality—for they are akin—and American civilization ought to be as signally shown in the character of the tenement-house as it is in that of the school and the church.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan may congratulate themselves that the fame of their amusing comic opera has penetrated to the core of our continent. Last week, while at the dock of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, in this city, we noticed certain burly 'longshore-men who were landing from a lighter several hundred barrels of Minnesota flour, branded "Pinafore."

—Among the incidents worthy of record in connection with the last session of Congress is the fact that for the first time in the history of the United States Senate a colored man was temporarily in the Vice-President's chair, and presided over that august body. Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, had that honor. In the House of Representatives, during the Speakership of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Rainey (colored), of South Carolina, was more than once put in the chair of the House as chairman of the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union by the Speaker, and Mr. Lynch (colored), of Mississippi, occupied the same position once. Both gentlemen discharged the duties creditably.

—Mr. David H. Strother, who has long been pleasantly known to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* as "Porte Crayon," was on the 3d of March unanimously confirmed as United States consul-general at the City of Mexico. The appointment is in every respect an admirable one.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Daily Graphic*, celebrated a few days ago the sixth anniversary of its establishment by appearing in a new and elegant typographical dress. The success of the *Graphic* as the only illustrated daily journal in the world is due to liberal enterprise and intelligence. In addition to fine art illustrations, the news of the day receives prompt and effective pictorial treatment in its pages, and it is always filled with bright and entertaining reading. It has been successful because it deserved to be.

—Lord Dufferin having accepted, shortly after his return to England, an invitation to dine at the Reform Club, thought it proper, on accepting the mission to St. Petersburg, to explain the matter to Lord Beaconsfield, who carelessly replied: "I really don't care where you dine, we must all dine somewhere." To Lord Dufferin's previous suggestion that if he went to St. Petersburg it would be as a Whig, the Premier drolly answered: "Oh, well, you Whigs have already almost every thing among you; there is Odo Russell, Layard, and Lyons, so one more does not signify."

—Mr. Bret Harte is to be ovated and dined in London. The last-received number of the London *World* says: "The friends and admirers of Mr. Bret Harte, who goes back to his consulate, but will return in a month, propose to entertain him at a public dinner in recognition of the delight which his admirable humor and pathos have afforded to thousands of English readers, and to bid him welcome to this country. The date has been fixed for Saturday, the 15th of March; the chair will be taken by the Earl of Rosebery, and the management of the affair has been intrusted to the three gentlemen who conducted the Archibald Forbes banquet last year to such a successful issue."

—Mr. Henry Labouchere, in *Truth*, says that "the curious may be interested to learn that Mr. Tennyson is something of a *bon vivant*, as, indeed, a bard should be. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he (like Macaulay) is an excellent caterer for others, though now comparatively indifferent to these things himself. The reader who shall taste the Laureate's wine will be fortunate indeed. I am not referring to the official 'sack' so much as to some marvellous Amontillado, the price of which I am really afraid to state to an unbelieving generation. Probably no such gift was ever made since Lord Nelson received (in 1800) a dozen bottles of the vintage of 1625."

—Mr. George W. Bull, the well-known "Taurus" of the Buffalo *Commercial*, is at the head of the veteran corps of newspaper correspondents. Mr. Bull first went to Albany fifty years ago, and for forty-five years he has been writing letters from the capital—a series of rapid pen pictures of famous men and scenes. During that time, as he says in a recent letter, he has seen nineteen Governors and the election of many United States Senators, with the long procession of Assemblymen and State officers. Van Buren was Governor when Mr. Bull came first to Albany, and he has personally known all his successors, and his predecessor De Witt Clinton. It is a richly stored memory which covers such a period and recalls such men. But "Taurus" is satisfied to sketch for the daily press the legislative history of each day as it passes, although he has been urged to give his recollections a more permanent form. He knows probably that the diligent newspaper correspondent writes for the historian if he does not write history; and as he plies his task, "Taurus" reflects, perhaps, that if his old comrade at the case, Horace Greeley, had been contented to direct his paper, he would have died a happier man.

—Mr. William L. Stone, the author of the *Life of Sir William Johnson*, and other historical and biographical works, is engaged upon a life of George Clinton, the first Governor of the State of New York, afterward Vice-President, and a heroic figure in the history of the State and country. Mr. Stone is most fortunate in his subject, and his work will be awaited with very great interest. He is no less fortunate that he writes at this time, when public attention has been especially turned to the local history of New York by the various centennial celebrations and by the discourses of accomplished historical students, among which those of Mr. Douglas Campbell deserve particular commendation.

—M. Gambetta is the lion of the hour. He has taken possession of the Palais de Bourbon, as President of the Chamber of Deputies. In the vicissitudes of life and the change of proprietors, this circumstance must be esteemed curious in the history of palaces. M. Gambetta, the republican, of humble origin, although now one of the most wealthy proprietors of France, succeeds the Duc de Morny in the residence on the Quai d'Orsay, surrounded by its beautiful gardens. The palace has been refitted with the most lavish magnificence for the present occupant, and the public hints that the upholsterers have expended all their skill in the hope that M. Gambetta will marry before the end of the year, and place a graceful hostess in such a fitting shrine. Treasures are gathered here from the wreck of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and St. Cloud. The suite of state apartments, lofty, spacious, and hung with white, each dedicated to the Arts, the Graces, or the Seasons, will be open on the occasion of the inauguration of the fêtes of the new minister. The dining room is in such close proximity to the Hall of Deputies that M. Gambetta can fold his napkin and at one step take his seat in council. The boudoir, hung with blue satin, with the ceiling of the same material, still retains the table of the Duchesse de Morny. The bedroom, furnished with bronze satin and blue, is the apartment in which died the Duc de Morny. May the dreams of M. Gambetta be tranquil here! The reader of Alphonse Daudet's *Nabob* will recall the powerful delineation of the death of this nobleman, on the occasion when the Emperor and Empress passed up the marble stairway to bid farewell to their statesman. Paris now seeks to abolish all trace of the polished and crafty Morny. The street bearing his name, near the Arc de Triomphe, has been baptized instead Rue Pierre Charron.

—Rev. Dr. H. N. Brinsmade, of Newark, gave $6000 to the college in Beloit, Wisconsin, where he was formerly settled. He also left by will $7000 more to that college, and $6000 to Carleton's College, in Northfield, Minnesota, for the education of young men for the ministry.

—Writing of Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a correspondent of the Troy *Times* says: "He is in many respects a wonderful man. His reputation as a statesman and as advocate is already national, but his many admirable traits as a man are best known by his friends at home. He is a scholar of rare attainments, and has by far the best library in Milwaukee, his collection of Shakespeare's works being one of the best in the country. He is a daily student of Shakespeare and the Bible, and no one quotes Avon's bard or the Holy Word more aptly and accurately than he."

—Mr. Ralph Disraeli, brother of Lord Beaconsfield, is an elderly man, living in comparative obscurity. He strolls about old gardens with a book in his hand, goes into no society, and is never among the list of guests at Lord Beaconsfield's house. He has a very snug life office, Deputy Clerk of the House of Lords, with a salary of $6000 a year, and would probably succeed to the Clerkship, worth $12,500, now held by Sir William Rose. Mr. Disraeli declines to be interviewed in reference to his marriage, family, or any thing relating to his domestic affairs.

—In a sketch of Mr. Gladstone published recently in a London paper we are told that he is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend, and never worries about domestic trifles. His disinterestedness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of salary when Prime Minister, and left the office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterward his library, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and he frequently returns from a country walk with his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away every thing, and had not money left to pay for his ticket, so he trudged home on foot, arriving so late that his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden; and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was Prime Minister, and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The forty-fifth Congress expired at noon on the 4th inst. Two of the appropriation bills failed to pass, viz., the Army, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial. The points of disagreement were the clauses abolishing the jurors' test oath and the United States Election Law.—Two all-night sessions were held, and both Houses sat on Sunday, the 2d inst. The Brazilian mail subsidy proposition was rejected on the 28th ult., and the Yellow Fever Bill was tabled in the House on the 1st inst. The President vetoed the Chinese Immigration Bill, and the House sustained the veto, less than two-thirds voting to pass the bill the second time. The vote was 110 to 96. The Census Bill, as amended by the House, passed the Senate on the 3d. The committee who investigated the connection of Senator Matthews with the Louisiana count made a report exonerating him.—The President, on the 4th, issued a proclamation convening Congress in extra session on the 18th inst. The new House will consist of 146 Democrats, 130 Republicans, and 13 Greenbackers, of whom seven are said to have Democratic proclivities and six Republican.

The business portion of the town of Reno, Nevada, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 2d inst. The loss will amount to $1,000,000.

The Michigan Republican Convention met at Lansing on the 6th, and nominated a candidate for Associate Judge of the Supreme Court and two candidates for Regents of the State University. The platform adopted was strictly in favor of hard money. The Democrats and Greenbackers met in the same city on the 20th ult., and formed a coalition against the Republicans. A ticket was agreed upon, and the Democrats adopted all but one resolution of the Greenback platform.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate, on the 28th ult., passed the government Amnesty Bill by a vote of 160 to 86, after rejecting M. Victor Hugo's proposition for a full and complete amnesty.—On the 3d inst., M. De Marcere, French Minister of the Interior, resigned in consequence of the adoption of a motion by the Chamber of Deputies assailing the Prefecture of Police. M. Lepère, Minister of Commerce, succeeds him, and he in turn is succeeded by M. Pierre Emmanuel Tirard.—The British House of Commons, on the 4th inst., rejected, by a vote of 291 to 226, Mr. Trevelyan's motion in favor of the equalization of the borough and county franchise.

A publication issued by a Russian secret press declares that the Governor of Charkoff was condemned to death by the Socialists for inhuman treatment of political prisoners, and was executed by one of that party.

The Spanish steamer *Guillermo*, bound from Baltimore for Liverpool, was run into by the steamer *Ierne*, from the latter port, near the Skerries, in the Irish Sea, on the 3d inst. Soon afterward the *Guillermo* took fire and sank. Some of the crew are missing, but they are believed to have been picked up by a Dublin steamer not yet in port.

Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, died at Tashkurgan on the 21st ult. The news reached Europe through Lord Lytton, to whom it was communicated by Yakoob Khan, the son and heir of the deceased. After this event a bloody conflict broke out among the followers of the various pretenders to the Afghan throne, and the partisans of Yakoob Khan were victorious. It was reported that Yakoob Khan and two other pretenders had taken refuge at Herat.

The Prussian Parliamentary Discipline Bill is still hotly debated in the Reichstag, Prince Bismarck himself defending the measure, and many of the members opposing it. In the course of the discussion Vice-President Baron Stauffenberg, who, in consequence of his office, is considered authority on the subject, treated the bill sharply, and appealed to the House to reject the bill.

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TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—SKETCHES IN "BOTTLE ALLEY."—Drawn by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 230.]

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THE HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. A. BELL.]

THE LATE BISHOP THOMAS FOLEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSHER.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

HON. ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

On the night of March 3 a long and acrimonious debate took place in the United States Senate, on the motion of Senator HOAR, of Massachusetts, to amend the Pension Bill by excluding the name of JEFFERSON DAVIS from the roll of the Mexican war pensioners. The Democratic Senators were exceedingly bitter in their remarks. "The most glowing eulogies," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, "were paid to the leader of the lost cause, whose glory, it was said, exceeded that of Greece, and whose honors overtopped those of Rome. He had not asked for a pension; he would scorn a pension; his name was the synonym of all that was honorable and chivalric, and he was enshrined in the hearts of the Southern people as worthy to go down in history with a WASHINGTON and a HAMPDEN. His sins, it was said, with apparent pride, were those of a whole people, and his guilt was shared by many now filling seats on the floor of the Senate."

The most interesting event of the debate was the speech of Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, made about three o'clock in the morning. He said

"Mr President, twenty years ago, I, in company with Mr JEFFERSON DAVIS, stood up in this Chamber, and with him swore by Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. JEFFERSON DAVIS came from the cabinet of FRANKLIN PIERCE into the Senate of the United States, and took the oath with me to be faithful to this government. During long

THE COUNTRY-SEAT OF MR. JAMES C. FLOOD, MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

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years I sat in this body with Jefferson Davis, and saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the government that he meant to overthrow.

"Sir, there was method in this madness. He, in co-operation with other men from his section and in the cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow. Your armies were scattered all over this broad land, where they could not be used in an emergency. Your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down a rebellion. Your Treasury was depleted, until your bonds, bearing six per cent. interest payable in coin, were sold for eighty-eight cents on the dollar for current expenses, and no buyers were found. Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold, under an apparently innocent clause in an army bill, providing that the Secretary of War might, in his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed fit for the government to sell.

"Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in this hall and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this government were, and then he left and entered into a rebellion to overthrow the government that he had sworn to serve.

"I remained here, Sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion. I saw our brave soldiers by thousands—I might almost say millions—as they passed on to the theatre of the war. I saw their shattered ranks returning. I saw steamboat after steamboat, and railroad train after railroad train, bringing back the wounded. I was with my friend [pointing to General Burnside] when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that would make humanity shudder. I saw the widows and orphans made by this war.

"Mr. President, I little thought at that time that I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis living—a living rebel—on the floor of the Senate of the United States. Sir, I am amazed to hear it, and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day, with bravado on their lips, uttering eulogies upon him whom every man, woman, and child in the North believes to have been a double-dyed traitor."

This forcible speech made a profound impression upon all who listened to it.

BRAZIL AND THE AMAZON.

Brazil is an immense cape or promontory projecting into the ocean, fanned by the sea-breeze, and raised high above the common level of the waves. It stretches nearly across the Continent, and its inner provinces touch the roots of the Andes. Its enormous river or series of rivers opens a channel of communication with the Pacific states. The sea-breeze, or the land-winds, laden with tropical perfumes, soften its torrid climate; the heat, although constant, is never intolerable; the air is usually healthful, except, perhaps, where the traveller wanders, like Wallace, in swamps and noisome streams laden with malaria, feeding upon unaccustomed food. It is the happy peculiarity of Brazil that the earthquake that reigns supreme over all the rest of South America scarcely comes within its borders—a singular exemption! Caraccas and Peru are never safe from the most dreadful of earthly calamities; their shores are strewn with the ruins of tidal waves, their cities wasted by endless shocks; but over the rich delta of the Amazon or the prosperous sites of Rio and Pernambuco the fearful destroyer has apparently no power. The harbors of Brazil are among the most curious works of nature. The port of Rio de Janeiro is a vast basin, as secure and convenient for ships and merchants as if hollowed out by the hand of man. Tyre and Carthage could have desired no more useful emporium, but its great size and its encircling mountains throw into insignificance all the harbors of the past. It is described as a scene of unrivalled magnificence. "As our ship moved gently onward," wrote Stewart in 1850, "it was like the unfolding of a panorama." A "gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles," says Fletcher, "forms a colonnade to the entrance of the matchless bay;" cacti and rich-flowering parasites hang over the rocky hills; the bright-leaved woods, the purple flowers of the native trees, deceive the sight; new mountains rise; a fortress frowns over the entrance; far away the great city appears, white and lost in tropical vegetation on the hills; the bay is filled with ships, life, movement; and the splendor of the prospect seems to the traveller to exceed all that he has seen or felt in other lands. Some trace of exaggeration may be suspected. But when the short twilight of the tropic ends, the harbor of Rio assumes a new and startling beauty. The hills are marked with long lines of endless gas-lights; their very forms may be defined; every vessel hangs out a lamp; the ferry-boats rush by glittering with many-colored lights; the waters glow with phosphorescence, and every turn of the wheel produces a brilliant illumination; above, the sky glitters with stars, and the Southern Cross, the queen of the constellations, contends with Orion for the mastery of heaven.

Such is the language, somewhat chastened and subdued, in which the missionary and the man of science describe the bay of Rio. The city loses much when taken out of the realm of fancy. But it is still a remarkable place, a secure haven where the commerce of the future may well centre, where a great and intelligent population may in the next century discuss the new questions of political economy that will stir the American continent. As yet the Brazilian is somewhat languid, the air enervating, the yellow fever a dangerous visitor of the Rio and Pará. Wallace lost a brother by it, Stewart found its traces in the quiet streets. The rule of the papal clergy, some religious intolerance, the vestiges of slavery, have still to be banished from the cities and shores of Brazil before it can advance rapidly. The Brazilian Empire is as yet only the outline of a vast and populous state. Its extent is really imperial. It embraces more than 3,000,000 of square miles, is larger than the United States without Alaska, nearly twice as large as Europe without Russia. It is second in size only to China and the Russian Empire. But over this immense territory, capable of supporting all the nations of the West, a population of only about 10,000,000 is thinly scattered, or gathered chiefly on the coasts. Its chief city is Rio; next above it, 800 miles along the shore, is Bahia, the ancient capital until 1763; then Pernambuco, a busy port; then Pará, an unattractive sea-port, at the mouth of the enormous Amazon. But as yet the vast river brings to its solitary emporium but few of the advantages that usually follow so favorable a site. Under the active movement of republican life a great river necessarily spreads everywhere wealth and progress. The Mississippi is lined with places of active trade, and fortune and will at last renovate New Orleans. The Hudson, St. Lawrence, Sacramento, are sown with cities. But the majestic Amazon still rolls for thousands of miles through its magnificent solitude, its principal inhabitants the wild Indian and the monkey, its scanty settlements the centres of demoralization and decay. Imperialism has failed to inspire improvement. The endless acres of Brazil seem still to have little charm for the immigrant. Yet the country is fertile beyond belief, and its countless productions embrace all that can be useful or alluring to men. Its diamonds, always a tropical product, are still numerous; its gold mines are less valuable.

But richer than gold or diamonds are the products of its fertile soil, its coffee, cotton, India rubber, sugar, rice, the mandioc, the sago, the milk-tree, the cocoa, timber, woods of various hues, even the wheat and corn of its mountain districts, and its tea, that is not unworthy of the best-cultivated provinces of China. Wallace, Orton, and Agassiz have painted or felt the wonderful variety and splendor of its insects, plants, birds, and flowers. Butterflies of splendid hue, blue, red, or golden, winged blossoms, float everywhere from shrub to shrub; the deep green of the woods is covered with passion-flowers of various tints and odors; trees laden with pink, white, or scented blossoms burst into bloom in the heats of December and January; the gardens are gilded with orange and lemon trees laden with fruit; the soft and temperate heat nourishes a perpetual luxuriance of fruit and flower. But to this paradise comes the principle of evil in the shape of various reptiles, snakes, vampires, insects, that disturb the abode of peace. The ants are the most annoying. They march in great armies that are invincible; no human power can stay their course; they heap up mounds of earth fifty feet long and eight or ten high; they take possession of houses and expel the inmates; they devour books, clothes, paper; are found on the dining table, in the bedroom; white, red, black, some minute, some large and formidable, they rule over Brazil with an authority that no one disputes. Snakes, less formidable but more odious, abound everywhere. Anacondas, huge and languid, hang from the trees, and are accused of even swallowing horses; a countless number of reptiles, some poisonous and deadly, fill the landscape. The ponds swarm with alligators; the Amazon teems with fish and turtle; that most curious of its species, the manatee, or cow-fish, feeds on the grass of its banks, yields the milk, and has even the face of a cow. Countless monkeys chatter in the woods, or look down, huge and solemn, upon the traveller. An infinite number of birds of the brightest plumage flash over the scene. Wallace, one of the earlier explorers of the Amazon, landed at Pará full of admiration for the countless forms of life around him, was charmed with the climate, set out full of hope in a canoe to explore the sources of the Amazon, saw the black waters of the Rio Negro, and almost the pinnacles of the Andes. But the later period of his travels was less fortunate; he was shaken and wasted with malarious fever; the ship he set sail to return home in caught fire and was burned, with all his collection of rare objects; the naturalist and the crew floated on the sea for some days in open boats, were rescued at last, and landed safely in England. But it is to American intelligence and enterprise that the chief explorations of the rivers and inland districts of Brazil are due. The names of Herndon, Gibbon, Maury, Agassiz, Orton, and many more are connected with all its later progress. American steamers floated first on the rivers; the Plata and the Amazon were almost discovered anew by Americans.

One of the most remarkable of the productions of Brazil is its Emperor. At twenty-five Dom Pedro II. is represented by a traveller as tall, stately, active, full of intellect and energy. He towered above his subjects in stature, he was the most liberal and progressive of his race. He has never ceased to be a liberal. Half Austrian, half Portuguese, he has none of the bigotry of the past, and is the slave neither of priest nor prejudice. Dom Pedro is apparently the result of that political education in which the rulers of Brazil have been subjected in misfortune and decay. His ancestors fled from Portugal in 1808, before the arms of Napoleon, to begin a new course of conduct in the New World. Brazil was made free to the commerce of all nations. In 1822 it revolted from the Portuguese rule; the liberals took the control of the government; Dom Pedro I. ascended the throne, but when he seemed inclined to reaction and despotism, the people rose, the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son, then five years old, the present possessor of the throne. Frequent revolts, wars, a fearful rising of the Indians at Pará, have marked the later history. In 1840 the Brazilians once more rebelled, the regency was overthrown, and Dom Pedro II., the present Emperor, aided by a liberal ministry, began his reign. He has shown intelligence, humanity; has surrounded himself by men of republican impulses, literary cultivation, politeness, honor. He has firmly opposed the overbearing policy of the priests. He is a lover of letters, an author or translator; his favorite poet is Longfellow. Such is this peculiar Emperor, the elective ruler of Brazil. Public schools are encouraged, science fostered; the Amazon is thrown open to foreigners; immigration is invited; Brazilian authors write and flourish; the rivers of Brazil are already occupied by lines of steamers, the Amazon is a well-known highway; railroads are slowly advancing; and through all this varied and singular population, from the dusky Portuguese, the negro, the foreigner, the converted Indian of the coast, to the cannibals, savages, and the men worse than wild beasts of the interior, the impulse of progress is slowly spreading, the public school is forcing its way into the wilderness. Possibly the time is not far away when the immense forest of the valley of the Amazon, the largest and most desolate upon the globe, shall sink before the settler's axe; when the various plagues of Brazil, its poisonous reptiles, boas, centipedes, vampires, shall perish before the march of invention; when even the invincible ant shall have found his conqueror, the yellow fever its cure; when man shall learn how to make healthful and useful the most bountiful territory that nature has given to the race.

It is not creditable to our country that it has suffered two-thirds of the commerce of Brazil to fall into the hands of England and France. The foreigner has snatched away from us one of the chief and most lucrative centres of American trade.[1] It is probable that this will not long remain unamended. A new period of honest money and active enterprise is opening upon us. The commerce of Brazil, the happy land fanned by the southern winds, where earthquakes never come, should fall at last into American hands.

Eugene Lawrence.

[1] Orton, *The Andes and Amazons* (Harper & Brothers, 1876), gives the most striking and practical account of the Amazon and its valley. His narrative is often exceedingly interesting.

BISHOP THOMAS FOLEY.

The Right Reverend Thomas Foley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago, who died on the 19th ult., was born in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, March 6, 1822. He was of Irish parentage, and when but a boy of ten he declared his purpose to give himself to the priesthood. After an eight years' course he graduated at St. Mary's College, and in 1846 was ordained a Priest. His first appointment was in St. Mary's Church, at Rockville Centre, Montgomery County, Maryland, whence he was subsequently transferred to St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. After a year's service there he was called to officiate in the Cathedral at Baltimore. There he acted as Chancellor of the Diocese, and was afterward appointed one of the Vicars-General. Owing to the failure of the health of Bishop Duggan, the titular bishop of the diocese of Chicago, and his consequent inability to administer the affairs of the charge, Dr. Foley was appointed, on November 19, 1869, Coadjutor of the Bishop of Chicago and Administrator of the Diocese. Three months later he was consecrated as Bishop of Chicago, and soon afterward he entered upon the duties of his office. Bishop Foley was accounted one of the most eloquent prelates of his Church in this country. His portrait will be found on page 225.

A CALIFORNIA PALACE.

Our illustration on page 225 is from a drawing by Laver & Curlett, architects of the country-seat of James C. Flood, of the house of Flood, Mackay, & Fair, the wealthy bankers of the Pacific States. The residence is inclosed in a charmingly wooded domain of some twenty-five hundred acres of the most picturesque park scenery of gigantic evergreen oaks, interspersed with cultivated trees and shrubs of the rarest kinds. The style and costliness of the building will be understood from the following: the dimensions for the two façades are 120 feet and 220 feet respectively; the grounds are superbly laid out and enriched with the most exquisite bronzes and statuary, terrace walks, drives, serpentine walks, labyrinths, conservatories, fountains, and ornamental waters reaching down to the great San Francisco Bay.

The ground floor is adapted for large social entertainments, and consists chiefly of drawing-rooms, conservatory of music, reception-rooms, library, dining, billiard, smoking, and breakfast rooms, grand halls and staircases, vestibules, and servants' offices in the rear, etc. The different apartments are of large proportions, communicating one with the other through large openings, and, if desired, can, with a single exception, be thrown into one grand suite; the spacious piazza, twenty feet wide, also forms a feature in this semi-tropical climate for promenading. The second floor contains a large picture-gallery, lighted from handsomely designed ceiling lights of painted glass of the signs of the zodiac and various other devices, ladies' boudoir, ladies' and gentlemen's rooms, guests' chambers, dressing-rooms, ordinary bath-rooms, and Russian and Turkish baths, and all the best appliances known to modern science and hygiene. The finish of these floors will be of European and American choice woods, carved and executed in the most artistic style of cabinet work, all being French or hand polished. A large portion of the ground floor will be of parquet and mosaic work of elaborate patterns; the chimney-pieces are of various-colored marbles inlaid with onyx, malachite, and other costly European stones; the walls and ceilings frescoed in oil, in accordance with suitable designs for each apartment. The third story is set apart for the servants, and is finished in an appropriate manner in hard wood. The basement contains wine-cellars, larders, etc., and the heating and ventilating are after the best approved principles and system throughout.

The style of architecture is somewhat new in American buildings, it being a modification of the Louis Quatorze, and has in this instance been successful in the treatment of the various intricate forms. Mr. Augustus Laver, who has been on a tour of inspection in Europe, states that in addition to this large establishment he has received instructions, on his return to San Francisco, to proceed to erect two new city residences of a palatial character for Mr. Flood and his partner Colonel Fair, which will be situated on a magnificent site commanding an expansive view of the surrounding grandeur of all the scenery of the bay, including the Golden Gate and Farallone Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

It is a time-worn adage that one half the world does not know how the other half lives, and it might almost be added, neither does it care. For if it knew the evils of the lower life, it would seek a remedy; if it cared, it would not sleep until it had found and applied it. Especially is it true of large cities that the better classes have hardly begun to suspect what lies beneath the social stratum in which they live, and with all that has been done for the improvement and elevation of the poorer people, the work may be said to have been barely touched, so little comparatively has been accomplished.

Half a million men, women, and children are living in the tenement-houses of New York to-day, many of them in a manner that would almost disgrace heathendom itself. No brush could paint and no pencil describe with all the vividness of the truth itself the utter wretchedness and misery, the vice and crime, that may be found within a stone's-throw of our City Hall, and even within an arm's-length of many of our churches. A keen observer said recently to a friend, while passing through one of these densely crowded localities, notorious for its crimes as well as for its poverty, "If you were to cut out one square mile of this territory and hand it over to the devil, no one could dispute his title to the property." This was a forcible expression, but hardly an exaggeration. What he meant to say was that within all that area things were as bad as they could possibly be.

Many startling facts and figures have been given recently from the pulpit, the platform, and the daily press, in the hope of arousing a public sentiment that may lead to a practical solution of the great problem that is before us.

One of the speakers at the Cooper Institute meeting—Mr. Parke Godwin—truthfully summed up the whole matter when he said: "These are the homes of the people. The homes! God forgive us for such a prostitution of the blessed word home! As you and I know it, it has no meaning there. As it is celebrated in literature and poetry, as it is consecrated by legislation, as it is embalmed in our affections, it has no meaning there. As you and I know it, the home is the resort of peace and joy and love, the centre of the sweetest and tenderest ties, the educator of the young, and through them far more the educator of the old, the source of whatever is noble and manly and truthful in human character, diffusing its gentle influences onward over all society, and by the magic of its charms sweetening all the intercourse of life, and lifting our existence to the very precincts of the courts of heaven. But are these subterranean caves which a troglodyte of the earliest ages would disdain to enter, are these rayless holes in the wall which an inhabitant of the lake-dwellings would despise, are these musty and broken garrets which all the rains and winds of the welkin pierce but can not cleanse—are these to be called our homes? Alas! they are the only homes that many of our citizens ever know—where intemperance is nursed, where crime is cradled, where pale-eyed famine and flushed fever lodge, where the instincts of innocent childhood are stifled in the birth, where the modesty of girlhood finds no sheltering veil, where the sobs and sighs of mothers and wives expire in despair, while around them roar the curses of drunken ribaldry and the cries of brutal violence."

To assist our readers in forming some idea of what tenement-house life in New York really is, we have sent our artists to sketch here and there some of the abodes of the poor. "Bottle Alley," near the old Five Points, the first of the series, is shown on page 224. How it came by this name no one knows, but it was probably so called because of the trade in old bottles carried on by a junk man who lives in the rear. The police officer on the "post" offers a different explanation, however. He says, "Nobody in there used to be satisfied with an ordinary 'nip;' they drank it from the bottle, and that's the way the name was hitched to it. Now," he adds, "it ought to be called 'Tin Pail Alley,' for the bottle isn't big enough for them. They get it by the pailful. It's cheap—only a cent or two a pail for the raw stuff." It might as well be called "Battle Alley," for every week it contributes an assault-and-battery case to the police courts. "They don't row so much as they used to, though," the same officer said. "A year or more ago they killed a man in there, and since then they have behaved pretty well for them."

The alleyway, about four and a half feet wide, is cut through the front house, and running back about thirty-five feet, it opens into a little court-yard that faces the rear building. It is irregularly paved with cobble-stones, is covered with filth, and looks as if it might be a passageway for horses to and from a stable. Standing at the entrance, and looking in from the street, no one would ever dream that the tumble-down building in the rear was the abode of human beings. It is an old house, and has a curious history, having been built originally on the edge of the Collect Pond when that part of the city was little more than a farm. Its occupants then were highly respectable people, but a great change has come over the scene, and to-day the place is only a den.

The cellar is a queer hole. Passing down a flight of stone steps (every one of which is out of joint with its neighbor) and through a dilapidated doorway, the visitor stands in an apartment not much larger than an ordinary hall bedroom,

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ten feet by fourteen, with a ceiling so low that he is afraid to keep his hat on lest it brush the dirt from overhead. One of the walls is of bare logs, and the other of undressed stone. There are no chairs to sit on, only a few rough boxes. An Italian family of five persons occupied the room until recently, paying $6 a month rent, and taking lodgers—sometimes eight to twelve—at five cents a night. To add to their income they sold sour beer at two cents a pint, or three cents a quart. Of those who frequented the place, Dr. SHAFFER says in his official report, "Humanity gets no lower than these people are. They are looked down upon even by the other denizens of the alley." A short time since this family moved out, but another came in its place, and the old business will be carried on as usual.

The two upper floors are not quite so bad, but there are sights to be seen in some of the rooms that baffle description. The stairs are on the outside of the building, leading up from the court to a balcony, from which doors open into the several apartments. The interior of one of these rooms is shown in the central picture. Here five Italians keep bachelors' hall, each one paying his share of the little that is needed to run the concern. One is a carpenter, another a shoemaker, and three are sweepers of the streets. The floor is destitute of carpet, is sunken in one corner, and is covered with grease and dirt. The ceiling and walls are more like those of a smoke-house than of a dwelling. There are no closets or pantries. The cooking utensils hang about the fire-place, the dishes are piled on the table, and the personal effects are crammed into canvas bags that hang from pegs against the walls. None of the vessels used in cooking or serving a meal are ever washed. They are simply emptied, or "cleaned off," and laid aside for the next meal. The food is gathered principally from the garbage boxes on the streets or from the offal of the markets, and one cooking every week is about all that is done. The sleeping appointments are equally bad. There are no bedsteads. Five filthy-looking mattresses spread on boards supported by carpenters' "horses" serve as resting-places. There is no distinction between day and night in the matter of dress. Every man of them goes to bed in the clothes he works in, boots and all, and from one year's end to the other they are never known to wash themselves. They never buy any thing to wear, every article of apparel being fished from the ash-barrels. One of the men boasted that he found a coat in a street box and wore it to church the next Sunday, and "on need brushee off." It was clean enough, he thought. They belong to a class who save money, and when they get capital enough together, return to the old country to finish out their days. The Italians are not the only occupants of the house. There are Irish there too, and some of them as cleanly as their surroundings will permit, but there is the same crowding in nearly all the rooms.

But the saddest sight of all is the children of the "Alley," running about the streets, with their little pinched faces and shivering forms. Mr. ROGERS has pictured a group of these neglected waifs playing on the sidewalk in front of the house. In spite of their squalor it is curious to observe the outcropping of the feminine instinct for decoration shown by some of the little girls of the neighborhood in the matter of dress. Nearly all of them have some bits of color displayed among their rags. A faded neckerchief once brightly colored, a little bow upon the neck, or a bit of dirty calico or cast-off silk in lieu of ribbons in the hair, satisfies the girlish fancy for the beautiful.

Dr. R. H. DERBY, chairman of the sub-committee on tenement-houses, of the Board of State Charities' Aid Association, and his assistant, Dr. E. L. SHAFFER, have carefully inspected the "Alley," and the latter has prepared a valuable report of their observations. To both these gentlemen we are indebted for courtesies shown to our artist, and for information given to the writer of this article.

THE ENTRY INTO JELALABAD.

THE entry of the British troops into Jelalabad has already been described in our columns. Our double-page illustration shows Sir SAMUEL BROWNE, with Major CAVAGNARI and other staff officers, about to ride in through the Peshawur gate of the town. The parade and ceremonial Durbar, held on January 1, were intended to commemorate the anniversary of the proclamation of her Majesty as Empress of India at Delhi. The troops paraded formed a line of nearly one mile in length on the plain south of the encampment. General Sir SAMUEL BROWNE, who does not appear in our illustration of the scene, stood at a point opposite the centre of the line, accompanied by his staff officers, and when the artillery had fired a royal salute, and had limbered up again, he called for "three cheers for the Queen." These were heartily given by all the troops.

At the Durbar, soon after the troops were reviewed, all the khans, or native chiefs of the district, who had submitted to British authority, came in and were presented to Sir SAMUEL BROWNE. The general, it will be observed, has lost his left arm. Amongst them was the Ziajar ABDUL KHALIK KHAN, an influential person in Afghanistan. Each of them was brought up by Mr. JENKINS, and was introduced first to Major CAVAGNARI, who then explained to the general, in most cases, the name, rank, and position of the visitor, and a few coins, laid on a white cloth, were offered as a complimentary "nuzzur." General MACPHERSON, General JENKINS, and many other officers were present, including some native officers of the regiments. After the presentations Major CAVAGNARI addressed the Durbar in English, and Mr. JENKINS read a document in the Persian language; Sir SAMUEL BROWNE also spoke a few words in English, and the proceedings ended.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

ARE there any longer "Catholic states" in Europe? is a question of moment to the secular as well as the religious world. It has been said in this journal that the Catholic powers are slipping out of the hands of the Chief Pontiff, and the fact is now reluctantly admitted by Church writers. The London *Tablet* confesses, with regard to France, Austria, Spain, Italy, Bavaria, Belgium, and Portugal, that whatever propriety there may have been in designating them as "Catholic" in former times "has almost entirely disappeared." The only one of them all in which the government is influenced by the Church is Spain, and even there, says the *Tablet*, "the Catholicism of the state is superficial and formal, and nothing like a warm support of Catholic interests at home or abroad is to be looked for from those in power." In France, once called "the eldest daughter of the Church," five of the present ministers of state are Protestants, and of the remaining four not one "is a practical Catholic." Since Austria, says this same paper, became a constitutional state, "the government can no longer be said to have any particular religious character." Portugal, from the days of POMBAL, has jealously watched the Church; the same may be said of the policy of Bavaria, and the Belgian liberals have made a successful campaign against Catholic control of the government.

The *Tablet* takes, therefore, a gloomy view of the prospects of Europe. Whether this apostasy of the Catholic powers "is a precursor of the last days of the world's history" it does not know, but fears that the end is coming. More likely the signs indicate the end of the Church of Rome as a political power, but not necessarily the termination of its energy as a spiritual force.

The Congregationalists have secured lately one minister from the Methodists, the Rev. WESLEY R. DAVIS, who succeeds the Rev. Dr. HEPWORTH as pastor of the Church of the Disciples, New York, and are trying to secure another from the Presbyterians, the Rev. Dr. J. T. DURYEA, of Brooklyn, whom they have invited to the Central Church of Boston. Dr. DURYEA was several years ago called to succeed the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS as pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of this city, but declined the call. The Central Congregational Church is one of the largest and finest in Boston. It was founded forty years ago by the Rev. JOHN TODD. Its present edifice cost $400,000.

It is proposed in Ohio to obtain legislative permission for a lottery, the proceeds thereof to be applied to the payment of Archbishop PURCELL's debts. This would be swindling the people outright, and it is to be hoped that the scheme may be dropped. Bad banking is a serious evil, yet is not necessarily criminal; but plundering the people by a lottery is a crime. With their usual good sense, the Scotch have frowned upon the proposal to relieve by means of a lottery the sufferers from the failure of the Glasgow bank. They have helped the sufferers by the direct gift of over $1,000,000. One of the Scotch courts has recently decided that the practice of raffling at bazars—the name there for charitable fairs—is illegal.

On the 4th of March Archbishop PURCELL made an assignment of all his property, except churches and parish schools, to his brother, Father EDWARD PURCELL; the brother very promptly made an assignment to JOHN B. MANNIX, attorney. Suits had been brought to the amount of $100,000. The estimated value of the property assigned is $400,000; 3592 claims against the archbishop's estate have been filed, aggregating $3,651,343.

The negotiations between the Vatican and the German government are still without result, though both parties profess a wish to establish peace. The clergy of Germany have been directed by the Pope to pursue a conciliatory policy. The May laws are still the obstacle to a settlement, and so far Germany is resolved to adhere to them. BISMARCK has proposed a treaty of peace on the basis of the laws; but LEO XIII. does not agree to this offer.

The assertion of the London *Times* that the evangelical party in the English state Church has declined during the last fifty years is controverted by Dean CLOSE and Canon RYLE. Dean CLOSE estimates that evangelical doctrines are preached in five times as many pulpits of the English Church as fifty years ago, that ten times as many pulpits in the large towns are occupied by evangelical clergymen as were occupied by evangelicals fifty years ago, and that the evangelical charitable societies are the largest and richest of the Church of England. The *Times* so far modifies its first statements as to say that as a party the evangelicals are less conspicuous than they were formerly, but that their doctrines have penetrated the Church, and are now preached by many clergymen who would not acknowledge themselves to be of the evangelical school.

The debt of the American Home Missionary Society (Congregational), which has for two years been a serious embarrassment to the managers, is now paid. The annual contribution of $41,120 in January cancelled it. The debt of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board was, on February 1, $182,876. The cost of administration incurred by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which disburses annually over $450,000, is only four and one-quarter per cent.

The Girton College for women, at Cambridge, has succeeded so well that another residence hall for women will be opened there. Girton has been twice enlarged; the sum of £10,000 will be needed for the new building, of which £2000 has already been procured.

Another judgment has been given in England, under the "Public Worship Regulation Act," by Lord PENZANCE. The complaint was against the Rev. T. PELHAM DALE, the rector of St. Vedast's, London. The judge held that the charges of the "use of lighted candles, bowing and bending during the prayer of consecration, mixing water with the wine, and elevating the bread and the wine in an unauthorized manner, were proved," and that all these acts were unlawful. He also pronounced to be illegal the singing of the "Agnus Dei," the wearing of the berretta, the eastward position at the communion table, the tolling of the bell during service, and the elevation of the alms. Mr. DALE was accordingly admonished; he was not, however, personally present to hear the admonition. Lord PENZANCE spoke strongly of the unseemly efforts made by Mr. DALE to avoid the service of any notice upon him. On one occasion he had run down a narrow flight of stairs into the basement of his house as soon as he caught sight of an officer of the court.

The Rev. Dr. SANDFORD HUNT was, on March 3, elected successor to the late Rev. Dr. NELSON as one of the agents of the Methodist Episcopal publishing house. Dr. HUNT is a graduate of Allegheny College, Pennsylvania, and author of a volume on the *Laws Relating to Religious Corporations*. Mr. J. M. PHILLIPS by this change becomes the senior agent; he is the first layman ever elected to take charge of Methodist publishing interests, and was also the first layman ever elected as one of the secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference. These are results of the adoption of lay delegation by that denomination in 1872.

THE first service in Father HYACINTHE's chapel, at No. 7 Rue Rochechouart, Paris, was attended by an unruly crowd of a very mixed character. Many of the men wore their hats while waiting for the opening exercises; conversation went on without restraint until the preacher entered. He was dressed in the usual garb of a Catholic priest. The table or altar was covered with a white cloth, on which were lighted candles, a crucifix, and an open Bible. Most of the liturgical service was omitted, the assistant expected not having arrived. Father HYACINTHE announced that his work was under the direction of the Anglican Church, as represented by the Primus of Scotland and the Bishop of Edinburgh; he acknowledged himself to be also under the jurisdiction of Bishop HERZOG, of Switzerland. He disclaimed, however, being an Anglican, but declared that he would continue a Catholic of the Church of France. He stated, also, that when his preparations were complete, the form of worship in his chapel would not differ materially from that usual in Roman Catholic churches.

The present government of France accords to Father HYACINTHE full liberty of speech. Efforts were made to prevent his securing the needed authorization, but they happily failed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON the seventy-second birthday of the poet Longfellow he was the surprised and gratified recipient of a graceful testimonial of regard from the children of Cambridge. Several years ago, in widening the streets of the city, it became necessary to remove the old horse-chestnut-tree in whose shade stood the "smithy" celebrated in "The Village Blacksmith." An elaborately carved chair was made from a portion of this tree, and was sent to the residence of the poet on the morning of his birthday. Beneath the cushion, on a brass plate, is the following inscription:

To
THE AUTHOR
of
"The Village Blacksmith"
this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut-tree,
is presented as
an expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
the children of Cambridge,
who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations
on
this anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

The appearance of the chair suggests solidity and comfort. The color is a dead black—an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The partial upholstering is in green leather. An exquisite piece of carving, consisting of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms, is on the back of the chair, and horse-chestnut leaves and burs are variously combined at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children, coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

Four Italian boys—slaves would be the proper word to describe their condition—were recently rescued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children from a notorious padrone named Giovanni Romagnano, by whom they were held in bondage. The lads were between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and were born in Southern Italy. A large sum of money was found upon the person of the padrone, from which, at the trial, fifty dollars were ordered to be devoted to the benefit of each one of the children, who are to be sent back to their native land.

The just sentence of twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison has been passed upon the ruffian who recently robbed a lady of a diamond ear-ring while she was walking on Fifth Avenue. The confederate of the robber will soon be tried.

Rubinstein, now in Dresden, is under treatment by an oculist, as he is threatened with total blindness. But his memory is so wonderful and his ear so accurate that even should that misfortune happen, it will interfere very slightly, possibly not at all, with his musical performances.

The burning of infected houses in the plague districts of Russia has begun in earnest; but most of the houses of the Russian peasants are mere shanties, and it is also likely that the inhabitants will be indemnified by public subscriptions or by the government.

Fishing on the Saginaw Bay (Michigan) is a novel and picturesque business. There are now something like seven hundred buildings on the ice, forming quite a city, where active operations are going on. These buildings are nearly of uniform size—about four by eight feet—cheaply made, but warm, with all necessary conveniences for the occupant to cook his frugal meal. In the floor of his shanty is a trap-door, and beneath, a hole in the ice; and through this the fisherman dangles his line, and catches pike, pickerel, and other fish. To the line a herring is fastened as a decoy, and the victim being lured sufficiently near, is quickly pierced with a spear.

The old Stevens mansion at Shrewsbury, New Jersey, is demolished. For the last three years this ancient building, which was erected in some obscure age, has been given over to rats and tramps, thereby causing much disquietude to the good people of the neighborhood. So it was doomed to destruction. This venerable house is said to be remarkable in that no person has ever seen a ghost through the broken windows!

A young American, Mr. Swift Johnson, has obtained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, but being a foreigner, his right to it is disputed, and the matter is to be argued before the university authorities.

A photographic picture, taken at midnight, of the room in the mill of Willimantic, Connecticut, in which the electric light is used, is said to be clear and distinct.

"Railroad schools" to the number of about twenty have been in existence in Russia for a few years past, and about twenty more are soon to be established. The engines of railroads and steamers and also machinery of factories in that country have hitherto chiefly been in the charge of foreigners, and the government established these schools for the education of Russians to fill these important positions. The students each choose a specialty, and the full course occupies four years.

King Humbert has devoted a special room at the Quirinal for the preservation of the votive crowns offered to his father's memory by Italians in all parts of the world.

It is reported that at the recent state dinner given at the Executive Mansion in Washington the guests and Mrs. Hayes discoursed with great good nature on the absence of wine from the table. A witty Senator remarked: "I did not know dinner could be so delightful without wine. In fact, I never knew before that water was so good."

Investigation shows that the cattle disease is confined in this country entirely to the sea-board, and is not found west of the Alleghanies.

About 80,000 persons are annually discharged from the institutions under the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in New York city, and deposited at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River. In the immediate vicinity there are between thirty and forty liquor saloons, offering attractions totally beyond the power of many of these poor creatures to resist. A large proportion of these persons are convalescents from the hospitals, exhausted by suffering, and requiring nourishment and craving stimulants. The result is that many are returned almost immediately, not to the hospital wards, but to the restraints of some asylum; and thus confirmed paupers live upon the city's charities. With the desire to substitute for intoxicating liquors a safe and attractive stimulus, the managers of the New York Bible and Fruit Mission to our Public Hospitals have determined to erect a coffee-house for the especial use of those who are discharged from the public institutions just mentioned. Only a simple bill of fare will be supplied, no dish costing over five cents, but every thing will be of the best quality, and attractively served. About eight thousand dollars will be required for the building. Several philanthropic ladies and gentlemen have generously responded to the appeal made some time ago for funds, but further subscriptions are earnestly solicited. Donations may be sent to either of the following addresses: Mr. William F. Mott, No. 58 Irving Place; Rev. Dr. Dyer, No. 3 Bible House; Mr. T. F. Cummings, No. 241 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Crosby, No. 116 East Nineteenth Street; Mr. D. Cobden Murray, No. 80 South Street; Mr. James Talcott, No. 108 Franklin Street; Mr. R. R. M'Burney, Young Men's Christian Association; or to any of the managers of the Bible and Fruit Mission.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AND still the missionary cause waxes stronger. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and "of a rather pious turn of mind," who made up that mind that she would be a missionary. Could any thing be more beautiful? The church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labor she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender gloves and replied: "I think I will go to Paris."

A woman in New York says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and that when he is very drunk she kicks him; and she adds that she does most of the kicking.

"Mischief, thou art afoot!" exclaimed the man of many corns.

Although the Princess Louise has been married over two years she is still very fond of her opera-glass. She loves her Lorne yet.

An obliging spirit prompted the Jersey farmer who put a two-pound whetstone in every turkey he sent to the New York market. He knew the buyers would find the stones indispensable when it came to carving the fowls.

"Come, now, stupid," said the school-master, "you don't know how much two and five make. Now listen. In one pocket I have two dollars and in the other five dollars. Now how many dollars have I got?" "Let me see them, and I will tell you." School was dismissed.

"What is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbor's conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the reply.

"We are going out with the tide," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the church aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

"Have your baggage checked?" cried the man with the brasses. Said Mr. Carefulman, quietly, "If it is just the same to you, Sir, wouldn't you put a check on the gentleman who handles the baggage?"

When we humans are asked for a dollar to help bury a poor fellow we shell out immediately; but there are those among us who would not give the dollar to the poor fellow before he died.

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

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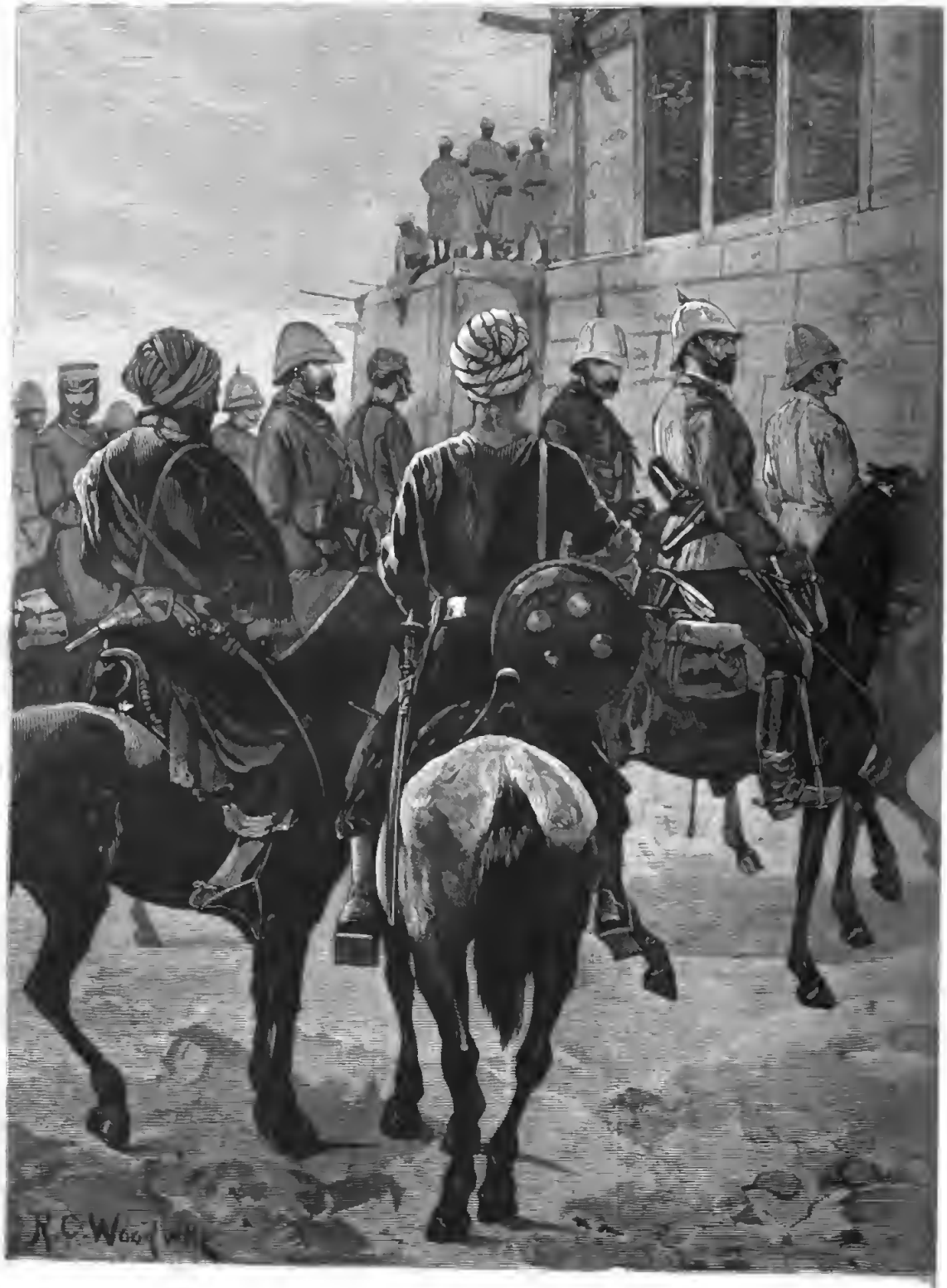

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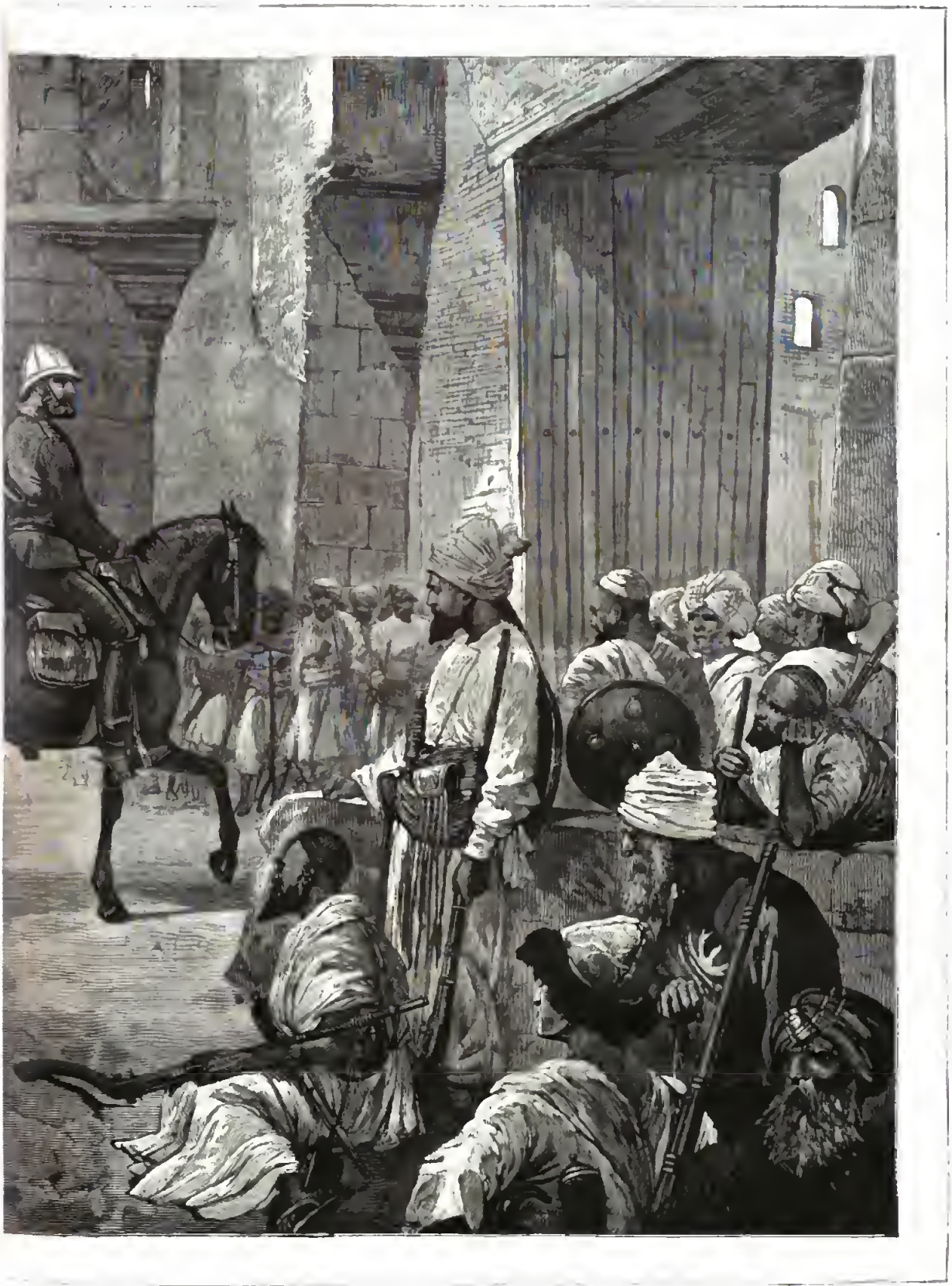

MUEL BROWNE INTO JELALABAD.—[See Page 227.]

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TO MODJESKA IN THE SOUTH.

How shall we thank thee for the happy hours
Which thou art weaving into our sad days,
Like threads of gold in tapestry, or rays
Of color on the petals of pale flowers?
Thou comest to a land still wet with showers
Of tears, that fell along our woful ways
When Pestilence crowned Death with kingly bays,
And maddened Anguish mocked the heavenly powers!

But thou, Modjeska, great as thou art fair,
Dost bring to those who mourn undreamed delight;
And as a lily tucked in amber rare
Untouched by tempests and secure from blight,
So thou art shrined from lower ones apart,
Deep in the golden cloisters of the heart.

Memphis. Sassoumne Bonner.

(Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1187.)

VIXEN.

By Miss M. E. Braddon,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—(*Continued.*)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The horses had been littered down for the night, and the stable-yard was empty. The faithful Bates, who was usually to be found at this hour smoking his evening pipe on a stone bench beside the stable pump, was nowhere in sight. Vixen went into Arion's loose box, where that animal was nibbling clover lazily, standing knee-deep in freshly spread straw, his fine legs carefully bandaged. He gave his mistress the usual grunt of friendly greeting, allowed her to feed him with the choicest bits of clover, and licked her hands in token of gratitude.

"I don't think you're my the worse for our canter over the grass, old pet," she cried, cheerily, as she caressed his sleek head, "and Captain Carmichael's black looks can't hurt you."

As she left the stable she saw Bates, who was walking slowly across the court-yard, wiping his honest old eyes with the cuff of his drab coat, and hanging his grizzled head dejectedly.

Vixen ran to him with her cheeks aflame, divining mischief. The captain had been wreaking his spite upon this lowly head.

"What's the matter, Bates?"

"I've lived in this house, Miss Voyler, man and boy, forty year come Michaelmas, and I've never wronged my master by so much as the worth of a handful o' oats or a carriage candle. I was stable-boy to your grandfeyther's time, miss, as is well beknown to you; and I remember your feyther when he was the finest and handsomest young squire within fifty mile. I've loved you and yours better than I ever loved my own flesh and blood; and to go and pluck me up by the roots and chuck me out amongst strangers in my old age is cruelder than it would be to tear up the old cedar on the lawn, which I've heard Jos the gardener say he as old as the days when such his trees was first beknown in England. It's cruelder, Miss Voyler, for the cedar ain't got no feelings; but I feel 'n down to the deepest fibres in me. The lawn ud look ugly and empty without the cedar, and maybap nobody 'll miss me; but I've got the heart of a man, miss, and it bleeds."

Poor Bates enlarged his wounded feelings with this burst of eloquence. He was a man who, although silent in his normal condition, had a great deal to say when he felt aggrieved. In his present state of mind, his only solace was in many words.

"I don't know what you mean, Bates," cried Vixen, very pale now, divining the truth in part, if not wholly. "Don't cry, dear old fellow; it's too dreadful to see you. You don't mean—you can't mean—that—my mother her sent you away?"

"Not your ma, miss, bless her heart! She wouldn't such the servant that saddled her husband's horse, fair weather and foul, for twenty year. No, Miss Vixler, it's Captain Carmichael that's given me the mack. He's master here now, you know, miss."

"But for what reason? What have you done to offend him?"

"Ah, miss, there's the hardship of it! He's turned me off at a minute's notice, and without a character too. That's hard, ain't it, miss? Forty year in one service, and to leave without a character at last! That do cut a old fellor to the quick."

"Why don't you tell me the reason, Bates? Captain Carmichael must have given you his reason for such a cruel act."

"He did, miss; but I ain't going to tell you."

"Why not, in goodness' name?"

"Because it's an insult to you, Miss Voyler; and I'm not going to insult my old master's granddaughter. If I didn't love you for your own sake—and I do dearly love you, miss, if you'll excuse the liberty—I'm bound to love you for the sake of your grandfeyther. He was my first master, and a kind one. He gave me my first pair o' tops. Lor, miss, I can call to mind the day as well as if it was yesterday. Didn't I fancy myself a buck in 'em!"

Bates grinned and sparkled at the thought of those first top-boots. His poor old eyes, dim with years of long service, twinkled with the memory of those departed vanities.

"Bates," cried Vixen, looking at him resolutely, "I insist upon knowing what reason Captain Carmichael alleged for sending you away."

"He didn't allege nothing, miss; and I ain't a-going to tell you what he said."

"But you must. I order you to tell me. You are still my servant, remember. You have always been a faithful servant, and I am sure you won't desolve me at the last. I insist upon knowing what Captain Carmichael said, however insulting his words may have been to me, they will not surprise me or wound me much. There is no love lost between him and me. I think every body knows that. Don't be afraid of giving me pain, Bates. Nothing the captain could say would do that. I despise him too much."

"I'm right down glad o' that, miss. Go on a-despising of him. You can't give it him as thick as he deserves."

"Now, Bates, what did he say?"

"He said I was a old fool, miss, as a old rogue, he weren't quite clear in his mind which. I'd been actin' as go-between with you and Mr Vawdrey, encouragin' of you to meet the young gentleman in your rides, and never givin' the cup'an warnin', as your step-feyther, of what was goin' on behind his back. He said it was shameful, and you was makin' yourself the talk of the county, and I was an better than I should be for aidin' and abettin' of you in disgracin' yourself. And then I blazed up a bit, miss, and maybe I checked him; and then he turned upon me sharp and short, and told me to get out of the house this night, bag and baggage, and never to apply to him for a character, and then he counted out my wages on the table, miss, up to this evening, exact to a half-penny, by way of showing me that he meant business, perhaps. But I came away and left his brass upon the table, staring him in the face. I ain't on pauper, praise be to God! I've had a good place, and I've saved money, and I needn't lower myself by taking his dirty half-pence."

"And you're going away, Bates, to-night?" exclaimed Vixen, hardly able to realize the calamity.

That Captain Carmichael should have spoken insultingly of her and of Rorie touched her but lightly. She had spoken truly just now when she said that she scorned him too much to be easily wounded by his insolence. But that he should discuss her father's old servant as he had sold her father's old horse; that this good old man, who had grown from boyhood to age under her ancestral roof, who remembered her father in the bloom and glory of early youth; that this faithful servant should be thrust out at the bidding of an interloper—a paltry schemer, who, in Vixen's estimation, had been actuated by the basest and most mercenary motives when he married her mother—that these things should be, moved Violet Tempest with no overwhelming anger.

She kept her passion under, so far as to speak very calmly to Bates. Her face was white with suppressed rage, her great brown eyes shone with angry fire, her lips quivered as she spoke, and the rings on one clinched hand were ground into the flesh of the slender fingers.

"Never mind, Bates," she said, very gently; "I'll get you a good place before ten o'clock to-night. Pack up your clothes, and be ready to go where I tell you two hours hence. But first saddle Arion."

"Bless yer heart, Miss Voyler, you're not going out riding this evening? Arion's done a long day's work."

"I know that; but he's fresh enough to do as much more—I've just been looking at him. Saddle him as once, and keep him ready in his stable till I come for him. Don't argue, Bates. If I knew that I were going to ride him to death, I should ride him to-night all the same. You are dismissed without a character, see you?" cried Vixen, laughing bitterly. "Never mind, Bates, I'll give you a character, and I'll get you a place."

She ran lightly off, and was gone, while Bates stood stock-still, wondering at her. There never was such a young lady. What was there in life that he would not have done for her—were it to the shedding of blood? And to think that he was on more to serve and follow her—no longer to jog contentedly through the pine-scented forest, watching the meteoric course of that graceful figure in front of him, the lively young horse curbed by the light and dexterous hand, the ruddy brown hair glittering in the sunlight, the flexible form moving in unison with every motion of the horse that carried it! There could be no deeper image of desolation in Bates's mind than the idea that the rider and this horse were to be henceforth severed from his existence. What had he in life save the familiar things and faces among which he had grown from youth to age? Separate him from these beloved surroundings, and he had on stand-point in the universe. The reason of his being would be gone. Bates was no stricte local in his ideas as the mophyte which her clung all his life to one rock.

He went to the barness-room for Miss Tempest's well-worn saddle, and brought Arion out of his snug box, and wiped him and combed him, and blacked his shoes, and made him altogether lovely—a process to which the intelligent animal was inclined to take objection, the hour being unseemly and unusual. Poor Bates sighed over his task, and brushed away more than one silent tear with the back of the dandy-brush. It was kind of Miss Violet to think about getting him a place, but he had no heart for going into a new service. He would rather have taken a room in one of the Beechdale cottages, and have dragged out the remnant of his days within sight of the chimney-stacks beneath which he had slept for forty years. He had money in the bank that would last until his loss of life were spilled, and then he would be buried in the church-yard he had crossed every Sunday of his life on his way to morning service. His kindred were all dead or distant—the nearest, a married niece, settled at Romsey, which good old humdrum market-town was—except once a week or so by carrier's cart—almost as unapproachable as the Bermudas. He was not going to migrate to Romsey for the sake of a married niece, when he could stop at Beechdale, and see the gables and chimneys of the home from which stern fate had banished him.

He had scarcely finished Arion's toilet when Mim Tempest opened the stable door and looked in, ready to mount. She had her hunting-crop, with the strong here hook for opening gates, her short habit, and looked altogether ready for business.

"Hadn't I better come with you, miss?" Bates asked, as he lifted her into her saddle.

"No, Bates. You are dismissed, you know. It wouldn't do for you to take one of Captain Carmichael's horses. He might have you sent to prison for horse-stealing."

"Lord, miss, so he might!" said Bates, grinning. "I reckon he's capable of it. But I checked him pretty strong, Miss Voyler. The thought o' that 'll always be a comfort to me. You wouldn't be' knowed me for your feyther's old servant if you'd heard me. I felt as if Satan had got hold o' my tongue, and was wagging it for me, the words came so pat. It seemed as if I'd got all the dictionary at the tip of toy poor old tongue."

"Open the gate," said Vixen. "I am going out by the wilderness."

Bates opened the gate under the old brick archway, and Vixen rode slowly away, by unfrequented thickets of rhododendron and arbutus, holly and laurel, with a tall mountain ash or a stately deodora rising up among them here and there, dark against the opal evening sky.

It was a lovely evening. The crescent moon rode high above the tree-tops, the sunset was still red in the west. The secret depths of the wood gave forth their subtle perfume in the cool, calm air. The birds were singing in suppressed and secret tones among the low branches. Now and then a bat skimmed across the open glade, and melted into the woodland darkness, or a rabbit flitted past, gray and ghost-like. It was an hour when the woods assumed as awful beauty. Not to most ghosts seemed stranger than to most them. The shadows of the dead would have been in harmony with the coyste loveliness of this green solitude—a world remote from the track of men.

Even to-night, though her heart was swelling with indignant pain, Violet felt all the beauty of these familiar scenes. They were a part of her life, and so long as she lived she must love and rejoice in them. To-night as she rode quietly along, careful not to hurry Arion after his long day's work, she looked around her with eyes full of deep love and melancholy yearning. It seemed to her to-night that not of all that had been sweet and lovely in her life only these forest scenes remained. Humanity had not been kind to her. The dear father had been snatched away just when she had grown to the height of his stout heart, and had fullest comprehension of his love, and greatest need of his protection. Her mother was a gentle, smiling puppet, to whom it were vain to appeal in her necessities. Her mother's husband was an implacable enemy. Rorie, the friend of her childhood—she might have been so much—had given himself to another. She was quite alone.

"The charcoal-burner in Mark Ash is not as solitary as I am," thought Vixen, bitterly. "Charcoal-burning is only part of his life. He has his wife and children in his cottage at home."

By-and-by she came out of the winding forest ways into the straight high-road that led to Briarwood; and now she put her horse at a smart trot, for it was growing dark already, and she calculated that it must be nearly eleven o'clock before she could accomplish what she had to do and get back to the Abbey House. And at eleven doors were locked for the night, and Captain Carmichael made a circuit of inspection as severely as the keeper of a prison. What would he said if she should not get home till after the gates were locked, and the keys delivered over to that stern janitor?

At last Briarwood came in sight above the dark clumps of beech and oak—a white portico, shining lamp-lit windows. The lodge-gate stood hospitably open, and Violet rode in without question, and up to the pillared porch.

Roderick Vawdrey was standing in the porch, smoking. He threw away his cigar as Vixen rode up, and ran down the steps to receive her.

"Why, Violet, what her happened?" he asked, with an alarmed look.

It seemed to him that only sudden death or dire calamity could bring her to him thus, in the late gleaming, pale, and deeply moved. Her lips trembled faintly as she looked at him, and for the moment the could find on words to tell her trouble.

"What is it, Violet?" he asked again, holding her gloved hand in his, and looking up at her, full of sympathy and concern.

"Not very much, perhaps, in your idea of things, but it seems a great deal to me. And it has put me into a tremendous passion. I have come to ask you to do me a favor."

"A thousand favors if you like; and when they are all granted, the obligation shall be still on my side. But come into the drawing-room and rest, and let me get you some tea—lemonade—wine—something to refresh you after your long ride."

"Nothing, thanks. I am not going to get off my horse. I must not lose a moment. Why, it must be long after nine already, and Captain Carmichael locks up the house so eleven."

Rorie did not care to tell her that it was on the stroke of ten. He called in a stentorian voice for a servant, and told the man to get Blue Peter saddled that instant.

"Where's your groom, Violet?" he asked, wondering to see her unattended.

"I have no groom. That's just what I came to tell you. Captain Carmichael has dismissed Bates, at a minute's warning, without a character."

"Dismissed old Bates, your father's faithful servant! But in Heaven's name what for?"

"I would rather not tell you that. The alleged reason is an insult to me. I can tell you that it is not for dishonesty, or lying, or drunkenness, or insolence, or any act that a good servant need be ashamed of. The poor old man is cast off for a fault of mine—or for an act of mine, which Captain Carmichael pleases to condemn. He is thrust out of doors, 'dismissed' without a character, after forty years of faithful service. He was with my grandfather, you know. Now, Rorie, I want you to take Bates into your service. He is not so ornamental as a young man, perhaps, but he is ever so much more useful. He is faithful and industrious, honest and true. He is a capital nurse for sick horses; and I have heard my dear father say that he knows more than the common run of veterinary surgeons. I don't think you would find him an incumbrance. Now, dear Rorie," she concluded, coaxingly, with innocent childish entreaty, almost as if they had still been children and playfellows, "I want you to do this for me—I want you to take Bates."

"Why, you dear simple-minded baby, I would take a regiment of Bateses for your sake. Why, this is not a favor—"

"'Tis so if should entreat you wear your gloves,'" cried Vixen, quoting Desdemona's speech to her general.

Rorie's ready promise had revived her spirits. She felt that, after all, there was such a thing as friendship in the world. Life was not altogether blank and dreary. She forgot that her old friend had given himself away to another woman. She had a knack of forgetting that little fact when she and Rorie were together. It was only in her hours of solitude that the circumstance presented itself distinctly to her mind.

"I am so grateful to you for this, Rorie," she cried. "I can not tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. I felt sure you would do me this favor. And yet, if you had said No! It would have been too dreadful to think of. Poor old Bates loafing about Beechdale, living upon his savings! I shall be able to pension him by-and-by, when I am of age; but now I have only a few pounds in the world, the remains of a quarter's pocket-money, according to the view and allowance of the forester," added Vixen, quoting the Forest law, with a little mocking laugh. "And now good-night, I must go home as fast as I can."

"So you must, her I am coming with you," answered Rorie; and then he roared again to his stentorian voice in the direction of the stables: "Where's that Blue Peter?"

"Indeed, there is no reason for you to come," cried Vixen. "I know every inch of the Forest."

"Very likely; but I am coming with you all the same."

A groom led out Blue Peter—a strong, useful-looking hack, which Mr. Vawdrey kept to do his dirty work—hunting in bad weather, night-work, and extra journeys of all kinds. Rorie was in the saddle and by Vixen's side without a minute's lost time, and they were riding out of the grounds into the straight road.

They rode for a considerable time in silence. Vixen had seldom seen her old friend as thoughtful. The night deepened, the stars shone out of the clear heaven, at first one by one, and then suddenly in a multitude that an tongue could number. The leaves whispered and rustled with faint mysterious noises, as Violet and her companion rode slowly down the long steep hill.

"What a beast that Carmichael is!" said Rorie, when they got to the bottom of the hill, as if he had been all the time arriving at an opinion about Violet's step-father. "I'm afraid he must make your life miserable."

"He doesn't make it particularly happy," answered Vixen, quietly; "her I novie expected to be happy after mamma married. I did not think there was as much happiness left for me after my father's death; but there was so least peace. Captain Carmichael her made us end of that."

"He is a wretch, and I should like to shoot him," said Rorie, vindictively. "Dear little Vixen—yes, I must call you by the old pet name—to think that you should be miserable, you whom I remember as bright and happy, you who were born for happiness! But you are not always wretched, dear," he said, leaning over to speak to her in closer, more confidential tones, as if the sleepy birds and the whispering forest leaves could hear and betray him. "You were happy—we were happy—this morning."

He had laid his hand on hers. That useful Blue Peter needed no guidance. They were just leaving the road, and entering a long glade that led through a newly opened fir plantation—a straight ride of a mile and a half or so. The young moon was gleaming cool and clear above the feathering points of the firs.

"Yes," she answered, recklessly, involuntarily, with a stifled sob, "I am always happy with you. You are all that remains to me of my old life."

"My dearest, my loveliest, then be happy forever!" he cried, winding his arm round her slim waist, and leaning over her till his head almost rested on her shoulder. Their horses were close together, walking at a foot-pace, Blue Peter in no wise disconcerted by this extraordinary behavior of his rider. "My love, if you can be happy at so small a price, be happy always!" said Rorie, his lips close to the girl's pale cheek, his arm feeling every beat of the passionate heart. "I will break the toils that bind me. I will be yours, and yours only. I have never truly loved any one her you, and I have loved you all my life—I never know how dearly till of late. No, dearest love, never did I know how utterly I loved you till these last summer days which we have lived together, alone and supremely happy, in the Forest that is our native land. My Violet, I will break with Mabel to-morrow. She and I were never made for one another. You and I were. Yes, love, yes: we have grown up together side by side, like the primroses and violets in the woods. It is my second nature to love you. Why should we be parted? Why should I go on acting a dismal farce, pretending love to Mabel, pretending friendship for you—alike false to both? There is no reason, Violet, none—except—"

"Except your promise to your dying mother," said Violet, escaping from his arm, and looking at him steadily, bravely, through the dim light. "You shall not break that for my sake—you

ought not, were I ten times a better woman than I am. No, Rorie, you are to do your duty and keep your word. You are to marry Lady Mabel, and be happy ever after, like the prince in a fairy tale. Depend upon it, happiness always comes in the long-run to the man who does his duty."

"I don't believe it," cried Roderick, passionately; "I have seen men who have done right all through life—men who have sacrificed feeling to honor, and been miserable. Why should I imitate them? I love you. I loved you always; but my mother worried and teased me, vaunting Mabel's perfections, trying to lessen you in my esteem. And then, when she was dying, and it seemed a hard thing to oppose her wishes or to refuse her any thing, were it even the happiness of my life, I was weak, and let myself be persuaded, and sold myself into bondage. But it is not too late, Violet. I will write Mabel an honest letter to-morrow, and tell her the truth for the first time in my life."

"You will do nothing of the kind," cried Violet, resolutely. "What, do you think I have no pride, no sense of honor? Do you think I would let it be said of me that I, knowing you to be engaged to your cousin, set myself to lure you away from her; and that the end of all was that you broke your faith to your promised wife in order to marry me? No, Rorie, that shall never be said. If I could stoop so low, I should be worthy of the worst word my mother's husband could say of me."

"What does it matter what people say—your mother's husband above all? Malice can always find something evil to say of us, let us shape our lives how we may. What really matters is that we should be happy; and I can be happy with no one but you, Violet. I know that now. I will never marry Mabel Ashbourne."

"And you will never marry me," answered Vixen, giving Arion a light touch of her whip, which sent him flying along the shadowy ride.

Blue Peter followed as swiftly. Rorie was by Violet's side again in a minute, with his hand grasping hers.

"You mean that you don't love me?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Why could you not have said so at the first; why have you let me live in a fool's paradise?"

"The paradise was of your own making," she answered. "I love you a little for the past, because my father loved you—because you are all that remains to me of my happy childhood. Yes, if it were not for you, I might look back and think those dear old days were only a dream. But I hear your voice, I look at you, and know that you are real, and that I once was very happy. Yes, Rorie, I do love you—love you—yes, with all my heart, dearer, better than I have ever loved any one upon this earth since my father was laid in the ground. Yes, dear." Their horses were walking slowly now, and her hand was locked in his as they rode side by side. "Yes, dear, I love you too well, and you and I must part. I had schooled myself to believe that I loved you only as I might have loved a brother; that you could be Lady Mabel's husband and my true friend. But that was a delusion—that can never be. You and I must part, Rorie. This night ride in the forest must be our last. Never any more, by sun or moon, must you and I ride together. It is all over, Rorie, the old childish friendship. I mean to do my duty, and you must do yours."

"I will never marry a woman I do not love."

"You will keep your promise to your mother; you will act as a man of honor should. Think, Rorie, what a shameful thing it would be to do, to break off an engagement which has been so long publicly known, to wound and grieve your good aunt and uncle."

"They have been very kind to me," sighed Rorie. "It would hurt me to give them pain."

His conscience told him she was right, but he was angry with her for being so much wiser than himself.

Then, in a moment, love—that had slumbered long, idly happy in the company of the beloved, and had suddenly awakened to know that this summer-day idlesse meant a passion stronger than death—love got the better of conscience, and he cried, vehemently:

"What need I care for the duke and duchess? They can have their choice of husbands for their daughter; an heiress like Mabel has only to smile, and a man is at her feet. Why should I sacrifice myself, love, truth, all that makes life worth having? Do you think I would do it for the sake of Ashbourne, and the honor of being a duke's son-in-law?"

"No, Rorie, but for the sake of your promise. And now look, there is Lyndhurst steeple above the woods. I am near home, and we must say good-night."

"Not till you are at your own gate."

"No one must see you. I want to ride in quietly by the stables. Don't think I am ashamed of my errand to-night. I am not; but I want to save my mother trouble, and if Captain Carmichael and I were to discuss the matter, there would be a disturbance."

Roderick Vawdrey seized Arion by the bridle.

"I shall not let you go so easily," he said, resolutely. "Vixen, I have loved you ever since I can remember you. Will you be my wife?"

"No."

"Why did you say that you love me?"

"Because I can not tell a lie. Yes, I love you, Rorie; but I love your honor and my own better than the chance of a happiness that might fade and wither before we could grasp it. I know that your mother had a very poor opinion of me while she was alive. I should like her to know, if the dead know any thing, that she was mistaken, and that I am not quite unworthy of her respect. You will marry Lady Mabel Ashbourne, Rorie; and ten years hence, when we are sober middle-aged people, we shall be firm friends once again, and you will thank and praise me for having counselled you to cleave to the right. Let go the bridle, Rorie; there's no time to lose. There's a glorious gallop from Queen's Bower to the Christchurch Road."

It was a long grassy ride, safe only for those who knew the country well, for it was bordered on each side by treacherous bogs. Violet knew every inch of the way. Arion scented his stable afar off, and went like the wind; Blue Peter stretched his muscular limbs in pursuit. It was a wild ride along the grassy track, beside watery marshes and reedy pools that gleamed in the dim light of a new moon. The distant woods showed black against the sky. There was no light to mark a human habitation within ken. There was nothing but night and loneliness and the solemn beauty of an unpeopled waste. A forest pony stood here and there—pastern-deep in the sedges—and gazed at those two wild riders, grave and gray, like a ghost. A silvery snake glided across the track, a water-rat plunged, with a heavy splash, into a black pool as the horses galloped by. It was a glorious ride. Miserable as both riders were, they could not but enjoy that wild rush through the sweet soft air, under the silent stars.

Vixen gave a long sigh presently, when they pulled up their horses on the hard road.

"I think I am 'fey' now," she said. "I wonder what is going to happen to me?"

"Whatever misfortunes come to you henceforth will be your own fault," protested Rorie, savagely. "You won't be happy or make me so."

"Don't be angry with me, Rorie," she answered, quite meekly. "I would rather be miserable in my own way than happy in yours."

Ten minutes later they were at the lodge leading to the stables. The gate was locked, the cottage wrapped in darkness.

"I must go in by the carriage drive," said Vixen. "It's rather a bore, as I am pretty sure to meet Captain Carmichael. But it can't be helped."

"Let me go in with you."

"No, Rorie; that would do no good. If he insulted me before you, his insolence would pain me."

"And I believe I should pain him," said Rorie. "I should give him the sweetest horsewhipping he ever had in his life."

"That is to say, you would bring disgrace upon me, and make my mother miserable. That's a man's idea of kindness. No, Rorie, we part here. Good-night, and—good-by."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Rorie. "I shall wait for you all to-morrow morning at the kennels."

Vixen had ridden past the open gate. The lodge-keeper stood at his door waiting for her. Roderick respected her wishes and staid outside.

The hall door was wide open, and Captain Carmichael stood on the threshold, waiting for his step-daughter. One of the underlings from the stable was ready to take her horse. She dismounted unaided, flung the reins to the groom, and walked up to the captain with her firmest step. When she was in the hall he shut the door, and bolted and locked it with a somewhat ostentatious care. She seemed to breathe less freely when that great door had shut out the cool night. She felt as if she were in a jail.

"I should like half a dozen words with you in the drawing-room before you go up stairs," Captain Carmichael said, stiffly.

"A hundred, if you choose," answered Vixen, with supreme coolness.

She followed Captain Carmichael to the drawing-room. Here there was more air; one long window was open, and the lace curtains were faintly stirred by the night winds. A large moderator lamp burned upon Mrs. Carmichael's favorite table—her books and baskets of crewels were there, but the lady of the house had retired.

"My mother has gone to bed, I suppose?" inquired Vixen.

"She has gone to her room, but I fear she is too much agitated to get any rest. I would not allow her to wait here any longer for you."

"Is it so very late?" asked Vixen, with the most innocent air.

Her heart was beating violently, and her temper was at its worst. She stood looking at the captain, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, and her whip tightly clinched.

She was thinking of that speech of Rorie's about the "sweetest horsewhipping." She wondered whether Captain Carmichael had ever been horsewhipped; whether that kind of chastisement was numbered in the sum of his experiences. She opined not. The captain was too astute a man to bring himself in the way of such punishment. He would do things that deserved horsewhipping, and get off scot-free.

"It is a quarter past eleven. I don't know whether you think that a respectable hour for a young lady's evening ride. May I ask the motive of this nocturnal expedition?"

"Certainly. You deprived Bates of a comfortable place—he has only been in the situation forty years—and I went to get him another. I am happy to say that I succeeded."

"And pray who is the chivalrous employer willing to receive my dismissed servant without a character?"

"A very old friend of my father's—Mr. Vawdrey."

"I thought as much," retorted the captain. "And it is to Mr. Vawdrey you have been, late at night, unattended?"

"It is your fault that I went unattended. You have taken upon yourself to dismiss my groom—the man who broke my first pony, the man my father gave me for an attendant and protector, just as he gave me my horse. You will take upon yourself to sell my horse next, I suppose?"

"I shall take a great deal more upon myself before you and I have done with each other, Miss Tempest," answered the captain, pale with passion.

Never had Vixen seen him so strongly moved. The purple veins stood out darkly upon his pale forehead, his eyes had a haggard look, he was like a man consumed inwardly by some evil passion that was stronger than himself—like a man possessed by devils. Vixen looked at him with wonder. They stood facing each other, with the lamp-lit table between them, the light shining on both their faces.

"Why do you look at me with that provoking smile?" he asked. "Do you want to exasperate me? You must know that I hate you."

"I do," answered Vixen; "but God only knows why you should do so."

"Do you know no reason?"

"No."

"Can't you guess one?"

"No; unless it is because my father's fortune will belong to me by-and-by, if I live to be five-and-twenty, and your position here will be lessened."

"That is not the reason. no, I am not so base as that. That is not why I hate you, Violet. If you had been some dumpy, homely, country lass, with thick features and a clumsy figure, you and I might have got on decently enough. I would have made you obey me; but I would have been kind to you. But you are something very different. You are the girl I would have perilled my soul to win—the girl who rejected me with careless scorn. Have you forgotten that night in the Pavilion Garden at Brighton? I have not. I never look up at the stars without remembering it, and I can never forgive you while that memory lives in my mind. If you had been my wife, Violet, I would have been your slave. You forced me to make myself your step-father, and I will be master instead of slave. I will make your life bitter to you if you thwart me. I will put a stop to your running after another woman's sweetheart. I will come between you and your lover, Roderick Vawdrey. Your secret meetings, your clandestine love-making, shall be stopped. Such conduct as you have been carrying on of late is a shame and disgrace to your sex."

"How dare you say that?" cried Vixen, beside herself with anger.

She grasped the lamp with both her hands, as if she would have hurled it at her foe. It was a large moon-shaped globe upon a bronze pedestal—a fearful thing to fling at one's adversary. A great wave of blood surged up into the girl's brain. What she was going to do she knew not; but her whole being was convulsed by the passion of that moment. The room reeled before her eyes, the heavy pedestal swayed in her hands, and then she saw the big moon-like globe roll on to the carpet, and after it, and darting beyond it, a stream of liquid fire that ran, and ran, quicker than thought, toward the open window.

Before she could speak or move the flame had run up the lace curtain like a living thing, swift as the flight of a bird or the gliding motion of a lizard. The wide casement was wreathed with light. They two—Vixen and her foe—seemed to be standing in an atmosphere of fire.

Captain Carmichael was confounded by the suddenness of the catastrophe. While he stood dumb, bewildered, Vixen sprang through the narrow space between the flaming curtains, as if she had plunged into a gulf of fire. He heard her strong clear voice calling to the stable-men and gardeners. It rang like a clarion in the still summer night.

There was not a moment lost. The stable-men rushed with pails of water, and directly after them the Scotch gardener with his garden-engine, which held several gallons. His hose did some damage to the drawing-room carpet and upholstery, but the strong jet of water speedily quenched the flames. In ten minutes the window stood blank and black and bare, with Vixen standing on the lawn outside, contemplating the damage she had done.

Mrs. Carmichael rushed in at the drawing-room door, ghost-like, in her white *peignoir*, pale and scared.

"Oh, Conrad, what has happened?" she cried, distractedly, just able to distinguish her husband's figure standing in the midst of the disordered room.

"Your beautiful daughter has been trying to set the house on fire," he answered. "That is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ALTHOUGH the profits of great aquaria are no longer equal to what they were when first started, yet there seems to be sufficient inducement of a pecuniary nature to increase the number, as we are informed by a recent English journal that what is intended to be the finest and most completely appointed establishment of the kind is now being erected near Birmingham by Mr. J. GARLICK as builder, Messrs. LEEVE, EDWARDS, and NORMAN as engineers, Mr. THOMAS NADEN, architect, and Mr. W. A. LLOYD, naturalist. The experience of Mr. LLOYD in the management of the aquaria of Berlin and other places is well known, and his fitness for the task is unquestioned.

It is proposed to use artificial sea-water entirely, experience having shown that this is well adapted to the purpose, and that the longer the same water is used, the better it is for its purposes. About 700,000 gallons of both kinds of water will be used, to be maintained in perpetual circulation without any renewal.

The machinery consists of two steam-engines of five horse-power and one of twenty horse-power. A novelty of this establishment will be in the use of electric light for illumination, for which the twenty horse-power engine will be exclusively employed. This will imitate as nearly as possible the effect of the sun, in being directly from above downward, and will have the effect of exhibiting the marine plants and animals in their natural colors, exactly as seen by day. An interesting question to be solved by such experiments as the present is whether this light has an actinic effect similar to that of sunlight, and whether it will cause decomposition of carbonic acid gas in the submerged vegetation. If this be the effect, entirely new possibilities and expectancies are open for future aquaria.

It is announced that a government aquarium will probably be erected on the west coast of Sweden for the purpose of investigation into the lower marine animals of that country.

The new Birmingham aquarium will probably embrace all the best features of previous enterprises, and furnish excellent suggestions for the aquarium the building of which in the vicinity of New York is talked of. It is said that a wealthy association has been formed, with ample means to erect an establishment equal in capacity and efficiency to any thing yet undertaken on the other side of the water. This is to be conducted on strict scientific principles, and not to be combined, as in the case of the present New York Aquarium, with circus and other exhibitions.

A final and closing meeting of the United States Centennial Commission was held at Philadelphia on the 15th of January of the present year, when the Commission adjourned *sine die*. Such business as remains to be completed is put in the hands of D. J. MORRELL, A. T. GOSHORN, and JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, the principal officers of the Commission and the Board of Finance. Among the business transacted at the meeting was a resolution that the records and archives of the Commission be placed in the custody of the Smithsonian Institution, whenever accommodations can be offered for them.

Commander G. C. MUSTERS, a well-known British discoverer and explorer, died in January last, at a comparatively early age. He is best known in connection with his researches in Patagonia. His work entitled *At Home with the Patagonians* is the best manual of information in regard to that country. More recently he had been engaged in the exploration of Bolivia, and it is understood had nearly completed a work on that country.

The Russian government has lately been looking into the possibility of water communication between the Obi and Yenisei rivers, in view of the industrial importance of a canal connecting the two systems. It is stated as the result of the inquiry that the canal itself will be very short, and that its excavation and the completion of the remaining work will present but slight engineering difficulties, and involve but a moderate expense.

Not long since it was quite authoritatively stated that Professor NORDENSKJÖLD'S expedition had been heard from, and that the *Vega* was frozen up on the coast of Siberia inside of Behring Strait. Mr. DALL, of the United States Coast Survey, a gentleman very familiar with the Behring Strait regions, has taken pains to investigate the source of this rumor, and finds there is no ground for it, and that no information has been received from the intrepid explorer from Behring Strait. It is, however, now stated by the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia that this vessel is ice-bound at a point which it is thought is not very distant from Plover Bay, possibly not more than a few days' journey, and that there is no reason to have any fears for the safety of the expedition.

Recent experiments made abroad appear to indicate that soda may be employed with considerable advantage in the purification of iron during the puddling process. It is asserted that the use of this substance just before the metal "comes to nature" effects the removal of silicon, especially from cinder irons, and that it also effects to a noticeable degree the elimination of phosphorus and sulphur. On these accounts it is, therefore, claimed that soda may be recommended as an agent by means of which high-grade irons may be successfully made from ordinary pig. The general results here announced have lately been independently observed by Professor T. M. DROWN, of Easton, Pennsylvania, whose paper describing an interesting series of laboratory experiments appeared in a recent issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*.

Professor JORDAN, of Irvington, Indiana, whose summer natural history excursions have been so successful, proposes during the coming year to change the scene of operations to Europe, and announces that he is forming a party of twelve to leave New York on the 12th of June, to travel through Central Europe, for the most part on foot, and return to the United States about the middle of September. No one unable or unwilling to rough it "need apply."

It is announced that Lieutenant WEYPRECHT, of the late Austrian polar expedition, accompanied by Count WILCZEK, the munificent patron of his earlier enterprise, will visit Nova Zembla during the present year, and remain there for twelve months, for the purpose of making a series of observations on the meteorological, electrical, and other phenomena.

It is pretty generally admitted that among the characteristics of prehistoric man in all regions of the globe that of cannibalism was a marked feature. The chief proof of this is found in the contents of the kjökkenmöddings, or the refuse heaps of the primitive people, which constitute the accumulation of the remains of their feasts and the rubbish of their settlements. These are also characterized by the fact that all the bones containing marrow are, with scarcely an exception, split for the extraction of that substance, and remains unmistakably human are there found subjected to precisely the same treatment, while scores are found marked with cuts, generally from stone knives, where the meat has been extracted.

The marks from fire, too, are not at all unusual. Such instances of cannibalism have been found repeatedly in the ancient refuse heaps in Europe and Asia, and quite as positively in the shell heaps of Florida, and occasionally along the more eastern coast of the United States.

Professor MORSE, in an article published in the Tokio *Times* of January 18, states that he finds a similar condition of things prevailed in ancient Japan, as evidenced by the remains of the shell heaps of Omori, where human bones, treated in the manner referred to, were recently discovered by him.

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ON THE MOVE.

Sitting Bull. "Weep not, Great Mother; I must leave Canada, and go back to the lions and cheats. I like the excitement and tomfoolery of the double-headed Yankee system best. I crave sensation: life here is too monotonous."

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THE WAR IN ZULULAND—THE KING'S KRAAL.

CETYWAYO, KING OF THE ZULUS.

CETYWAYO AND HIS ARMY.

CETYWAYO, King of the Zulus, has been described as "a savage of a rather unique sort." Some of his peculiar characteristics may, however, be accounted for by his intercourse and association with the English, to whom he owes his present position as the chief monarch of Zululand. In the matter of toilet, for instance, his tastes lead him to eschew the usual simplicity of savage attire, and adopt a costume sufficiently voluminous to satisfy a fashionable lady in the height of the winter season. CETYWAYO's head-dress is the remarkable product of a tailor belonging to an English regiment. It is of red velvet, profusely ornamented with officers' collar badges, and made something like a beef-eater's cap, with two very long ear flaps that come down to the waist. It is further adorned with three long ostrich feathers, one of which was presented to his Majesty by the wife of an English officer.

The manner in which CETYWAYO reached his present exalted place at the head of the Zulu nation resembles that by which Eastern monarchs usually rise to the throne. He simply made away with such of his relatives as were likely to dispute his right to the succession, and then invoked the aid of a foreign power to sustain him in the position he had won. When the Dutch war ended with the death of King DINGAAN, his brother PANDA, the father of CETYWAYO, succeeded to the throne. Being the eldest son and the bravest, CETYWAYO naturally looked forward to becoming his father's successor. But for that very reason he was the object of PANDA's particular jealousy, and the idea that another brother would be nominated to the succession led to quarrels and threats. Some of his younger brothers, fearing that he might make a clean sweep of his rivals, collected their adherents and made off for Natal, with the intention of invoking British protection; but CETYWAYO at once gave chase, and in a sanguinary battle five of his brothers were slain, thus leaving his path to the throne comparatively clear. PANDA had, however, still two sons remaining, and these he placed under the protection of the authorities at Natal. The upshot of the civil war was that in a council of Zulu chiefs it was decided that though PANDA the Fat was a very good "head" for the Zulu state, it also needed "hands" and "feet," and that while PANDA remained king, CETYWAYO should be appointed Prime Minister. This was done in 1856, with the formal assent of the Governor of Natal, and CETYWAYO was also proclaimed his father's heir-apparent. So far all was well, but CETYWAYO could never be quite easy about the presence of his two brothers at Natal. He knew the favor which PANDA enjoyed there, and though the Natal government assured him that they only gave the refugees that protection which the English never denied to those who claimed it, he continued for some time to send messengers bearing requests for their surrender.

On the death of PANDA, in 1872, CETYWAYO sent a humble message to Sir THEOPHILUS (then Mr.) SHEPSTONE, recently appointed Special Commissioner by the English government for the purpose of inquiring into the difficulties existing between the natives and the English colonists, begging that he might be recognized and supported in his position as King of the Zulus. The reasons for CETYWAYO's request, and those of the authorities at Natal for granting it, are embodied in the following extract from the "ultimatum" by Sir HENRY BULWER, conveyed to the Zulus at the beginning of the present war: "After the death of PANDA the sons of the late king and the head men of the Zulu nation assembled and sent messengers to the Governor of Natal, saying that the nation found itself wandering because of the death of its king. There was no king, they said, and the messengers brought from the nation four oxen, representing the 'head of the king,' to the government of Natal. They further asked that Mr SHEPSTONE, who had been present at the nomination of CETYWAYO, might go and establish what was wanted, and at the same time breathe the spirit by which the nation should be governed. They said, moreover, it was the will of the nation that the new king should be the son of the British government. The government of Natal had no wish to mix itself up with these arrangements of the Zulu people; but eventually it consented, and sent Mr SHEPSTONE to take part in the installation. It was the wish of CETYWAYO that this should be done; it was the wish of the whole Zulu nation. In consenting to this the British government had an selfish object of any kind. It did not seek to obtain a single foot of land for itself, nor any advantage, nor any privilege whatsoever. It wanted nothing for itself, and it demanded nothing for itself. Its only motive in complying with the wish of the Zulu nation, and in taking part in the coronation of the new king, was that in doing so it might help to assure the peace of the Zulu country, and promote in some degree the welfare of the Zulu people. In taking part, therefore, the only conditions it made were in favor of the good government of the people."

At a formal meeting, held previous to the installation, between Mr SHEPSTONE, CETYWAYO, and the head men of the Zulu nation, several matters were discussed, the most important being certain regulations or laws which were to be proclaimed on that great occasion. Finally, the following were agreed upon and read to the presence of the representatives of the different tribes:

1. That the indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease in the land.

2. That no Zulu should be condemned without open trial and the public examination of witnesses for and against, and that he should have a right of appeal to the king.

3. That no Zulu's life should be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the king, after such trial had taken place, and the right of appeal had been allowed to be exercised.

4. That for minor crimes, the loss of property, all or a por-

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tion, should be substituted for the punishment of death.

Of the causes that led to the present war against Cetywayo it is not necessary to speak, these having already been explained in a previous article in the *Weekly*. Suffice it to say that the Zulu king has not hesitated to break every obligation to which he bound himself, and to the "ultimatum" conveyed to him by the English authorities in November he returned such an evasive answer that preparations were immediately made for advancing into his territory. On the 11th of January there began between the Zulus and the English a conflict which will probably be known hereafter as one of the most bloody and disastrous of the "little wars" in which England is constantly being involved through her desire to protect the interests of her remote colonies.

In regard to the force that Cetywayo can put into the field, we learn that it is estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000 men. It includes, in fact, nearly the whole male population of Zululand capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of fifteen is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently attached to a military kraal, of which there are twelve in Zululand. These kraals are, in fact, fortified dépôts where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobolize in time of war. The kraal is usually about 600 yards in diameter, and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence about five feet in height, difficult to breach and still harder to storm, as it is well surrounded by an abatis of prickly-pear, bush thorns, and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The king's kraal is Ulundi, or Undini, almost in the centre of the country. Six regiments, numbering about 7000 men, are quartered here permanently. Another important kraal is situated a few miles to the north of Rourke's Drift. This was the head-quarters of Sirayo, a brother of Cetywayo's. It was burned shortly after hostilities opened, and the chief's son killed in the engagement. Most of the other kraals are in the neighborhood of Undini, so that the king is constantly enabled to inspect his troops.

In the Zulu army there are thirty-three regiments, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided again into eight or ten companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Of the thirty-three regiments, eighteen are composed of married men, fifteen of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band made of the skin of some beast, usually leopard or otter; these carry white shields. The unmarried troops let their hair grow naturally, and carry black shields. Drill, in the usual sense of the word, is unknown to the Zulu army, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is most severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offenses. All officers have their proper duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The system of commissariat and transport is simple in the extreme. Three or four days' provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by a number of boys or women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, and help to drive a herd of cattle. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy, on whom they pour a senseless fusillade directly he is surrounded; when within 200 or 300 yards, they, with loud yells, make a rush, and after having expended their assegais, or spears, in the charge, dash in with their short swords. Various opinions are held as to the bravery of the Zulus, some writers affirming that they are deficient in that quality, and maintaining that their success in war was due to the military skill of their old leader, Chaka, and to the valor of his troops, others, again, giving high praise to the tribe for their martial qualities.

The Zulu army, until lately, was armed with the usual motley array of weapons which replace those used by them as savages unfamiliar with the devices of white men for killing each other. Naturally the first result of their contact with the colonists was the possession of rifles of various kinds, Birmingham muskets, and such other fire-arms as they could procure either by barter or take in a fight. Recently, however, Cetywayo, whose power is despotic, insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loading weapon. Thousands of arms in the course of a few months were landed at Delagoa Bay, and then rapidly passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic. By doing so they would undoubtedly have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of Cetywayo, and their small detachment of fifty men was scarcely sufficient defense for the town. A correspondence on this subject passed between Sir Bartle Frere and the Portuguese Governor, which resulted in the latter official pledging himself to stop the trade, and a gun-boat was accordingly dispatched to Delagoa Bay to protect the inhabitants. There is little doubt, however, that the Portuguese authorities were less to blame for the nefarious traffic in arms and spirits carried on in South Africa than unscrupulous English traders. The Zulus have been armed with English weapons in precisely the same manner as were the Maoris in New Zealand, and with the same effect, that possessing unlimited numbers of them, they become most formidable enemies just as soon as they gain a knowledge of the ways and means of civilized warfare.

Unfortunately for Cetywayo, the crime of which he has been guilty toward the English is that committed by all savages who hold possession of lands adjoining and desired by civilized communities. The causes assigned for the war are most of them specious, and in no wise represent the true reasons of the English government for organizing the present elaborate campaign against the Zulus. These, however, may be fully gathered from the following paragraph written by a correspondent of the London *Times* at Natal, who, after calling attention to the slight character of the misdemeanors upon which the English authorities have laid such stress, writes a second letter, the purpose of which is to demonstrate the actual necessity of such a war. "So far from thinking the war unjustifiable, I consider it absolutely essential to the safety of South Africa. If Natal is to be a prosperous country, or even to exist at all, it is necessary that a barbarous nation like the Zulus, governed by a king as bloodthirsty and capricious as Cetywayo, should be subdued. So long as the Zulus exist as an independent nation they will be a standing menace to the development of civilization. It is too late now for the colonists to consider what the abstract justice of the case may be. That question was settled when they colonized Natal. It was an act which pledged them to a certain number of natural consequences, and one of these is the present war. They must now either abandon what they have done or advance. I can see no middle course. My objections to the reasons for war lay upon other grounds which I did not express. I did not think they were the true reasons. The true cause of the war is, I think, that a civilized country can not live peacefully side by side with an uncivilized one. As long as it is prosperous it is perpetually extending itself, and absorbing all that is around it. It is a tide which no nation of savages can check, though they struggle hard for their independence. I regard these wars as the sign of the growing prosperity of a colonial state, and as the inevitable consequences of colonization in savage countries. The published reasons for the war, I can not help thinking, were more of a character to satisfy the public mind at home than truly to explain its cause."

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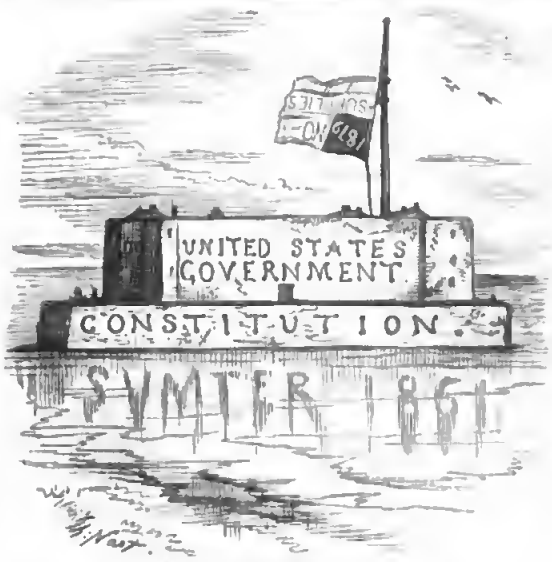

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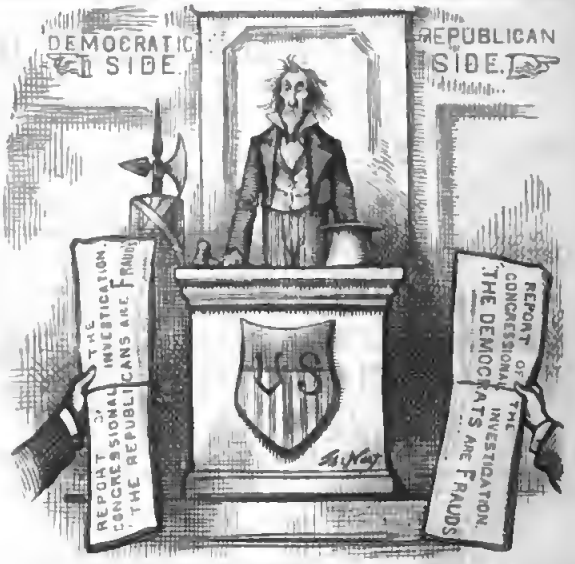

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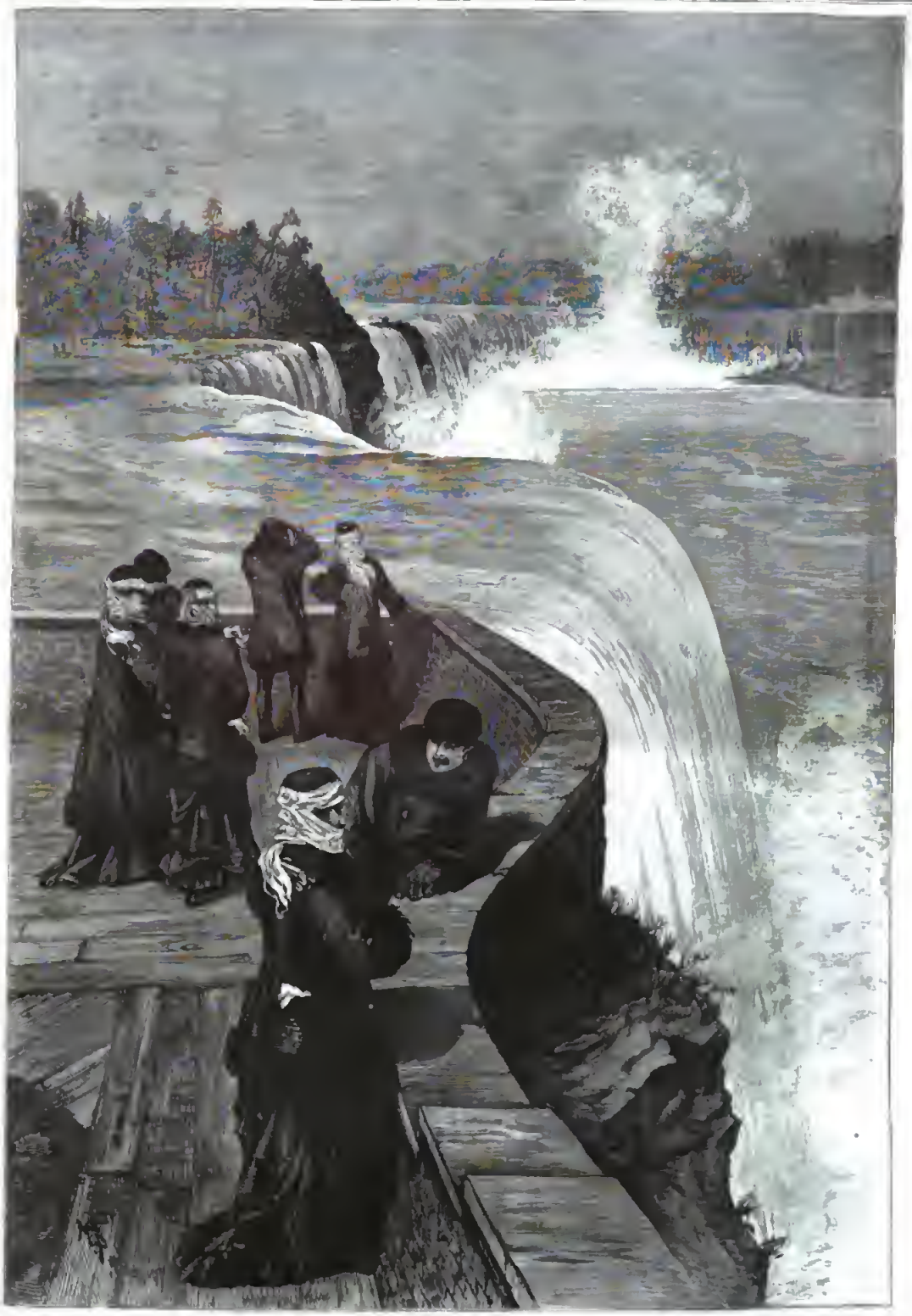

THE CANADIAN VICE-REGAL VISIT TO THE GREAT FALLS.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT NIAGARA.

HER Royal Highness Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of Lorne and Vice-Queen of Canada, has continued to enjoy the novel and interesting sights afforded her since her arrival in that noble country over which she and her husband have been appointed to preside. A few weeks since the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess, accompanied by LADY SOPHIA MACNAMARA, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. MORETON, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Mr. LITTLETON, Captain the Hon. Mr. HARBOND, and Captain CRAVEN, left Ottawa, the Governor-General's residence, to visit the Falls of Niagara, which in winter present an unusually striking spectacle. The party travelled by the ordinary night train as far as Toronto, and thence by a special train to the Falls. They were joined by Sir EDWARD and Lady THORNTON and party, of the British legation at Washington. The ice bridge at Niagara Falls, stretching across the river from the northern edge of the American Fall, was a grand and unusual sight, nor was the sublime unattended with the ridiculous. It appears that some enterprising person had erected on the ice bridge two booths for the illicit sale of intoxicating liquors, the one over Canadian and the other over United States water. Being only a short distance apart, when Canadian officers of excise attempted to come down upon the proprietor of the groggery, he transferred his stock to the United States establishment, and *vice versa* when threatened by Uncle Sam. It is to be hoped that the international arrangement for the joint superintendence of Niagara Falls proposed by Lord DUFFERIN will put a stop to these and other unworthy practices which interfere so greatly with the pleasure of tourists.

It is said that the Princess in her communications to England has declared a great liking for her Canadian home. The Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duchess, and a Russian fleet commanded by a Russian prince, will arrive during the early summer at Halifax, where his Excellency and her Royal Highness Princess LOUISE intend to spend that season. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Argyll are also under promise to visit Canada soon.

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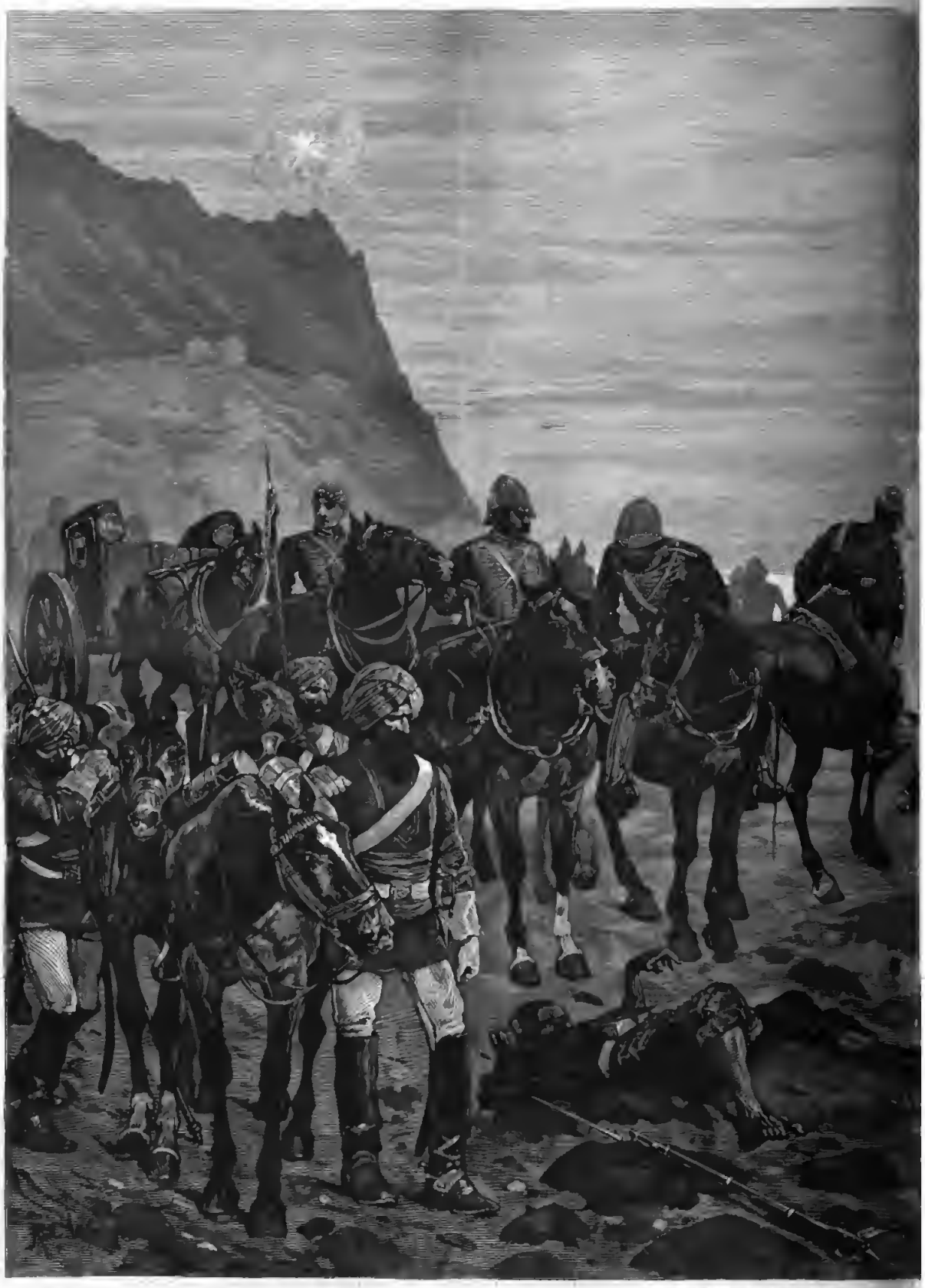
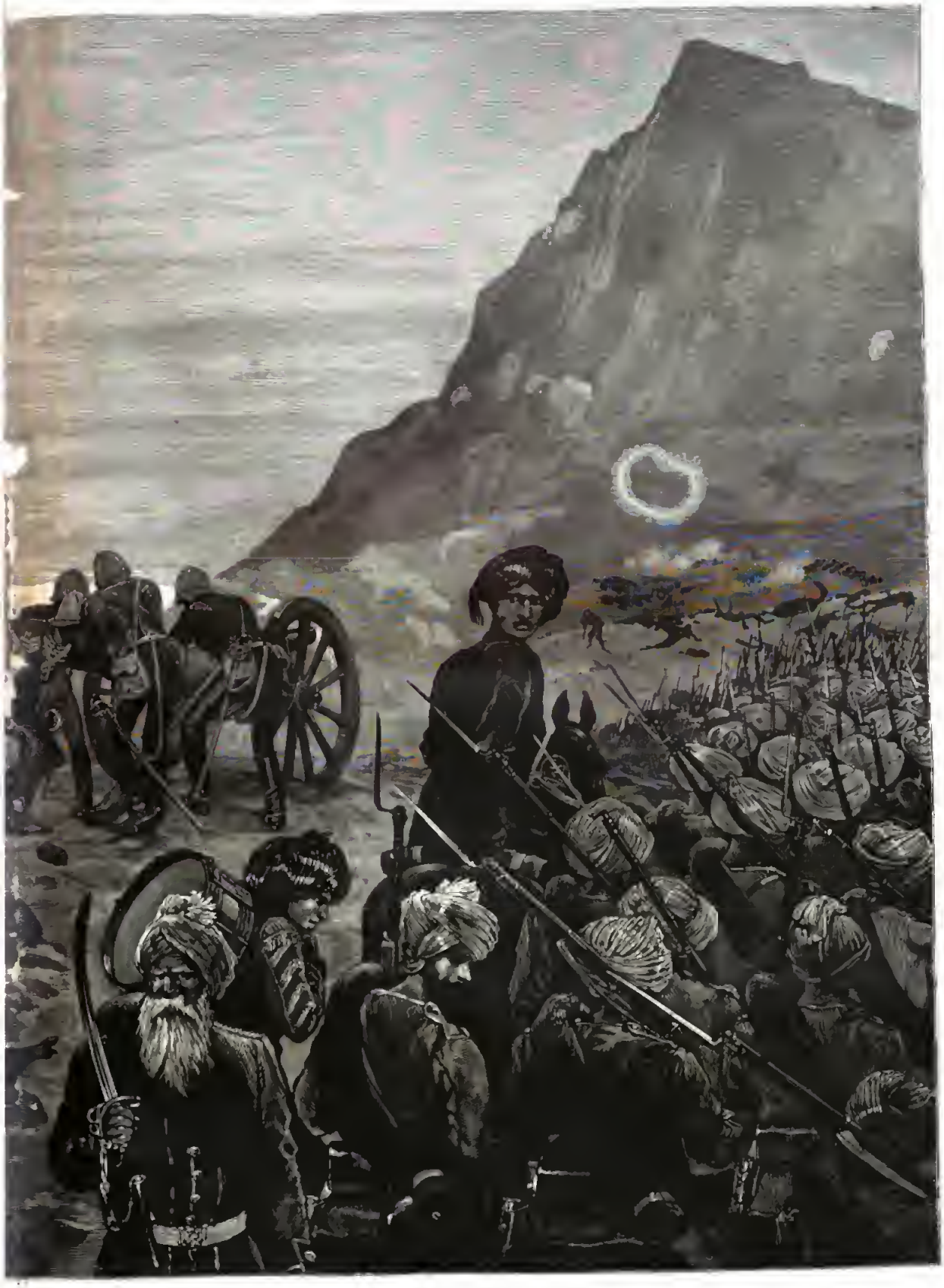


THE AFGHAN WAR—AN ATTACK B



THE KURUM VALLEY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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IN THE KURUM VALLEY.

Not the least interesting part of the story of the Afghan war is that which relates to the experiences of General Roberts in the Kurum Valley. Our readers will remember that in the *Weekly* of a fortnight ago a description was given of the splendid exploit of this officer in forcing the Peiwar Pass. General Roberts gained his Victoria Cross in the great Indian mutiny. He was at that time quite a young man, but was known to be one of the most brilliant officers in the Horse Artillery—a most important branch of the English service. Only a few months ago he took command of the Punjab frontier force, vacating for this the appointment of Quartermaster-General in India. In appearance General Roberts is a small, neatly made, active man, with a peculiarly keen expression. Those who have served under him in the army say that his powers of observation are unusually developed, and that his memory is wonderful.

The great success in the Peiwar Pass took place on the 2d of December. On the 6th, General Roberts entered Kurum Valley from Thal with a light column, and encamped on a bleak plateau about half a mile beyond the village of Ali-khel. At this point the path divided, leading on the one hand toward the northwest, in the direction of Shutar Gardan Pass, and on the other southward, toward the Kurum River, giving an alternative return road to the Kurum Fort, the proposed winter-quarters of the force. The troops were detained some days at Ali-khel to wait for a reconnoitring party that went out to Shutar Gardan and returned without, however, falling in with the Afghans, who, after the disaster at Peiwar, had concluded not to defend this pass. On the 14th of December General Roberts and his forces reached Kurum, where they established themselves in winter-quarters. From this point expeditions were subsequently made to Hazirpir and the Khost country.

To give our readers an idea of the nature of the country through which General Roberts led his forces in the Kurum Valley we shall draw from the records of a mission which some years ago undertook to pass from Thal to Candahar by this route. Starting from Thal, they found themselves traversing a ravine-scored valley in which innumerable sounders of wild pig found covert. Next day the river had to be forded, and the current was then (in March) very rapid. For twenty miles of difficult and rocky road no inhabitants or animal life were encountered, and hardly any vegetation; but, approaching Boghzai, the travellers found a hamlet of good size, in which every male went fully armed. From Boghzai to Saddah, thirteen miles, a succession of corn fields and orchards occupied the banks of the Kurum, loop-holed huts peeping out from among the fruit trees. The next sixteen miles, to Killa-i-Kurum (the fort of Kurum), lay through similar scenes, many of the villages having a compact fort-like appearance, and being armed with *chevaux-de-frise* of thorns along their walls. The fort of Kurum is described as of large extent, possessing eight bastions surmounted by a round tower, and the whole surrounded with a moat crossed by draw-bridges with covered ways. The next halt was at Habib Killa, situated at the Sita Ram peak of the Safed Koh. During the halt rumors got afloat that the Jaji tribe had mustered in force on the other side of the hill, and meant mischief.

The mission, however, apprehended no danger, and started; but were soon stopped by a band of fifty men, brandishing formidable knives, and chanting a war song. They sprang forward as if to make a murderous attack upon the travellers; but the escort dashed forward, interposing themselves before the uplifted weapons, and the Jajis quietly allowed the cavalcade to file by unmolested. The next instant two black bears, startled from their lair by the noise, came out upon the path, and one of the party fired. The bears were doomed in any case, for the escort soon cut them down with their swords, but the shot, misconstrued by the savage Jajis as a taunt, resulted in a camp-follower who had lagged behind being hacked to pieces. Though the atrocious act was committed in full sight of the baggage escort, punishment was impossible, for the Jajis leaped away, over and among the rocks, with the speed of monkeys, and disappeared from sight as suddenly as they had come. Toward the mission they continued obstinately hostile. At one time a tremendous tragedy seemed imminent, for 3000 Jajis, under the leadership of an Akhunzada (wise-born), had assembled to dispute the passage of the defiles. A council was held, and it was decided to send for succor to Kurum Fort and to Caboul, but for the latter journey no one would volunteer. The short-cut to the capital would have taken a swift horseman four days, while the population was eminently dangerous, and the mountain pass, from the heavy snow then lying, frequently impracticable.

There is no record of General Roberts having encountered the Jajis in his progress through the Kurum Valley, but he had very similar experiences with other tribes that inhabit this part of Afghanistan. In one instance, after leaving the village of Saperi, the troops were obliged to pass through a narrow defile about four miles long, and in no place more than a hundred yards wide, with precipitous rocks overhanging on either side. The greater part of the force had passed in safety, when, as a regiment of Goorkhas entered the defile, dropping shots began to be fired at them. They marched steadily along, however, in perfect order, in spite of the bullets descending upon them. Every now and then half a company was wheeled about when the enemy got too bold and ventured into the nullah itself in their rear. Finally Major Fitzhugh, in command of the Goorkhas, found it necessary to halt, as the camel-drivers had deserted in such numbers, and the animals were getting frightened and in some confusion. Order was, after some delay, established, and the advance continued, not, however, before a long gap in the line of animals had been made. Later, General Roberts, who had gone on with the main body of the force to the camp at Kuriah, saw that the stream of baggage animals had stopped, and sent out 200 men, under Colonel Currie, to secure the Kuriah end of the defile, and cover the retreat of the Goorkhas. When these re-enforcements reached their destination the camels were again advancing, and a message came out from the defile from Major Fitzhugh saying that he did not want any assistance. Finally the Goorkhas debouched from the defile, having lost only one officer and three men, besides thirteen wounded.

This is only one instance of the many in which General Roberts and his force were treacherously attacked. In most cases the Afghans were unable to impede his progress, and on January 7 an encounter occurred in which severe punishment was meted out to the native tribes. Still, the expedition into the Kurum Valley was by no means a success, in spite of the many triumphs that attended it. After having established himself there, and informed the chiefs of the several tribes that henceforth the administration of their valley would be undertaken by an English official, General Roberts was obliged to withdraw entirely from the place. The failure of the scheme for occupying this district is accounted for by the London *Times* as follows: "In point of fact, the Kurum Valley field force has attempted too much, and though success has apparently attended its movements, that success has been dearly bought, and has not enhanced the security of our troops in those regions. Strategically speaking, an advance on Caboul by this route was a mistake. With Sir S. Browne at Jelalabad and General Stewart at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, the position of Wali Mohammed on the Peiwar was untenable, and he would have been of a necessity compelled to retire on Caboul even if he had not been pressed in front."

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arethusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite of a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocket-book, containing her half monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuces and cabbages and onion sets and parsley and radish seeds that she had intended the very next day to plant in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in a garden in early spring, as every body knows, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as every body else knows, or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good morning, Miss Peppard. How backward you are this year! Your radishes are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And you used to be so forward!"

So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the neatest and most comfortable manner on a small income, with a faithful colored servant-woman a few years younger than herself, a roly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed, the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she had expected would start the green things a-growing.

"All the money I had," she said to Petrona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking-chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish I could catch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green."

"Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppar'"—Petrona always dropped the "d"—"an' it 'd serve 'em mighty right, w'en dey are ketched, to be drug to de lock-up by de heels." Then after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added as an after-thought: "Dono, dough: s'pose dey might as well take de pore wretch by de head."

"All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard, "five-and-twenty dollars; and I can't get any more for two weeks, for borrow I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuces and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments, indeed!—before cats have begun to head."

"If she do, I'll frow 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat them, dough, I guess. *Her* compliments can't hurt 'em."

"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her "conscience" thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocket-book. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year."

"Well, well, you are a pore soul," sympathized Petrona, "to go an' lose dat ar picter—dat baby thing jus' like a borned angel. An' yer sister's onliest chile—'cept five. Wish I had dat robber yere dis minnit; I'd box his ears so he couldn't set down for a week."

"He wouldn't be here long," said her mistress. "Of all things in the wide world, I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he'd steal nothing for a year or two at least."

"Might be a she, dar's she-robbers," suggested Ona, "an' dey's all wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes yo' things right 'fore yo' eyes—don't sneak in yo' pockit. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppar'. Dar's no use frettin' no mo'. An' de cat's ben a-settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, pore thing. She jus' came in off de po'ch a minnit ago."

Miss Peppard took the tea, and spoke to the cat, but she couldn't help fretting; and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Petrona emphatically remarked: "Dar's no use carpin' an' worryin', Miss Peppar'; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robbin' debbil here, dough."

But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and I'll have to wear my old bonnet, and, dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" when Petrona opened the door sans ceremonie, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pusson want to see you, Miss Peppar'—man pusson. 'Bout a boy's age, I guess."

"What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed.

"Out on de po'ch. I lock de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppar'? Looks as dough he ort to be broomed off—or gib sumfin to eat—pore, bony, dirty soul."

"I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn-looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half starved, sure enough. He pulled off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"Then you lost your pocket-book yisterday?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said she, eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?"

"I'm him," was the answer, and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that looked like the eyes of a hunted animal, to her face.

"My conscience!" exclaimed the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Petrona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppar'. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like him—or two or fre."

"Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance.

"Ain't he to be drug to de lock-up?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbaned head.

"Wait till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as ever: "Of course you haven't brought me back—"

"Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'tis, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here. I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived."

"But, bless you!" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk."

"By de Lor' Harry!" said Ona, rolling up her eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, "nebber hear of sich a ting long as I lib—gibbin' hollanle robbers drinks of milk in my clean kitchen! An' I sha'n't do it. 'Spect robbers gits thirsty as well as odder folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly.

"Now go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocket-book? and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?"

"S'pose—I—am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beatin' another man, and I hadn't no friends, and it's hard gittin' along when your mother's dead, and you hain't no friends, and your father's in prison."

"'Tain't soft, dat's de fac'," said Petrona, gravely.

"So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yisterday. I come out of the House of Refuge two weeks ago—"

"House of Refuse!" exclaimed Petrona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean oil-clof! Wut nex'?"

"I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' a cop," said the boy, with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a reg'lar bad un." And then he went on, under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellers said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocket-book. And"—dropping his eyes and his voice—"there was a picter of a little baby in it."

"My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow.

"Her onliest child—'cept five," said Petrona.

"And it looks like," continued the boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like—my—little—sister."

"Your little sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?"

"'S to be hoped she be," said Ona, with a sniff, "or some odder place whar she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff fur a hull fam'ly."

"She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who used to know mother. Mother give her fifty dollars just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead too, and I'm 'fraid Dolly 'll have to go in the Orphan Asylum after all. Father don't care nothin' 'bout her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief— And when I saw that picture I said I would be good. It seemed as though the baby was a-lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but her and my mother. Here's your pocket-book."

Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat for full five minutes in deep thought.

"You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, "so as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"It's mostly yes, ma'am, in dese parts," corrected Ona.

"Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard.

"You?"—starting from his chair.

"Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you sto—took the pocket-book, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoes to hat, for a very little money?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a ring of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's?"

"Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes— By-the-bye, what is your name?"

"Dick Poplar."

"And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?"

"'S to be hoped he do," said Petrona.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw"—with a slight motion of disgust—"the old ones away—"

"'S to be hoped he will," said Petrona.

"Then go to the seed store and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two five-dollar bills."

"An' dar money is soon parted!" exclaimed Petrona. "No matter 'bout de fust word."

But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard and sobbed outright.

"An' he'll nebber come back any mo'," sang Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no, he'll nebber come back any mo'."

But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray clothes a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Petrona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion sets and young lettuces and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that season.

"And now, ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you."

"P'r'haps she knows her now," said Ona.

"And I will be a good boy—I will, indeed."

"With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly.

"With the help of God," repeated the boy, in a low voice.

"But I guess you'd better stay here to-night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the wood-house. Petrona will make you up a comfortable bed there."

"She'll do no such ting!" said Petrona, defiantly.

"Ona!" reproved her mistress.

"Till my dishes is washed, I mean, Miss Peppar'," said Ona.

"And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. I've always wanted a baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all."

"Golly! now you're talkin', Miss Peppar'!" shouted Ona. "*I's* always wanted a baby—a *white* baby—too. Nigger babies ain't much account. Jus' as valable to dar mudders, dough, I s'pose. Niggers is such fools!"

"And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is—"

"A dreffful smart, nice, perlite boy!" chimed in Ona; "as lazy and sassy as he can lib. An' I'll call you in de mornin' w'en de birds arise, an' we'll heb dat ar angel here in a jiffy; an' won't de cat an' dog an' birds look pale w'en dar noses is sotter j'int. But dar noses 'll be as straight as ebber."

The very next night a sweet baby girl with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Petrona and the dog and the cat and the birds, whose noses, by-the-bye, were as straight as ever.

And before long Dick Poplar became the most pop'lar—dreadful, I know, but I couldn't help it—boy in that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy."

"De Lor' works in funny ways, sho' enuf," said Petrona, one April day, about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocket-book. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppar' ebber wanted Dick drug to de lock-up by de heels? An' all de time he was a-bringin' me an' Miss Peppar' de loblliest chunk ob sugar, de sweetest honey-bug ob a chile dat ebber coaxed ole Petrona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab more, de Lor' bress and save her!"—pouring them from the cake-box into the little uplifted apron. "Petrona 'll bake dem de hull libbong day, fur ebber an' ebber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time lef' out for her odder work."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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"PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT."—FROM A PAINTING BY CARL FRÖHLICH.

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WEST GOTHAM COURT, CHERRY STREET.

STAGE OF THE OLD CHATHAM STREET THEATRE, NOW USED AS A STABLE.

LODGING-HOUSE AND JUNK-SHOP, CHERRY STREET.

ENTRANCE TO AN ALLEYWAY, CHERRY STREET.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—SKETCHES IN THE FOURTH WARD.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 244.]

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TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Less than half a mile from the rotten rookeries of "Bottle Alley," illustrated by our artist a week ago, is "Gotham Court," on Cherry Street, the first great tenement-house ever built in this city. Forty years ago it was erected, and that was the beginning of the iniquitous system of making big houses and crowding them from cellar to roof with the unfortunate poor. It is not so tall as some of the later ones, being but five stories high, but it makes up in length what it lacks in height. With a frontage of thirty feet on the street, it runs back 200 feet, and is divided practically into two buildings by a partition wall extending all the way from front to rear. One of these divisions faces a court on the east side, and the other a court on the west. These two flanking courts have given it the name of the "double alley," as it is sometimes called by the police. The western court, or that one nearest Franklin Square, is the one shown in the upper left-hand corner of the page of sketches published in this number. The point of view is the extreme upper end of the court, looking down toward the street. The building on the left faces the barracks, but does not belong to it. Our description covers only the great building, including both its sides.

One very remarkable thing strikes the observer on his first visit, and that is the surprising alacrity with which the news of his arrival is spread from one end of the row to the other. Whether it is the dread of the police, or of the sanitary inspectors, that keeps the people constantly on the alert, or whether it is simple curiosity, is not known, but something leads to the opening of every door and window along the whole line in an incredibly short space of time, and soon the searcher after facts is painfully aware that his every movement is watched by a hundred pairs of eager eyes. Among the first to discover the advent of the stranger is the old man who keeps the "court," and under his protection the tour is made with perfect safety.

Passing into the nearest hallway on the ground-floor, and opening a side door, the visitor gets his first view of a room in the big house. The odor that greets his nose is worse than that of a horse-car on a warm wet morning with a full load of steaming passengers and all the ventilators closed. Ten by fourteen feet is the floor measurement, and barely seven feet the height of the ceiling. Opening out of this is a little side bedroom just as long but only half as wide as the main apartment. The ceiling and walls are as black as the worst of those in "Bottle Alley," and the uncarpeted floor is sadly in need of a thorough scrubbing. There is very little furniture, and that of the meanest kind and very dirty. A stove, a table, a few chairs, a mantel crowded with cheap ornaments, a colored picture or two on the walls, are all that is seen in the outer room. In the inner apartment are two bedsteads, supplied with bedding soiled beyond the possibility of finding out its original colors. How any one can lie down upon it and sleep is a mystery to one who is used to clean, sweet linen and a well-aired mattress. Into these lower rooms the sunlight hardly ever enters, being shut out by the high walls on the opposite side of the narrow court, and at noon on a cloudy day it is as dark as early evening elsewhere.

The moment the door was opened the old woman who occupies the place began scolding the alley-keeper at the top of her voice. "How can I live here in the dark? Shure it isn't fit for a haythen, so it isn't. Whin are ye goin' to lave me out o' this?" she exclaimed. "Didn't I offer to put you up above?" he asked. "Up above, indade! Don't ye know as well as the life is in ye that I can't carry the wather up and down the shtairs?" This and much more was said while the inspection was going on.

Beating a hasty retreat from this room, the party was met by a little withered-up old woman who lives opposite. "Gintlemen, wud yez luk at the bit of a place they axe me four dollars a month for? Shure it's so dark that I musht go out intil the coort to thread me needle. As thrue as I live there's no lie in what I'm tellin' ye," and seizing the visitor by the arm, she led him in. A pan of fish was frying over the fire. The place was filled with smoke, and an indescribably sickening odor pervaded it. "How do you manage to pay the rent, auntie?" was asked. "Me grandson boords wi' me, Sir, or I cudn't live at all." "Oi'll tell ye what's the matther with that ould 'oman," chimed in the alley man—"she wants to git married agin, an' she afther buryin' three o' them." This playful thrust had the designed effect of diverting her from the main subject; her face lighted up in an instant, and she broke into a fit of hearty laughter, as she screamed: "Indade, I wud marry agin if I had the chance."

"You have a hard time with these tenants," the visitor remarked, as he turned to leave. "Indade I do not," said the old man. "They're only takin' advantage of the company, Sir. Whin I'm be mysel' I'm a bit rough wi' them, and keep them civil."

Nearly every room on the lower floor was found to be like those just described—small, dark, and dirty—and every tenant had her grievances, which she poured forth at the first opportunity. "Bad luck t' them," said one; "I fill intil the cellar lasht week—how cud I help it, Sir?—and hurt mysel' bad, so I did." She was a sad-faced creature, and as she went on to tell her story her eyes filled with tears. She was obliged to live there, she said, because she was desperately poor. "Not a cint comin' in but tin cints a noight from two girls as lodges wi' me, and whatever 'll I do now? Won o' them's jisht come in from work wi' her fut shprained. She's lyin' on the bed in there. Oh, if I only had me ould man back agin! He's been dead these fifteen years. I have no one now but God himsel', Sir."

The next room was evidently a meeting place for gossips. A dirty old woman sat by the stove lighting her pipe from the grate with a bit of paper; another sat by the table, with hood and shawl on, eating something from a broken dish; while the third busied herself with mixing something in a big yellow bowl. "Do all three of you live in this room?" was asked. "No, Sir," replied the woman with the bowl; "me son and me is the only ones. These are frinds o' mine. They lives in the coort, and comes in to talk every day. It takes away the lonesomeness."

But dark as the alley life generally is, there are some bright spots here and there. In one of these we found a sunny couple, both well up in years, clean and tidy, and apparently as happy as children. He was mending a chair. She, with her white cap and smooth hair, looked on, the picture of contentment. "We wadn't live here," she said, "if we cud help it; but we've been together these fifty years, jisht as ye see us now. Och, yis, it is lonesome, but we're company for each other, and that's enough for us."

Not far from this happy old couple lives little DANNY BURKE, the youngest newsboy in New York. He had just come down the stairs with a troop of other children, among whom it was seen at a glance he was a general favorite. He is a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy not yet four years old, who "sells the *Evening Telegram*, and gives the pennies to his mother," as a by-stander said who introduced him to the visitor. "Till the gintleman how ye sell the papers, love; do now, there's a nice b'y," she said, coaxingly. But DANNY is a bashful boy, and not until a penny or two had been offered him as a bribe would he consent to "sell." Then, in great glee, he cried out, "Here's *Even' Teldram*, two cents!" which brought out a chorus of delightful exclamations from the group about him, and off they hurried to spread the good news and possibly to share the spoils. "Is he your boy, madam?" was asked of the woman who had praised DANNY. "No, Sir," she answered; "he belongs to the woman up shtairs; but I've wan inside that 'll match him. Luk at that, Sir;" and she pointed to a little one sleeping in the cradle. "She's had twelve o' them, Sir," put in the old man. "Indade I have," she said, with evident pride. "Are they all living?" "No, Sir"—and then came the sad story of tenement-house mortality, a sermon in a sentence—"No, Sir, *siven o' them are dead*."

The foregoing are but samples of what may be seen throughout the building. The upper floors are as bad as the lower one, with the exception of having more light. But they are crowded and filthy. Eighty of the one hundred and twenty rooms are occupied. The others have been vacant since the close of the war, because the rents were too high. The tenants moved out, and not even a reduction of one-half in the price could induce them to return. Since our sketches were made, something has been done toward cleaning up the house. Scrubbing and whitewashing have been introduced, and an era of reform is promised.

"Divil a bit of sickness is iver here," said the old man, hacking and coughing at almost every word. "You are not very well yourself, are you?" was asked at a venture. "Oh, I'm betther than I was. The docthor is givin' me somethin' to raise me could an' give me an appetite, an' the foine fresh air is helpin' me. Oh, ye needn't be afeared, the childer don't die here; it's only the ould ones."

Bidding good-by to Peter and his "coort," the artist crossed the street and entered one of the short alleys so common in that locality. A view of it appears on the lower right-hand corner of our page. Getting well inside, the visitor saw two dirty-looking brick houses, facing each other, with broken windows and a general appearance of dilapidation. Four and a half dollars a month is the rent asked for a room and bedroom in the lower part, but the alley man said, "for five dollars ye cud have the swatest little kitchen besoides." It beats the world how wholesome all these dreadful places are. This back yard was even healthier than the one over the way—at least the old man said so; but looking up at the windows, we saw two little faces pressed against the panes, with the pallor of death upon them. It is all very well to say that these abodes of filth and misery are exempt from disease, but statistics show that seventy out of every hundred deaths in this city occur in tenement-houses.

Dr. STEPHEN SMITH, an authority on this question, says: "One-half the deaths of the city are of children under five years of age. Since 1873 the deaths in New York have been 82,047, of whom 16,168 were under five years. The mortality is not the sum total of the damage. Where there is one death there are seventy-five cases of sickness. No alarm seems to be caused by the great number of children that annually die in our midst. The indifference long manifested in this particular is not very creditable. This waste of life is preventable. Foul-air diseases kill one-half the children. The spring and summer months mark the deaths of two-thirds of the children. July and August are the most fatal months, one-half the entire number dying at this period of the year. The heat, bad food, and filth are agencies that bring about the great mortality of the young. On the floors, on the walls, in the beds, and in the clothes of the poor in tenement-houses are the germs of disease. Vermin abound every where. Some may be harmless, but many are poisonous. The vegetables they buy are stale, the meat they procure unwholesome, and neither are properly cooked. The children never bathe, and they never can be found in our parks. If the poor children could be taken to Central Park two or three times a week during the pleasant months, a great good would be accomplished."

Two of the views given by Mr. GRAHAM are bits picked up while he was making the tour of the tenement district. One is a lodging-house on Cherry Street, near Roosevelt Street, kept by an old man, whose junk-shop is in the cellar. This is one of the oldest houses in New York, having been built by a Dutch family nearly two hundred years ago. It is made of Holland bricks, so well cemented together that a year ago, when the front wall was being strengthened, the workmen had the greatest difficulty in tearing down a portion of it that had to be removed. In this house from fifteen to twenty lodgers are sheltered every night at a charge of ten cents each. Most of these are the homeless and friendless men who earn a little money by carrying advertising show-boards about the streets in the daytime.

The remaining view is that of the old Chatham Street Theatre stage, now used as a stable for horses. Here *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first presented in New York, and many a favorite actor played his part. The sky-light still remains, and some of the machinery, but there is little else to remind one of the old play-house.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

THE Heathen Chinee! Why do we give him such a disparaging epithet?

"He's too filthy, the moon-eyed leper. He lives in one room of a tenement shanty, with twenty others as nasty as himself. He has a bad, fishy smell. As to morality, he makes himself tipsy with opium, and—look at his joss house."

The real offense of the Chinese is that he cheapens labor. The ostensible offense is that his paganism engenders vices which make him a demoralizing element of society. His weakness consists in this, that he has no vote.

But there is something more important than a vulgar satire. Many highly respectable persons, who would not willfully do him any injury, are from usage unable to speak of him except in obnoxious terms. A very enlightened and liberal body, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in its address to the President asking him to withhold his signature to the anti-Chinese Bill, speaks of China as the "heathen empire."

Then, as we all know very well, our popular poets have not spared him. In stanzas of an uncertain merit he figures under his accustomed name as a cheat at cards.

The Assamese cuts off a cow's tail, dries it, hangs it up on a peg, and then falls down and worships it as a goddess. That is heathenism, paganism. But that is not what a Chinaman would do.

Has this people contributed any thing to the advancement of civilization? Has it conferred any benefits on mankind? All nations without exception must submit to be tried by that test. In an answer to these questions, directed to the Chinese, we shall find a measure of our obligations to them—of the courteous treatment they are entitled to demand at our hands.

Through how many years of slowly advancing civilization must China have passed, how great must her social necessities have become, before she reached her invention of printing from wooden blocks, and its necessary requisites, the manufacture of paper and of suitable ink. Yet these she had accomplished a thousand years before our era! How much industry and ingenuity must she have expended before she had learned to make steel into thin strips, to temper and to impart the magnetic virtue to it by touching it in a certain way with a loadstone! What momentous consequences have happened to the world by her detection of polarity in a strip so touched! In the hands of Columbus it led to two great discoveries—that of the West India Islands and that of the line of no magnetic variation. Without the former there would not have been any United States, whose back-door is now slammed in the faces of those who helped to find the way to its front-door. As to the latter, did it not, in consequence of the bull of Pope Alexander VI.—one of the most important bulls ever issued—lead to the south route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope? Did it not cause the great industrial revolution that changed the commercial front of Europe from the North Mediterranean to the Atlantic? Above all, when Magellan accomplished the circumnavigation of the earth, did it not settle forever the greatest of geographical problems? Nobody after that denied that the earth is a globe. Does not her discovery of the temporary magnetism of soft iron rest at the basis of many of our most brilliant modern inventions? Without it where would be our dynamo-electric machines, our Grammes, our Ruhmkorf coils, our expectation of electric illumination? What was it that sustained Oersted in all the disappointments that for twenty years preceded his capital discovery of electro-magnetism, one of the glories of this century, but this, that the law of magnetic attractions and repulsions is the same as that for electricity? The one is due to the Chinese, the other to the French.

We must count among the most important of Chinese inventions that of gunpowder. They studied very thoroughly the chemical qualities of sulphur, charcoal, nitre, and this mixture of them. They did not care to apply it to warlike uses, but exhausted their skill in its pyrotechnic display. Their fire-works are the finest in the world. A good Jesuit tells us how he saw with astonishment a trellis of red grapes, green leaves, and the wood of the trellis represented in fire. We have no works of the kind which they do not surpass. Nor should their reluctance to apply this invention to warlike uses excite our surprise. They constitute an immense pacific population, which has lost the instinct of conquest. The young American should remember with gratitude how effectually they enable him to celebrate the birthday anniversary of his nation. They excel in the art of dyeing, the making of colors, the manufacture of splendid pigments from carthamus, indigo, the preparation of sugar. Their bells, such as the great bell of Pekin, are among the grandest triumphs of casting. In the working of metals they possess many secrets. Their magic mirrors, which show by reflection of sun rays from their polished front the images of things represented on their rough back, are at this moment objects of curiosity and disputation in London.

Let us not forget their porcelain. Can it ever be surpassed in purity, delicacy, beauty? Well might the Romans prize those murrhine cups at many times their weight of gold.

It would be in vain for me to attempt any adequate statement of their contributions to industrial art. Of all people they see quickest the practical side of a fact. We have no hydraulic constructions as imposing as the Chinese canal system; it rivals our railway system. We have no Artesian wells that exceed in depth some of theirs. We have no fortifications so extensive as the Chinese wall.

Well, but, says somebody, what about mechanical engineering? Where is their steam-engine, their locomotive?

China has been driven by the emergencies of her political condition to discourage labor-saving inventions. It was not for her to do any thing that might deprive her enormous population of work. Wherever force was required, she had plenty of hands; the genius of her people gave her plenty of patience. Her necessities of inter-communication were abundantly supplied by her magnificent canal system. She did not care about speed, nor does she care about it even now, when the railway is within her reach, though she could spend thousands of millions upon it. She doubts whether it is compatible with her social condition, her quiet habit of life. She believes that the life of man may be more happily, more nobly spent than in a disgraceful rush after money.

The offensive expression, "Heathen Chinee," is, however, not so much in allusion to her lack of scientific capacity as to her supposed religious condition. Let us look for a moment to that.

About five hundred years before our era China passed through an intellectual crisis. It was the epoch of Lao-tse and Confucius. These great, and I think I may add good men, looked with dismay on the religious condition of their countrymen. They saw how difference of opinion, and its consequence, divisions into sects, had arisen and were daily increasing. They saw in what a disastrous manner society was affected by those dissensions. The countless sects which were swarming into life stood in an isolated and in many instances an inimical relation to each other. It was a scene of rivalry and hatred, tempered by hypocrisy. Confucius in his youth had sought the friendship of Lao-tse, who was by fifty years his senior. Both had arrived at the conviction that men can never be made to think alike on religious subjects. Then is it not best to let such subjects alone in our intercourse with each other, and content ourselves with devising a social system which shall be a guide to courtesy in our relations with others, to contentment, and happiness to ourself? From a profound examination of the religious condition of China, Confucius had thus come to the conclusion that it is not given to man to attain to certainty or unity in theological matters, and therefore it is useless for him to concern himself with them. In the course of ages many forms of polytheism and monotheism had prevailed. Each had had its day. Confucius says to his countrymen: "I teach you nothing but what you can discover for yourselves. Look around and use your own reason. No superior power has sent me. I am nothing but a man like yourselves. Don't make existence a wild fever of excitement; be virtuous, be patient. The sun shines on the dial of life but for a few hours; seize and enjoy the bright moment as you may. What is the use of running after the parting shadow of time? Let every man rule himself and his family in accordance with virtue. Let him obey the emperor, who is the representative of the law, as he desires his children to obey him. In the long ages that are passed our fathers were extracting wisdom from experience; let us never forget that we are what we are because of what they thought. Let us set firmly before our eyes the conclusions to which they came. Let us do homage to our dead. Let not the grave hide from us forever so much that is noble and beautiful and good."

Is not ancestral worship parted by many degrees from heathenism?

So arose this worship in China. Doubtless it has greatly conduced to political stability, though it has retarded progress. The Chinese has no desire to be more learned than his forefathers. His guide in life can scarcely be called a religion; he considers it as nothing more than a means of conducting himself honorably and prudently, of teaching him how to discharge his social and political duties, of cultivating industry, modesty, sobriety, gravity, decorum, thoughtfulness. He says to his friends, "Religions are many, reason is one; let us be brothers."

Lao-tse, the forerunner of Confucius, stands, as it were, on the boundary line of the physical aspirations of the old Chinese times and the indifferentism of the new. He recommends his countrymen not to give up the investigation of nature, and especially to direct their attention to the preparation of an elixir of life. That the vegetable world contains material admirably calculated for the benefit of man, both in a physical and moral sense, seemed to be proved by the discovery of tea, one of the most valuable gifts that China has made to the human race. Intoxicating drinks were not forbidden, as was subsequently the case among the Mohammedans, nor their use forcibly restrained by law, as among us. They were simply displaced by what was acknowledged to be a better beverage. Not known to Europeans until the close of the sixteenth century, the infusion of the leaf of this plant has had among us the same beneficent effect that it has had among the Chinese, and that especially as regards our female population.

But perhaps the grandest example that China has offered to the human race is her attempt—far from being unsuccessful—at the organization

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of her national intellect. By a system of well-designed competitive examinations she singles out her ablest men; to these eventually she intrusts the management of state affairs. The basis from which she starts is universal education. People sometimes are astonished at the solidity and durability of her institutions, and wonder how she can control four hundred millions of subjects. The explanation is to be found in this, her policy. And now Christian nations, even our own, are attempting to follow her example, to lay their foundation on universal education, compulsory if need be, and then to sort out their ablest minds. The Chinese method, which takes literature as its standard, would be unsuitable among us, but the principle might be applied in other modes better suited to our case.

Surprise is often expressed that so many Chinese inventions and discoveries reached Europe between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. An explanation has been sought in the commercial transactions of Venice and Genoa, but, singularly enough, the wars of Gengis-Khan seem to have been completely overlooked. The empire of this Tartar conqueror reached from China to Poland. A contemporary estimate of its intellectual importance is marked by the foundation of a professorship of the Tartar language in the University of Paris. A great service might be rendered to modern literature by one who would carefully study the political effect of these military movements, which occurred when Europe was at what might be called an epoch of her life. It was the boast of this great Mongul conqueror that any person might pass through his dominions from one end of Asia to the other without molestation or even question. There was no reason why Chinese discoveries should not come.

Now I have offered some reasons why we should cease to speak of the Chinese in terms of opprobrium, why we should look upon them with sincere respect. Heathen Chinee! Let us abstain from that insult. It may, however, perhaps be said that while all this applies to the educated and polite classes, it does not apply to the degraded specimens that are so obnoxious to the Californians. To this I answer that what concerns us is the present use of this people, and their prospective capabilities. At present they are here as laborers, and must be compared with the laboring emigrants of any other nation. So far as industry, frugality, sobriety are concerned, they do not appear to disadvantage in that comparison. But when the time comes that awakened justice to the rivalries of politicians shall give to them what seems to be in a republic necessary for self-protection—a vote—they will begin to settle here, and the career they will be capable of may be foretold by what in past ages they have done. JOHN W. DRAPER.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

THE next World's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in Basle, Switzerland. It will open on the 31st of August next, and close September 7. The committee of arrangements invite the attendance of all members and friends of the Alliance; they say, however, "Our friends must not expect to find among us the same character of grandeur exhibited at the later gatherings, of Amsterdam and of New York in particular; but the certainty that this difference will be understood by all, helps to calm our fears." The sessions will be held in the great hall of the Vereinshaus and in the St. Martin's Church. The opening address will be delivered by the president, M. CHARLES SARASIN, Councillor of State; among the speakers and essayists will be the Rev. Drs. VON OOSTERZEE, SCHAFF, STOUGHTON, PRESSENSÉ, CHRISTLIEB, ARTHUR, and J. F. HURST. Arrangements will be made for special meetings in the English language.

All who have read the story of the *Missing Link; or, Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor*, will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. ELLEN RANYARD, the founder of the mission bearing that name. She had reached the ripe age of seventy years. Mrs. RANYARD first became known to the public by *The Book and its Story*, a volume intended to convey information of the circulation of the Bible in modern times, which has been republished in French, German, and Dutch. She entered upon a career of greater usefulness when she undertook to demonstrate that by going to the homes of the poor and reading the Bible to them, the inmates could be led to a better life. The Missing Link Mission, as it was called, founded by her, extended till it employed 200 Bible women in London, and disbursed over £16,000 annually. Its total receipts during twenty-two years aggregated £323,807. The happy thought was adopted in other cities. The Missing Link Mission supported Bible women in Beyrout, Damascus, Jaffa, Berlin, Madrid, Bordeaux, Genoa, Athens, and Constantinople. Out of the Bible-reading work grew a mission to the sick. Mrs. RANYARD was a member of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London. Besides her gratuitous labor, she gave to her mission largely from her own purse.

Prince BISMARCK is reported to have said at a recent dinner given to members of the German Parliament that "peace was not likely to be made with Rome so soon as was generally expected."

It is remarkable how entirely English Protestants and Catholics agree in their opinions of the personal excellence of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. In some respects the Protestant eulogies of his character, occasioned by the recent offer of the cardinalate to him, exceed the Catholic. Thus the Nonconformist *Christian World* says: "As a mere distinction, the title of cardinal could scarcely add to Dr. NEWMAN's honors or fame. The grandeur of his character has towered above the disputes of conclaves and the strife of factions, and that earnestness which led him to sacrifice much to what he believed to be the truth, has made him indifferent to the prizes of partisanship. In JOHN HENRY NEWMAN all the Churches of Christendom feel that they have a part." This is strong language.

The report of the offer is confirmed by the Catholic press. Father NEWMAN was asked, "in case the Holy See were to create him a cardinal *in petto*, if he would be willing to accept." His reply was that his great age—seventy-eight years—and his habits of life in the oratory at Birmingham, which he founded, would make the office of cardinal distasteful to him.

The "Chinese question" has broken out in Australia. The seamen on board the steamers of the Australian Steam Navigation Company first "struck" because Chinamen were employed on the company's ships. Meetings have been held in Adelaide, Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales—indeed, all over the colonies—in which the exclusion of the Chinese has been demanded. The expected arrival of a ship at Sydney with 300 Chinamen it was feared would occasion a riot. But for the Christian sentiment of the United States and the British colonies, the Chinese immigrants would fare badly.

While political animosities are so bitter in the South, it is pleasing to observe that Christian feeling is triumphing over sectionalism and race prejudice. Late in February Louisiana held its first State Sunday-school Convention. Among the Northern men present were Messrs. PELTZ, of the *Sunday-school Times*, RALPH WELLS, of New York, and E. PAYSON PORTER and B. F. JACOBS, of Chicago. Dr. B. M. PALMER, of the Presbyterian Church, and Bishop KEENER, of the Methodist Church South, participated actively in the proceedings. The Sunday-schools of the colored people were represented, and a colored delegate, the Rev. Mr. NEWMAN, who is pastor of a Baptist church in New Orleans, was invited to address the Convention. Two colored pastors were placed on the Executive Committee of the State Association. The number of Sunday-school scholars in Louisiana was reported to be 70,000.

The effects of the definitive establishment of a well ordered republican government in France begin to appear in every direction. The Baptists, for instance, assured of practical religious freedom there, have resolved on the establishment of a theological school in Paris. Hitherto the government has played into the hands of the Catholics, and all new Protestant movements have been hampered. Now freedom of Protestant action is fully conceded. The proposed school will be supported by the Baptists of England and the United States; the managers will be taken from these countries and from France.

Dr. NORMAN KERR has made a remarkable statement before the Harveian Society of London in relation to deaths from intemperance. Having wholly doubted the assertion that 60,000 drunkards die annually in Great Britain, he began making investigations in order to demonstrate the contrary. "I had not long," he confessed, "pursued this line of inquiry before it was made clear to me that there was little if any exaggeration in these temperance statistics, and when asked to present the final results of my investigation to the last Social Science Congress, I was compelled to admit that at least 120,000 of our population annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess, 40,500 dying from their own intemperance, and 79,500 from accident, violence, poverty, or disease arising from the intemperance of others."

The Rev. Dr. LEONARD BACON, who is an authority upon Congregationalism, has recently declared, in the *Independent*, that the Congregational denomination needs (1) definite standards of polity and doctrine, (2) a power of excluding churches, and (3) a supreme judicatory. By its constitution the National Council of the Congregational Churches is forbidden to exercise legislative or judicial authority, or to act as a council of reference. Dr. BACON's proposals imply, therefore, very radical changes.

Public opinion has so strongly condemned the scheme of a lottery to relieve Archbishop PURCELL's estate that it is not now urged. Examination shows that the accounts of his brother were most carelessly kept; loose memorandum papers are the only records known of important transactions running through a series of years. Censure has so far touched the venerable archbishop gently, but these disclosures can not fail to becloud his closing days. A good intention to devote to Church purposes the money trusted to him can not of course excuse the wrong done to the poor of his flock; he will inevitably be condemned, and by none more severely than his own people. The honor of the Roman Catholic Church is so deeply involved that nothing short of comprehensive measures of restitution will save its good name.

The Pope has issued a pastoral letter in which he proclaims a Jubilee in commemoration of the completion of the first year of his reign. It will last three months, dating on or about the 20th of February, the anniversary of his election.

It now appears that the lost money of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society was invested by the treasurer, Mr. DAMON, in loans on land near Chicago. The property is known as "Rose Park," and is on the north branch of the Chicago River. Suit has been begun by the Home Missionary Society to recover from certain parties in that city.

Bishop WHIPPLE still continues his appeals for justice to our Indians, and has an ever-growing audience. In his plea for the Cheyennes, recently published, he traces their history since 1848, and shows that they "were among the most friendly Indians of the plains." Those of the north who were removed to the Indian Territory were dissatisfied with the change, and fled toward their old home, but were captured before reaching it. To quote the bishop: "The telegraph says that these Cheyenne captives were deprived of food and fire for five days, in a Dakota January, to force them to consent to return to the Indian Territory; that when fire was offered to the women, they refused, and said, 'We will freeze to death together.' They escaped from prison and fled, were pursued, hunted down as wolves, and these Cheyenne men, women, and children welcomed death together." This is a terrible story, and yet the essential facts are well known. The horrors of our Indian policy are the more humiliating to us when we consider that our neighbors of Canada live in peace with the tribes scattered throughout the Dominion. More than all, our policy—if it can be so called—with the Indians costs millions of money.

THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.

No sporting event has caused so much excitement in New York for many years as the great walking match at Gilmore's Garden between four redoubtable contestants, one of whom held the belt as the "champion of the world." Unfortunately he was not in good condition, owing to faulty training, or want of training, and before the match was half over he was compelled by excessive weakness to withdraw from the arena. In this misfortune O'LEARY had the sympathy of the public. He had won the belt by a famous victory in England, and every one in the community who takes any interest in such matters would have been glad to see him retain it. But in his condition he had not the least chance of winning, and should not have been allowed to go on the track.

Our illustration on page 244 shows all four of the contestants on the track—ROWELL leading, HARRIMAN second, and O'LEARY and ENNIS in the rear. From the commencement of the match at one o'clock Monday morning, March 10, Gilmore's Garden was crowded by an excited throng of spectators, and hundreds at times besieged the doors unable to obtain admission. The pluck and endurance displayed by the contestants aroused general admiration and applause, and although O'LEARY's failure deprived the match of one of the chief elements of interest, there seemed to be no diminution of excitement. The walk, or rather trot, of ROWELL, the English contestant, excited much comment. The ease and vigor with which he maintained his even, steady gait was surprising. HARRIMAN and ENNIS also showed a most wonderful power of holding out against fatigue, the former especially walking with a sturdy and determined steadiness that elicited hearty manifestations of admiration and approval.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was commemorated on March 10 at the residence of Cyrus W. Field, in Gramercy Park. The originators of this great enterprise were five in number—Cyrus W. Field, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White—all of whom were present on this occasion with the exception of Mr. White, who died many years ago, and whose place was taken by Wilson G. Hunt. An extension had been erected in the rear of Mr. Field's spacious mansion, forming a commodious banqueting hall, which was beautifully draped with bunting and the American and English coats of arms. A thousand or more invitations had been sent out, and a great throng of distinguished guests—men representing the wealth, statesmanship, intellect, and enterprise of the nation—met and exchanged cordial greetings with their host and other friends. To mention even the most notable names would overflow our space. Mr. Field's address recalled the details of the inception of the Atlantic cable, and touched upon its success and the satisfaction he felt in the result. There were other speeches; and also letters and telegrams received from many distinguished persons were read. Among others, the following dispatches were read: from Mr. Graves, of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's office:

"VALENTIA, IRELAND, March 10.

"This anniversary witnesses duplex working across the Atlantic as an accomplished fact."

From Dean Stanley:

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY, March 10.

"Blessings from Westminster Abbey on the silver wedding of England and America. 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

This "silver wedding" anniversary was one of exceeding interest to all who were present.

The winner of the grand prize of the National Lottery, M. Aubriot, finds himself confronted with a powerful rival in the public mind. Extremes meet. Paris now demands who is the winner of the smallest prize. The least gift bestowed belongs to the second series, No. 786,496. It consists of a tiny paper box containing a pinch of rice powder, and is valued at *twenty-five centimes*. The same anxiety is apparent in the possessor of the smallest lot which characterized M. Aubriot, only to excess, for the owner has failed to appear.

The sad history of the lady who purchased twelve hundred tickets in the lottery, and drew a box of sardines valued at twenty francs, conveys a moral against such public gambling which needs no other comment than to call attention to the price paid for each sardine in the present instance.

Paris has called herself the brain of the world. Certainly the boast can not be deemed an empty one from recent statements of her periodical publications. Paris devotes, in daily, weekly, and monthly form, 104 papers to jurisprudence, 23 to geography and history, 71 to religion, 155 to commerce, 138 to recreation, 90 to literature and philology, 16 to fine arts, 81 to instruction, 8 to architecture, 4 to photography, 15 to music, 17 to the stage, 18 to fashion, 22 to army and navy, 90 to medicine, 134 to industry, 48 to science, 36 to agriculture, 22 to sport. With such a list the sprightly Parisian intellect need not stagnate, and yet it has ever been a city ignorant of the world beyond its own limits. Foreign races must needs come to Paris, but Paris in turn felt no need of making a more intimate acquaintance with other lands. Hence certain phases of a Prussian invasion.

The Russian superstitious belief in precious stones is revived by the advent of the plague. Great ladies seek to avert the fearful malady by decking themselves with diamonds, emeralds, the magical sapphire, and turquois. The agate is in especial favor as a talisman. A Russian princess who resides at Paris wears no longer other ornaments than the agate, which may render the lustrous stone the fashion. If this faith in gems was universal, one might fancy Queen Victoria, the Empress Augusta, and even the royal house of Saxony riding the Green Vault to cast down their crowns on the German frontier, in the hope that pestilence might not pass the boundary line of priceless jewels.

The sale of the Brinley Americana must long remain conspicuous not only because of its unprecedented importance, but because the catalogue of the collection will be regarded as an authoritative book of reference on Americana, being, perhaps, the best catalogue ever published in this country. For more than twenty-five years Mr. Brinley devoted unlimited time, money, and patience to this collection. The result is hundreds of the rarest productions. Among these, as examples, may be mentioned Drake's *Expeditio in Indias Occidentales*, Leyden, 1588—so rare that the sale of only one or two copies has been recorded during the last fifty years; Richard Eden's copy of Peter Martyr, the one which he used in translating the *Decades of the Newe Worlde*, printed in 1555, and containing many of his manuscript notes; Champlain's *Voyages*, the best edition, Paris, 1632; the *Bay Psalm-Book*, printed by Stephen Daye, Cambridge, 1640—the first book printed in the Anglo-American colonies; also a copy of the second edition, printed in 1647, which is probably unique; four copies of Eliot's Indian Bible; and a very complete collection of the writings of the Mather family.

Within the last ten years quite a number of cases of sudden illness and death in this city have been traced directly to the use of raw ham. This fact ought to prevent the eating of this article in an uncooked state.

An Alpine avalanche on the St. Gothard route occurred on January 24, and nearly proved fatal to a party of travellers. What a narrow escape they had may be gathered from the accounts which have reached us: A long procession of sledges started from the St. Gothard Hospice, at the summit of the pass, and descended toward Airolo. At the first great bend in the road, not far from the little refuge house known as San Giuseppe, the two leaders of the caravan noticed with alarm that a huge snow mass was breaking loose from the top of the mountain. Immediately the cry "Backward!" was raised. Every one sprang in an instant from the sledges, and rushed up the road as fast as possible. The avalanche thundered down, and horses and carriages were buried in a moment under the tremendous heap of snow. Fortunately no one of the company lost presence of mind, but all returned and began the work of excavation with hearty good-will. All the horses except two were dug out alive. The passengers were too much fatigued and excited to continue their journey, so they returned and spent the night in the Hospice.

The following story is told of a married couple in Springfield, Massachusetts: A certain husband, well knowing his wife's custom to make him a present regularly on his birthday, and realizing the fact that economy was now an absolute necessity of his household, said to his better half: "This year you must not undertake to make me a present; I insist. It would be absurd to do so at this time, when we need every thing we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year, I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal.

The agents for the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in the prosecution of their duties, have accomplished such a work as commends the society to the helpful sympathy of philanthropic citizens. According to the fourth annual report, about three thousand families have been visited, 619 children have been placed in homes or sheltering institutions, and 286 have been temporarily relieved. During the year, also, 581 cases of abuse have been prosecuted, and 564 convictions secured. The report contains details of some sadly interesting cases of rescue from a life of abuse. Many similar societies have been formed in other cities since the incorporation of the New York society, so that at the present time the Christian work of rescuing children from cruel treatment is rapidly extending.

Sponge was supposed to be extinct in Florida waters until recently, when a large quantity of superior quality was discovered not far from Key West. It is said that a sponge merchant secured between $9000 and $10,000 worth of sponge in two days, and all within a half hour's sail of the wharf.

During the year 1878 there were over 27,000 deaths in the city of New York. The diseases which caused a large proportion of this mortality are classed as *local*—such as pneumonia, heart-disease, convulsions, paralysis; *zymotic*—as diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fever, cholera infantum, measles, dysentery, croup; and *constitutional*, which includes consumption and cancer. The number who died from local diseases was 10,107; from zymotic diseases, 7810; and from constitutional diseases, 6423. It is a fact, from which some lessons of caution and care may be drawn, that of these 27,000 above mentioned, consumption killed no less than 4477, and pneumonia—that increasingly fatal disease—carried off 2271 victims. In our variable climate there can be no trifling with health, especially during the winter and early spring. The unusual prevalence of colds, coughs, influenzas, and of pneumonia during the past season makes protective and preventive measures of the utmost importance. Every person should regard it as a duty to learn how to avoid "taking cold," which term, in its general usage, includes the taking of numberless ills. If physicians were paid for preventing disease instead of curing it, the community would know far better than now how to take proper care of health. But until this is done, individuals must inform themselves upon essential points, and practice what they know. A few simple points are important for all to regard. Colds—and they are usually as common and as severe in March as in any other month of the year—may often result from insufficient clothing, but more frequently from experiencing sudden changes of temperature, as in going from a hot room into the cold, raw air; from standing or sitting in a draught; from wet feet; from getting chilled when in a perspiration; from putting on thinner garments, as for an evening party, or because one warm day has come. All thoughtful adults may in a great extent avoid such and similar exposures, and children should be carefully guarded by those who have the care of them. Thus may the records of mortality during the coming season be lessened.

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WAITING.

A DEBT THAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OUGHT TO WIPE OUT.

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HOME FROM THE OLD WORLD—EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGE BY CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS ON A NEW YORK STEAMSHIP WHARF—DRAWN BY FRANK FRENZENY

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THAT MUST END AT ONCE."

A quarter of an hour later, when all the confusion was over, Violet was kneeling by her mother's chair, trying to restore tranquillity to Mrs. Carmichael's fluttered spirits. Mother and daughter were alone together in the elder lady's dressing-room, the disconsolate Pamela sitting like Niobe, amidst her scattered fineries, her pomade pots and powder boxes, fan cases and jewel caskets, and all the arsenal of waning beauty.

"Dear mother," pleaded Violet, with unusual gentleness, "pray don't give way to this unnecessary grief. You can not surely believe that I tried to set this dear old house on fire; that I could be so foolish—granting even that I were wicked enough to do it—as to destroy a place I love, the house in which my father was born! You can't believe such a thing, mother."

"I know that you are making my life miserable," sobbed Mrs. Carmichael, feebly dabbing her forehead with a flimsy Valenciennes-bordered handkerchief, steeped in eau-de-Cologne, "and I am sure Conrad would not tell a falsehood."

"Perhaps not," said Vixen, with a gloomy look. "We will take it for granted that he is perfection, and could not do wrong. But in this case he is mistaken. I felt quite capable of killing him, but not of setting fire to this house."

"Oh," wailed Pamela, distractedly, "this is too dreadful! To think that I should have a daughter who confesses herself at heart a murderess."

"Unhappily it is true, mother," said Vixen, moodily contrite. "For just that one moment of my life I felt a murderous impulse, and from the impulse to the execution is a very short step. I don't feel myself very superior to the people who are hanged at Newgate, I assure you."

"What is to become of me?" inquired Mrs. Carmichael, in abject lamentation. "It is too hard that my own daughter should be a source of misery in my married life, that she should harden her heart against the best of step-fathers, and should actually try to bring discord between me and the husband I love. I don't know what I have done that I should be so miserable."

"Dear mother, only be calm, and listen to me," urged Violet, who was very calm herself, with a coldly resolute air which presently obtained ascendency over her agitated parent. "If I have been the source of misery, that misery can not too soon come to an end. I have long felt that I have no place in this house—that I am one too many in our small family. I feel now—yes, mamma, I feel and know that the same roof can not cover me and Captain Carmichael. He and I can no longer sit at the same board or live in the same house. That must end at once."

"What complaint can you have to make against him, Violet?" cried her mother, hysterically, and with a good deal more dabbing of the perfumed handkerchief upon her fevered brow. "I am sure no father could be kinder than Conrad would be to you if you would only let him. But you have set yourself against him from the very first. It seems as if you grudged me my happiness."

"It shall seem so no longer, mamma. I will cease to be a thorn in your garland of roses," replied Vixen, with exceeding bitterness. "I will leave the Abbey House directly any other home can be found for me. If dear old M'Croke would take care of me, I should like to go abroad, somewhere very far, to some strange place, where all things would be different and new to me," continued Vixen, unconsciously betraying that aching desire for forgetfulness natural to a wounded heart. "Sweden or Norway, for instance. I think I should like to spend a year in one of those cold strange lands, with good old M'Croke for my companion. There would be nothing to remind me of the Forest," she concluded, with a stifled sob.

"My dear Violet, you have such wild ideas," exclaimed her mother, with an injured air. "It is just as Conrad says. You have no notion of the proprieties. Sweden or Norway, indeed! Was there ever any thing so outlandish? What would people say, I wonder?"

"Ah! what indeed, mamma. Perhaps they might for once say what is true—that I could not get on with Captain Carmichael, and so was forced to find another home."

"And what a reproach that would be to me!" cried her mother. "You are so selfish, Violet; you think of no one but yourself."

"Perhaps that is because nobody else thinks of me, mother."

"How can you say such abominable things, Violet? Am I not thinking of you this moment? I am sure I have thought of you this evening until my head aches. You force one to think about you when you behave in such a disgraceful manner."

"What have I done that is disgraceful, mamma? I have ridden out at an unusual hour to get a place for an old servant—a man who has served in this house faithfully for more than forty years. That is what I have done, and I should not be ashamed if it were known to every body in Hampshire. Yes, even to Lady Mabel Ashbourne, that pattern of chilly propriety. The disgrace is Captain Carmichael's. It is he who ought to be ashamed of turning off my father's and grandfather's old servant. What you have to be sorry for, mamma, is that you have married a man capable of such an action."

"How dare you speak against him!" cried the offended wife. "He has done every thing for the best. It was your own foolish conduct that obliged him to dismiss Bates. To think that a daughter of mine should have so little self-respect as to go roaming about the forest with an engaged man! It is too dreadful."

"You need not make yourself unhappy about the engaged man, mamma," said Vixen, scornfully. "He is out of danger. Rorie and I need never see each other again. I should be more than content that it should be so. Only arrange with Captain Carmichael for some allowance to be made me—just money enough to enable me to live abroad with dear old M'Croke. I want no gayeties, I want no fine dresses. The simplest mode of life, in a strange country, will suit me best."

"I can't bear the idea of your going away," whimpered Mrs. Carmichael. "People will talk so. A step-father's is such a delicate position. People are sure to say cruel things about Conrad. And it is all your fault, Violet. We might have lived so happily together if you had liked."

"We might, perhaps, mamma; but I don't think any of us knew the way. Captain Carmichael could hardly expect that to sell my father's favorite horse was the shortest way to my liking; and that's how he began his reign in this house. Don't let us talk any more, my dear mother. Words are useless to heal such wounds as ours. Good-night. Sleep well, and forget all about me. To-morrow you and the captain can give me my liberty."

"I thought you were so fond of the Abbey House," moaned her mother.

"So I was when it was home. It has ceased to be my home, and I shall be glad to leave it."

"Oh, Violet, you have a hard heart."

"Good-night, mamma."

She was gone, leaving Mrs. Carmichael feebly moaning, and vaguely dabbing her forehead, feeling that the Fates had not been kind to her. Life seemed to have gone all askew. It was as if Theodore had taken to sending home misfits. Nothing was smooth or pleasant in an existence whose halcyon calm had once been undisturbed by so much as a crumpled rose leaf.

Vixen went straight to her room, accompanied by Argus, who had followed her from the hall to the door of her mother's dressing-room, and had waited patiently for her in the corridor, with his head leaning against the closed door, as if he scented trouble within.

When girl and dog were alone together, Violet flung herself on the ground, threw her arms round the mastiff's thick neck, and let her tears flow freely against that faithful head.

"Oh, Argus," she cried, piteously, "you are the only friend left me in this wide world!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GOING INTO EXILE.

After a long sleepless night of tossing to and fro, Vixen rose with the first stir of life in the old house, and made herself ready to face the bleak hard world. Her meditations of the night had brought no new light to her mind. It was very clear to her that she must go away—as far as possible—from her old home. Her banishment was necessary for every body's sake. For the sake of Rorie, who must behave like a man of honor, and keep his engagement with Lady Mabel, and shut his old playfellow out of his heart; for the sake of Mrs. Carmichael, who could never be happy while there was discord in her home; and last of all for Violet herself, who felt that joy and peace had fled from the Abbey House forever, and that it would be better to be any where, in the coldest, strangest region of this wide earth, verily friendless and alone among strange faces, than here among friends who were but friends in name, and among scenes that were haunted with the ghosts of dead joys.

She went round the gardens and shrubberies in the early morning, looking sadly at every thing, as if she were bidding the trees and flowers a long farewell. The rhododendron thickets were shining with dew, the grassy tracks in that wilderness of verdure were wet and cold under Vixen's feet. She wandered in and out among the groups of wild growing shrubs, rising one above another to the height of forest trees, and then she went out by the old five-barred gate which Titmouse used to jump so merrily, and rambled in the plantation till the sun was high, and the pines began to breathe forth their incense as the day god warmed them into life.

It was half past eight. Nine was the hour for breakfast—a meal at which, during the squire's time, the fragile Pamela had rarely appeared, but which, under the present *régime*, she generally graced with her presence. Captain Carmichael was an early riser, and was not sparing in his contempt for sluggish habits.

Vixen had made up her mind never again to sit at meat with her step-father; so she went straight to her own den, and told Phoebe to bring her a cup of tea.

"I don't want any thing else," she said, wearily, when the girl suggested a more substantial breakfast. "I should like to see mamma presently. Do you know if she has gone down?"

"No, miss. Mrs. Carmichael is not very well this morning. Pauline has taken her up a cup of tea."

Vixen sat idly by the open window, sipping her tea, and caressing Argus's big head with a listless hand, waiting for the next stroke of fate. She was sorry for her mother, but had no wish to see her. What could they say to each other—they whose thoughts and feelings were so wide apart? Presently Phoebe came in with a little three-cornered note written in pencil.

"Pauline asked me to give you this from your ma, miss."

The note was brief, written in short gasps, with dashes between them:

"I feel too crushed and ill to see you—I have told Conrad what you wish—he is all goodness—he will tell you what we have decided—try to be worthier of his kindness—poor misguided child—he will see you in his study, directly after breakfast—pray control your unhappy temper."

"His study, indeed!" ejaculated Vixen, tearing up the little note and scattering its perfumed fragments on the breeze; "my father's room, which he has usurped. I think I hate him just a little worse in that room than any where else—though that would seem hardly possible, when I hate him so cordially every where."

She went to her looking-glass, and surveyed herself proudly as she smoothed her shining hair, resolved that he should see no indication of trouble or contrition in her face. She was very pale, but her tears of last night had left no traces. There was a steadiness in her look that befitted an encounter with an enemy. A message came from the captain while she was standing before her glass tying a crimson ribbon under the collar of her white morning dress.

Would she please to go to Captain Carmichael in the study? She went without an instant's delay, walked quietly into the room, and stood before him silently as he sat at his desk writing.

"Good morning, Miss Tempest," he said, looking up at her with his blandest air. "Sit down, if you please. I want to have a chat with you."

Vixen seated herself in her father's large crimson morocco chair. She was looking round the room absently, dreamily, quite disregarding the captain. The dear old room was full of sadly sweet associations. For the moment she forgot the existence of her foe. His cold, level tones recalled her thoughts from the lamented past to the bitter present.

"Your mother informs me that you wish to leave the Abbey House," he began, "and she has empowered me to arrange a suitable home for you elsewhere. I entirely concur in your opinion that your absence from Hampshire for the next year or so will be advantageous to yourself and others. You and Mr. Vawdrey have contrived to get yourselves unpleasantly talked about in the neighborhood. Any further scandal may possibly be prevented by your departure."

"It is not on that account I wish to leave home," said Vixen, proudly. "I am not afraid of scandal. If the people hereabouts are so wicked that they can not see me riding by the side of an old friend for two or three days running without thinking evil of him and me, I am sorry for them, but I certainly should not regulate my life to please them. The reason I wish to leave the Abbey House is that I am miserable here, and have been ever since you entered it as its master. We may as well deal frankly with each other in this matter. You confessed last night that you hated me. I acknowledge to-day that I have hated you ever since I first saw you. It was an instinct."

"We need not discuss that," answered the captain, calmly. He had let passion master him last night, but he had himself well in hand to-day. She might be as provoking as she pleased, but she should not provoke him to betray himself as he had done last night. He detested himself for that weak outbreak of passion.

"Have you arranged with my mother for my leaving home?" inquired Vixen.

"Yes, it is all settled."

"Then I'll write at once to Miss M'Croke. I know she will leave the people she is with to travel with me."

"Miss M'Croke has nothing to do with the question. Your roaming about the world with a superannuated governess would be too preposterous. I am going to take you to Jersey by this evening's boat. I have an aunt living there who has a fine old manor-house, and who will be happy to take charge of you. She is a maiden lady, a woman of superior cultivation, who devotes herself wholly to intellectual pursuits. Her refining influence will be valuable to you. The island is lovely, the climate delicious. You could not be better off than you will be at Les Tourelles."

"I am not going to Jersey, and I am not going to your intellectual aunt," said Vixen, resolutely.

"I beg your pardon, you are going, and immediately. Your mother and I have settled the matter between us. You have expressed a wish to leave home, and you will be pleased to go where we think proper. You had better tell Phoebe to pack your trunks. We shall leave here at six o'clock in the evening. The boat starts from Southampton at midnight."

Vixen felt herself conquered. She had stated her wish, and it was granted, not in the mode and manner she had desired, but perhaps she ought to be grateful for release from a home that had become loathsome to her, and not take objection to details in the scheme of her exile. To go away, quite away, and immediately, was the grand point. To fly before she saw Rorie again.

"Heaven knows how weak I might be if he were to talk to me again as he talked last night!" she said to herself. "I might not be able to bear it a second time. Oh, Rorie, if you knew what it cost me to counsel you wisely, to bid you do your duty, when the vision of a happy life with you was smiling at me all the time, when the warm grasp of your dear hand made my heart thrill with joy, what a heroine you would think me? And yet nobody will ever give me credit for heroism; and I shall be remembered only as a self-willed young woman, who was troublesome to her relations, and had to be sent away from home."

She was thinking this while she sat in her father's chair, deliberating upon the captain's last speech. She decided presently to yield, and obey her mother and step-father. After all, what did it matter where she went? That scheme of being happy in Sweden with Miss M'Croke was but an idle fancy. In the depths of her inner consciousness Violet Tempest knew that she could be happy nowhere away from Rorie and the Forest. What did it matter, then, whether she went to Jersey or Kamtchatka, the sandy desert of Gobi or the Mountains of the Moon? In either case exile meant moral death, the complete renunciation of all that had been sweet and precious in her uneventful young life—the shadowy beech groves; the wandering streams; the heathery upland plains; the deep ferny hollows, where the footsteps of humanity were almost unknown; the cluster of tall trees on the hill-tops, where the herons came sailing home from their flight across Southampton Water; her childhood's companion; her horse; her old servants. Banishment meant a long farewell to all these.

"I suppose I may take my dog with me?" she asked, after a long pause, during which she had wavered between submission and revolt, "and my maid?"

"I see no objection to your taking your dog, though I doubt whether my aunt will care to have a dog of that size prowling about her house. He can have a kennel somewhere, I dare say. You must learn to do without a maid. Feminine helplessness is going out of fashion, and one would expect an Amazon like you to be independent of lady's-maids and milliners."

"Why don't you state the case in plain English?" cried Vixen, scornfully. "If I took Phoebe with me, she would cost money. There would be her wages and maintenance to be provided. If I leave her behind, you can dismiss her. You have a fancy for dismissing old servants."

"Had you not better see to the packing of your trunks?" asked Captain Carmichael, ignoring this shaft.

"What is to become of my horse?"

"I think you must resign yourself to leave him to fate and me," replied the captain, coolly. "My aunt may submit to the infliction of your dog, but that she should tolerate a young lady's roaming about the island on a thorough-bred horse would be rather too much to expect from her old-fashioned notions of propriety."

"Besides, even Arion would cost something to keep," retorted Vixen, "and strict economy is the rule of your life. If you sell him—and, of course, you will do so—please let Lord Mellow have the refusal of him. I think he would buy him and treat him kindly for my sake."

"Wouldn't you rather Mr. Vawdrey had him?"

"Yes, if I were free to give him away; but I suppose you would deny my right of property even in the horse my father gave me."

"Well, as the horse was not specified in your father's will, and as all his horses and carriages were left to your mother, I think there can not be any doubt that Arion is my wife's property."

"Why not say your property? Why give unnatural prominence to a cipher? Do you think I hold my poor mother to blame for any wrong that is done to me or to others in this house? No, Captain Carmichael, I have no resentment against my mother. She is a blameless nullity, dressed in the latest fashion."

"Go and pack your boxes!" cried the captain, angrily. "Do you want to raise the devil that was raised last night? Do you want another conflagration? It might be a worse one this time. I have had a night of fever and unrest."

"Am I to blame for that?"

"Yes, you beautiful fury. It was your image kept me awake. I shall sleep sounder when you are out of this house."

"I shall be ready to start at ten o'clock," said Vixen, in a business-like tone which curiously contrasted this sudden gust of passion on the part of her foe, and humiliated him to the dust. He loathed himself for having let her see her power to hurt him.

She left him, and went straight up stairs to her room, and gave Phoebe directions about the packing of her portmanteaus, with no more outward semblance of emotion than she might have shown had she been starting on a round of pleasant visits under the happiest circumstances. The faithful Phoebe began to cry when she heard that Miss Tempest was going away for a long time, and that she was not to go with her; and poor Vixen had to console her maid instead of brooding upon her own griefs.

"Never mind, Phoebe," she said; "it is as hard for me to lose you as it is for you to lose me. I shall never forget what a devoted little thing you have been, and all the muddy habits you have brushed without a murmur. A few years hence I shall be my own mistress, and have plenty of money, and then, wherever I may be, you shall come to me. If you are married, you shall be my housekeeper, and your husband shall be my butler, and your children shall run wild about the place, and be made as much of as the litter of young foxes Bates reared in a corner of the stable-yard when Mr. Vawdrey was at Eton."

"Oh, miss, I don't want no husband nor no children; I only want you for my missus. And when you come of age, will you live here, miss?"

"No, Phoebe. The Abbey House will belong to mamma all her life. Poor mamma! may it be long before the dear old house comes to me! But when I am of age, and my own mistress, I shall find a place somewhere in the Forest, you may be sure of that, Phoebe."

Phoebe dried her honest tears, and made haste with the packing, believing that Miss Tempest was leaving home for her own pleasure, and that she, Phoebe, was the only victim of adverse fate.

The day wore on quickly, though it was laden with sorrow. Vixen had a great deal to do in her den; papers to look over, old letters, pen-and-ink sketches, and scribblings of all kinds to destroy, books and photographs to pack. There were certain things she could not leave behind her. Then there was a melancholy hour to spend in the stable, fondling, caressing, and weeping over Arion, who snorted his tenderest snorts, and licked her hands with abject devotion—almost as if he knew they were going to part, Vixen thought.

Last of all came the parting with her mother. Vixen had postponed this, with an aching dread

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of a scene, in which she might perchance lose her temper, and be betrayed into bitter utterances that she would afterward repent with useless tears. She had spoken the truth to her step-father when she told him that she held her mother blameless; yet the fact that she had but the smallest share in that mother's heart was cruelly patent to her.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when Pauline came to Violet's room with a message from Mrs. Carmichael. She had been very ill all the morning, Pauline informed Miss Tempest, suffering severely from nervous headache, and obliged to lie in a darkened room. Even now she was barely equal to seeing any one.

"Then she had better not see me," said Vixen, idly; "I can write her a little note to say good-by. Perhaps it would be just as well. Tell mamma that I will write, Pauline."

Pauline departed with that message, and returned in five minutes with a distressed visage.

"Oh, miss!" she exclaimed, "your message quite upset poor poor mamma. She said, 'How could she?' and began to get almost hysterical. And those hysterical fits end in such fearful headaches."

"I will come at once," said Vixen.

Mrs. Carmichael was lying on a sofa near an open window, the Spanish blinds lowered to exclude the afternoon sunshine, the perfume of the gardens floating in upon the soft summer air. A tiny tea-pot and cup and saucer on a Japanese tray showed that the invalid had been luxuriating in her favorite stimulant. There were vases of flowers about the room, and an all-pervading perfume and coolness—a charm half sensuous, half æsthetic.

"Violet, how could you send me such a message?" remonstrated the invalid, fretfully.

"Dear mamma, I did not want to trouble you. I know how you shrink from all painful things; and you and I could hardly part without pain, as we are parting to-day. Would it not have been better to avoid any farewell?"

"If you had any natural affection you would never have suggested such a thing."

"Then, perhaps, I have never had any natural affection," answered Vixen, with subdued bitterness; "or only so small a stock that it ran out early in my life, and left me cold and hard and unloving. I am sorry we are parting like this, mamma. I am still more sorry that you could not spare me a little of the regard which you have bestowed so lavishly upon a stranger."

"Violet, how can you?" sobbed her mother. "To accuse me of withholding my affection from you, when I have taken such pains with you from your very cradle! I am sure poor frocks, from the day you were short-coated, were my constant care; and when you grew a big, lanky girl, who would have looked odious in commonplace clothes, it was my delight to invent picturesque and becoming costumes for you. I have spent hours poring over books of prints, studying Vandyck and Sir Peter Lely, and I have let you wear some of my most valuable lace; and as for indulgence of your whims! Pray when have I ever thwarted you in any thing?"

"Forgive me, mamma!" cried Vixen, penitently. She divined dimly—even in the midst of that flood of bitter feeling in which her young soul was overwhelmed—that Mrs. Carmichael had been a good mother, according to her lights. The tree had borne such fruit as was natural to its kind. "Pray forgive me. You have been good and kind and indulgent, and we should have gone on happily together to the end of the chapter, if fate had been kinder."

"It's no use your talking of fate in that way, Violet," retorted her mother, captiously. "I know you mean Conrad."

"Perhaps I do, mamma; but don't let us talk of him any more. We should never agree about him. You and he can be quite happy when I am gone. Poor, dear, trusting, innocent-minded mamma!" cried Vixen, kneeling by her mother's chair, and putting her arms round her ever so tenderly. "May your path of life be smooth and strewn with flowers when I am gone! If Captain Carmichael does not always treat you kindly, he will be a greater scoundrel than I think him. But he has always been kind to you, has he not, mamma? You are not hiding any sorrow of yours from me?" asked Vixen, fixing her great brown eyes on her mother's face with earnest inquiry. She had assumed the maternal part. She seemed an anxious mother questioning her daughter.

"Kind to me!" echoed Mrs. Carmichael. "He has been all goodness. We have never had a difference of opinion since we were married."

"No, mamma, because you always defer to his opinion."

"Is not that my duty, when I know how clever and far-seeing he is?"

"Frankly, dear mother, are you as happy with this new husband of yours—so wise and far-seeing, and determined to have his own way in every thing—as you were with my dear, indulgent, easy-tempered father?"

Pamela Carmichael burst into a passion of tears.

"How can you be so cruel?" she exclaimed. "Who can give back the past, or the freshness and brightness of one's youth? Of course I was happier with your dear father than I can ever be again. It is not in nature that it should be otherwise. How could you be so heartless as to ask me such a question?"

She dried her tears slowly, and was not easily comforted. It seemed as if that speech of Violet's had touched a spring that opened a fountain of grief.

"This means that mamma is not happy with her second husband, in spite of her praises of him," thought Vixen.

She remained kneeling by her mother's side, comforting her as best she could, until Mrs. Carmichael had recovered from the wound her daughter's heedless words had inflicted, and then Violet began to say good-by.

"You will write to me sometimes, won't you, mamma, and tell me how the dear old place is going on, and about the old people who die—dear familiar white heads that I shall never see again—and the young people who get married, and the babies that are born? You will write often, won't you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, as often as my strength will allow."

"You might even get Pauline to write to me sometimes, to tell me how you are and what you are doing; that would be better than nothing."

"Pauline shall write when I am not equal to holding a pen," sighed Mrs. Carmichael.

"And, dear mamma, if you can prevent it, don't let any more of the old servants be sent away. If they drop off one by one, home will seem like a strange place at last. Remember how they loved my dear father, how attached and faithful they have been to us. They are like our own flesh and blood."

"I should never willingly part with servants who know my ways, Violet. But as to Bates's dismissal—there are some things I had rather not discuss with you—I am sure that Conrad acted for the best, and from the highest motives."

"Do you know any thing about this place to which I am going, mamma?" asked Vixen, letting her mother's last speech pass without comment, "or the lady who is to be my duenna?"

"Your future has been fully discussed between Conrad and me, Violet. He tells me that the old Jersey manor-house—Les Tourelles, it is called—is a delightful place, one of the oldest seats in Jersey, and Miss Skipwith, to whom it belongs, is a well-informed, conscientious old lady, very religious, I believe, so you will have to guard against your sad habit of speaking lightly about sacred things, my dear Violet."

"Do you intend me to live there forever, mamma?"

"Forever! What a foolish question! In six years you will be of age, and your own mistress."

"Six years—six years in a Jersey manor-house with a pious old lady! Don't you think that would seem very much like forever, mamma?" asked Vixen, gravely.

"My dear Violet, neither Conrad nor I want to banish you from your natural home. We only want you to learn wisdom. When Mr. Vawdrey is married, and when you have learned to think more kindly of my dear husband—"

"That last change will never happen to me, mamma. I should have to die and be born again first, and even then I think my dislike of Captain Carmichael is so strong that purgatorial fires would hardly burn it out. No, mamma, we had better say good-by without any forecast of the future. Let us forget all that is sad in our parting, and think we are only going to part for a little while."

Many a time in after-days did Violet Tempest remember those last serious words of hers. The rest of her conversation with her mother was about trifles—the trunks and bonnet boxes she was to carry with her, the dresses she was to wear in her exile.

"Of course in a retired old house in Jersey, with an elderly maiden lady, you will not see much society," said Mrs. Carmichael; "but Miss Skipwith must know people—no doubt the best people in the island—and I should not like you to be shabby. Are you really positive that you have dresses enough to carry you over next winter?"

This last question was asked with deepest solemnity.

"More than enough, mamma."

"And do you think your last winter's jacket will do?"

"Excellently."

"I'm very glad of that," said her mother, with a sigh of relief; "for I have an awful bill of Theodore's hanging over my head. I have been paying her some on account ever since your poor papa's death; and you know that is never quite satisfactory. All that one has paid hardly seems to make any difference in the amount due at the end."

"Don't worry yourself about your bill, mamma. Let it stand over till I come of age, and then I can help you to pay it."

"You are very generous, dear, but Theodore would not wait so long even for me. Be sure you take plenty of wraps for the steamer. Summer nights are often chilly."

Vixen thought of last night, and the long straight ride through the pine wood, the soft scented air, the young moon shining down at her, and Rorie by her side. Ah! when should she ever know such a summer night as that again?

"Sit down in this low chair by me and have a cup of tea, dear," said Mrs. Carmichael, growing more affectionate as the hour of parting drew nearer. "Let us have kettle-drum together for the last time, till you come back to us."

"For the last time, mamma!" echoed Violet, sadly.

She could not imagine any possible phase of circumstances that would favor her return. Could she come back to see Roderick Vawdrey happy with his wife? Assuredly not. Could she school herself to endure life under the roof that sheltered Conrad Carmichael? A thousand times no. Coming home was something to be dreamed about when she lay asleep in a distant land, but it was a dream that never could be realized. She must make herself a new life somehow among new people. The old life died to-day.

She sat and sipped her tea, and listened while her mother talked cheerfully of the future, and even pretended to agree, but her heart was heavy as lead.

An hour was dawdled away thus, and then, when Mrs. Carmichael began to think about dressing for dinner, Vixen went off to finish her packing. She excused herself from going down to dinner on the plea of having so much to do.

"You could send me up something, please, mamma," she said. "I am sure you and Captain Carmichael will dine more pleasantly without me. I shall see you for a minute in the hall before I start."

"You must do as you please, dear," replied her mother. "I hardly feel equal to going down to dinner myself; but it would not be fair to let Conrad eat a second meal in solitude, especially when we are to be parted for two or three days, and he is going across the sea. I shall not have a minute's rest to-night thinking of you both."

"Sleep happily, dear mother, and leave us to Providence. The voyage can not be perilous in such weather as this," said Vixen, with assumed cheerfulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An invention which promises to rival, if it does not surpass in its practical application, the telephone, is just announced in the London journals as made by Mr. E. A. Cowper. This consists of a real telegraphic writing machine, by which every record of a pen in the hands of an operator at one end of the line is reproduced in fac-simile at the other, precisely as if held by a phantom hand. A recent number of *Nature* gives a fac-simile of the writing.

Colonel Prjevalsky's researches into the natural history of Central Asia have been so interesting and important, especially his discovery of wild camels, that he is now starting on another expedition to the same region. He proceeds by way of the Chinese frontier to Lassa; thence he intends to reach the Himalaya by the Brahmapootra. In returning he will visit Khotan, Kashgar, and Russian Khokan.

News has been received *via* Zanzibar that the members of the German scientific expedition in Central Africa had been obliged to return in consequence of ill health.

Some years ago the appointment of a board of experts, for the most part officers of the army and navy, was authorized by act of Congress for the purpose of taking into consideration questions connected with the strength of chain cables, and the subject of reheating and reforming iron, etc. Appropriations were made for several years for the purpose. Many points of this inquiry depended upon the construction of a machine for testing the strength of iron and steel, of superior efficiency to any heretofore employed by the government. Many sessions of this board were held from time to time, and a great deal of valuable information obtained, although the lapse of the commission, for want of further appropriation, just about the time when the testing machine was completed, interrupted the further prosecution of the work. A report of the work actually accomplished has just been published by Congress, and will doubtless be sought after by engineers and others occupied in the preparation and employment of iron for industrial purposes.

A valuable contribution in the marine zoology of the coast of the United States is furnished by a paper by Professor H. E. Webster upon the chætopod annelids of the Virginia coast. This contains the result of several years' observation on the coast of Virginia by Professor Webster, adding many new species to our hitherto published lists.

An exploration of Madagascar is about starting, in charge of Mr. J. M. Hildebrandt, under the patronage of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. The botany, zoology, and topography of the island will be specially attended to. The report that Dr. Rutenberg, a young Bremen traveller in Madagascar, had been murdered there, is found to be incorrect.

A meeting was held by the Paris Geographical Society on the 14th of February in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Captain Cook. On this occasion biographical notices were given of Captain Cook, and a general statement of the ethnographical results of his voyages and of the present condition of the countries discovered by him. Some comment has been excited at the fact that this commemoration of an English voyager has been left to a foreign society.

The death of Professor Yarnell, a much esteemed member of the scientific corps of the United States Naval Observatory, took place in Washington on the 27th of February, at the age of sixty-two. The annual volumes of the Observatory contain a great many important memoirs by Professor Yarnell, and he had just completed another at the time of his death.

It is stated that the inhabitants on the Amazon have become very much excited at the continued and rapid decrease of the volume of water in that river. It is said that this has proceeded to such an extent that navigation above Manaos has become impossible. No cause is assigned for the phenomenon, and its investigation is urged both as a matter of scientific and industrial importance.

Professor Chamberlain publishes the annual report of the Wisconsin Geological Survey for the year 1878. This document, as being simply a continuation of a very elaborate report heretofore published, is not of very great extent, but contains much valuable practical and scientific information, especially in regard to the mining region of Wisconsin.

Mr. F. V. Russow, curator of the Zoological Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Russia, died on the 16th of January. Mr. Russow has been especially engaged in the zoological investigations in Turkestan, and had obtained a very large amount of material and much valuable information.

The third biennial report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, of Michigan, for 1877 and 1878, is full of interesting information in regard to a successful effort on the part of the Commissioners in restocking many rivers and lakes of that State with useful food fishes. The scale of operations is not exceeded by that of any other State in the Union, and the results are making a very satisfactory showing. As in previous years, the white-fish has been the subject of special attention as a species most closely connected with the fishery interest of Michigan. Over 12,000,000 young fish were deposited in the inland and great lakes and in the Detroit River. The other species receiving the attention of the Commissioners were the landlocked salmon and the California salmon and salmon-trout.

Mr. George Winther, an eminent Danish ichthyologist, died on the 11th of January in the hospital of Nice, to which place he had gone for relief, from the zoological station at Naples. Mr. Winther is best known as a naturalist by his many works on zoology, especially those upon the statistics and history of the species of Scandinavia. At the time of his death he had nearly completed an elaborate work on this subject. He was in attendance during the past winter at Dr. Dohrn's station at Naples, but succumbed to an attack of consumption in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The island of New Guinea, for a long time the least known portion of the globe, is rapidly becoming better understood, much of the recent information being due to the labors of missionaries. Rev. James Chalmers has recently completed a tour of over one hundred villages on the southeast coast of the main-land, most of them visited for the first time by a white man. According to Mr. Chalmers, throughout this region the natives boil the heads of their slain enemies so as to obtain clean skulls to adorn the places where they worship their deceased ancestors.

Among recent deaths noted in London *Nature* are those of Dr. Henry Geissler, the celebrated inventor of the Geissler tubes, mercury pump, etc., who died on the 24th of January; Dr. Edward Löscher, Professor of Physics, in Dresden, who died January 25; and Dr. Benedikt Stilling, an eminent anatomist, on the 28th of January, at the age of sixty-nine. Dr. Steinheil, the eminent optician, of Munich, is also deceased.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Up in the loft the old man kept a keg of the very best. The carpenter, who was working on the first floor, was found in the loft, and tried to fool the old gent by saying that he had just come up to measure a rafter. The old man simply winked as he said, "I think you're after my measure."

Philadelphia Chronicle: An impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past a thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.

Dumas, Dickens, and Thackeray had a special talent for the mixing of salads. They were, of course, men of lettuce.

It is a great shock to a man's nervous system to have a suspender button fly off just when he is making a profound bow to a lady on the street.

"What constitutes the chief happiness of your life?" asked a serious Sunday-school teacher. She blushed, and then replied: "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

Copper money is coined for exclusively religious purposes. It enables a man to feel he has contributed to the spread of the Gospel without drawing too largely on his income.

A Simple Beauty.—A lovely young lady, at the time when belles in Glasgow were scarcer than they are now, was talking with a gentleman from a distance about that city and its gayeties. The conversation turned upon balls and the attendance at them, when the gentleman laughingly asked the question: "Have you many beauties in Glasgow, Miss ——?" On which the young lady naïvely replied, "Oh yes, Sir; there are five of us!"

An old bachelor says he's been so often deceived by the chicken of these restaurants and boarding-houses that he calls it "the mocking bird."

"Have you the song, 'Saccharine Futurity?'" asked a girl of the music clerk. "We have," he answered, as with a pleasant smile he rolled up a copy of "The Sweet By-and-By."

Tongue can not tell nor words express the astonishment of the crippled soldier in Connecticut who awoke to find his wife using his wooden leg to pound the beefsteak for breakfast.

AN OLD RHYME REWRITTEN.

The king came up from Wall Street—
He'd been making money;
The queen was down at Stewart's,
Spending time and money.
In came little Princess Meg,
Kissed him fondly, meekly,
Brought his slippers and cigar,
And his *Harper's Weekly*.
"Sing a song of sixpence, love,
You are sweet as honey;
What is it my darling wants?"
And she whispered, "*Money.*"

"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a young lady from Marysville at the ball the other evening. "I was, but if that Pete Johnson thinks I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckle-faced Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, only more so an solitaire."

The hair of a mummy examined by Mr. Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, was found to be "banged" in the way common to modern young ladies. Then they want to tell us the girls of the present day are more frivolous than their ancestors!

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange. We suppose he can, but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the "breakfast" of a funeral, and was gravely told, in explanation, "Bless you, Sir, they're not laughing—only dissembling their grief."

Coming back from a little trip to Havre, a Parisian thus bewailed his misfortunes to a railway companion: "One thing is certain, you won't catch me on any more of these excursions. I have lost my wife and my cane." And then he added, with tears in his eyes, "And it was a new cane, too!"

The women of Massachusetts are competent to take a philosophic view of the most perplexing problems. When one of them was informed that there were more women than men in the State, she at once replied that the fact was in accordance with the scientific doctrine of the "survival of the fittest."

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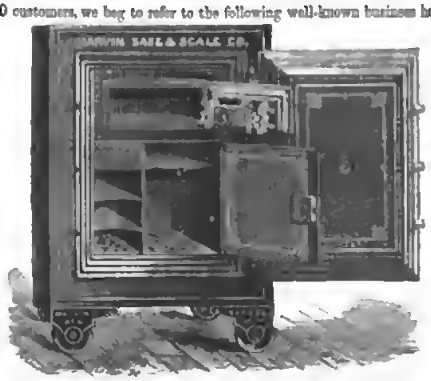

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THE AFGHAN WAR—THE EIGHTH KING'S REGIMENT SKIRMISHING UP THE PEIWAR KOTAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL GORDON, TWENTY-SIXTH PUNJAB NATIVE INFANTRY.

ENGLAND'S TWO WARS.

THE above engraving has reference to the magnificent military feat of General Roberts in forcing the Peiwar Kotal, of which a partial description has already been given in the *Weekly* of March 8. On this occasion the forces under the English commander were divided into two bodies. The first, whose fortunes were followed in the article just alluded to, were under the immediate command of General Roberts, and executed the famous night attack which resulted in such a splendid victory over the Afghans at Spin-gawi Pass. The second body, whose advance is illustrated in our present sketch, remained in camp, with orders to advance on the east side of the Kotal at daybreak. This force consisted of two guns F A., three guns G 3, Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, Second Battalion Eighth Foot, and Fifth Punjab Infantry, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General Cooke.

At daylight General Cooke's brigade advanced slowly toward the Kotal. When within 2000 yards the guns came into action, the range having been accurately ascertained overnight. The firing was excellent, and soon put the enemy's guns out of action. They, however, manned them to the last, and fought most gallantly, the gunners being found dead around the guns. At about noon the Fifth Punjab Infantry felt their way toward the right, and joined the other force. The second battalion of the Eighth lined a ridge facing the Kotal, and at about 600 yards from it did good execution with their Martini Henrys, but could advance no farther. At this point General Cooke was wounded by a shot in the arm while standing on the steep wooded ridge shown to the right of the sketch. He was thus succeeded by Colonel Dawes, who led his men skirmishing up the pass with remarkable gallantry, and bivouacked there at night among the enemy's captured guns. This victory, supplementing that of General Roberts, caused the Peiwar Kotal, the entrance to the Kurum Valley, to pass into the possession of the English.

To fully appreciate the success of this remarkable maneuvre, which places General Roberts in the first rank of military strategists, it is necessary to understand something of the distribution of the great mountain ranges of Afghanistan. The main features of this rock bound empire, which measures only about 430 miles from east to west and 400 miles from north to south, are the mountain chains, the general direction of which is east and west, but which throw out buttresses to the north and south. Afghanistan is traversed across the centre from east to west by the Hindoo Coosh, or, more properly, the Hindú Koh, ending in the Koh i Baba—a huge mass northwest of and at a great distance from the city of Cabool. It is covered with perpetual snow, and its loftiest peak is nearly 18,000 feet high. Thence run two parallel chains, one called the Safed Koh, or "white mountain," the other, the southernmost one, the Siah Koh, or "black mountain." The Safed Koh is the chain that we are at present considering. One writer, in speaking of it in connection with the present war, says: "Should the project of invasion as announced be executed, and a force enter Afghanistan by way of Thal and the Kurum River, the Safed Koh will do duty as an effectual barrier against any attempt from the north to disturb the advancing column, for it covers the line of advance up to the turning point of the Kurum River, whence, by the regular road, both Dhurnee and the town of Cabool may be commanded." This was the advantage that General Roberts was endeavoring to gain, and which made his passage of the Peiwar Kotal into the Kurum Valley one of the brilliant successes of the war. That subsequent difficulties divested the occupation of the Kurum Valley of half its anticipated value does not detract from the splendor of his achievement.

In their contest with the Zulus, the English have not to contend with such tremendous difficulties in the way of territory. Zululand may be said to be a rectangular tract of country on the east coast of South Africa. In regard to its topography it may be divided into three separate districts, which run north and south. The coast district is low, hot, and unhealthy. It is intersected with swamps and lagoons covered with dense thickets, and is well-nigh uninhabitable. About fifteen miles from the sea the land begins to rise in terraces, which are covered with rich grass and broken up by low ranges of mountains, which gradually recede to the westward, forming continuous chains of well-wooded mountains, some rising to an altitude of upward of 3000 feet above sea level. These are intersected by numerous rivers, which generally run from west to east. The principal of these are the Tugela, the Buffalo River, the Insegeni, the Black Umvaloni, the White Umvaloni, and the Blood River. Some of them are navigable during the summer months; but in the winter, as a rule, they dwindle down

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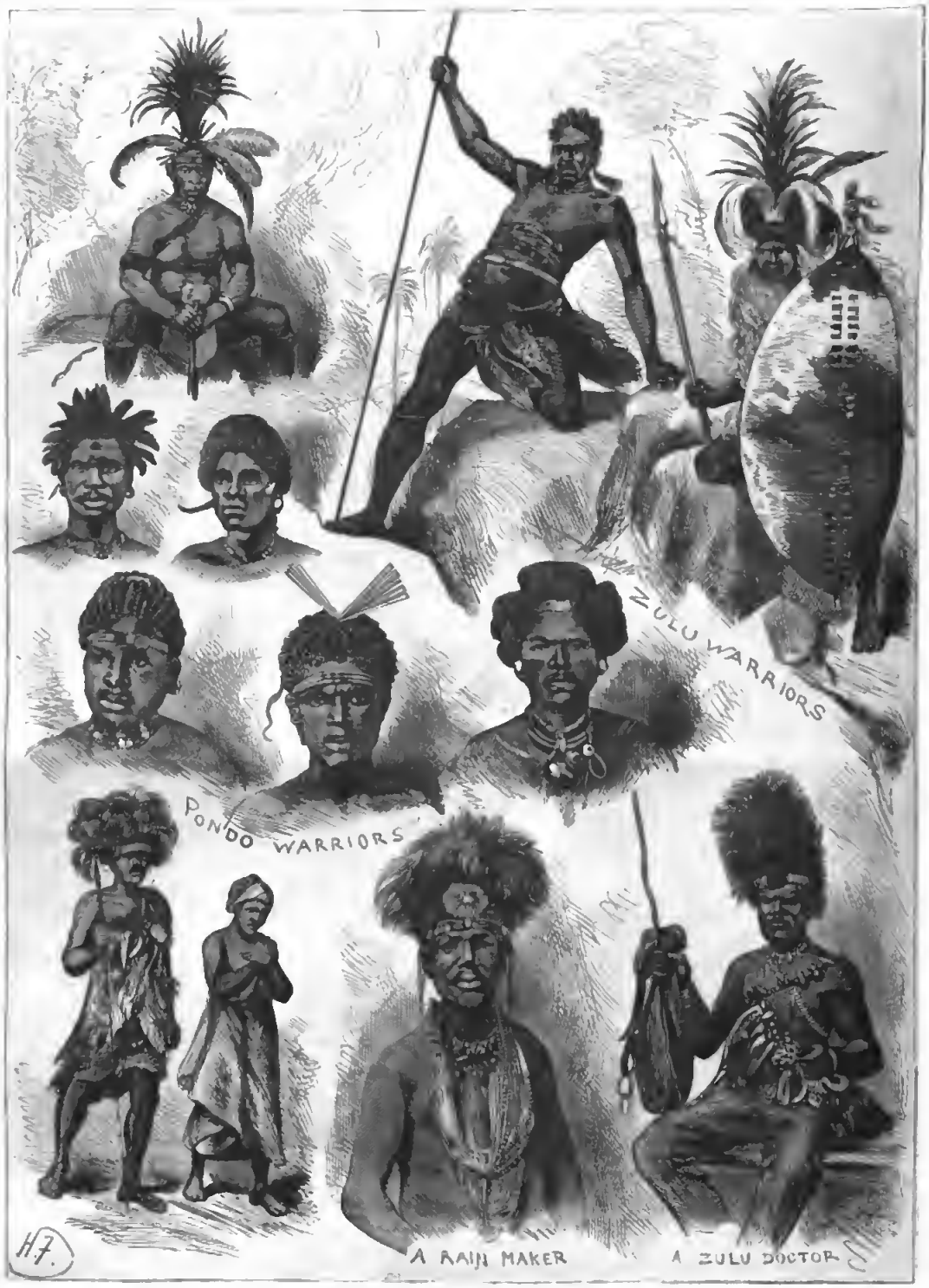

ZULUS AND CAFFRES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

into mere rivulets, with here and there a few pools of no considerable depth. There are very extensive forests in the country; the trees are large, and their wood valuable. As a rule, the banks of the rivers are clothed with thick bush, while many of the higher mountain ranges are well wooded.

Of the Zulu nation which inhabits this tract of land much has been said and written by ANTHONY TROLLOPE and others; but the above group of engravings will do more toward giving our readers an idea of England's South African enemies than any amount of verbal description. They are a fantastic race of savages, and by no means ignorant of the art of warfare, as was proved by the terrible disaster that overtook Lord CHELMSFORD's forces on the 21st of January. One writer, in speaking of the last war between the English and the Zulu Caffres, says: "The Caffre warriors in skirmishing excited the admiration of the light companies of some of our most distinguished regiments." Their native arms are assegais and clubs, but the use of fire-arms is now common among all the South African tribes.

In peaceful times the Zulus are kind and hospitable to strangers, and exhibit many characteristics that are supposed to belong to civilized nations. They are brave, though treacherous, and exhibit a curious compound of shrewdness and superstition. Having extremely vague ideas of religion, they seek rather to propitiate an evil spirit than to adore a good one, and they have a profound belief in witchcraft. Polygamy is general; and though the women do a large share of the work both in the field and the kraal, their position is not so degraded as amongst the Hottentots and some other African savages. The girls are bought that they may become wives, but the wives are never sold. There is no regular system of divorce, but a man may repudiate a wife with or without reason, in some cases getting back the cattle which he bartered for her. A wife often leaves her husband through ill usage or from jealousy, and in all cases of separation the children belong to the father. A man usually selects one of his wives as his "great wife," and the eldest son of this woman becomes the chief heir to his property. Sometimes a second favorite is chosen to be "right-hand wife," and her eldest son then shares in the heritage. None of the other numerous children have any claim upon the property, although the men may provide for them if he chooses. A man may beat his wife, but if he maims or kill her he is punished by a fine, and the same law applies to the children, for whose misconduct the father is responsible as long as they remain domiciled with the family. Murder and theft and a variety of other offenses are punishable by fine, but the chiefs and their children can legally take any thing belonging to members of their own tribe, who, if they resent the liberty, are liable to have their whole property confiscated. The land is all open, and there is consequently no law of trespass.

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BOUNTY BAY.

THE SETTLEMENT.

PITCAIRN ISLAND, INHABITED BY DESCENDANTS OF THE "BOUNTY" MUTINEERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

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PARIS GOSSIP.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

Père Hyacinthe.—An Interesting Service.—The ex-Empress Eugénie.—The Death of Clairville, the gay Vaudevillist.—The Artistic Union.—The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.

PARIS, *February 20, 1879.*

SUNDAY, the 9th of February, was a day warm, wet, and with a wild south wind bringing frequent showers of rain. Weather is a matter of cardinal indifference to Parisians, accustomed to a humid and sombre climate. Each citizen, therefore, sought to entertain himself after his own fashion on this Sunday. The threatening sky and cruddy thoroughfares did not prevent pleasure-seekers from joining the line of carriages wending toward the race-course at Auteuil, while others contented themselves with remaining within city limits. At four o'clock in the afternoon a large crowd had gathered in the court of a building, No. 7 Rue Rochechouart, in the anticipation of a novel sensation, and perhaps actuated by more worthy motives. This crowd was the portion of a multitude unable to gain entrance into the building beyond, which was already filled. The associations with the structure were unfortunate in the mind of the neighborhood. The place had been a concert cafe, under the name of the Folie-Montheton. Now it bears above it a simple cross, and the inscription, "Catholic-Gallican Church." The concert cafe, converted into a church, was to be opened on the occasion by Père Hyacinthe. Hence the curiosity of the populace. The Parisians have christened the once favorite orator of Notre Dame the Pape Loyson. The resemblance as a place of amusement is still more marked in the interior of the new shrine of worship. There is no altar, decorated with candles and a few pots of flowers, where the stage was formerly, the tribune and nave contain straw-covered chairs, but the gallery above is as suggestive of the demonstrative portion of an audience, that the *gousse* of the quarter instinctively sought this lofty perch of observation on the Sunday of inauguration of Père Hyacinthe's church. All is plain, bare, and freshly painted, with the curious aspect of being neither temple nor concert hall. This appearance in the building may be characteristic of the transition of the orator, who is no longer priest and not yet Protestant. People flocked here as early as two o'clock. The most diverse opinions of M. Loyson were freely expressed. A married priest, the audience evinced a desire to behold Madame Loyson. At four o'clock Père Hyacinthe appeared. He entered by the small stage door, and knelt before the little altar with evident devotion. His presence was dignified and he wore a dress similar to that of a Catholic priest—a black gown and white surplice. He was followed by an assistant in the garb of a pastor. Père Hyacinthe silenced the murmuring throng by a glance. He spoke long, and with his usual force and fluency. His address dealt chiefly with the preliminary intentions of the establishment of the new Gallican Church. He stated why the church was founded, by what authority the preacher founded it, and the probable result of such a foundation. He placed himself under the protection of the first priest of Paris, St. Denis. He announced himself as a priest, but desired to establish Anglicanism. He expressed sympathy with Protestantism, while still a faithful son of the Church. The Bishop of Edinburgh and the Bishop of Switzerland had promised to assist him in these opening ceremonies, but had been prevented by other duties. Henceforth Père Hyacinthe intends to live by charity; some young girls took up a collection after the service. Mass will be celebrated here every day, and high mass and vespers on Sunday. The French language will be substituted for the Latin of the Catholic ritual. The scene was one which a spectator will not soon forget. The preacher stood to a barren and gloomy tribune, his fine head outlined against a freshly painted wall, and announced himself a Catholic, yet a reformer. What a contrast to the field of his early labors! The beautiful and stately Church of Notre Dame was invariably filled on the days when the great orator spoke. His eloquence was the more effective to an emotional people from the surroundings. The mellow tones of his voice reached listeners already moved by noble architecture, the music of choristers, and an interior richly lighted by painted windows. How great the change to the Rue Rochechouart! Will Père Hyacinthe found here a new creed? In a recent correspondence with the Archbishop of Paris the latter emphatically disowns Père Hyacinthe, and warns him that schismatics alone will come to listen to his teachings. The future must decide between two such great spiritual controversialists.

The ex-Empress Eugénie appears before the public at the present time from a French point of view in the legal settlement of her claims of private property on the state. The English and American mind seems to have idealized this lady, who presided so gracefully at the Tuileries, and cleverly sustained her husband's power by her own efforts. In thus extolling her fascinations and lamenting her downfall, the fact that she was the head of one of the most despotic tyrannies ever imposed on a people by the strength of an army forbidden to read daily journals, and the vigilance of a police system only second in espionage to that of Russia, is overlooked. Possibly the claims so vehemently urged now, and with such an eye to business, may dispel some of these charming illusions as to the true character of the Empress, as much as personal observation will inevitably destroy those dreams of her beauty previously cherished. Madame Eugénie de Guzman, as republican journals find a satisfaction in terming her, is rather stout, with an elegance of carriage perceptible in her movements, a long thin face, and small eyes set close together. These eyes, soulless, speculative, and keen, produce an unfavorable impression; their expression is at the same time crafty and suspicious; they appear to search for allies or enemies in each strange face on which they rest. One recalls with a sigh the familiar portraits of a fair sovereign surrounded by her maids of honor, holding the Arcadian Leghorn hat trimmed with a wreath of flowers, when beholding the reality enter a church in a short black dress, a bonnet trimmed with rook's plumes, and a lace veil over the face. The defect of these small eyes, so fine in middle age, is mentioned by French writers at the date of the coup d'etat, although English enthusiasm has expanded them to large and soft orbs. The charm of manner may still exist, the eager desire to be popular has outlived the freshness of youth, but no stranger would single out the ex-Empress Eugénie in a crowd because of unmistakable distinction, such as usually belongs to a more lovely woman. On the contrary, he would first observe her when she looked at him with that peering, contemplative interest so peculiar to herself. During five years the suit now settled has been pending, under the charge of M. Rouher. The verdict has led as much recrimination between Imperialists, Parliamentary Commissions, and the National Assembly. Scarcely had Napoleon III. retired to Chiselhurst after the disasters he had brought on France by his precipitate defiance of Germany, when he began to clamor for the worldly goods he left behind him, and since his death his widow and son have sustained the same contest with spirit. They claim the private furniture of the Tuileries destroyed in the bombardment and Commune, reimbursement of expenses in embellishing the "quartier général de Châlons," the Chinese and Siamese museums at Fontainebleau; the Château of Pierrefonds, with its museum of weapons and armor; all the pictures, statues, and precious *bibelots* acquired on the civil list from 1852 to 1870; the products of the manufactures of Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais, fabricated during the empire, and in the course of completion at the time of the fall of the empire. The Domaine administration demurred.

"We do not refuse the private furniture, provided the claimants will sustain the inevitable damages which it has suffered."

"You should have guarded our fauteuils better," cried the Bonapartists.

"You should not have provoked the bombardment and incendiarism," replied the administration.

Thus the battle has been waged during five years, and in final adjustment the public museums are decided to belong to France, while some other points are conceded, and the first demand has dwindled two or three millions, while the plaintiff will be required to pay two-thirds of the legal expenses.

Clairville, the joyous vaudevillist and gay singer, is dead. Paris will long miss in him a clever manager and adapter of her theatrical amusements. Who may now place *Les Cloches de Corneville*, or *Les Sept Châteaux du Diable*, to the satisfaction of the town? In all lands *La Fille de Madame Angot* will still be hummed as a sprightly and popular measure by those forgetful of the author. Such is fame. Clairville, a thoroughly French genius, was born at Lyons in 1811, and his real name was Nicolaie. He has been called "the child of the bell."

Another death in dramatic circles is also recorded, that of the tenor Jourdan, at Bruxelles. A crowd of friends went to the Gare du Nord to meet his remains. The scene was the occasion of one of those demonstrations to which actors of all lands so promptly respond. The coffin, which arrived in an open car, covered with crowns and flowers, was borne in procession as Père la Chaise.

At the annual opening of the club of the Artistic Union, in the Place Vendôme, Gustave Doré exhibits the model in plaster of a clock. This eccentric genius, at once colorist, draughtsman, and sculptor, has now designed a clock. A globe representing the world inclosses the time-piece, upheld by a crowd of Cupids. These Cupids, charming, graceful, and mischievous, climb the sides of the globe to the feet of Father Time, who stands on the summit and threatens them with his scythe. One escapes, like a tiny clown, while the others mock at Time, who can not vanquish them.

The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is a permanent resident of Paris. She occupies a handsome mansion on the Avenue du Roi de Rome, formerly the Hôtel Ramolewski, and now known as the Pavillon de Castille. Apparent prosperity surrounds the exiled sovereign. The appointments of her abode are superb; conservatories and balconies, approached by flights of marble steps, flank the hotel, and even the pretty lodge at the gate, with its sense of comfort and partieres, is protected by a glass Marquise above the door. She resignedly bitterly of poverty. To be reduced from a kingdom to a pavilion is hard lines for a queen. The Spanish government allows her one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and the two royal children thirty thousand each, while the King François de Assise, formally separated from his consort eight years ago, and occupying a residence on the Champs Elysées, receives sixty thousand dollars annually. Last year the queen was forced to sell her jewels to eke out this pittance. When Don Carlos visits the Pavillon de Castille the royal flag still floats from the tower. On fine Sundays Queen Isabella may frequently be seen driving out to the Bois de Boulogne in a four-in-hand team, with Spanish postilions in gaudy liveries. This *attelage à la Daumont* is the principal equipage of royalty presented to republican Paris this season. The Queen, stout and insignificant in appearance, attired in mourning for the young Mercedes, is accompanied by a Spanish duchess a trifle less stout, with fine black eyes, and a complexion suggestive of rouge pâlot. Opposite are placed a gentleman of the household and a white Pomeranian dog. Both the gentleman and the poodle have the bored appearance of being on duty. The former, meagre, sallow, with closely cut gray hair, presents that traditional type of the Spaniard who breakfasts on a cigarette, dines on an onion, and supa on a serenade. The poodle has the grave aspect of a dog still mindful of the anguish of a toilet which has made his shaved body pink and his hair like snowy wool.

ARTEMUS.

PITCAIRN ISLAND.

THIS small and rock bound island, only seven miles in circumference, is, of all pieces of land on the globe, farthest removed from any of the great continents. It will be found in at about latitude 25° south of the equator, and longitude 130° west of Greenwich, being nearly half way across the widest of ocean spaces, between Australia and South America, and some distance southeast of the society islands. The island was discovered by Captain CARTERET in 1767, and named after one of his officers called PITCAIRN, who was the first to call attention to it.

A singular interest attaches to Pitcairn Island from the dark romance connected with its settlement by the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty* in 1790. This vessel had been sent out as the island of Tahiti for the purpose of collecting bread-fruit trees, which it was proposed to introduce into the West Indies. On the voyage out the crew suffered much from inhuman treatment at the hands of the commander, Lieutenant BLIGH, of the Royal Navy, but the mutiny did not take place until the ship had secured her cargo, and was about to return home. On the 28th of April, 1789, the vessel was taken possession of by FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, the mate, who, with a number of followers, forced his superior officer, together with eighteen companions, into a launch, set them adrift, and turned the ship's head toward the island of Tonbouai. Here they had determined to land; but the natives presented an savage an aspect that CHRISTIAN decided to go back to Tahiti.

In spite, however, of the impression produced in the first instance by the natives of Tonbouai, it was on this island that the mutineers first attempted to form a settlement. Land was purchased from the chief of the tribes, and a fort was in process of construction, when quarrels ensued, and a part of the white men demanded that CHRISTIAN should take them back to Tahiti. This was done; but the leader of the mutineers, knowing that he was not safe at a point which would first of all attract the English ship that soon certainly be sent out in search of the *Bounty*, determined to seek refuge in some one of the more remote islands. Eight only of the men he had led into crime were inclined to accompany him. With these, however, there was a young Tonbouian chief and his two friends, who had become so fond of CHRISTIAN they would not leave him. Three Tahitian men, with their wives, also joined the party, and one of the women took with her her infant daughter ten months old. In all, twenty-eight persons determined to follow the fortunes of CHRISTIAN.

It has been ascertained that a copy of Captain CARTERET'S *Voyage to the South Seas* was among the books left on board the *Bounty*, and this volume, describing the loneliness of Pitcairn Island, positively determined CHRISTIAN to search for it as a safe retreat for himself and his followers. From a want of correctness in the latitude and longitude indicated by the original discoverers, the cruise occupied several weeks. When it had begun to appear hopeless, a distant rock was descried rising abruptly in the midst of the ocean. On nearing it this proved to be Pitcairn Island, the asylum sought for by CHRISTIAN—a rock not two leagues in its greatest extent, far from the haunts of ships and of men. The course of the *Bounty* was directed to a bend in the shore, destined to be her last resting-place, and which has ever since borne the name of "Bounty Bay." After making a survey of the island, CHRISTIAN divided it into nine portions, retaining one for himself, and distributing the remaining eight among his companions. Every available article was then removed from the vessel, even to the planks from her sides, the copper nails, bolts, etc., masts and sails, and in order to leave no trace which might lead to discovery, they set fire to her hull, and then sunk the remains in twenty-five fathoms of water. This event took place January 23, 1790.

For twenty years the mystery that hung over the fate of the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew remained unsolved. From the time of their leaving Tahiti nothing had been heard of them, and the first tidings came when an American, Captain FOLGER, touched at Pitcairn Island in 1808, and on his return reported his discovery to the English government. It had been impossible for concord to exist among such desperate characters as the mutineers, and in the course of ten years from the time of their arrival on the island all the Tahitian men, all the sailors, with the exception of one ALEXANDER SMITH, who subsequently changed his name to JOHN ADAMS, and several of the women, had died of violence or disease. In September, 1814, an English vessel called the *Briton* stopped at the island, and found ADAMS still alive and commanding the respect and admiration of the whole little colony by his exemplary conduct and fatherly care of them. Solitude had wrought a powerful change in ADAMS, and his desire to instill into the young minds of the descendants of his old companions, who, like himself, had taken wives from among the Tahitian women, a correct sense of religion, had been crowned with complete success. According to the statement of the captain of the *Briton*, a more virtuous, amiable, and religious community than these half-castes had never been seen. They were also visited by other English vessels, and the reports concerning them fully corroborated the first accounts.

In 1830 the colony consisted of eighty-seven persons, when a long drought, together with a bad season for their plantations, gave rise to fears that they might be overtaken by famine. It had long been a matter of grave consideration that, as their numbers increased, the want of water would be severely felt, and in consequence a proposal was made to the islanders by the English government to remove them to Tahiti. This proposal in due course was submitted to Queen POMARE, who seconded it with great zeal, and agreed to receive them into her dominions. Early in March, 1831, they all embarked in the *Sarah Ann*, and arrived at Tahiti on the 21st of the same month. A tract of rich land was assigned to them by the queen, and the Tahitians assisted in collecting wood, and also in constructing houses for their new friends, whom they looked upon as relations. One old woman came from a distance to recognize a long-lost sister in one of the surviving women who had left Tahiti in the *Bounty*. A few months, however, at Tahiti convinced the Pitcairn Islanders that they could not be happy in their new home. Their simple austere mode of life and their rectitude of conduct rendered the licentious and lax morality of the Tahitians most repugnant to the Pitcairn people, and notwithstanding the kind hospitality shown them, especially by the queen, they determined, if even at their own expense, to return to their beloved island home. This was done in September of the same year, an American brig conveying the little party back to Pitcairn.

Nine years later the islanders were visited by Captain ELLIOT, of the English ship *Fly*, when they begged to be taken under the protection of Great Britain, on account of the numerous crews of some whale-ships which had called at the island. Accordingly Captain ELLIOT took possession of Pitcairn in the name of her Majesty the Queen of England, gave them a "union-jack," and recognized their self-elected magistrate as the responsible Governor. He also drew up for them a code of laws, some of which are very amusing from the subjects of which they treat. The code, however, has been of much service to the simple islanders. Not long after they became British subjects the inhabitants of Pitcairn began to be distressed about their old difficulty—the inability of the island to support their increasing numbers. They appealed to their English rulers to make some provision for them, and when Norfolk Island, which is situated in the West Pacific, seven or eight hundred miles from Australia, had ceased to be a convicts' penal station, her Majesty's government allowed the Pitcairn Islanders to emigrate thither.

In 1859 two families returned to Pitcairn Island, the heads of which were WILLIAM and MOSES YOUNG, two cousins, aged thirty-three and thirty years. The eldest member of the party was WILLIAM YOUNG'S wife, thirty nine years old, and formerly the widow of PHILIP M'COY. Her children by her first husband swelled the number of emigrants to seventeen, the proportion of the thirteen children being ten girls to three boys. When asked their reasons for leaving Norfolk Island, they pleaded the health of their wives, with whom the severe weather of the latter place did not agree. They further added that they did not consider Norfolk Island an their own; that no one could be kinder than the Governor of New South Wales, of whom they spoke with great respect; but that a school-master and a miller had been placed among them who were not of them, the school-master having charge of the sheep on the island, which they had been led to believe would have been their own property, and that some suppers and miners, with their wives and families, had also been quartered on the island; that their own magistrates, formerly only responsible to the people themselves, were now held responsible by government for the performance of certain obligations by the people; and that altogether they found it was as different from the life of freedom and irresponsibility, to all but themselves and their elected magistrates, they had led at Pitcairn, that they had a longing to be back to the island, where nobody could interfere with them, however good and kind the intention, and however necessary, perhaps, the interference.

In 1874 these two families were joined by several others from Norfolk Island, and the present population of Pitcairn numbers about fifty persons, among whom is ELIZABETH GROSS, eighty-eight years of age, a daughter of one of nine original mutineers who reached the island in 1790. A grandson of FLETCHER CHRISTIAN is also there. The small community is said to be healthy, moral, and religious; they are governed by "magistrate and chief ruler in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain," whose duties are merely nominal, for no case of crime of any kind—and the use of profane language is classed among the criminal acts—has occurred for many years. The name of the present holder of the office is JAMES BURRELL M'COY. Divine service is held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and at 6 P. M. It is conducted by Mr SIMON YOUNG, strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. The observance of Sunday is very strict. Being visited only by chance passing vessels, perhaps not half a dozen times in the year, the islanders are of course entirely dependent upon their own resources.

From their occasional intercourse with Europeans the Pitcairn Islanders have, while retaining their virtuous simplicity of character and cheerful hospitable disposition, acquired the manners and polish of civilized life, with its education and taste. They are passionately fond of music and dancing, the latter characteristic being evidently a legacy from their maternal ancestry. The men are chiefly engaged in a baling and herding cattle as in cultivating their gardens and plantations, while the women, who seem to be the more industrious class, attend to their families, manage the dairies, and occasionally take part in field labor.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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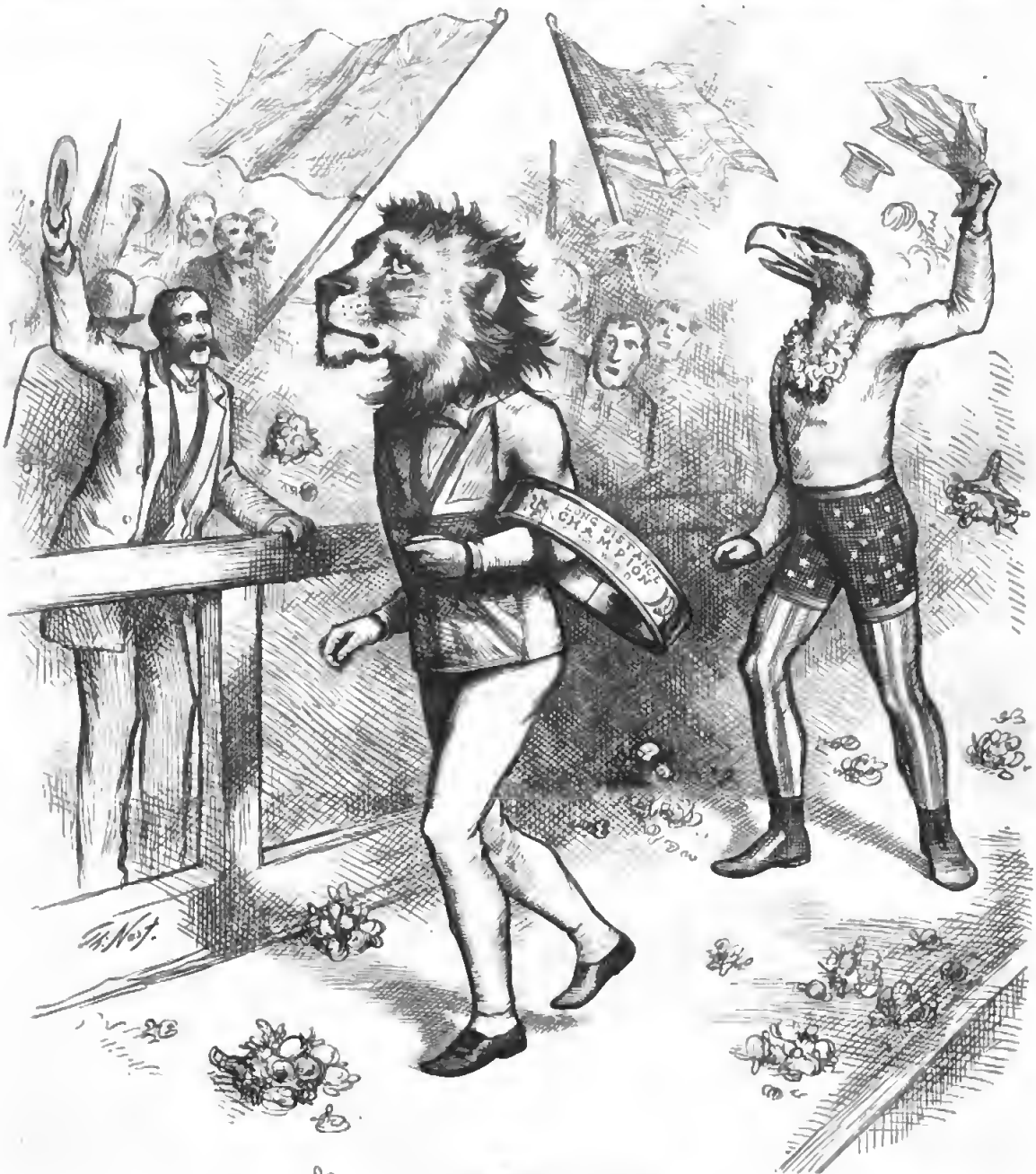

THE GALLANT PEDESTRIAN THAT YOU ARE.

"For he might have been a Russian,
A French, or Turk, or Prussian,
Or perhaps A-mer-i-can;
But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman,
He remains an Englishman."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 5, 1879.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

There is a desperate attempt to insist that if Congress attaches the repeal of the election laws to the Appropriation Bill, and the President vetoes the bill, he shall be held responsible for the dead lock. The argument is that he ought to yield to Congress. This is the sole argument. No other is attempted. Some of the Democratic papers assert that a veto would be an attempt to coerce "the representatives of the people," and depict the President as a kind of Stuart or Philip the Second, destroying popular rights and liberty. This is a kind of nonsense which is very readily disposed of, and the answer should be constantly repeated and remembered. It is that the Constitution specifically provides that Congress shall not prevail over the President except by a vote of two-thirds of each House. It is very easy to ask whether one man ought to have his way against Congress. But that point was quite as clear to the men who made the Constitution as it is to us, and they decided that it was best to guard against the possible haste and passion and carelessness and corruption of Congress by providing an Executive revision. But that was not made final. If a measure really and upon reconsideration commended itself to two-thirds of the Houses, it should become a law; but if it did not command that majority, they intended that it should not become a law.

It is said that Congress may be just as sincere or the President, and in this particular case may think the repeal of the election laws imperatively necessary. Why, then, may it not make the President's assent the condition of the supplies? Because such a course, which could be pursued in every case of difference, annihilates the constitutional veto; because, over the Constitution, it usurps all the powers of the government, and places it in a majority of Congress, where the Constitution refuses to place it; and because there is a plain, simple, peaceful, constitutional remedy for the difference in an appeal to the people. It is said that the programme announced by Senator Beck is not revolutionary, because Congress has the legal right to attach the repeal to the Appropriation Bill. That may be; but when the whole bill has been vetoed, and Congress refuses to pass the appropriations, it declares that if the Executive does not yield, the supplies shall stop. That is to require the Executive to yield a constitutional power as the condition of the continuance of the government, and that is revolution. The Constitution declares that a bare majority of Congress shall not pass a law if the President objects. Mr. Beck's programme declares that if the bare majority can not have its way, the government shall be brought to a stand, and the country exposed to the most serious excitement and disturbance. This is a proposition to degrade the Presidency which no incumbent of that position, with any self-respect or due sense of duty to the American people, would tolerate for a moment. Still less would he tolerate it when the attempt is made to force a repeal of guarantees of an honest election of Congress, which, if defective, should be modified, but which in themselves are wise and just.

The action of the Democratic majority in Congress upon this subject will be watched closely and with great interest. The intelligent leaders of opinion in the country are not in the least confused or deceived by the pretense that the repeal is sought in the interest of freedom of elections. It is largely supported by those who desire cheating and violence at elections. The repeal is part of the Presidential campaign of 1880. It proposes, under cover of relegating the control of elections to the local State law, to break down the barriers against illegal voting in New York and against balldozing in the Southern States. These, however, are not considerations that affect the great question of the constitutional rights of the Executive, which are assailed by the plan of proceedings announced by Mr. Beck, and in maintaining his plain, unquestionable, and imperative constitutional right the President may count upon the unwavering support of the patriotism, intelligence, and true conservatism of the country.

THE MILITARY AND ELECTION LAWS.

We have elsewhere considered again the exact point of the controversy between the President and the Democratic majority in Congress. That has no reference to the merits of the bills in question, for if a majority could coerce the Executive by a threat of stopping and disorganizing the government upon any bill, it could do the same thing upon every bill. The laws which are the subject of the contention relate to the summoning of juries, to the presence of soldiers at the polls, and to the appointment of supervisors of national elections. The Republicans have not opposed the repeal of the jury laws, and as a simple question of expediency they would probably assent to that of the military provision. It will be observed that all these laws are safeguards of honest elections, and it is remarkable that all attempts to secure honesty in elections are resisted by the Democratic party. If a registry of voters as a careful inspection of voting is suggested, the proposition is opposed as interfering with the freedom of elections. Nothing is more indispensable than stringent safeguards of the ballot-box. Every good citizen should gladly co-operate in securing them. But the great frauds, those of Tweed in New York, those of Sliddell in Louisiana, and the recent tissue ballot frauds in South Carolina, have been perpetrated by agents of the party which opposes and denounces reasonable safeguards. Under the present national election laws providing for inspectors and deputy-marshals, the elections in New York, at least, have been more orderly, and every kind of cheating has been more repressed than had been known for many years. It is not pretended that any voter has ever been forced or frightened from the polls in any State by any exercise of military authority or by the presence of soldiers, and under the laws authorizing military interference to keep the peace at the polls the Southern States have been regained by the Democratic party—a fact showing how terrible the military tyranny has been! If the repeal should be carried, there is probably no intelligent man who doubts that the cheating at the polls in New York in 1880 would be very much increased, and that the negro vote in the Southern States would be either suppressed or cast as the Democrats might dictate.

The argument for the repeal is that the control of elections should be left to the States, and that even granting that the States would not take the necessary care, however it might be regretted, it is an incident of our peculiar system, and such a situation is still preferable to centralization. As against the national election law this is not an adequate argument. But it may be conceded that the military provision in its present form is too loose. The law says that no soldiers, or armed men under command of officers of the army or navy, shall be present at any poll on a general or special election in any State except to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls. This is a perfectly good law when in perfectly good hands. But the President is commander-in-chief of the army and the navy, and he can also call the State militia into service. Under this law he or his deputy officer in any State is the judge of what is disturbance of the peace at the polls. In point of fact we believe that this law has never been really abused. If soldiers have been present as none by in any Southern election, nobody pretends that they have interfered with honest voting, and nobody doubts that their presence has secured it. But the power is enormous. It may be abused. It is safe in the hands of a President like Mr. Hayes, but it might be unsafe in those of another man. Moreover, the immediate and evident necessity of the law has passed—a necessity which was recognized and approved by the country. The general sentiment is favorable to its repeal or modification, and the stanchest Republican papers admit it. The simple repeal of this provision would, perhaps, receive the approval of the President; but if offered to him under a menace, as a condition of continuing the supplies for the government, we do not doubt that he would, as he should, refuse his consent.

The election laws, as they are called, however, are in principle just and expedient. If their details are vague as unsatisfactory, they should be amended; but the Constitution clearly contemplates that Congress may, or it should, have cognizance of the Congressional elections. The people of a State may lawfully elect whom they will, but the election is not a State interest alone; it concerns all the States. It is a high question of expediency. It must be decided in the light of experience and of common-sense. Whatever the exact limit of State right may be, an intelligent man would contend that the equal national rights of all the States are to be dependent upon the whim, or the passion, or the crime of any one State. The Constitution has taken care that Congress may determine the time and place and manner of holding elections for Representatives in Congress, even to overruling the State provisions upon the subject. When Congress, or the Representative of all the States, has reason to fear that fraud and violence will be permitted in any State to vitiate the result of a Congressional election, it may, at its discretion, wait and judge the election when the applicant for a seat appears, or, in the spirit of that authority, it may provide that, upon proper local request of citizens and voters in the State, there may be two officers of inspection, of different parties, detailed by national authority, in the interest of all the States, to watch the polls until the vote is counted. There are details of this law which could be well modified. The appointment of deputy-marshals by the marshal of any district, to arrest summarily at the order of the supervisors, is plainly open to abuse, because there is no provision that the deputies shall be of different parties, and their number is apparently unrestricted. The law, with fair amendments, is a good law, and honest men of all parties can not justly complain of such a law, if well considered and guarded, as centralizing in any offensive sense. The total repeal of the law by a party which has proved its indifference to any adequate protection against dishonest elections, and which is responsible for the most flagrant fraud and terror and violence at elections, would probably be opposed by the President. But its repeal under a menace of disorganizing the government would unquestionably be resisted by him under the highest sense of duty. If the Democrats are wise, they will either amend the law or repeal it by a separate bill, and if it is vetoed, appeal to the country. Republicans would not object to make the fair protection of honest voting a plank in their platform.

DANIEL DEFOE.

A delightful volume in the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, is the *Defoe* just issued, and written by William Minto. Defoe is generally known as the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, but this was written when he was nearly sixty years old. All his novels were late fruit of his genius. His works would make a library. During one of the most exciting political epochs in England he was the most active and productive political pamphleteer. Sometimes he was denounced by the Tories, sometimes by the Whigs. He stood in the pillory and was pelted with flowers. He was the friend of William the Third and of Harley. He wrote for the peace of Utrecht, and he wrote against it. Mr. Minto thinks him the most consummate liar that ever lived, and concludes that he was a strange compound of knave and patriot. Patriot, however, he seems to have been through all, with a great love of paradox, and a great talent for intrigue. He was a "true-born Englishman," and an admirable illustration of the bravery, shrewdness, humor, political capacity, and intelligence out of which modern England has sprung.

There are several lives of Defoe, but a few years since Mr. William Lee, in his researches in the British Museum, found some valuable letters of Defoe's, which had lain unnoticed. Mr. Minto follows Mr. Lee as a chronological guide, but his conclusions are often essentially different. John Forster's article on Defoe, published twenty years ago, is a very graphic portrait of a man by whom Forster was fascinated. Nor is this surprising, for the two men had much in common. The personal details of Forster's sketch are more copious than those of Mr. Minto's. But the latter is mainly occupied in unravelling the real character of the man from the mass of his writings—for Defoe wrote two hundred and fifty separate books and pamphlets—and there can be little doubt that the estimate of Mr. Minto will be accepted as the true portrait of Defoe. Mr. Minto has evidently complete command of all his material, his judgment is excellent, his spirit generous, and his work is an admirable specimen of the best literary biography. Like all the works of the series, it is very compact; but there is no waste, it is all interest and information.

Defoe was born just as Charles the Second was seated upon his father's throne, and he died in the fourth year of George the Second. During all that time he was an anonymous political power. He had a talent for plain, forcible, incisive statement in detail, and an intellectual adroitness and quickness which enabled him to turn and twist with great plausibility. He had a relish for intrigue, and during the Whig ascendency in Anne's time, and afterward in that of George the First, he served the Whigs for pay under a Tory mask. But, as we said, he was a Whig always, as indeed at that time a British patriot must have been. He was born a Dissenter, and a Dissenting Tory would have been a phenomenon. He enjoyed battle, and in his day political differences involved actual warfare, exposure to assault and to summary legal penalties. He escaped apparently with the pillory and Newgate for his pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," which was a satire upon the High Fliers, or extreme Churchmen, in the form of a weak written by one of them. It was so clever that it was taken by some of them in good faith; but when the trick was detected, he was made to smart for it. His fertility was prodigious. He wrote incessantly, and made books upon topics of passing interest. Pope ridiculed him, and the "classics" contemned him. But he was, perhaps, the first writer who lived prosperously by the profession of letters, with which he mingled other business activities, and his immense power of self-reliance enabled him to dispense with literary recognition and sympathy. Mr. Minto becomes as much absorbed in his purpose of discovering Defoe's real character that he omits some details which would be gladly known. But the reader follows him with the utmost interest, and feels, as he closes the book, that he knows Defoe more truly than ever before, and that no one better deserves a place in a biographical series of "English Men of Letters."

"THE SOUTH."

In his speech upon his defeat as a candidate for the Speakership, Mr. Blackburn said, frankly, that he had hoped the position would have been given to "the section and the people with whom I am identified." He was sure that the mistrust of "the South" would have been shown to be unmerited, and he would have endeavored to satisfy his friends of "the North." Who are "the people" with whom Mr Blackburn is "identified?" and does he not know that this is precisely the tone which most justly alienates public feeling? As long as the members from the Southern States continue the old practice of alluding to their section as if it were a region separate and peculiar, the country will see that evil spirit of sectionalism from which so much mischief has sprung. There is a deep and general distrust of that part of the country, which Mr. Blackburn and his friends not only do not allay, but which they carefully foster. Mr. Lamar, in his speech upon the Jefferson Davis amendment, declared himself to be a patriotic man. Mr Lamar should surely know that patriotism in his State can show itself most plainly in one way, and that is by a resolute opposition to every thing which does injustice to the new citizen. So long as the color line remains rigidly drawn, it is because the negro distrusts the white Democrat. Facts and details must be necessarily vague and obscure, but that line will disappear when the white Democrat is known to be friendly, and so long as it lasts, therefore, the just distrust of such States will remain.

The attitude of Mr. Blackburn and the leading representatives of the late Slave States is felt to be that of aggressive determination to obtain control of the government, not to administer it wisely and well, but under the forms of law to turn the tables upon those whom they call their enemies. Hence the great and increasing apprehension of Democratic ascendency, not as a change of administrative policy, but as a national peril. This apprehension is deepened by the surrender of a man like Mr. Bayard. He is almost the one Democrat of great prominence whom Republicans regard as a reasonable and honorable representative of a patriotic Democratic policy. But as strong is party discipline, so bewildering is hope, that at the command of his party he supports in the Senate what he has condemned as revolutionary in the caucus. The conviction is that the party is under the control of its more reckless and desperate members, and that its real statesmen are forced to follow. Mr. Buchanan said that he as an individual disappeared in the platform, and this has become so much the rule that the candidate is regarded only as a figure-head. If Mr. Bayard should be nominated, for instance, for the Presidency, there would be a general conviction that he would be carried by the current of his party to do what individually he would oppose.

It is evident, therefore, that the election

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of 1880 will turn out as much upon the character as significance of candidates as upon the question which party is safer for the country. Nomination by a Convention depends often upon combinations and intrigues. The character of the candidate does not necessarily indicate the tendency of the party. It may, indeed, merely forecast a contest within the party. Mr. BLACKBURN apparently expected that what he calls "the South" as "the South" would be recognized by his election to the Speakership. But what is "the South" in our political history? Has Mr. BLACKBURN thought of it? Is "the South" the home of a patriotic, intelligent, peaceful, law-loving, and progressive spirit? Is it a name identified with love of liberty, with jealousy of equal rights, with education, intelligence, industry, and enterprise? Does it signify the peculiarly American genius and civilization? Is it a word which instinctively kindles national pride and enthusiasm? Mr. BLACKBURN unconsciously answers these questions by saying that he wished to prove that "the South" in his official person was not dangerous to the common welfare. He as out Speaker, but he is still in office. Let him and his friends address themselves, as legislators, to prove the same thing. It is the best way in which they can serve their country, whether South or North, or East or West.

NEW YORK POLITICS AND THE COUNTRY.

THE usual fierce battle within the Democratic party is raging in the State of New York. The organ of the Tammany camp declares that the action of the Governor in removing the County Clerk is "revolution," and the exercise of a high executive function in generality supposed to be only a move in the great Presidential game. New York politics have a certain national interest at this time for many reasons. The State is the largest in the Union, and by common consent its electoral vote will decide the election of 1880. Moreover, the Democratic candidate is now usually taken from New York, although the party would not admit, perhaps, that this is necessary. Yet the most probable, the logical candidate for 1880, is a New York politician, who has long played his "little game," and who is believed to be not wholly uninterested in recent events. For these reasons the removal of Mr. GUMBLETON, the Clerk of the County of New York, may be considered to be of general interest, because it is a blow at Tammany Hall, which is the seat of the New York hostility to the renomination of Mr. TILDEN, and has consequently a direct connection with the election of President in 1880. Complaints were laid before the Governor of illegal fees taken by the Clerk, and other misdeeds, and after hearing and reflecting the Governor has removed the Clerk. Similar complaints were made of the Register, but after hearing and inquiring the Governor has decided to admonish and retain him. The cases are apparently similar; but the Governor, upon the whole, sufficiently justifies his decision.

It is a good occasion to remember that the Governor in removing does not act as a judge in court. His conduct is the exercise of the discretion of an officer aware to see that the laws are faithfully executed. If he is persuaded that to secure that end removal is necessary, he may remove; but the circumstances of apparently similar cases will determine his action. The Governor is invested with a great but necessary power, which he must wield according to his conscience; and if there be reason to believe his action to be corrupt, he can be impeached. It is, however, impossible to correct or punish a partisan or political exercise of the power if there be other plausible reasons. The sole remedy is the character of the officer. When great responsibilities of this kind belong to an officer, the community takes the risk of electing the proper incumbent. If it selects a corrupt man, or a mere partisan politician, or a grossly ignorant and dull man, it must bear the consequences. One of the best methods of securing good men for high offices is to vest great responsibilities in the offices. Governor ROBINSON has done nothing which the law does not authorize; and he is accountable for his conduct first to his own sense of honor and justice, and then to impeachment if a charge of dishonesty as illegality be made against him.

It is all believed, as we said, to be part of a political game, but then the players may fairly expose themselves to such a move. It was the business of Mr. JOHN KELLY, who is the manager of Tammany Hall, to understand that he was playing with shrewd and bold gamesters, who would take advantage of every slip and mistake upon his part, and he should have taken care that the County Clerk did not justly lay himself open to charges. He should have seen that the taking of monstrous fees was not only a wrong, and that refusal to show the books was suspicious, but that such things would alienate public sympathy, and go far to justify the action of the Governor. The same game is supposed to be playing in the Police Department. Mayor COOPER proposes to ask the Governor to remove the Commissioners in the same exercise of his discretion, and he brings charges, some of which are sustained by common and general knowledge. The Mayor charges that the streets are not cleaned; and any body who walked at the time of the charge from the station of the Metropolitan Railroad in Park Place to Broadway, a broad thoroughfare in the centre and most crowded part of the city, would hartify to the truth of the charge. Officers who know that other officers are looking for a good and valid reason for disturbing them by an exercise of discretion, ought to be very careful to let no stitches drop, as to speak. The significance of these proceedings in the city of New York to the country at large is that they are most important steps toward the nomination of Mr. TILDEN by the Democratic Convention in 1880. The election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker and the report of Mr. POTTER's committee are also impressive signs of the same tendency. The Democratic situation is in a nutshell. New York is indispensable. Mr. TILDEN is a far better representative of New York Democracy than any other possible candidate, and through the Governor of the State and the Mayor of the city he controls the patronage, while he is himself an adroit politician. Then he has been "vindicated," and bulldozers and repeaters will never "sandoon fraud." The TILDEN camp fires are evidently burning brightly.

MISS THACKERAY'S NEW STORY.

THE reading public will welcome the announcement of a serial story, entitled "Suzy," by the favorite novelist Miss THACKERAY, author of *Old Kensington*, etc., which will be begun in an early number of *Harper's Bazar*, and continued in weekly installments until the close. The new story is full of interest, and promises to equal the best works of the accomplished author, and to sustain the flattering opinion of the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which says: "Miss THACKERAY's bright and graceful books may be quoted in proof of hereditary genius.....Nothing can be purer than her thought or more finished than her style. Some of her pictures, of Norman life in particular, both in landscape and figure painting, show wonderful felicity of touch, with warm delicacy of coloring."

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES.

THERE is one measure which Congress ought to pass at the extra session, although a short session is very desirable. The measure in question, however, would not of necessity lengthen the session. We mean a law providing for counting the electoral vote. Mr. EDMUNDS's bill for this purpose, which was excellent, to which no serious opposition could be made, unless Congress proposed to become a Returning Board, was passed by the Senate at the late session. The House neglected it, and the Democratic proposition reported from the special committee was remarkable for its absolute reversal of the Democratic and constitutional view, that the States must settle their own electoral quarrels as safer. The Democratic plan, as reported, is in substance that Congress may reverse the decision of the highest judicial tribunal of a State as to its electoral vote; and if there should be a question of the rightful tribunal, Congress may also reverse the decision of that one whose lawfulness is established.

This is a plan for empowering the majority in Congress to elect a President by methods similar to those ascribed to the Louisiana Returning Board. There is little doubt that some scheme of this kind will be adopted, because if the other principle were to be recognized, the plan of Mr. EDMUNDS is perfectly impartial: it acknowledges the final authority of the State tribunal, and is in strict accordance with constitutional traditions and principles.

It will be observed that the same party which proposes this usurpation of the election by Congress, is very emphatic also the removing restraints upon illegal voting. An impartial observer might say, as indeed an exceedingly intelligent foreigner (ex-élève European) has already said, "The plan seems to be to make cheating at the polls easy, and if that fails, to raise a question in some of the States, and so enable Congress to review the State result." As the Yankee farmer used to say, when it was raining hard, and he was asked if he thought there would be a shower, "It looks look like it." In any case some provision should be made before the excitement of the election has actually begun. A Republican Senator has proposed a plan which Republicans would gladly see adopted, and which would secure a fair result. The Democratic suggestion in the last House was one which no American would acknowledge to be right, and which would substantially vest the election of President in a majority of the two Houses of Congress.

PERSONAL.

PERSONS who wish to learn a good deal about China in a few hours should read *Our Chinese Relations*, by Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS in their "Half-hour Series." Colonel KNOX gives the pith of what an American would wish to know about the commercial affairs of China and its business relations with other countries. The colonel's adventures form not the least interesting part of the book, and are told with all the neatness and point for which that enterprising traveller and genial gentleman is so well known and admired.

—The Rev. Dr. NEVIN, rector of the non American Protestant Episcopal Church in Rome, has won the respect of foreigners in that city by officiating at the funeral of WILLIAM HOWITT on the 5th of March. The London *Times* says: "Setting aside all the trifleness of ritual or denominational difference, Dr. NEVIN held an impressive service over one who had always been a conscientious member of the Society of Friends."

—Hon. CHARLES H. BELL, the new United States Senator from New Hampshire, comes of a prominent family in that State. His father, JOHN BELL, was Governor; his uncle, SAMUEL BELL, was Governor four terms, and United States Senator from 1823 to 1835; his cousin, SAMUEL D. BELL, was Chief Justice of that State for many years. The late Senator JAMES D. BELL and Congressman SAMUEL N. BELL were also relatives of his.

—VICTOR HUGO does not age in the felicity of his little mots. At a dinner given him on his seventy-eighth birthday he was accompanied by his little grandson and granddaughter, GEORGES and JEANNE. In response to a toast to his health he said, "I am honored by you beyond what I deserve, but your love for me is according to my wishes."

—The late RICHARD HENRY HARE once remarked to a friend with whom he was intimate: "I never remember I am old; I feel young." In fact, he never grew old. His beard grew to be silver-gray, but he never used glasses, and even the print of the London *Guardian* was not too close for him to read by gas-light only a few days before his death. His conversation was as fresh as sail-on spray. It was racy; it sparkled.

—Duke PUEZO DE SONNO, who died recently in Paris at the age of eighty-seven, owned one of the finest residences in France, at Montretout, which was destroyed in the war of 1870-71, but since restored. His income was about $100,000 per annum.

—JEROME BONAPARTE, a grandnephew of NAPOLEON I., has for many years been a resident of Baltimore, and a prominent member of the bar. He is named as a candidate for the vacant position of United States District Judge. It would sound well—"Judge BONAPARTE"—the first of his race to wear the ermine, and be addressed as "Your Honor."

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, who is having such good recuperation in Egypt, writes home that it would prove a great comfort to any busy American who could spare the time to come over there and enjoy a trip through that wonderful land; but he adds that he sees nothing on that side of the Atlantic to compare with our own good America, and that he shall return to her confirmed in the belief that we have the best and greatest country on the face of the earth.

—Colonel CHARLES GORDON GREENE, one of the oldest and most distinguished of American editors, and one of the most agreeable and charming men in this country, is made the subject of an elaborate sketch in a late number of Colonel FORNEY's *Progress*. Colonel GREENE is now in his seventy-fifth year. For fifty years he has been a conspicuous figure and a power in the journalism and politics of the country. "His kindly nature," says Colonel FORNEY, "has preserved him and prolonged life. Like a genuine cosmopolitan editor, he has summered and wintered all the ministries of his half century, political, social, religious, and theatrical. He has outlived revolutions and crises. He has sorrowed over successful fraud and baffled genius. He has rejoiced over inventions that have made miracles possible and impossibilities probable. And he lives to find the world capable of indefinite development, and his country, with all its faults, the best in the universe."

—Among the minor conventionalities of life in Paris, which may extend to the fashionable life of other countries, is the cravat question. The President of France is a civilian, and the black dress-coat now reigns supreme in the official circles of that country. Uniforms at the Presidential receptions are as far as possible avoided, and it has come to be seriously discussed whether the white cravat ought not to give way to the black cravat. The old men prefer the latter, and many of the leaders of the black dress-coat now reigns supreme in the official circles of that country. Uniforms at the Presidential receptions are as far as possible avoided, and it has come to be seriously discussed whether the white cravat ought not to give way to the black cravat. The old men prefer the latter, and many of the leaders of the black cravat has been adopted exclusively fin dresses.

—ELIHU BURRITT's will gives about $6000 to relatives and charities, and concludes as follows: "Having thus disposed of the property which a kind Providence has put in my possession, in a way which I hope may testify my gratitude for such a gift, I bequeath to this, my native town, the undying affection of a son who held its esteem and special tokens of consideration above all the honor which he received elsewhere."

—The Prince Imperial himself broke the news of his Zulu expedition to M. ROCHEFORT, who was summoned to Chislehurst for the purpose. Taking affectionately the hand of the ex-minister, he said, "I am about to leave England with the expeditionary force." M. ROCHEFORT was amazed, and remonstrating, said that the Prince had forgotten what he owed to his adherents. But the young man replied that his absence would only last four short months, and that his friends, who had remained faithful to him for upward of eight years, might well preserve their fidelity during so brief a period. Then he made M. ROCHEFORT adieu, kissed his mother, who was weeping, and left the room calm and resolute. The Empress accompanied him to Southampton, where they were received on board the ship by young ladies with bouquets of violets, and by cheers from the by standers. Prince LOUIS, in the very best of English, said, "Thanks, very much indeed. I am very grateful to you for your kind reception."

—The particularly intellectual member of the royal family of England is Prince LEOPOLD, who, in consequence of a constitutional malady, has been thrown back upon studious pursuits. A short time ago he attended a great meeting in London, called by the Lord Mayor, and spoke with marked ability on behalf of the extension of university education. A correspondent present on the occasion says that "Mr GLADSTONE congratulated the Prince upon his speech, and was evidently astonished both by his fluency and the cogency of his arguments. Prince LEOPOLD has long desired to adopt the Church as a profession, and the matter has again been discussed at court very recently—so it is confidently affirmed. He certainly has a strong leaning to clericalism, but what we should do with a prince of the blood in the Church I do not know. He would prove such a 'sensation' that there would be no place large enough to hold his audiences, saloon Mr. SPURGEON agreed to give up the Metropolitan Tabernacle for his use. I am inclined to think that the Church of England would find a great influx of candidates for confirmation if it became known that the Queen's son was willing to lay his hands upon them."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress, called by the President, was opened March 18. Both Houses have a Democratic majority. Thirty Democratic members of the Senate are from the South, and thirteen from the rest of the country. Of the 293 Representatives now in office, 180 served in the last House. Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, by a vote of 144 out of 294. Mr. Garfield receiving 125, Mr. Wright 13, and Mr. Kelley 1.—On the 19th, a brief Message from President Hayes was sent to both Houses, calling attention to the estimates of appropriations needed for the army, and the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government. Senator Burnside again introduced the bill for the reorganization of the army. The Senate standing committees were announced. Twenty of the chairmen are from the South. In the House, the Florida contested election case was settled in favor of Mr. Hull (Democrat), by a vote of 162 to 136.

The United States corvette *Alaska*, at San Francisco, has been ordered to go to Sitka to protect American citizens who are threatened by the Indians.

The Republicans and Democrats of Rhode Island hold State Conventions at Providence March 20. The Republicans nominated C. C. Van Zandt for Governor, and Albert Howard for Lieutenant-Governor. The Democrats, for Governor, Thomas W. Segar; for Lieutenant-Governor, J. D. Bailey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE was great excitement in the German Reichstag, March 17, during the discussion of a report explaining the action of the government in instituting the petty state of siege in Berlin. Herr Liebknecht strongly censured the measure, and defended the Socialists. "Their societies," he said, "might be dissolved and their journals suppressed, yet they would cling to their tenets. If the government could prove connection of the German Socialists with the attempts on the lives of the kings of Spain and Italy, he would accept the anti-Socialist law. Remaining seated when the Emperor was being cheered was no insult, but merely a duty which Socialists owed to their political convictions." The President of the Reichstag, amid cheers, remarked that the speech offended the moral sense of the Chamber. Herr Liebknecht continued: "If a republic is established in Germany—" He was unable to finish the sentence, in consequence of the uproar which the words provoked. The President threatened to deprive him of his right of speech. Count von Stolberg explained that the government's reason for proclaiming the state of siege was that Berlin was in great danger, because it was the home of the Socialist agitation. Referring to what he termed the association and murder epidemic, he said investigation showed that the instruments of crime were prepared in Berlin and East Prussia. The Reichstag took formal cognizance of the report concerning the state of siege.

Another change in the French cabinet is deemed imminent, involving the withdrawal of M. Waddington from the Premiership.—The majority in the Chamber of Deputies against the impeachment of the De Broglie and Rochebouet cabinets consisted of 105 Republicans and 134 Legitimists and Bonapartists. The minority consisted of 155 Republicans and 1 Bonapartist. Nineteen Republicans abstained from voting.—M. Albert Grevy, brother of the President, being unwilling to resign his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, has been appointed to go to Algeria as a temporary mission, but clothed with the full powers of Governor.—The portrait of M. Jules Ferry's Education Bill, brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies, states that, according to existing law, foreigners are not allowed to teach school in France, and declares that the same exclusion should apply to an order essentially foreign, by the character of its doctrines, nature and aim, and its statutes. This passage refers to the Jesuits, who have twenty-seven colleges in France, with 400 teachers. Twenty-six other communities, having sixty-one establishments and 1000 teachers, are also proscribed by the State, and would consequently be deprived by the bill of the right of teaching.

The latest news from Burmah is to the effect that the king is constructing fortified works and making other warlike preparations, and that he has summoned the Burmese residents of Rangoon to return to their own country, threatening to have their families executed in case of non-compliance. The cause of the trouble between the Burmese and the British Resident at Mandalay is that the latter protects and refuses to deliver up to slaughter two royal princes and their families who have taken refuge at the Residency.

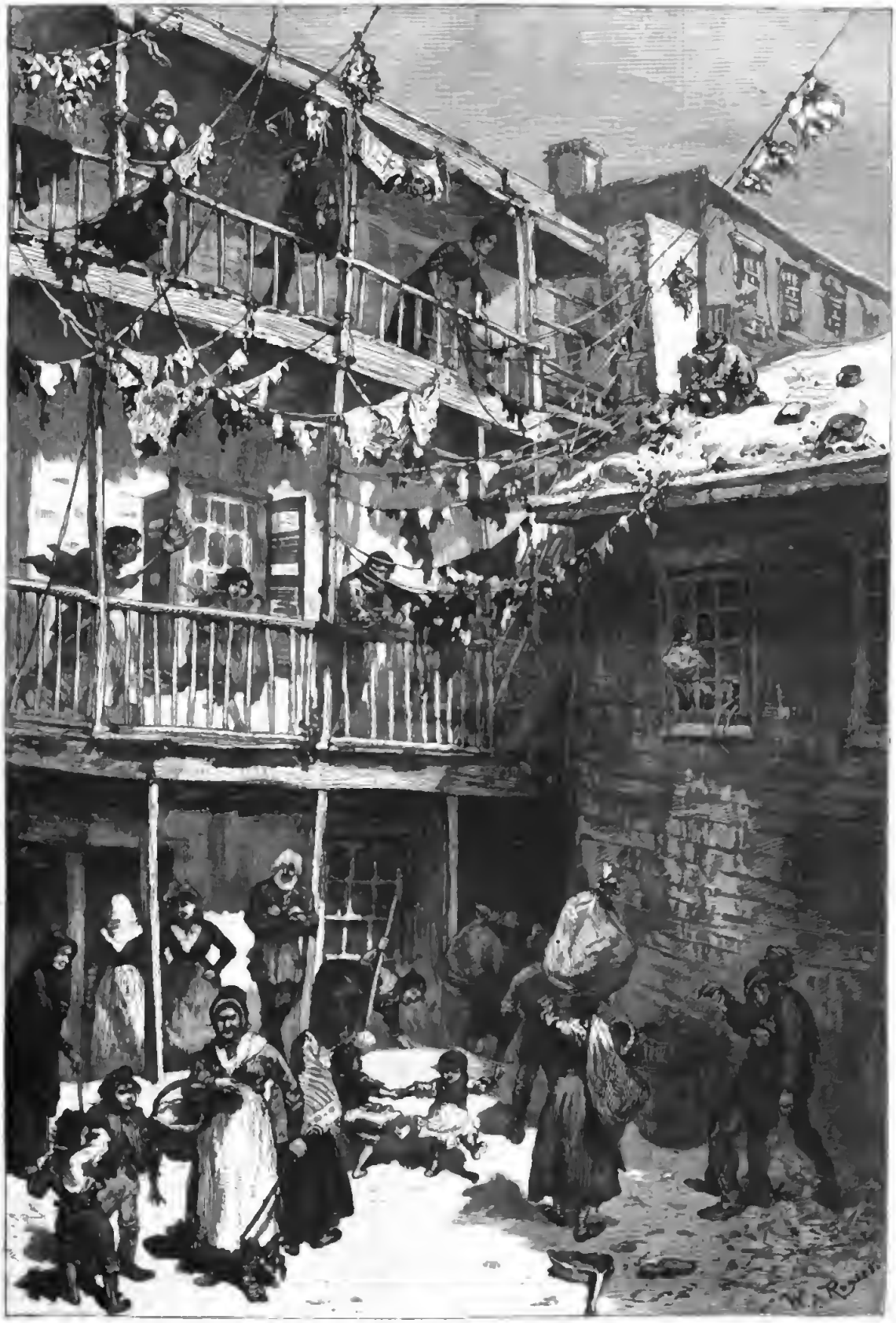
At Bielberg, in the Austrian Tyrol, recently, ten houses were crushed by an avalanche. Forty persons were killed, eighteen seriously injured, and fifteen others are missing.

The Baltic steamer *Rickel* was run into and sunk by the British steamer *Bolivar*. Sixty persons were drowned.

The report that Colonel Pearson had been attacked at Khare by a large force of Zulus, and that the latter were defeated with enormous loss, turns out to be untrue. Sir Stafford Northcote has declared in the House of Commons that the government did not intend to remove Lord Chelmsford from the command.

Prince Gortchakoff, in a dispatch dated February 7, answers Lord Salisbury's dispatch of January 27, pressing the execution of the Treaty of Berlin by Russia. Prince Gortchakoff declines to enter upon a discussion. He holds that Lord Salisbury's dispatch contains nothing which conflicts in principle with the Russian view of the execution of the Treaty of Berlin, but it shows that the British government has been sometimes mistaken in regard to the intentions of Russia and her agents. The latter, he says, most support within the limits of the Treaty of Berlin interests of the population for whose defense Russia made war. A general understanding would be greatly facilitated if those populations acquired the conviction that their interests would be officially defended by Europe within the same limits when Russian troops were no longer there to protect them.

THE CITY OF SZEGEDIN, HUNGARY, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY A FLOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 265.]



TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—RAG-PICKERS' COURT, MULBERRY STREET.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 266.]

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THE GREAT FLOOD IN HUNGARY.

THE disaster which overwhelmed the town of Szegedin, in Hungary, on Wednesday, March 12, has but few parallels in history. We are accustomed to floods in our own country when the spring rains melt the snow and ice of winter, and swelling our rivers to twice their usual dimensions, spread terror and destruction among the dwellers on their banks, but happily none of our cities are so situated as to render such a calamity possible as that caused by the bursting of the dikes which protected the Hungarian town of Szegedin.

To rightly understand the cause of the fearful calamity, which has destroyed more than seven millions of dollars' worth of property, and rendered 80,000 people homeless, it is necessary to know something of the country by which this ill-fated town was surrounded. Szegedin was built upon a marsh stretching on both sides of the Theiss at the point where this river is joined by the Maros. The Theiss takes its rise in the Carpathian Mountains. It flows westward to Tokay, after which it takes a southerly course until it flows into the Danube near the southern boundary of Hungary. The length of the river, with all its sinuosities, is said to be more than 800 miles, and the extent of country drained by it is estimated at 60,000 square miles. The country, for over 300 miles along the lower part of the river, is a level plain, and the banks, which are very low, are covered with swamps overgrown with reeds. When the snows in the mountains begin to melt in the spring, the water rushes down their slopes with great violence; the numerous bends in the river prevent the steady flow of the current, and the waters overflow the banks, flooding the surrounding country.

Like the cities of Holland, those on the banks of the Theiss are protected by artificial embankments against their watery surroundings. On the north of Szegedin two dikes extend from the Theiss to the Alföld and Fiume Railroad, which runs north and south, and is also built on a dike, forming the western defense of the city. On the south are two similar dikes. On the east, and running along the river-side, is another dike, upon which runs the Temesvar Railroad, which crosses the Theiss north of its confluence with the Maros. On the other side of the Theiss, just below its junction with the Maros, is the suburb called New Szegedin, which is likewise surrounded by dikes. In ordinary cases these embankments are an efficient protection; but when, in an instance like that we are recording, one or more of these dikes give way, Szegedin, by its artificial defenses, becomes a basin, and the waters, rushing in with irresistible force, convert the city into a lake.

For nearly a week before the late fearful catastrophe took place the terrified people of Szegedin watched the rising waters of the Theiss with anxiety. Many villages had already been swept away. Dorozsma, but a short distance from Szegedin, and containing some four hundred houses, was totally destroyed, its inhabitants having been forced to take refuge on a hill. Finally, two of the defenses that withheld the water from the doomed city burst. The remaining embankment was that of the Alföld Railway, upon which all efforts were concentrated, 3000 men being immediately set to work to strengthen it. A dispatch to the London *Daily News*, dated Monday, March 10, shows the superhuman efforts that were made to avert the final catastrophe: "Eighty thousand people are here, including refugees from the country. A state of siege has been declared. Every body who is summoned is obliged to work on pain of death. The wind is rising. The water is rushing under the embankment and wants but a few inches to master us. We await the worst."

By Tuesday night it became apparent that all efforts were useless. The workmen withdrew to places of safety to wait for the disaster. At three o'clock in the morning the water broke through with immense force, carrying away a portion of the embankment, the railway station, and numbers of cars. Within three hours the town was many feet deep in water. Whole rows of houses were swept from their foundations, and large buildings that had been considered safe as places of refuge shared the general ruin. The orphanage and the synagogue were destroyed, the inmates of the former perishing in the home that charity had devised for them. Two manufactories caught fire even while the flood poured round them. The flight of the inhabitants from the scene, the shrieks of the dying, the roar of falling buildings, and the rush of the destroying waters make up a scene that the imagination can only faintly picture. Days passed before any attempt was made to stay the course of the waters, and then all that could be done was to cut through the inner embankments so that they might pass off. Meanwhile arrangements were made for the removal of the inhabitants, and assistance was sent from all parts of the empire. The Emperor himself visited the ruined town in person. In an address to those who had suffered by the disaster he expressed his deep sympathy for those of his subjects who had lost property and home and friends by such a direful calamity, and begged them to await patiently the help that would certainly be rendered.

The terrific flood which has just been described is not the first that has overwhelmed the valley of the Theiss. In the spring of 1845 a destructive inundation occurred, after which an association of the property-owners along the river-side was formed to devise means to avert future disasters. The channel of the river was straightened in several places by digging canals, so as to give the current a steadier flow, and more than eighty miles of dikes were thrown up along the banks to keep the water in the channel. An inundation of the city occurred in 1870, and in 1874 the suburb of New Szegedin was submerged. The government then proposed to change the course of the Maros, which pours immense volumes of water into the Theiss, by cutting a canal and guiding the river round New Szegedin, and joining it again with the Theiss on the south side of the suburb. By thus leading away a large portion of water, and straightening the channel of the Theiss above Szegedin, it is said that the inundations of the Theiss could be absolutely prevented. Since the disaster much fault has been found with what is considered the negligence of the government in regard to completing the improvements.

Prior to its late fearful experiences, Szegedin presented the appearance shown in our engraving on page 264, and was one of the most important industrial and commercial cities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It contained a population of about 88,000, composed of Magyars, Wallachians, Sclavonians, and Germans. There were also large numbers of gypsies in and about Szegedin, but these contributed but little to the prosperity of the place. The country about Szegedin is said to be the most fertile in Hungary, and has been called "the corn store of Europe." Large quantities of corn are raised there, and the vine is extensively cultivated. The products were formerly taken to Szegedin, and thence down the river. There was also a brisk trade in timber. Szegedin had, besides New Szegedin, four other suburbs on the same side of the river, and as they were protected by the same dikes, they suffered like the main city. There were in Szegedin six Roman Catholic churches, one non-union Greek church, and a large synagogue. The latter building is the one already spoken of as having been destroyed. There were also a gymnasium, high and elementary schools, a Piarist college, established in 1720, and a Franciscan convent, founded in 1465; also an institution of the Sisters of Christian Charity, a public hospital, and theatre.

Szegedin is one of the most ancient cities of Hungary, and was a strong fortress in the days of MATTHIAS CORVINUS. In 1458 the Landtag was held there, and war declared against the Emperor FREDERICK III. In 1551 the Turks captured the city and built a fort, which they held till 1686. In 1715 Szegedin was raised to the dignity of a royal city. From 1831 until the revolution in 1848 the fort was used as a state-prison, where political offenders from the Lombard-Venetian kingdom were confined. In 1848 Szegedin became the head-quarters of the revolutionary leaders PERCZEL, BEM, and DAMJANICH, and the patriots from the surrounding country flocked to it. The following year it was the seat of the Hungarian Diet, and was stormed unsuccessfully by the Austrians and the Russians. A powder-magazine was subsequently exploded, however, and the small army of Hungarian patriots was forced to evacuate the city, which was taken possession of by the imperialists.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Major KOVACH, a native of Szegedin, but now resident in this city, for the photograph from which our engraving is made.

THE JEWS OF ROUMANIA.

A PROMINENT Deputy at a recent meeting of the Italian Parliament proposed that the recognition of Roumania by his government should be refused until complete civil and religious liberty had been established in that new state. He alluded to the disabilities imposed upon the Jews. Roumania is almost the last of the civilized nations to persecute for race or creed. The Chinese legislation in our own Congress and the treatment of the colored race at the South by white politicians are glaring exceptions to the general rule, and the attitude of the extreme faction of the Papal Church in Spain, Brazil, its utterances at Rome, are traits of a similar spirit. Yet proscription and intolerance in every land are slowly fading away; those who maintain them will certainly perish with them. The treatment of the Jews in the various European states has risen during the present century from extreme intolerance to the verge of almost retributive generosity. When HEINE, of his gifted race one of the most gifted, sang in his painful youth of the stings of social and political inferiority, the Jew was still almost an outcast, a pariah, in every European land. At Rome the close of the Napoleonic wars found the Jews shut up in their Ghetto, the foulest quarter of the mediæval city, taxed as a race and sect, held in a kind of bondage that was distinguished from slavery only by the superior privileges of the slaves—an accursed race, the helpless objects of scorn to the worshippers of the Madonna and the Pope. Time has brought its revenge, and to-day among the firmest supporters of that Italian government that holds in check the persecuting instincts of the clerical caste are the cultivated Jews. They rule the press, shine in the tribune, at the bar, their acute intellect stimulated by the memory of past sufferings and by the future dangers that menace them from the plots and maledictions of the Vatican.

In Protestant Germany it is only recently that the Jews have won their complete freedom. In the last century they lived at Berlin in a kind of vassalage; they were subjected to the most annoying restrictions. HENSEL, in his *Life of Mendelssohn*, describes their condition, oppressed, contemned: they were forced, under FREDERICK WILLIAM the First, to buy the wild boars killed in the royal hunt—a pointed insult; under the great FREDERICK every Jew who married was forced to purchase porcelain at the newly established factory at Berlin, usually the most unsalable articles. MOSES MENDELSSOHN was obliged to buy twenty apes of massive porcelain and life size; some of these badges of tyranny still remain in the family. From some of the German towns the Jews were driven away altogether; in others they were suffered to live only in small numbers, herded together in a filthy quarter. Only a certain number of Jewish marriages were allowed. They were loaded with taxes, forbidden to become merchants; were driven to usury and the sale of old clothes. The restrictions continued until late in the present century. They stimulated HEINE'S bitter Muse, a modern ARCHILOCHUS, when he was driven out of Germany his songs found their way back to his countrymen, and were read with intense interest in secrecy and fear. They roused at least the blush of shame, they awoke German patriotism; and many a kinglet and petty principality, many a prejudice and gross restriction, many a fabric of tyranny, has fallen before the lyre of the angry bard. Germany to-day owes much of its freedom, its mental superiority, to the Jewish mind. A process not dissimilar has set free the Jew in France and England, and placed him among their most useful citizens. The Jewish politicians of France are Frenchmen at once and Israelites. In England, the Hebrew element of the population has reached an extraordinary influence. But it was in the United States that the first example of complete toleration was given, and when the MENDELSSOHNS were buying porcelain apes in Berlin, and England refused citizenship to the Jews, the republican impulses of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, had endowed with perfect liberty and equality the persecuted sons of ABRAHAM. The example of justice and humanity conquered. Even the Tory faction in England, which had resolutely defended the right of persecution, was at last overpowered by a more liberal sentiment. Through all the English-speaking races the Jew is set free, and lends his intelligence and sympathy to every impulse of popular progress.

What the German victory of 1870, the fall of Rome in September, did for the Jews of Rome, may be learned from M. ABOUT'S brilliant pictures. Under PIUS IX. the Jew was never permitted to become a farmer; should he attempt it, his crops were confiscated, his barns pillaged. He could hold no office. The Ghetto was an accursed soil, where neither Pope, cardinals, nor bishops could venture without pollution. A Jewish marriage was never recognized. The wife might marry a Christian lover, for the Jews were not looked upon as men. "The most unfortunate Jews in Italy," said ABOUT, "are the Jews of Rome. The neighborhood of the Vatican is as fatal to them as to Christians." Yet the rule of PIUS IX. was merciful and kind compared to the Babylonish captivity in which the Israelites had lived under his predecessors. The "Church" penned them like sheep, first in the Vale of Egeria, then in the Trastevere, and at last in the Ghetto. They were suffered to wander through the streets in the daytime, but at night were shut in under lock and key. They were kept in filth and squalor. They were forced to run races for the amusement of priests and nobles. Every year the Roman Senator gave them an official kick, for which they made him a present of $800. They paid the salary of a preacher who was employed to convert them, and a fine when they refused to hear his sermon. They were forbidden—as Roumania would seem to wish to forbid them—from cultivating the land, or engaging in manufactures and extensive trade. The practice of the Church would seem to have been imitated in Roumania, and the Roumanian liberals defend their policy by arguments that would have justified GREGORY XVI. and exculpated PIUS IX. Roumania is a free state, torn by European interference from the heart of Turkey, where a Congress, elected by the people, proposes to enforce civil and religious liberty, and where universal suffrage is the rule of government. One-tenth of its people—about 500,000—are Jews. These it is proposed to deprive of the right of voting, even of freedom of trade. Mr. LÖWY, the secretary of the Jewish Association in London, remonstrates against the Roumanian treaties with foreign powers, and points out the bitter injustice they would inflict upon his countrymen.

The arguments produced by the Roumanian liberals (?) to defend their policy seem borrowed from the Middle Ages and the Crusaders; they would not altogether justify the sack of a Jewish quarter, the plunder of a Hebrew library, the expulsion of the Jews from London or New York; but they would certainly lead to something closely resembling the intolerance of a century ago—of Berlin under FREDERICK, and Rome under PIUS IX. It is because the Jewish population is rapidly increasing, because it is successful in trade, the most active, industrious, that the irrational leaders of Roumania would impose upon it restrictions, and expel it from the land. We are indignantly assured that it is possible in the Roumanian towns "to see whole streets and shops that were once peopled with Roumanians turned into Jewish quarters, and counters stocked with adulterated goods and false merchandise; to see how a Christian can hardly pass in the street without being insulted by Jewish children; and to see them muttering their prayers in the open streets, and impeding all circulation." The Dark Ages seem almost come again, and we hear in the Roumanian argument the spirit that accused the Jews of sacrificing Christian children with horrible rites; of magic, sorcery; of the conspiracy of the idle against the industrious, of the ignorant against the studious; of that envious rage of barbarity that has not yet apparently perished in any land. It is not denied that the Jews bring wealth and progress to Roumania, that they are industrious, thrifty, active, useful; it is proposed to persecute them because they are so!

But the intolerance, persecution, that is defended in so many parties and sects, in so many cities, lands, that is so difficult to extirpate, that dies with so many fierce flashes of revival, and seems at times about to spring up again in all its ancient fury, is wounded mortally. It has perished at Paris and Rome, in London and Berlin; it will die alike in Texas and New Orleans, in California and Roumania. No nation or community that encourages the fatal principle, the odious element of decay, can hope to rise to prosperity, or rank high among the cultivated communities of the earth. It is because the principle of universal toleration has been adopted that America has become a land of freedom, that the Atlantic and the Pacific are bordered with republican States and cities, that representative assemblies and popular progress have supplanted in Europe the savage despotisms of the earlier age, that France is a republic, and Roumania free. Had the opposite principle prevailed, and WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE fallen before the Tory reaction in England; had HAMPDEN and SIDNEY, the GRACCHI of all the past, labored and died in vain, Roumania would have remained the slave of the Janizaries, Europe of feudal tyrants, and the savage still wandered over the desolate sites of Chicago and San Francisco.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

To the visitor who is not an indifferent observer, each one of the black holes of New York in which the poor are huddled together, as seen in succession, seems blacker than the others. "Bottle Alley" was as bad as could be, yet "Gotham Court" in some respects seemed even worse, and now "Rag-pickers' Court" strikes one as worse than either. It may be that the effect is cumulative, and that changing them around, in whatever order, it would still appear that while the first seemed bad as could be, the last was the worst. It is true, nevertheless, that in each of these dark dens some new form of wretchedness peculiar to that locality, and not seen elsewhere, is brought to view, and the novelty is shocking. In "Bottle Alley" there were filthiness and crowding, in "Gotham Court" both these and something more—the darkness almost of the grave itself, that gave one the impression of dwelling among the dead—while in the haunt of the rag-picker are all these, and, besides, the abominable belongings of the lowest occupation known to men. For right in the very rooms where their food is cooked and eaten, where their children are born and reared, where they sleep at night—God knows how!—where they spend their Sundays, these scavengers of the streets dump the filthy refuse of the city, and assort it for the buyers of such rubbish.

The spot is easily found. Turn out of the Bowery at Bayard Street, go down two blocks to Mulberry Street, and it is just around the corner. Any body can tell you where the rag-pickers live. There is no mistaking the place. A junk-man's cellar in the front house opens widely to the street, and peering down, one may see a score of men and women half buried in heaps of dirty rags and paper which they are gathering up and putting into bales for the paper-mills. This is the general dépôt to which the *chiffonnier* brings his odds and ends for sale after he has assorted them. Just as we emerge from the cellar a rag-picker, heavily laden, passes up the stoop and enters the hallway above. Following him, we come to a small, badly paved court-yard, which separates the front from the rear houses. Standing here and looking up, one beholds a sight that can not be imagined. Rags to the right of him, rags to the left of him, on all sides, rags, rags, nothing but rags. Lines in the yard strung with them, balconies festooned with them, fire-escapes draped with them, windows hung with them; in short, every available object dressed in rags—and such rags! of every possible size, shape, and color. Some of them have been drawn through the wash-tub to get off the worst of the dirt, but for the most part they are hung up just as they are taken from the bags, and left to the rain and sun to cleanse them. The picture drawn by our artist shows the rear houses. The corresponding ones on the front are decked in the same manner. All four of these houses open into the one court, which is reached by two narrow hallways leading from the street. The yard is in an abominable condition, hardly a whit better than a pig-sty. Picking his way carefully through its unmentionable filth, the visitor comes to the rear house, and begins his exploration of the rooms. There are four on each floor, or twelve in all, the upper ones being reached by outside stairways, as in "Bottle Alley." None of the apartments is larger than eight or ten by twelve or fourteen feet, and some are even smaller. Most of the inmates are men, but there is at least one woman in nearly every room, some of them married, and others not. Very few children were seen, most of them being away on begging tours, or engaged as boot-blacks or street musicians. Those who were at home were as dirty as they could be. Five were playing together, while the mother looked on, apparently enjoying their sports. She was a young-looking woman to be the owner of so many little heads. One of the children, who could speak some English, stopped her play and said, inquiringly, "You make go out?" referring to themselves. The family was probably in arrears for rent, and was living in the fear of being turned into the street. The mother and her little ones were happy to know that such was not the errand of the visitor, and the play went on again to the music of the children's merry laughter.

The exterior of the building is picturesque enough; the interior is equally so. Some of the rooms on a cloudy day are as dark as dungeons, with but little light coming in through the dirty window on the front and the smaller one on the back. Every inch of the ceiling and walls is as black as printers' ink. Against this dark background are hung unused hats of odd colors and still odder shapes, musical instruments of various kinds, pots, kettles, and pans, pokers, joints of raw meat partly consumed, strings of Bologna sausages, the gowns of the women, and great pipes, one whiff of which would satisfy the hardest smoker, and the mahogany bowls of which would

delight the owner of a real meerschaum. The beds are almost invariably covered with old carpets that still retain some bits of their original colors. None of the chairs have backs, and hardly any of them have four legs. Some are of common wood, others have cane seats, while here and there is a broken-down rose-wood that has done years of service in some fashionable parlor, and then in its decrepitude has been tossed into the street. Seated on these uncertain supports, or oftener on an empty soap-box or upturned bucket, are the rag-pickers. Every man in the house has his hat on, including one who is in bed napping after the hard work of the early morning. Not a bare-headed man is seen any where. Some are sitting dreamily by the stove, but most of them are sorting old rags or cutting up old coats and pantaloons that are too rotten to wear, and stuffing the bits into bags for the junk-dealer. In one room a woman is plucking a well-seasoned goose with her dirty hands. The sight is enough to make one vow against the use of goose as food for the rest of his life. In another place four men are seated on a big chest with a cut of Bologna sausage in one hand and a chunk of bread in the other, making their noonday meal. These same hands have just been turning over the filthy scraps from the garbage boxes and the gutters. On the ground-floor a man, who looks for all the world like a brigand, is stirring broth over the fire, and the horrible odor of rottenness that comes from the pot is enough to knock one down. No one unaccustomed to such smells could stay in the room a minute. Here eight men herd together, and sleep in an atmosphere that one would think might produce a pestilence.

None of the members of this Italian colony speak English, except here and there one who has mastered a few common phrases; but there is one word that all of these understand, and that is "Beer!" Here, as in "Bottle Alley," kegs are found in several of the rooms, where the contents are dealt out at a cent a glass. It is nearly all sour stuff, given to the men for helping on the brewers' wagons, or sold to them at the end of the day for a mere trifle. "Is there much drunkenness there?" the writer asked of a police officer. "Oh yes, Sir," he replied; "we can go in there, or in any of these alleys, any night, and get a cart-load of drunk and disorderlies. We don't take them one by one, but gather them up in a hand-cart and wheel them off to the station-house. They are not usually the people who live there, but bummers who go there to get the drink."

The writer had an opportunity of seeing a fair sample of these customers on his way out. Stopping a moment to take a last look at the lines of dirty rags, he saw a besotted creature come in from the street. He was evidently a young man, but his bloated face told too surely that he was in the last stage of a dissipated life. The moment he entered the yard he spied the stranger, and hesitating an instant, he seemed about to retreat, but thinking himself unobserved, he slipped around to the back door of the front house, and gently tapped with the ends of his fingers. The signal was answered by an old man, who cautiously opened the door and looked out. Recognizing his customer, he slipped the bolt and let him in. The writer followed, and entered the room immediately behind the sot. It needed only a glance to discover the character of the den and its inmates. It was the rendezvous of the most abandoned persons to be found any where in the slums of New York. The room was no larger than a small bed-room, and bore the appearance of never having been cleaned since the house was built. In the corner of the room nearest the door sat two Irishwomen warming themselves by the little stove. Both were stupid with liquor, and both had black eyes, received probably in a fight the night before. In another corner, beside the bed, stood the beer keg, from which the patrons of the place were supplied with their favorite drink. The odor of the place was intolerable, and a change of air was speedily sought by the visitor. This was but one beer-room—there are a dozen more hard by, and scores of them, the policeman said, in the neighboring alleyways on the same street.

A word or two more, and we bid good-by to "Rag-pickers' Court." The men who live in these wretched hovels pay from five to six dollars a month rent out of earnings that hardly ever exceed fifty cents a day. The agent who lets the property lives in New Jersey. The owner—well, if the name were mentioned, it would surprise the people of New York city.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday,	6.—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday,	10.—Thursday before Easter.
Friday,	11.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	12.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	13.—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	20.—First Sunday after Easter.
Friday,	25.—St. Mark.
Sunday,	27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

It was a notable occasion which brought together the representatives of the Catholic press throughout the world to Rome to pay their homage to the Pope. Seven hundred journalists were present, representing Italy, France, Spain, Austria, America, etc. It was a gala-day—February 22—many cardinals, archbishops, and bishops being present. Leo XIII. delivered an elaborate address, in which he counselled "a moderate tone of writing, which does not offend readers by an excessive or inopportune acerbity of style." The most striking passage of the address, however, was that in which the Pope avowed his determination to contend unflinchingly for the restoration of his temporal power. "The Roman pontiffs," said he, "have ever felt it their sacred duty to defend this civil sovereignty from violation or disturbance, and to preserve intact the sacred rights of the Church of Rome; and we ourselves, following the example of our predecessors, have not failed, nor will we ever fail, to assert and vindicate those rights." This gathering of journalists shows a purpose to unite them in the common advocacy of a papal policy, and to influence and guide them from the Vatican.

The Rev. Dr. James De Koven, one of the leaders of the High-Church wing of Episcopalianism, died suddenly at Racine College, Wisconsin, on March 19. He was a man of great vigor, fearless in the assertion of his opinions, an orator of considerable power, and devotedly loved by the friends who shared his theological views. Dr. De Koven was born in Connecticut in 1831, and graduated from Columbia College, in this city, in 1854. In 1875 the diocese of Illinois chose him for bishop, but the election failed of confirmation by the diocesan standing committees. The chief work of his life was done at Racine College, of which he was dean for twenty years. He was also last year appointed assistant rector of Trinity Church in this city, but declined the position. Some time in February last he fell and broke his leg; his long confinement brought on apoplexy, which suddenly ended his life.

The Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), in Park Avenue, New York, whose financial trials have been many and great, has at last freed itself from a debt of $134,000. Of this total the sum of $66,000 was raised by the congregation; All-Souls' Church, of which Dr. Henry W. Bellows is pastor, surrendered $21,000 of claims in the shape of bonds; and the American Unitarian Association contributed $35,000—one-third of its capital. Thus relieved, the congregation celebrated its fifty-fourth anniversary on March 18 with much enthusiasm. Dr. Bellows delivered the commemorative discourse, and in it gave counsels which are good for churches of every creed. Speaking of the means adopted for securing the needed sum, he said, "No immoral arts of money-raising were employed; no locking of people in the church until a certain sum was raised, nor passionate appeals to generosity creating rivalry in subscriptions." This church is without a pastor, the last was the Rev. Dr. William R. Alger, who resigned in 1878.

The charges that Mr. Barron, the cashier of the savings-bank of Dexter, Maine, was a defaulter, and that so far from having sacrificed his life in defending the funds in his care, he had committed suicide, were very painful. On the supposition of suicide, he had simulated an attack by robbers, had tied himself, and had then put himself to death. Yet this theory was offered by detectives, and gained a certain amount of credence. Bank-examiner Tyrcomb has now reported to the trustees that there was no defalcation, that the note due the bank for $2,841 by Mr. Barron was paid, and that his books of account are correct. The citizens of Dexter and others had raised a fund for a Barron Memorial Congregational Church; they believed that he had sacrificed his life heroically at the post of duty. It will be a relief to them to find that their faith still rests on good and sufficient grounds.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has been bequeathed over half a million of dollars by the late Deacon Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut. The American Home Missionary Society will also receive from his estate $5000, the American Bible Society $5000, and the American Tract Society $5000. The *Congregationalist* speaks of the announcement of this legacy as "the event of the week in religious circles." As to the use to be made of so large a sum, it thinks that several of the Board's educational institutions will be put on an efficient footing, and that a beginning will be made of a mission to Central Africa.

George Müller, the founder of the orphan asylums at Ashley Downs, near Bristol, is spending his last days in the work of evangelism. At the close of last year he visited Spain, and held meetings at Barcelona, Saragossa, and Madrid. From Spain he proceeded to France, and preached at Biarritz, Pau, Bordeaux, and Cannes. It is stated that during the present year he will visit America again.

Signs of the growth of a better feeling in France toward Protestantism are continually appearing. *L'Évangéliste*, the Wesleyan organ, reports that "Protestantism is in the air. Protestant preaching is received with eagerness. From one end of the country to the other there runs a current of sympathy toward our faith." The secular papers of the liberal class express the opinion that France has entered upon a new era. "Unless we deceive ourselves," says the *Journal des Débats*, "the change is one of those which form an epoch in the life of a people." The Archbishop of Paris has been castigated by the Paris press for his rude letter to Father Hyacinthe. The city authorities have demanded the exclusion of Catholic teaching brotherhoods and sisterhoods from the communal schools of Paris. This subject has been referred by the Prefect of the Seine to the Minister of Public Instruction, who has only so far modified the decision of the City Council as to order that the work of exclusion shall proceed "slowly but surely."

The British House of Commons has tried once more to determine how Dissenters shall be buried; happily it suffers them to live in such way as they deem best. The last vote taken, on the evening of Ash Wednesday, decided the question only negatively. On motion that unconsecrated ground be added in parish church-yards, the vote stood, for, 120; against, 160. The offerer of the motion was a Liberal, Mr. Monk; its supporters were Conservatives, among them eighteen members of the government; the Liberals almost to a man recorded themselves in the negative.

One of the earliest of the spring Conventions will be the Southern Baptist, which meets at Atlanta, Georgia, May 8.

A telegram has been received in London from Rome stating that the Pope will make John Henry Newman a cardinal on the 21st of March. Other reports say that Leo XIII. will create numerous cardinals in May or June. Several vacancies in the college have been made by death quite recently; among those who have passed away is Morichini.

A very important change in the by-laws of the American Bible Society will, it is thought, remove every obstacle to co-operation with it by Baptists. In 1836 many of them withdrew from its support in consequence of the adoption of a rule which declared that the "Board of Managers shall encourage only such versions as conform in the principles of their translation to the common English version, at least so far that all the religious denominations represented in this society can consistently use and circulate said versions in their several schools and communities."

This by-law, which would naturally be taken to have a polemic aspect, has been cancelled, and the following general rule takes its place: "The Committee on Versions shall have charge of all translations of the Bible published or distributed by the Society; they shall recommend measures for securing new versions, or revisions of old versions, in foreign languages, shall examine new versions presented for the consideration and adoption of the Society, especially in regard to their catholicity and the fidelity of their translation, and shall recommend such as they approve for the use of the Society." At a conference of leading Baptists held in this city recently, after a full discussion of the subject, the unanimous conviction was expressed "that there is now no obstacle in the way of the co-operation of Baptists with the American Bible Society in its work at home and abroad." Among the signers of this statement are Drs. Anderson, Bright, Hovey, Lathrop, Murdock, and Cuddy.

A CABINET MEETING.

The President's mansion at Washington, commonly known as the "White House," occupies a reservation of about twenty acres of ground on Pennsylvania Avenue, midway between the Treasury Building and the departments of State, War, and Navy. Fountains, flowers, and shrubbery adorn the inclosure, which forms a pleasant little park. The house itself is a rather plain, substantial building, 170 feet in length and 86 feet wide. It is constructed of freestone, painted white. The interior is far more elegant and attractive than the outside. The largest apartment, known as the East Room, measures 80 feet by 40, and is 22 feet in height. The adjoining Blue Room, tastefully decorated in blue and gold, is devoted to social and diplomatic receptions. The Green Room and the Red Room, so designated from their furnishings, are each 30 by 20 feet in dimensions. The second floor contains the apartments for the President's family and the Executive offices.

The first President's House, occupied by President Adams in 1800, was burned by the British in 1814. Four years later the erection of the present house was begun, and it was finished in 1829. Nearly two millions of dollars have been expended in its construction and decoration.

Our double-page illustration, from a photograph by Mr. Pach, affords a glimpse of the room in which the cabinet meetings are held, and which the President occupies as an office. Here also he receives visitors who call on business, whether of a personal or public nature. The President and all the members of the cabinet were present on this occasion to consider an important question of policy; and after the business of the meeting was over, the President courteously accorded permission to have the picture taken. It is therefore interesting not only as the pictorial record of an actual scene around the Executive Council-Board, but as a group of historical portraits.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Mexican government has resolved to enter upon a new industrial policy of activity and progress. With this end in view, the President has determined that an International Exhibition shall be held in the city of Mexico next year. He believes that this Exhibition will remove false impressions which exist abroad concerning that country, and will open new markets for agricultural and manufacturing products, thereby promoting immigration and the construction of railroads. The Exhibition will be opened on January 14, 1880. Preparations for erecting the building have already commenced. All nations, even those which have not diplomatic relations with the republic, are to be invited to exhibit their goods, and to send Commissioners. This Exhibition will no doubt tend to develop the resources of Mexico, and to encourage foreign trade.

The accomplice of Casey, the burglar recently killed in a private parlor in this city, has been sentenced to the State-prison for eighteen years—a fate which should be a warning to kindred evil-doers.

In the last quarterly report of the Commissioner of Public Works, statements are made showing that there are now about 9000 lineal feet of the Croton Aqueduct in such a condition as to need "immediate attention," and 15,000 feet which require strengthening. "Perhaps no breach may occur," it is said. But should the safety of New York city rest upon a perhaps?

The excitement attending "the great walking match" at Gilmore's Garden was not by any means lessened when suddenly one evening a portion of the gallery, densely packed with spectators, fell with a great crash upon the crowd beneath. There were at the time not far from 10,000 people in the Garden, and a disorderly throng, noisy and unmanageable, surged around the entrance. The excitement that followed the accident was intense, and it seemed at first as if a deadly panic was inevitable. It was little short of miraculous that only about fifteen persons were injured by the wreck of the gallery. As soon as the excitement had been somewhat quelled, the wounded removed, and the débris cleared away, the pedestrians resumed their walk as if nothing had happened; and the result of the noted "six days' walking match" has since been discussed all over the country by those who favor as well as by those who disapprove such contests. Whatever possible benefit to individuals, or to mankind in general, may result from walking matches, it seems manifest that entertainments which attract rough and disorderly crowds—whether inside or outside of the show-room—and which cultivate in the spectators a fondness for mere physical endurance, regardless of injurious results, can not have a wholesome influence. The necessity of physical culture, the advantages of abundant exercise, and the importance of American men and women increasing their bodily strength and vigor, are indisputable; but do walking matches, as now conducted, accomplish or even tend toward these results?

It is related of the late Elihu Burritt that some years ago a will was sent to this country from the West Indies written in Danish. The manuscript was very difficult to decipher, and after having been sent to several colleges, was finally referred to Mr. Burritt for interpretation. He was then working at the forge, but resolved that he would master it. He was acquainted with the Danish tongue, but that was only half the task. The badly written manuscript must be deciphered. He worked at it two weeks in his spare time, and succeeded. When he sent the will back, translated with absolute correctness, he said he would only charge what he would have earned at the forge.

Evidently the cattle plague does exist in many sections of the United States, although its presence in England is not entirely due to importation from this country. It is believed that the "swill stables" directly produce the cattle disease, and that the only security against its continuance and spread is the most searching investigation by public authorities.

A company of gentlemen in Philadelphia have instituted a worthy charity, which might well be followed elsewhere. Coal purchased at wholesale has been sold to the poor in small quantities but at wholesale prices, thus giving real assistance without causing the recipients to feel themselves prominent objects of charity. So long as it is possible, every poor person should be aided to retain self-respect and a feeling of independence in the matter of self-support.

A few days ago a police officer found a little boy eleven years old sleeping in the Pennsylvania Railroad yard, Jersey City. He was taken to the station-house, gave his name, and said his father lived in Philadelphia. A telegram was sent to the police of that city, but no such person as the boy mentioned as his father could be found. The lad was questioned, and if his story was true he had been "on the tramp," as he expressed it, for a year. He had run away from home because he wanted "to see something of the world," and had roamed through various parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. He liked his "tramp life," he said. This child was discharged, and his ferriage paid to this great city, where doubtless he is roaming its streets and alleys, without home and without friends. What a pity that some kind hand did not rescue the boy from such a life!

The number of men actually engaged in fishing in the four provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario is 62,000. It is estimated that about 200,000 persons are supported by the various branches of this industry on the shores of those provinces. One thousand decked vessels are employed in this British North American fishery, and 17,000 open boats.

It has been a hard winter for birds in Ohio, and they are to be allowed a chance to recuperate, for the cold has killed thousands. A law has passed both Houses of the Ohio Legislature prohibiting the killing of quail, partridge, or prairie-chickens in that State until November 15, 1880.

There is in Boston a Chinese Sunday-school, under the supervision of two missionaries, who are assisted by volunteer teachers. A few of the Chinese speak English very well, some not at all, and others only sufficiently to make known their ordinary wants. But most of them can read their own language, so that by the means of a proper text-book (*English and Chinese Lessons* is used) English is taught to them. It is the intention of the teachers to help the Chinese to improve socially, morally, and religiously. It is stated that the Chinese in Boston are clean and orderly in their habits, use wholesome food, and work for ordinary wages—not for less prices than others. Moreover, there are no idlers among them, and therefore no paupers.

It is said that the relatives of Madame Grévy, wife of the French President, once thought she might have done better than to marry the man who is now the ruler of a great country.

Connecticut proposes to deal severely with the tramp. All transient persons who move about from place to place begging, and all vagrants who stroll over the country without lawful occasion, living without labor or visible means of support, will be regarded as "tramps," and be imprisoned in the State-prison not more than one year. Officers are authorized and required to arrest tramps. Naturally, if this law is properly enforced in Connecticut, and adjacent States do not pass similar laws, Connecticut tramps will step over the border lines.

The picturesque drive in the old stage-coach from Bethlehem, New Hampshire, to the Profile House, is to be supplanted by the new narrow-gauge railroad, which will be nine and a half miles long. The difference of elevation between Bethlehem and the Profile House is about 1000 feet.

A gentleman living in Wichita, Kansas, recently married a lady in Xenia, Ohio, the ceremony being performed by telegraph. The bride went to her husband a few days after the marriage.

In 1859 the cattle plague in the vast herds of Australia was effectually checked by a simple method of inoculation, which was extensively practiced.

The Belgians—so says an exchange—have "formed a society for the mental and moral improvement of cats." The general idea seems to be that cats are mentally fitted to do the work of carrier-pigeons, provided they can be trained to be faithful and trusty, and also that proper education will develop whatever abilities they possess. It is well known that a cat may be tied up in a bag and carried scores of miles from her home, and yet, on being released, she will find her way back to the familiar locality. Various experiments are being tried with cats in the city of Liège, and it is proposed soon to establish a regular system of cat communication between Liège and the neighboring villages. Carrier-pigeons will have to look out for their laurels.

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President Hayes. Jesse Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury. R. W. Thompson, Secretary

A CABINET MEETING AT THE WHITE H

(the Navy). CHARLES DEVENS, Attorney-General. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Secretary of State. CARL SCHURZ, Secretary of the Interior. GEORGE W. McCRARY, Secretary of War. DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

[SE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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THE LAST LAP.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
And have not won the race;
I've done my level best, boys,
And kept a steady face;
But one I leave the track, boys,
I can not stand the pace.

Cheers, rousing cheers, for those who win,
Renown and wreaths and gold,
Whilst friends crowd round with open hands,
And I'm out in the cold.
I'm left out in the cold, boys,
With aching feet and sore;
And, oh! the aching of my heart—
But that will ache no more.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

I felt so strong at starting,
My sinews seemed of steel;
My nerves, my bones, my muscles, all
Were sound from head to heel.
My shoes they sorely chafed my feet,
And— Well, I hardly know—
The track was soft, the air was foul,
I scarcely had a show.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

At times I'd forge a bit ahead,
And then I'd fall behind;
Some jeered me as I toiled around,
A few good souls were kind.
I've tramped this track for weary years;
I've done my level best
For half a century of laps,
And now I go to rest.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

I have no pin to leave behind,
No trophies, and no fame;
No prizes for my little brood,
Save, perhaps, an honest name.
It's been a useful strain, boys,
But one I'll have some ease;
One lap to all eternity,
And go it as you please.

I'm on my last lap, boys,
But have not won the race;
And those had better leave the track
Who can not stand the pace.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1187.]

VIXEN.

By Miss M. E. Braddon,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

GOING INTO EXILE.

Two hours later the carriage was at the door, and Violet Tempest was ready to start. Her trunks were on the roof of the brougham, her dressing-bag and travelling-desk and wraps were stowed away inside; Argus was by her side, his collar provided with a leather strap, by which she could hold him when necessary. Captain Carmichael was smoking a cigar in the porch.

Mrs. Carmichael came weeping out of the drawing-room, and hugged her daughter silently. Violet returned the embrace, but said not a word till just at the last.

"Dear mother," she whispered, earnestly, "never be unhappy about me. Let me bear the blame of all that has gone amiss between us."

"You had better be quick, Miss Tempest, if you want to be in time for the boat," said the captain from the porch.

"I am quite ready," answered Vixen, calmly.

Phœbe was at the carriage door, tearful, and in every body's way, but pretending to help. Argus was sent up to the box, where he sat beside the coachman with much gravity of demeanor, having first assured himself that his mistress was inside the carriage. Mrs. Carmichael stood in the porch kissing her hand; and as the strong big horses bore the carriage away through the dark shrubberies, between banks of shadowy foliage, out into the forest road, which was full of ghosts at this late hour, and would have struck terror to the hearts of any horses unaccustomed to its sylvan mysteries.

They drove through Lyndhurst, where the twinkling little lights in the shop windows were being extinguished by nervous shutters, and where the shop-keepers paused in their work of extinction to stare amazedly at the passing carriage; not that a carriage was a strange apparition in Lyndhurst, but because the inhabitants had as little to do except stare.

Anon they came to Bolton's Bench, beneath a cluster of pine-trees on a hilly bit of common, and then the long straight road to Southampton lay before them in the faint moonshine, with boggy levels, black furze bushes, and a background of wood on either side. Violet sat looking steadily out of the window, watching every bit of the road. How could she tell when she would see it again—or if ever, save in sad, regretful dreams?

They mounted the hill, from whose crest Vixen took one last backward look at the wide wild land that lay behind them—a look of ineffable love and longing. And then she threw herself back in the carriage, and gave herself up to gloomy thought. There was nothing more that she cared to see. They had entered the tame dull world of civilisation. They drove through the village of Eling, where lights burned dimly here and there in upper windows; they crossed the slow meandering river at Redbridge. Already the low line of lights in Southampton city began to shine faintly in the distance. Violet shut her eyes and let the landscape go by. Suburban villas, suburban gardens on a straight road beside a broad river with very little water in it. There was nothing here to regret.

It was past eleven when they drove under the old bar, and through the high street of Southampton. The town seemed strange to Vixen at this unusual hour. The church clocks were striking the quarter. Down by the docks every thing had a gray and misty look, sky and water indistinguishable. There lay the Jersey boat, snorting and puffing, amidst the dim grayness. Captain Carmichael conducted his charge to the ladies' cabin, with no more words than were positively necessary. They had not spoken once during the drive from the Abbey House to Southampton.

"I think you had better stay down here till the vessel has started, at any rate," said the captain, "there will be so much bustle and confusion on deck. I'll take care of your dog."

"Thanks," answered Vixen, meekly. "Yes, I'll stay here—you need not trouble yourself about me."

"Shall I send you something? A cup of tea, the wing of a chicken, a little wine and water?"

"No, thanks, I don't care about any thing."

The captain withdrew after this to look after the luggage, and to secure his own berth. The stewardess received Violet as if she had known her all her life, showed her the couch allotted to her, and to secure which the captain had telegraphed that morning from Lyndhurst.

"It was lucky your good gentleman took the precaution to telegraph, mam," said the cordial stewardess. "the boats are always crowded at this time of the year, and the *Fawney* is such a favorite."

The cabin was wide and lofty and airy, quite an exceptional thing in ladies' cabins; but presently there came a troop of stout matrons with their olive-branches, all cross and sleepy, and dazed at finding themselves in a strange place at so unearthly hour. There was the usual sprinkling of babies, and most of the babies cried. One baby was afflicted with an unmistakable whooping-cough, and was a source of terror to the mothers of all the other babies. There was a general opening of hand-bags and distribution of buns, biscuits, and cordials for the comfort and solace of this small fry. Milk was imbibed noisily out of mysterious bottles, some of them provided with gutta-percha tubes, which made the process of refreshment look like laying on gas. Vixen turned her back upon the turmoil, and listened to the sad sea waves plashing lazily against the side of the boat.

She wondered what Rorie was doing at this midnight hour. Did he know yet that she was gone—vanished out of his life forever? No; he could hardly have heard of her departure yet awhile, swiftly as all tidings travelled in that rustic world of the Forest. Had he made up his mind to keep faith with Lady Mabel? Had he forgiven Vixen for refusing to abet him in treachery against his affianced?

"Poor Rorie!" sighed the girl; "I think we might have been happy together."

And then she remembered the days of old, when Mr Vawdrey was free, and when it had never dawned upon his slow intelligence that his old playfellow, Violet Tempest, was the one woman in all this wide world who had the power to make his life happy.

"I think he thought lightly of me because of all our foolishness when he was a boy," mused Vixen. "I seemed to him less than other women—because of those old sweet memories—instead of more."

It was a dreary voyage for Violet Tempest—a kind of maritime purgatory: the monotonous thud of the engine, the tramping of feet overhead, the creaking and groaning of the vessel, the squalling babies, the fussy mothers, the dreadful people who could not travel from Southampton to Jersey on a calm summer night without exhibiting all the horrors of seasickness. Vixen thought of the sufferings of poor black human creatures in the middle passage; of the ghastly terrors of a mutiny; of a ship on fire; of the Ancient Mariner on his slimy sea, when

> "The very deep did rot: O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea."

She wondered in her weary soul whether these horrors, which literature had made familiar to her, were much worse than the smart white and gold cabin of the good ship *Fawney*, filled to overflowing with the contents of half a dozen nurseries.

Toward daybreak there came a lull. The crescent of the babies had exhausted its capacity for making its fellow-creatures miserable. The seasick mothers and nurses had left off groaning, and starting convulsively from their pillows with wild shrieks for the stewardess, and had sunk into troubled slumbers. Vixen turned her back upon the dreadful scene—dimly lighted by flickering oil lamps, like those that burn before saintly shrines in an old French cathedral—and shut her eyes and tried to lose herself in the tangled wilderness of sleep. But to-night that blessed refuge of the unhappy was closed against her. The calm angel of sleep would have nothing to do with a soul so troubled. She could only lie staring at the port-hole, which stared back at her like a giant's dark, angry eye, and waiting for morning.

Morning came at last, with the skirmishing toilets of the children, fearful struggles for brushes and combs, towel fights, perpetual clamor for missing pieces of soap, a great deal of talk about strings and buttons, and a chorus of crying babies. Then stole through the stuffy atmosphere savory odors of breakfast, the fumes of coffee, fried bacon, grilled fish. Sloppy-looking cups of tea were administered to the sufferers of last night. The yellow sunshine filled the cabin. Vixen made a hasty toilet, and hurried up to the deck. Here all was glorious. A vast world of sea-lit water. No sign yet of rock-bound island above the white-crested waves. The steamer might have been in the midst of the Atlantic. Captain Carmichael was on the bridge smoking his morning cigar. He gave Violet a cool nod, which she returned as coolly. She found a quiet corner where she could sit and watch the waves slowly rising and falling, the white foam crests slowly gathering, the light spray dashing against the side of the boat, the cataract of white roaring water leaping from the swift paddle-wheel and melting into a long track of foam. By-and-by they came to Guernsey, which looked grim and military, and not particularly inviting even in the morning sunlight. That picturesque island hides her beauties from those who only behold her from the sea. Here there was an exodus of passengers and of luggage, and an invasion of natives with baskets of fruit. Vixen bought some grapes and peaches of a female native in a cap, whose patois was the funniest perversion of French and English imaginable. And then a bell rang clamorously, and there was a general stampede, and the gangway was pulled up, and the vessel was steaming gayly toward Jersey, while Vixen sat eating grapes and looking dreamily skyward, and wondering whether her mother was sleeping peacefully under the dear old Abbey House roof, undisturbed by any pang of remorse for having parted with an only child so lightly.

An hour or so and Jersey was in sight, all rocky peaks and promontories. Anon the steamer swept round a sinuous curve, and lo! Vixen beheld a bristling range of fortifications, a rather sandy harbor, and the usual accompaniments of a landing place, the inalienable sun shining vividly upon the all-pervading whiteness.

"Is this the bay that some people have compared to Naples?" Violet asked her conductor, with a contemptuous curl of her mobile lip, as she and Captain Carmichael took their seats in a roomy old fly, upon which the luggage was being piled in the usual monumental and insecure-looking style.

"You have not seen it yet from the Neapolitan point of view," said the captain. "This quay is not the prettiest bit of Jersey."

"I am glad of that—very glad," answered Vixen, acidly; "for if it were, the Jersey notion of the beautiful would be my idea of ugliness. Oh, what an utterly too horrid street!" she cried, as the fly drove through the squalid approach to the town, past dirty gutter bred children, and women with babies, who looked to the last degree Irish, and the dead high wall of the fortifications. "Does your aunt live hereabouts, *par exemple*, Captain Carmichael?"

"My aunt lives six good miles from here, Miss Tempest, in one of the loveliest spots in the island, and the scenery that is almost as fine as the Pyrenees."

"I have heard people say that of any thing respectable in the shape of a hill," answered Vixen, with a dubious air.

She was in a humor to take objection to every thing, and had a flippant air curiously at variance with the dull aching of her heart. She was determined to take the situation lightly. Not for worlds would the have let Captain Carmichael see her wounds, or guess how deep they were. She set her face steadily toward the hills in which her place of exile was hidden, and bore herself bravely. Conrad Carmichael gave her many a furtive glance as he sat opposite her in the fly, a life they drove slowly up the steep green country lanes, leaving the white town in the valley below them.

"The place is not so bad, after all," said Vixen, looking back at the conglomeration of white walls and slate roofs, of docks and shipping and barracks, on the edge of a world of blue water, "not nearly as odious as it looked when we landed. But it is a little disappointing at best, like all places that people praise ridiculously. I had pictured Jersey as a tropical island, with cactuses and Cape jasmine growing in the hedges, orchards of peaches and apricots, and melons running wild."

"To my mind the island is a perfect edition of Devonshire, with a dash of Brittany," answered the captain. "There's a fig tree for you!" he cried, pointing to a great spreading mass of fire-fingered leaves lolloping over a pink plastered garden wall—an old untidy tree that had swallowed up the whole extent of a cottager's garden. "You don't see any thing like that in the Forest?"

"No," answered Vixen, tightening her lips; "we have only oaks and beeches that have been growing since the Heptarchy."

And now they entered a long lane, where the interlaced tree-tops made an arcade of foliage—a lane whose beauty even Vixen could not gainsay. Ah, there were the Hampshire ferns on the steep green banks! She gave a little choking sob at sight of them, as if they had been living things. Hart's-tongue, and lady fern, and the whole family of osmundas. Yes; they were all there. It was like home—with a difference.

Here and there they passed a modern villa, in its park-like grounds, and the captain, who evidently wished to be pleasant, tried to expound to Violet the conditions of Jersey leases, and the difficulties which attend the purchase of land or tenements in that feudal settlement. But Vixen did not even endeavor to understand him. She listened with an air of polite vacancy which was not encouraging.

They passed various humbler homesteads, painted a lively pink or a refreshing lavender, with gardens where the fuchsias were trees covered with crimson bloom, and where gigantic hydrangeas blossomed in palest pink and brightest azure in wildest abundance. Here Vixen beheld for the first time those preposterous cabbages from whose hyperpatural growth the islanders seem to derive a loftier pride than from any other productions of the island, not excepting its grapes and its lobsters.

"I don't suppose you can saw cabbages growing six feet high before," said the captain.

"No," answered Vixen, "they are too preposterous to be met with in a civilized country. Poor Charles the Second! I don't wonder that he was wild and riotous when he came to be king."

"Why not?"

"Because he had spent several months of exile among his loyal subjects in Jersey. A man who had been buried alive in such a fragmentary bit of the world must have required some compensation in after life."

They had mounted a long hill which seemed the pinnacle of the island, and from whose fertile summit the view was full of beauty—a green undulating garden world, ringed with yellow sands and bright blue sea; and now they began to descend gently by a winding lane where again the topmost elm branches were interwoven, and where the glowing June day was softened to a tender twilight. A curve in the lane brought them suddenly to an old gateway, with a crumbling stone bench in a nook beside it—a bench where the wayfarer used to sit and wait for alms, when the site of Les Tourelles was occupied by a monastery.

The old manor-house rose up behind the dilapidated wall—a goodly old house as to size and form—overlooking a noble sweep of hill-side and valley; a house with a gallery on the roof for purposes of observation, but with so dreary and abandoned a look about its blank curtainless windows as if mansion and estate had been in Chancery for the last half century.

"A fine old place, is it not?" asked the captain, while a cracked bell was jingling in remote distance amidst the drowsy summer stillness, without eliciting as much as the back of a house-dog.

"It looks very big," Violet answered, dubiously, "and very empty."

"My aunt has no relatives residing with her."

"If she had started in life with a large family of brothers and sisters, I should think they would all be dead by this time," said the girl, with a stifled yawn that was half a sigh.

"How do you mean?"

"They would have died of the stillness and solitude and all pervading desolation of Les Tourelles."

"Strange houses are apt to look desolate."

"Yes. Particularly when the windows have neither blinds nor curtains, and the walls have not been painted for a century."

After this conversation flagged. The jingling bell was once more set going in the unknown distance; Vixen sat looking sleepily at the arched roof of foliage checkered with blue sky. Argus lolled against the carriage door with his tongue out.

They waited five minutes or so, languidly expectant. Vixen began to wonder whether the gates would ever open, whether there were really any living human creatures in that blank dead-looking house, whether they would not have to give up all idea of entering, and drive back to the harbor, and return to Hampshire by the way they had come.

While she sat idly wondering thus, with the sleepy hum of summer insects and melodious twittering of birds soothing her senses like a lullaby, the old gate groaned upon its rusty hinges, and a middle-aged woman in a black gown and a white cap appeared—a female who recognized Captain Carmichael with a courtesy, and came out to receive the smaller packages from the firman.

"Antony will take the portmanteaus," she said. "The boat must have come in earlier than usual; we did not expect you so soon."

"This is one of Miss Skipwith's servants," thought Vixen; "rather a vinegary personage. I hope the other maids are nicer."

The person spoken of as Antony now appeared, and began to hale about Violet's portmanteaus. He was a middle-aged man, with a bald head and a melancholy aspect. His raiment was shabby; his costume something between that of a lawyer's clerk and an agricultural laborer. Argus salluted this individual with a suppressed growl.

"Sh!" cried the female, vindictively, flapping her apron at the dog; "whose dog is this, Sir? He doesn't belong to you, surely?"

"He belongs to Miss Tempest. You must find a corner for him somewhere in the out-buildings, Hannah," said the captain. "The dog is harmless enough and friendly enough when he is used to people."

"That won't be much good if he bites us before he gets used to us, and we die of hydrophobia in the mean time," retorted Hannah; "I believe he has taken a dislike to Antony already."

"Argus won't bite my aunt," said Vixen, laying her hand upon the dog's collar; "I'll answer for his good conduct. Please try and find him a nice snug nest somewhere—if I mustn't have him in the house."

"In the house?" cried Hannah. "Miss Skipwith would faint at the mention of such a thing. I don't know how she'll ever put up with a huge beast like that say where about the place. He must be kept as much out of her sight as possible."

"I'm sorry Argus isn't welcome," said Vixen, proudly.

She was thinking that her own welcome at Les Tourelles could hardly be more cordial than that accorded to Argus. She had left home because nobody wanted her there. How could she expect that any one wanted her here, where she was a stranger, preceded, perhaps, by the reputation of her vices? The woman in the rusty mourning gown, the man in the shabby raiment and clod-hopper boots, gave her no smile of greet-

ing. Over this new home of hers there hung an unspeakable melancholy. Her heart sank as she crossed the threshold.

Oh, what a neglected, poverty-stricken air the garden had, after the gardens Violet Tempest had been accustomed to look upon! Ragged trees, rank grass, empty flower beds, weeds in abundance. A narrow paved colonnade ran along one side of the house. They went by this paved way to a dingy little door—not the hall door, that one never opened—and entered the house by a lobby, which opened into a small parlor, dark and shabby, with one window looking into a court-yard. There were a good many books upon the green baize table-cover, pious books mostly, Vixen saw, with a strange revulsion of feeling, as if that were the culmination of her misery. There was an old-fashioned work-table, with a faded red silk well, beside the open window. A spectacle case on the work-table and an arm-chair before it indicated that the room had been lately occupied. It was altogether one of the shabbiest rooms Vixen had ever seen, the furniture belonging to the most odious period of cabinet-making, the carpet unutterably dingy, the walls mildewed and mouldy, the sole decorations some pale engravings of naval battles, which might be the victories or defeats of any maritime hero from Drake to Nelson.

"Come and see the house," said the captain, reading the disgust in his step-daughter's pale face.

He opened a door leading into the hall—a large and lofty apartment, with a fine old staircase ascending to a square gallery. The heavy oak balusters had been painted white; so had the panelling in the hall. Time had converted both to a dusky gray. Some rusty odds and ends of armor and a few dingy family portraits decorated the walls, but of furniture there was not a vestige.

Opening out of the hall there was a large long room, with four windows looking into a small wilderness that had once been garden, and commanding a fine view of land and sea. This the captain called the drawing-room. It was sparsely furnished with a spindle-legged table, half a dozen arm-chairs covered with faded tapestry, an antique walnut-wood cabinet, another of ebony, a small oasis of carpet in the middle of the bare oak floor.

"This and the parlor you have seen are all the sitting-rooms my aunt occupies," said Captain Carmichael; "the rest of the rooms on this floor are empty, or only used for store-houses. It is a fine old house. I believe the finest in the island."

"Is there a history hanging to it?" asked Vixen, looking drearily round the spacious desolate chamber. "Has it been used as a prison, or a mad-house, or what? I never saw a house that filled me with such nameless horrors."

"You are fanciful," said the captain. "The house has no story except the common history of fallen fortunes. It has been in the Skipwith family ever since it was built. They were Leicestershire people, and came to Jersey after the civil war—came here to be near their prince in his exile—settled here and built Les Tourelles. I believe they expected Charles would do something handsome for them when he came into his own; but he didn't do any thing. Sir John Skipwith stood in the island and became a large land-owner, and died at an advanced age—there is nothing to kill people here, you see—and the Skipwiths have been Jersey people ever since. They were once the richest family in the island. They are now one of the poorest. When I say they, I mean my aunt. She is the last of her race. The Skipwiths have crystallized into one maiden lady, my mother's only sister."

"Then your mother was a Skipwith?" asked Violet.

"Yes."

"And was she born and brought up here?"

"Yes. She never left Jersey till my father married her. He was here with his regiment when they met at the governor's ball. Oh, here is my aunt," said the captain, as a rustling of silk sounded in the empty hall.

Vixen drew herself up stiffly, as if preparing to meet a foe. She had made up her mind to detest Miss Skipwith.

The lady of the manor entered. She shook hands with her nephew, and presented him with a pale and shrivelled cheek, which he respectfully saluted.

She was an elderly and faded person, very tall and painfully thin, but aristocratic to the highest degree. There was the indication of race in her aquiline nose, high narrow brow and neatly cut chin, her tapering hand and small slender foot. She was dressed in black silk, rustier and older than any silk Vixen had ever seen before, not even excepting Mrs. Scobel's black silk dresses, when they had been degraded from their original rank to the scrubbery of early services and daily wear. Her thin gray hair was shaded by a black lace cap, decorated with bugles and black weedy grasses. She wore black mittens and jet jewelry, and was altogether as deeply sable as if she had been in mourning for the whole of the Skipwith race.

She received Miss Tempest with a formal politeness which was not encouraging.

"I hope you will be able to make yourself happy here," she said, "and that you have resources within yourself that will suffice for the employment of your time and thoughts. I receive no company, and I never go out. The class of people who now occupy the island are a class with which I should not care to associate, and which, I dare say, would not appreciate me. I have my own resources, and my life is fully employed. My only complaint is that the days are not long enough. A quiet existence like mine offers vast opportunities for culture and self-improvement. I hope you will take advantage of them, Miss Tempest."

Poor Violet faltered something vaguely civil, looking totally bewildered all the time. Miss Skipwith's speech sounded so like the address of a school-mistress that Vixen began to think she had been trapped unawares into a school, as people are sometimes trapped into a mad-house.

"I don't think Miss Tempest is much given to study," said the captain, graciously, as if he and Violet were on the friendliest terms; "but she is very fond of the country, and I am sure the scenery of Jersey will delight her. By-the-way, she ventured to bring her big dog. He will be a companion and protector for her in her walks. I have asked Doddery to find him a kennel somewhere among your spacious out-buildings."

"He must not come into the house," said Miss Skipwith, grimly; "I couldn't have a dog inside my doors. I have a Persian that has been my attached companion for the last ten years. What would that dear creature's feelings be if he saw himself exposed to the attacks of a savage dog?"

"My dog is not savage to Persians or any one else," cried Vixen, wondering what inauspicious star had led the footsteps of an Oriental wanderer to so dreary a refuge as Les Tourelles.

"You would like to see your bedroom, perhaps?" suggested Miss Skipwith; and on Violet's assenting, she was handed over to Hannah Doddery, the woman who had opened the gate.

Hannah led the way up the broad old staircase, all bare and carpetless, and opened one of the doors in the gallery. The room into which she ushered Violet was large and airy, with windows commanding the fair garden-like island and the wide blue sea. But there was the same bare, poverty-stricken look in this room as in every other part of the manor-house. The bed was a tall, melancholy four-poster, with scantiest draperies of faded drab damask. Save for one little islet of threadbare Brussels beside the bed, the room was carpetless. There was an ancient wainscot wardrobe with brass handles. There was a mean deal dressing-table skimpily draped with muslin, and surmounted by the smallest of looking-glasses. There were a couple of chairs and a three-cornered wash-hand stand. There was neither sofa nor writing-table. There was not an ornament on the high wooden mantel-shelf, or a picture on the panelled walls. Vixen shivered as she surveyed the big barren room.

"I think you will find every thing comfortable," said Mrs. Doddery, with a formal air which seemed to say, "And whether you do or do not matters nothing to me."

"Thank you, yes, I dare say it is all right," Vixen answered, absently, standing at one of the windows, gazing out over the green hills and valleys to the fair summer sea, and wondering whether she would be able to take comfort from the fertile beauty of the island.

"The bed has been well aired," continued Mrs. Doddery, "and I can answer for the cleanliness of every thing."

"Thanks. Will you kindly send one of the maids to help me unpack my portmanteau?"

"I can assist you," Mrs. Doddery answered. "We have no maid-servant. My husband and I are able to do all that Miss Skipwith requires. She is a lady who gives so little trouble."

"Do you mean to say there are no other servants in this great house—no house-maids, no cook?"

"I have cooked for Miss Skipwith for the last thirty years. The house is large, but there are very few rooms in occupation."

"I ought to have brought my maid," cried Vixen. "It will be quite dreadful. I don't want much waiting upon; but still I'm afraid I shall give some trouble until I learn to do every thing for myself. Just as if I were cast on a desert island," she said to herself in conclusion; and then she thought of Helen Rolleston, the petted beauty in Charles Reade's *Foul Play*, cast with her faithful lover on an unknown island of the fair southern sea. But in this island of Jersey there was no faithful lover to give romance and interest to the situation. There was nothing but dull, dreary reality.

"I dare say I shall be able to do all you require without feeling it any extra trouble—unless you are very helpless," said Mrs. Doddery, who was on her knees unstrapping one of the portmanteaus.

"I am not helpless," replied Vixen, "though I dare say I have been waited on much more than was good for me."

And then she knelt down before the other portmanteau, and undid the buckles of the thick leather straps, in which operation she broke more than one of her nails, and wounded her rosy finger-tips.

"Oh dear, what a useless creature I am!" she thought; "and why do people strap portmanteaus so tightly? Never mind; after a month's residence at The Tourelles I shall be a Spartan."

"Would you like me to unpack your trunks for you?" inquired Mrs. Doddery, with an accent which sounded slightly ironical.

"Oh no, thanks; I can get on very well now," answered Vixen, quickly; whereupon the housekeeper opened the drawers and cupboards in the big wainscot wardrobe, and left Miss Tempest to her own devices.

The shelves and drawers were neatly lined with white paper, and strewed with dried lavender. This was luxury which Vixen had not expected. She laid her pretty dresses on the shelves, smiling scornfully as she looked at them. Of what use could pretty dresses be in a desert island? And here were her riding-habit and her collection of whips—useless lumber where there was no hope of a horse. She was obliged to put her books in the wardrobe, as there was no other place for them. Her desk and work-box she was fain to place on the floor, for the small dressing-table would accommodate no more than her dressing-case, devotional books, brushes and combs, pomatum pots, and pin boxes.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "I have a great deal too much property for a desert island. I wonder whether in some odd corner of Les Tourelles I could find such a thing as a spare table?"

When she had finished her unpacking she went down to the hall. Not seeing any one about, and desiring rather to avoid Captain Carmichael and his aunt than to rejoin them, she wandered out of the hall into one of the many passages of the old manor-house, and began a voyage of discovery on her own account.

"If they ask me what I have been doing, I can say I lost myself," she thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The cause of the green color in the oyster, so much prized by European epicures, has received an important elucidation by Gaillard. This color is assumed by oysters which are kept in pits for the purpose of being fattened, and at the same time receiving this tint. The fattening of the oyster is due in large part to a growth of the liver, something like the affection of geese which furnish the livers for patties. As these pits usually contain quantities of a minute green diatom, the gills are strongly tinged with this color. In these specimens, however, the body or main portion of the animal is still of its original whitish-gray.

Dr. Gaillard states that for the purpose of imparting this tint so dear to epicures, and which enhances the price of the oyster very greatly, certain unscrupulous persons are in the habit of immersing the oyster in a solution of sulphate of copper, which is, however, an injurious substance, and one that has in many cases produced serious symptoms of poisoning. Wherever this substance is used, however, the whole oyster is tinged; and furthermore, a polished needle immersed in the juice expressed from the oyster speedily shows a film of metallic copper. The attention of the police in Paris has been called to this obnoxious treatment of the oyster, and they will doubtless take the necessary measures to punish the offenders.

In the death of Professor Popoff, of Kasan, Russia has lost one of her most eminent mathematicians.

Professor Frémy has been placed in charge of the Jardin des Plantes, of Paris, succeeding M. Chevreul, who resigns the position in good health at the age of ninety.

The death of Professor Chuffon, Professor of Zoology in the Paris School of Medicine, is announced as having recently taken place.

It is announced that Captain Sevostaner, who had arranged to prosecute the exploration of Polynesia in company with Dr. O. Finsch, has been detailed to accompany the vessel fitted out for the relief of Professor Nordenskiöld. But the idea of dispatching a vessel from Russia for this purpose has, it is understood, been given up in consequence of the intention of Captain De Long, of the Gordon Bennett steamer *Jeannette*, to proceed as soon as navigation opens through Behring Strait for the purpose of meeting Nordenskiöld and his party.

It is therefore uncertain whether Captain Sevostaner will carry out the original plan of accompanying Dr. Finsch on the Polynesian expedition. Dr. Finsch is expected in New York very shortly, and will proceed, *via* San Francisco, to visit the Marshall and Kingsmill group, the Caroline and other islands, and return *via* Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands.

The subject of safe anæsthetics is one that naturally occupies the attention of physiologists in view of the dangers that attend the most careful use of chloroform and ether. As the result of a series of inquiries recently made by a committee of the British Association, it would appear that dichloride of ethidene has given the most satisfactory results, in producing no appreciable injury upon the respiratory mechanism, and no failure of the action of the heart, as shown by pallor of the countenance or blueness of the lips. From the experiments it would appear that the blood remains in a normal amount in the arterial and capillary systems, and does not tend to engorge the venous system and right side of the heart, as seems to be the case with chloroform.

The experiments were extended to the production of complete anæsthesia and muscular relaxation, and in one case the patient was under the influence for twenty-five minutes. It was shown that a dog will live for a considerable time in a state of complete anæsthesia under the influence of ethidene dichloride, though he would have died in a short time had chloroform been used.

The many friends made by him in this country will regret to hear of the death of Dr. C. E. Appleton, at Luxor, in Egypt, on the 1st of February, at the age of about forty. Dr. Appleton was the founder and editor of *The Academy*, and although himself mainly a student of metaphysical science, fully appreciated the value of physical research, and was always ready to use his editorial position in furthering it. The interest which he had specially at heart was the securing of appropriations on the part of universities and of the state for the endowment of original research.

A Royal Commission has lately been established in England, of which Messrs. Warington Smyth, F. A. Abel, and Professor Tyndall are the most prominent, to inquire and report upon the relations between fluctuations of atmospheric pressure and the issue of fire-damp from mines, and also generally to take cognizance of the subject of fire-damp and other practical questions.

A curious instance of the application of science to the art of war has recently been published by Professor Claude Bernard, an eminent French physiologist. The siege of Paris by the German troops during the recent war seriously affected the food supply, and the proposition to drive in some cattle surreptitiously was opposed in consequence of the fear that the lowing of the animals would attract the attention of the besiegers. Professor Bernard then proposed to suppress their cries by cutting the nerve through which they were enabled to emit them. This was so simple as to be practicable by an ordinary butcher. The experiment was tried, and with success, so far as to prevent the animals from making any noise, but failed for other reasons.

Geographical science has to lament the death of Mr. Leicester Edwards, R.N., Assistant Colonial Secretary of Sierra Leone, from illness contracted during his recent geographical explorations in the interior of Western Africa. His latest work was conducted on the Upper Boom River, and extended to the Kittam and Upper Kittam rivers.

Mr. C. J. Maynard continues the publication of his illustrated quarto upon the birds of Florida and the game birds of Eastern North America. Part VIII., just published, contains figures of several rare species, among them the yellow-billed tropic bird of the Bermudas—a species very interesting from its abundance and its peculiar mode of nesting.

A new encyclopædia of the natural sciences has lately been proposed by Trewendt, of Breslau, to consist of mathematical treatises on the various departments of science, with an index, which will give it the advantage of an alphabetical re-arranged work. This is much on the plan of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. Several botanical monographs have already been published.

Recent investigations appear to prove that at one time the Sea of Azov was in direct communication with the Caspian. Some of the proofs of this are the occurrence of cockle and other marine shells in the sands intermediate between the two seas.

It is said that in a recent series of experiments in Paris by Professor Charcot, a patient was thrown into a state of catalepsy by looking steadily at the electric light. To produce a state of lethargy or somnambulism on one side at the same time, it is said to be sufficient to close the corresponding eye, or to cut off the light with a screen. The two states of catalepsy and lethargy are then co-existent on both sides of the body.

A very singular and unusual meteorological phenomenon has lately presented itself in Switzerland, which will interest such of our readers as are familiar with that country. While the cold has been severe in the lowlands and valleys to the extent of sealing up the waters and covering the ground with ice, the warm south wind prevailing in the upper strata of the atmosphere has melted and carried away the snow in the uplands. It is stated that an English tourist with four guides ascending the great Schreckhorn about the end of January found the thermometer several degrees above the freezing-point on the summit of the mountain. As the result of this condition of things, Lake Geneva is higher than known for forty years.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Judge Lindley, of the St. Louis Circuit Court, like many another good judge, is fond of a quiet joke. A raw German who had been summoned for jury duty desired to be relieved, giving this reason: "Schudge, I can nich good Inglish understan'." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve. You won't have to understand good English; you won't hear any such here."

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates why a hardware dealer was like a boot-maker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the former, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

If ever a man feels like writing Sunday-school hymns, it is when on returning home late he finds the gas out and that the servant-maid with thoughtful carefulness has placed the ash box on the hall stairs.

How good a fellow feels when, after rushing through a side street, upsetting a pea-nut stand, knocking down two small boys, stepping on a dog's tail, and splashing himself all over in a puddle, he finds that the street car he was heading off isn't the one he wants!

A real estate dealer who died recently said that he was afraid he had committed the unpardonable sin. If he could but recall the words, so many times repeated, "Within five minutes' walk of the dépôt," he might die happy.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined silk cloak to walk along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than mere border.

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

Before marriage a man is generally greeted by his sweetheart with, "My darling, is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "Hugh Henry, wipe your boots!"

The active manufacturer of dentists' tools is the only man who can do such things at once.

The freedom of Berlin having been presented to a Prussian officer in a gold snuff-box, a French writer said there was ample room in the snuff-box for all the freedom there was in Berlin.

"Is this Wednesday or not?" said the young clerk. "Wednesday, sir," said his figurative companion; "there's no such day as 'not.'" Sensation. Young man wonderingly examining phrenological bumps of fellow-clerk.

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and then asked: "What do you think of it? How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

The Horse led to Water.—The clergyman who thus described an every-day horse transaction was on his high horse of rhetorical sublimity: "You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which babbles down the hill-side to the summer sea, but you can not coerce him to stoop and slake his thirst in the silvery stream if he be not willing to accept your proffered kindness."

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HATCHING.

How much longer will birds of prey be allowed to gorge themselves on the savings of the self-denying and industrious—and escape the consequences?

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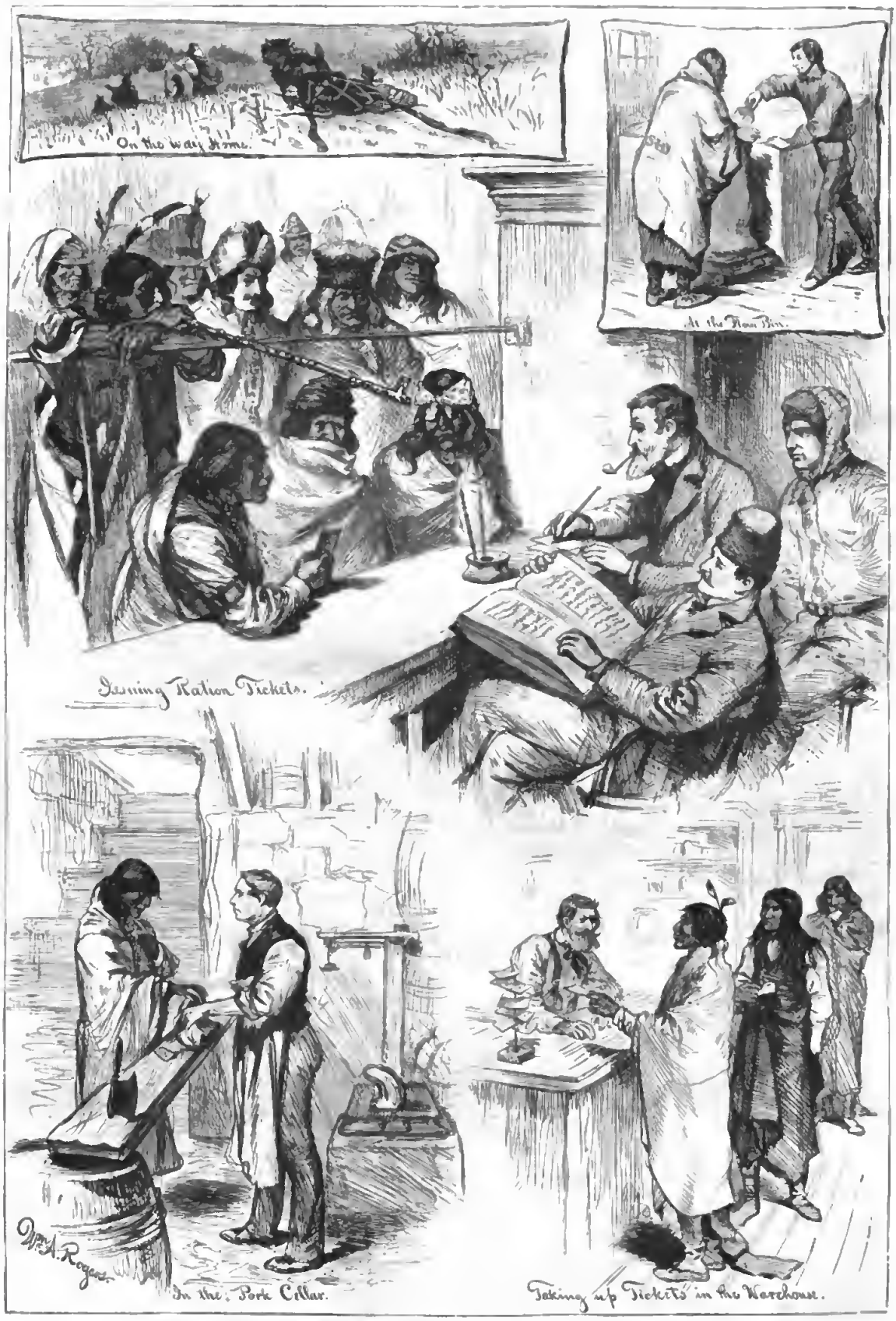

ISSUING RATIONS AT THE SISSETON INDIAN AGENCY, DAKOTA.—From Sketches by W. P. Hooper.—[See Page 274.]

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SKETCHES AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

On page 273 our readers will find an interesting series of sketches made at the Sisseton Agency, Dakota, representing the method of drawing rations. Each Indian at the agency receives a ticket signed by the agent, on which is marked the number of his family. Armed with this ticket, and provided with large sacks, he passes into the store-room, where he obtains the requisite amount of supplies—flour, sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, salt, etc. A check from the store-keeper passes him into the cellar of the building, where he receives rations of pork. On the way home, after bagging their supplies, the noble Indian takes his ease on horseback, leaving his patient squaw to lug the provisions on her shoulders, or to share the burden with the much-abused dog.

At most Indian agencies rations are issued weekly, but at Sisseton, where many of the Indians are engaged in farming, they are given out once a month only. Several Indians have each raised over three hundred bushels of wheat without the aid of white labor, and one gathered in last year a harvest of over five hundred bushels. This shows what the Indians are capable of doing under favorable conditions. At the Sisseton Agency one-third only of the supplies necessary for their support comes from the government. They obtain the remainder from their farms and by hunting and fishing.

WHITEFIELD'S COURTSHIP.

The celebrated George Whitefield began his courtship in a singular fashion. His biographer pronounces him one of the oddest wooers that ever wooed. When Whitefield was in America, and had under his charge the Orphan House in Savannah, "it was much impressed on his heart that he ought to marry in order to have a helpmate to his arduous work." He had, also, fixed his mind on the young lady whom he intended to ask to become his wife. So he addressed a letter to her parents, and inclosed another to herself. In his letter to the parents he stated that he wanted a wife to help him in the management of his increasing family, and then said: "This letter comes like Abraham's servant to Rebekah's relations, to know whether your daughter, Miss E——, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking, and if so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage to her. You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal; for I bless God, if I know any thing of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." He wrote in a similar strain to the young lady, asking her, among many other questions, if she could leave her home and trust in Him for support who feeds the young ravens, and bear the inclemencies of air both as to heat and cold in a foreign climate; whether, having a husband, she could be as though she had none. He also told her that he thought the passionate expressions which ordinary courtiers use ought to be avoided by those who would marry in the Lord; and that if she thought marriage would in any way be prejudicial to her better part, she was to be so kind as to send him a denial; that she need not be afraid to speak her mind, as he loved her only for God.

The letters were not so successful as Abraham's servant. The parents were not very anxious to send their daughter on such an adventure, and Whitefield continued for a longer space in his bachelor condition. Some time after, he essayed another courtship, with a widow in Wales, after the same style. The mode in which Rebekah was chosen for Isaac seems to have been Whitefield's ideal of obtaining a wife. The week after he was married he went on one of his evangelistic tours, and left his newly wedded wife to muse alone amid the Welsh hills in the second quarter of their honey-moon.

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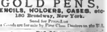

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THE ZULU WAR—ROURKE'S DRIFT, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE RECENT CONFLICT.—FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR NORTH CHARLES, NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT, ASSISTANT MILITARY SECRETARY.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

On a readers will remember that in previous articles relating to the war between the English and the Zulus, frequent reference was made to the ultimatum document setting forth certain conditions by complying with which Cetywayo might be relieved of all fear of attack on the part of his white neighbors. Although the Zulu king was given until the 11th of January to forward his decision to the English authorities, his intentions became apparent long before that time. About twelve days after receiving the ultimatum Cetywayo declared, in the presence of Mr Joers Dewa, "I am going to fight. I will cut up every English soldier as a bit of meat, and when they are all finished, my appetite will be keener than it was at the beginning." This Mr Dewa is a gentleman of Scotch parentage, born at Port Elizabeth, and who, having for some time lived in Zululand, has grown into a sort of Zulu chief. He decided that he and his tribe would be neutral, and he crossed into Natal and sought an interview with General Lord CHELMSFORD to inform him accordingly. The English commander replied to Mr Dewa that he must choose his own line of conduct, but added: "It is only right that I should tell you that when war has once begun, I shall treat every man I meet in the Zulu country as an enemy." In the last days of 1878 Mr Dewa, with his whole tribe, estimated at 2500 men, women, and children with about 7000 head of cattle, crossed the Tugela, the men being disarmed as they landed on the Natal bank of the river.

At this time Lord CHELMSFORD's little army in the field numbered about 4600 Europeans and 7000 natives. The raising of native levies was an important step for the government to take, but it was felt that the time was a critical one for the colonies, and every means should be employed for increasing their military strength. The Natal Zulus were also known to be loyal. Captain GRANVILLE, an English officer, accompanied by Mr J. SHEPSTONE, Secretary for Native Affairs, made a most successful tour through the Mapiri district, receiving promises from the different head men of a force of 4000 men when required. Colonel LAW, of the Royal Artillery, also undertook to raise a levy among the Basutos. It was hoped that the Swazis—a warlike people, and inveterate enemies of the Zulus—would ally themselves with the English, but these prudent warriors replied: "We believe in the military power of the Zulus; power to us is that that of the English is superior, and we fight for [illegible]. Should we join you and be defeated, the Zulus will eat us up." These Swazis could muster at least 14,000 men, and could put 6000 in the field after providing for the defense of their country during the absence of that number. They possess at least 5000 fire arms, chiefly Enfields, Snaders, and muskets, but are not well provided with ammunition. They are very fair shots, better than the Zulus, owing to their inhabiting a better game country.

In the reasoning of the Swazis is conveyed the feeling of a number of the tribes, who apparently have no objection to British rule, but do not feel sufficient confidence in it to brave the wrath of the powerful Cetywayo. Excellent use is made, however, of such of the Zulus as are willing to attach themselves to the English army. Besides the native regiments, each company of the line has attached to it six Zulus and a headman, who in camp were useful as "hewers of

wood and drawers of water." On the troops taking the field they are employed as guides and messengers, at the same time they fight with their companions who never the latter are engaged in action. In some cases they are supplied with fire-arms, but as a general rule their only weapon is the assegai. Though these men are not expected to take any part in the drills, they are mustered and inspected every morning. Their appearance as they stand beside the English troops is described as remarkably grotesque. One critic says: "Government supplies them with a blanket, but they all manage to become the happy possessors of a soldier's tunic, in many cases cast off uniforms, which seem to find their way in large numbers to this colony. This and a leather girdle round the loins constitute their dress, each man wearing a badge on his arm denoting his number and the company to which he belongs. In the event of a war they will be required to doff their fancy garments and fight in their natural state, which consists of a very limited wardrobe. They are very shy on parade, and it is a common occurrence to see two standing hand in hand in the ranks, the holder of the two endeavoring to re-assure his timid brother who looks inclined to bolt on the first appearance of the inspecting officer."

By the first week in January, in anticipation of CETYWAYO's refusal to comply with the terms of the ultimatum, the troops under Lord CHELMSFORD were divided into four columns, and organized and stationed as follows:

The right, under Colonel C. A. PEARSON, late of the Buffs, was concentrated at Fort Williamson, near the mouth of the Tugela River. It numbered about 3500 men, and besides native levies and volunteers, comprised the Second Battalion of the Third Buffs, the Sixty-ninth Foot, a half battery Royal Artillery, and the Naval Brigade from H. M. S. Active.

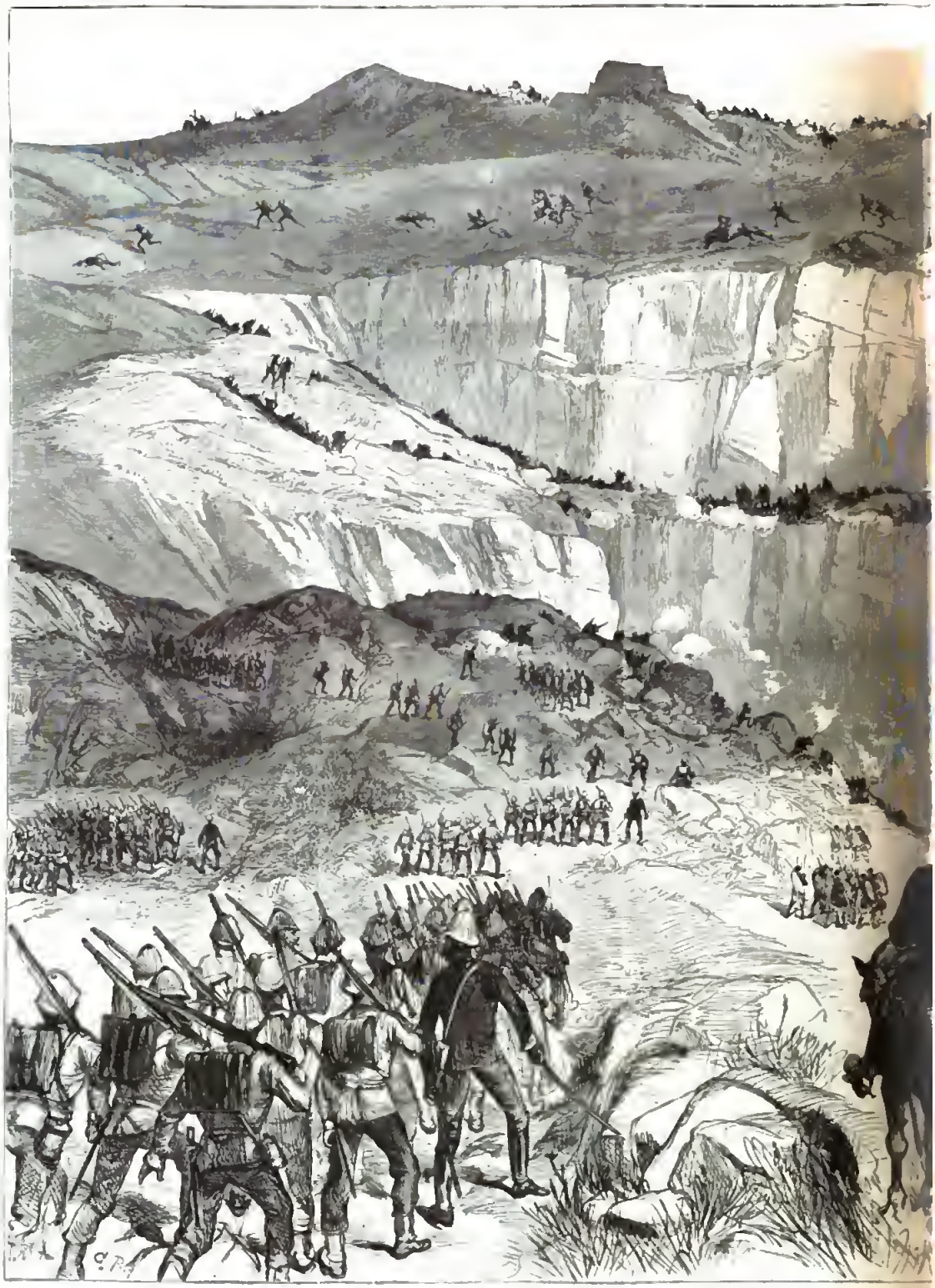
The right centre column, under Colonel A. W. DURNFORD, R.E., consisted of 250 English volunteers, two guns Royal Artillery, some rocket tubes, and the First Native Regiment—3000 in all.

The left centre column, under Colonel GLYN, C.B., of the Twenty-fourth Foot, numbered about 4000 men; with it were both battalions of that ill-fated corps the Twenty-fourth Foot, N Battery, Fifth Brigade, Royal Artillery, and the Second Native Infantry Regiment.

The northern column, under Colonel EVELYN WOOD, V.C., C.B., comprised the First Battalion of the Thirteenth Somersetshire Light Infantry and the Ninetieth Perthshire Light Infantry, TRAILL'S Battery of Royal Artillery, Eleventh Battery, Seventh Brigade; RUSSELL'S and BUTLER'S Frontier Light Horse, and about 1000 native allies.

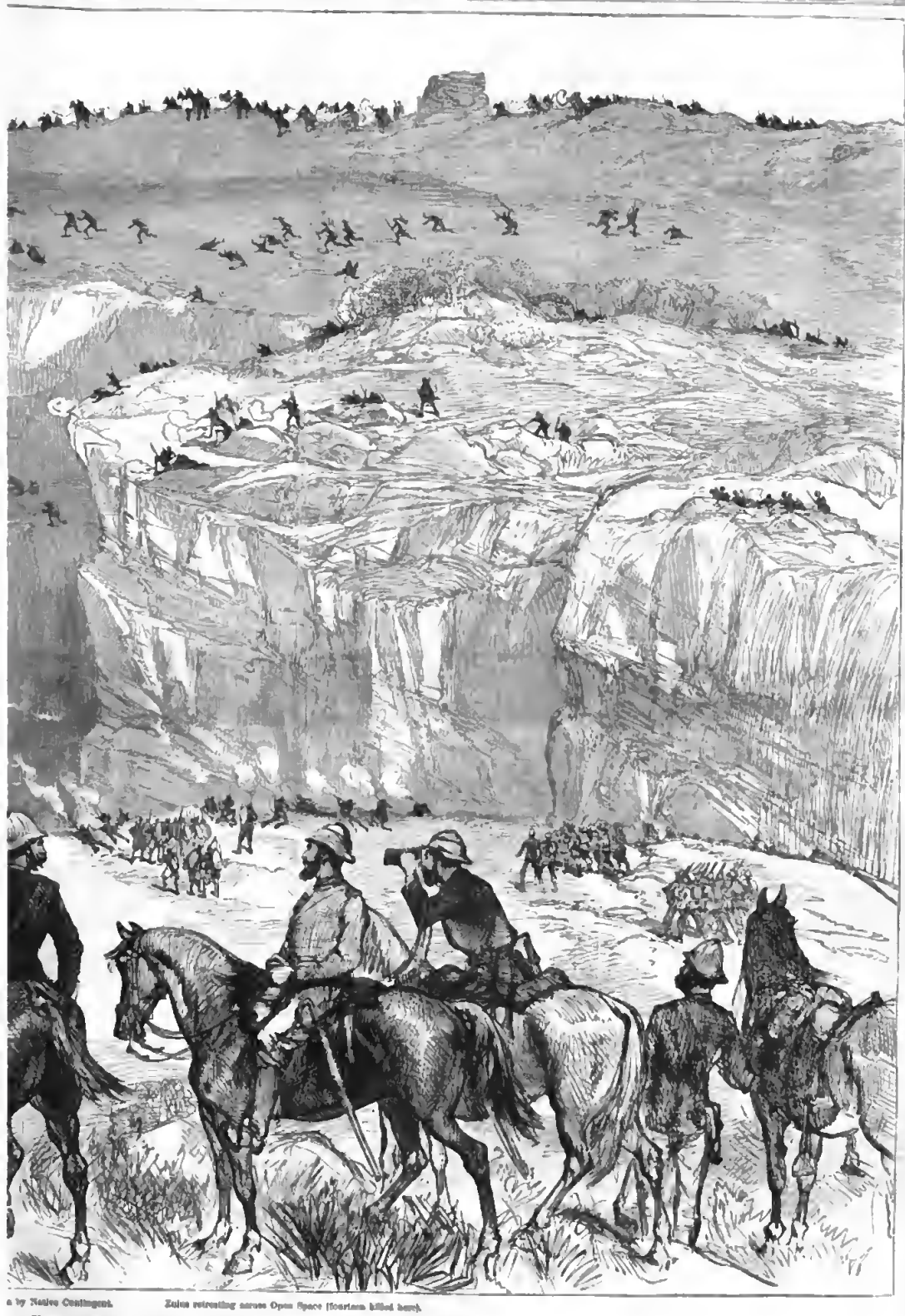
The time mentioned in the ultimatum expired at twelve o'clock noon on January 11, and at daybreak the next day the advance commenced, the four columns moving forward simultaneously. The objective points of the English troops were the king's kraal at Undini and Rourke's Drift, the head-quarters of SIRAYO, a brother of CETYWAYO. Soon after leaving camp the English learned that 8000 of the enemy were assembled on the north side of the Tugela River. Of these, SIRAYO, with 5000 men under his command, was watching the country opposite Rourke's Drift. It had been decided that Lord CHELMSFORD with Colonel GLYN's troops should advance against this force. Owing to the large extent of front over which it was necessary that the military operations should spread, it was difficult to arrange any plan for communications between the different columns; but every effort was made to enable Colonels WOOD and GLYN to co-operate should circumstances require it.

It was through the combined effort of these two able officers that the victory illustrated in our engraving was obtained. Unfortunately we have not yet received the details of Colonel GLYN's advance, but communications have arrived from Colonel WOOD's column that enable us to trace the course of the day's events. The capture of SIRAYO's stronghold partaken rather of the nature of a grand scare than of that of a battle, but the rout of the large army of Zulus gathered at this point was an excellent piece of work for the English. Hearing that Colonel GLYN's crossing of the Buffalo River at Rourke's Drift was likely to be opposed by SIRAYO and 5000 men, Colonel WOOD determined to make a forced march in that direction in order to operate against the flank or rear of the enemy. This idea received the approval of Lord CHELMSFORD, who desired Colonel WOOD to be at a certain point on the morning of the 11th. A sufficient force was left to protect the supplies, and the remainder of the troops paraded in the lightest possible order, the commissariat carrying rations for five days. The force left camp at 2 P.M. on the 10th and marched until 6 P.M. that evening. A halt was ordered until 2 A.M. the following morning, a beautiful moonlight night enabling them to continue the advance. At this point a certain portion of the column was detached in order to co-operate with the mounted men of Colonel GLYN's force, with which Lord CHELMSFORD would advance from Rourke's Drift. The main body under Lieutenant-Colonel GRANT was ordered to follow and halt in a assigned position. By eight o'clock on the morning of the 11th Colonel WOOD with the first-named force had arrived within nine miles of Rourke's Drift, and his men were ha[illegible] faces when Lord CHELMS[illegible] staff, a detachment of Nat[illegible] ed infantry. In eighteen [illegible] ty-seven miles had been [illegible] a country without roads, [illegible] means of communication. [illegible] tead to mark the road [illegible] the advance was occasion[illegible] "donga," or ravine, to



Mounted British Troops on Horses. Companies of Twenty-fourth Regiment supporting the A[illegible]

THE ZULU WAR—CAPTURE OF SIRAYO'S STRONGHOLD, JANUAR[illegible]



a by Native Contingent. Zulus retreating across Open Space (fourteen killed here).

2.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. F. MARSHALL, OF THE CAPE CIVIL SERVICE.

oking their breakfast arrived with his ...en, and 140 mounted ... a march of twenty-...plished, and over ...a, or any ordinary ... even a track ex-... the "Veldt," and ...ded by continual ...s which involved much labor and loss of time. On one occasion a wagon containing 18,000 rounds of ammunition was overturned and hopelessly disabled.

The experiences of the English, who were prepared for a fierce conflict with 5000 Zulus, are calculated to cause a smile. The savages had evidently heard of their approach, and had taken themselves to safer quarters. After two hours' consultation with Lord CHELMSFORD, Colonel WOOD ordered a return march, rejoining his main body within about eight miles, and marching until evening. It subsequently transpired that Colonel GLYN had had an engagement with a party of Zulus, who lost ten killed, three wounded, and nine prisoners, the British loss being two killed and twelve wounded. Colonel DUNCOMBE and Colonel RUSSELL attacked SIRAYO's kraal, killing sixteen Zulus and wounding sixty others, without themselves sustaining any loss. Subsequently the Boers called out for burgher duty against SIRAYO found the kraal burned and deserted. One of SIRAYO's sons was killed. Lord CHELMSFORD also had a small experience of the fighting. After parting with Colonel WOOD he encountered a party of Zulus, and in the action that followed thirty of the enemy fell, with a loss of two white men and four natives on the English side.

The really important feature of this, the opening day of the great campaign in Zululand, was the number of cattle raids successfully executed. On the morning of the 12th a party of horse started on a patrol and captured before sunset upward of 1000 cattle. Some of the mounted native troops who accompanied this party were fired upon, but without casualties. The same day Captain BARTON was ordered to proceed twenty miles in another direction, and disarm an unfriendly chief and capture his cattle. This was most effectually accomplished, but not without resistance on the part of the enemy, who lost seven men. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for our information regarding this part of the day's proceedings naively states: "Every thing was done by Captain BARTON to carry out his orders without firing a shot, and it was not until a Zulu deliberately knelt down and was aiming his gun at Captain BARTON that this man was shot dead by one of the Boer contingent who accompanied the expedition. The cattle captured amounted to 840, which, together with those already in our possession, makes a grand total of over 6000."

Lest our readers should think that the stealing of cattle was not an important feature of warfare in Zululand, and that the English warriors are not worthy of all praise for their achievements on the glorious 12th, we quote again from the same writer. "To those unacquainted with savage warfare the above operations may represent a continual system of cattle lifting. But the strength, social position, and general status of the Caffre are estimated by his herds. His cattle represent property, wives, power. To seize them is not only to deprive him of his powers of sustenance, for to slaughter an animal is a very rare occurrence, but to destroy his wealth, his position, and to lower him in the eyes of his tribe. Hence it would be nothing short of negligence on the part of a general to lose the first opportunity of securing the enemy's stock." Altogether, between the number of Zulus that fled over the hills of Zululand, and the number of cattle that stood their ground to fall into the hands of the English, the capture of SIRAYO's stronghold will not be without importance in the history of the present war.

The correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who is with Mr MARSHALL, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, and who was an eye-witness of the scene he depicts, gives the following reason for the campaign having been opened by an attack upon SIRAYO rather than upon the Zulu king himself.

"The capture of SIRAYO's kraal, on the 12th, was not severely contested in fighting. But it was considered significant, at the outset of the war, because one of the immediate complaints against the Zulu king was that two women, the unfaithful and fugitive wives of SIRAYO, who is CETYWAYO's brother, had been pursued over the frontier into British territory, and had been carried back into Zululand to be put to death. Lord CHELMSFORD therefore thought it desirable to punish the family and clan of SIRAYO at once by capturing their cattle. Accordingly Colonel GLYN directed three companies 1-24th Regiment and the 1-3d Regiment Natal Native Contingent to advance and capture the cattle, while Lieutenant-Colonel RUSSELL, Twelfth Lancers, in command of the mounted portion of the force, was directed to continue along the wagon track to the high ground above. By half past eight in the morning the precipitous sides of the Ngutu Mountain were occupied by the infantry, when fire was opened upon them by the Zulus, who were occupying very strong positions in the caves and rocks above. A fight ensued, which lasted about half an hour. The mountain-side was cleared, the cattle and horses were captured, the Zulus left behind to defend the cattle made, however, a stubborn resistance, and ten dead bodies were counted in the rocks, and nine prisoners taken, three of whom were wounded. This probably does not represent their total loss. One man severely wounded was found next day. In the mean time, before the mounted men had quite reached the higher terrace of the mountain, they were fired upon by a

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force of Zulus concealed by rocks. These were attacked and dispersed with the loss of sixteen killed, among whom, it is said, was a son of Sirayo, Umlumbi-ka-Zulu. It is stated by a prisoner that another of the chief's sons was also killed on this occasion."

CUPID'S DAY.

I call it dawn, when, one dark curl beneath,
The perfect curves of Clara's cheek beneath
Its new-born rose
Gleams then the least glimpse of her snowy chin;
And then dark sweep of eyelash lit within;
I call it dawn.

'Tis morning when the brilliant, nearing term
Brings to my gaze, where waking raptures burn
Her clear full face.
She smiles—'tis dazzling noon! Such fortune fall,
I need a turban or a cloud's swift pall,
To shade the grace.

I shield my head with her small ardent hands;
My heart I can not shield. At zenith stands
Love's fine fierce light.
O dangerous eyes! O dream-swept afternoon!—
She turns—on shoulders white the black curls swoon.
Then falls my night.

TODDLES.

I felt like a lady that morning. I was a lady, I thought, after all; quite as much so as Mrs. Jones, who lived in the great cupola house on the hill. Quite as much of a lady, I said to myself, briskly, as I dusted up my little shop, and arranged the silvery ribbons and gay striped goods in the window. The window was hung with pretty lace curtains, and there was a globe of gold-fish in it that sailed about as courteously and busily as though they were getting their living as head clerks.

It was a sweet soft autumn morning; the village street was grassy and quiet, and I hummed a tune as I glanced cheerily out at little Toddles, flitting about in her scarlet ribbons under the old willow outside. Bless her little rosy face! why shouldn't I be happy when I've her to look after?

I was happy, and I hummed again that old snatch of a tune, and nodded gayly to Toddles, wondering vaguely to myself what was going to happen that I felt so unusually bright. Nothing—simply nothing; things were done happening me long since. My way was straight and narrow, my days quiet and uneventful.

As I sipped my coffee that morning I remember that I held the cup up to the light, and felt a certain sense of satisfaction in the translucence of the rare bit of china. It is pleasant to know that one's own exertion may keep one aloof from the ugliness and squalor of poverty.

It doesn't take much to keep one person, of course, and I don't count Toddles for any thing. It needs but the odds and ends of things—a bowl of bread and milk, a cup of coffee, with now and then a lively bit of ribbon—to keep the little one going famously.

Yes, I always wanted to be a lady. And as I sat in my bright little room I half felt inclined to forgive Richard Gray the heart-break he gave me long ago. And, O God! it was a heart-break. But if he had married me, perhaps he would have shut me up in some gloomy city house, to be a lady after his fashion, to stifle for want of a bit of fresh air, to walk softly under a thousand petty conventionalities, and to cease being my own mistress. Ah! that I never could endure. So it is, perhaps, as well that Richard left me and went off somewhere—God knows where.

You see, I like it—my little shop. There's something so delightful in seeing the pretty girls of the village, with now and then a fine lady, hanging over my dainty wares, and trying the tints of cardinal and blue and orange with many a laugh and many a glance in the mirror. I call it my reception when they pour in of a holiday afternoon. I love colors, I love grace and beauty; and perhaps I might have been a bit of an artist, in my way, if I'd ever had the opportunity. Richard used to say so. But ah! he said many a flattering thing and many a false in those old days. And if I ever dreamed of any higher life than contents me now—well, I've given up dreaming.

For there's Toddles, so round and saint and soft and real. She leaves me little time for building air-castles.

You see, I love the child as if she were my very own. For she came to me one day, about four years ago, a wee little baby thing, curled up in a heap on my door-step when I went to open the shutters. Wherever she came from I never knew. Toddles never explained; she just stretched up her little fat arms to me and gurgled "Tod-od-dubble," and that was her sole introduction.

It was rumored that the child had been dropped by some travelling circus passing through the town, and I had excellent neighborly advice about putting the treasure in the foundling hospital. But one seldom takes good advice, and I didn't.

To tell the truth, I grew so attached to the child that I should even have been wicked enough, I fear, to regret any one's turning up to claim it. But that's not at all likely now, after so many years—no, not at all likely: no more likely than that Richard and I should ever meet again in this world. And *that*—that is among the things that never can happen.

It was on this wise, our parting:

Richard's mother was old and feeble and miserly. She'd spent a good deal of money on him—sent him to college, and expected, folks said, to "make something of him." She always expected to get her money's worth out of her transactions. Richard held her in a sort of awe, somehow, though she was a little wizened old woman that he could have lifted with his left hand. But I liked him for respecting his mother.

One day we two were sitting in twilight talking of the future dreamily, as was our wont.

"My little one," said Richard, putting his arm about me, "it half seems too bright to ever be."

"*Ever* be!" I echoed. "Oh, Richard, if you talk that way, it will never be."

Richard smiled, but his face grew overcast. I felt that a storm was coming.

"Well?" I queried, seeing that he sat brooding and silent.

"Darling," he said, soothingly, "I know it would come hardly to you; but how can I go against my mother? Her poor old heart is bound up in me, Jeanette, and she will never hear to—to any thing that—"

"That seems to lower you," I added, in a steely voice that seemed to cut its way out of my heart like a keen cold knife.

"Oh, I am a coward—a poltroon!" cried Richard, wringing his hands. "I was born to bring trouble on those I love. Who, who shall I leave to suffer for me now, Jeanette?"

"The one who will care least about it," I answered, harshly. My heart was throbbing heavily, like a clock that ticks the hour of execution, but I made no outcry, and we parted in that final parting silently. And I have lived silently ever since.

One year after that I heard that Richard's mother was dead, and then that he had married; who, I knew not—who, I cared not. He had married another woman while my last words were yet ringing in his ears—right there, before the face of the living Heaven, married another woman, and swore to love and cherish her, as he had often vowed to love and cherish me!

But I did not seem to feel this blow as I had felt our parting. I just flung him out of my heart there and then, and my love and my silence vanished. I looked into the face of my misery with a smile, and I took this little shop in the village, and worked early and late, and made it thrive. Then, two years later, came my little Toddles to me, sitting like a lily on my door-step, as if some angel of peace had dropped her there. I have named her Theresa, but Toddles has always been her own pet name for herself, and I like it because it is hers.

The child has brought me peace. And I feel no vengeance against any one now. Nor do I rejoice that Richard's wife is said to have turned out ill, and spent the wealth she brought him.

But I had forgotten the shop in all this reverie and reminiscence.

There was a sharp twang of the little bell, and I heard a heavy step in the doorway. I set down my coffee-cup hastily, and hurried in to confront a great muscular fellow with a big beard and a slouched hat, whose presence seemed fairly to wipe out the little shop.

This was a rather different type from my usual customers, and I was a little shy of him. He hesitated, and seemed bewildered when I spoke to him—men never do get used to shopping—and it was some time before I quite made out what he wanted. It was some sort of woolen goods—a scarf or a kerchief, I think. These were not very salable stock just now, and I had put the box containing them out of sight somewhere. While I rummaged about, the stranger stood in the doorway, watching me in a way I did not like: perhaps he wanted to steal something. He looked needy enough and shabby enough.

"Oh, here they are at last," said I, eagerly, handing down the package from a high and dusty shelf.

The man did not seem to hear me. He was looking at Toddles, darting about like a butterfly outside.

"Whose child is that?" said he, abruptly.

It was an impudent question, and I felt my blood flush up hotly for a moment. But I reflected that this man looked wayworn and weary; perhaps he had come a long journey, and left a little child like this at home.

"It is my child," I said, pleasantly.

"Yours?" he repeated.

"Or at least," said I, "if not mine, it was left with me to be cared for."

"Left with you," echoed the stranger. "Ay, so I have heard. Left with you by the wretched man, the outcast, the degraded, who knew none else on whom to thrust his burden when his tinselled wife fell from the tight-rope, and died there, grovelling in the sawdust—knew none other of whom to seek charity than the woman who had loved him."

I listened to him stupefied with opium. What did this man know or guess concerning me and mine? What object had he in view in lingering about the shop? But I said, coolly, "That is a story that needs to be proved."

The stranger stooped and looked keenly at me. "Verily," said he, with a low, sardonic laugh, "he has reaped his reward, it seems: he is both dead and forgotten."

I began to feel afraid of this man, who seemed bent upon insulting or alarming me.

I pointed sternly to the door. "Sir," said I, "if you are satisfied with the goods, I beg you will take them away. I have other things to attend to."

For a moment after the great hulking figure disappeared through the doorway of my little shop I covered my face with my hands, and all the past of my life rushed bitterly over me. I had not outlived it yet, after all.

Suddenly I remembered Toddles, and hastened to the door to look after her. My customer had disappeared; the huge willow trunk hid the road from view, but I felt relieved, for there was my little one swinging back and forth with the long pendants of the willow. Only one instant I saw her in the sunlight—one instant. There came a rushing, tearing, and tramping, a terrible sound in the air, and a great bull, tossing his horns furiously, and with eyes glaring madly before him, came snorting and bellowing up the street. The great willow was in his course, and, O God! my little Toddles!

Then I know not whether I fainted or whether I screamed for help. I saw a tall figure leap out from somewhere in the very pathway of the mad animal, and the next moment Toddles, half laughing, half crying, was nestling in my arms.

The man whom I had sent from my door a few minutes since stood looking on us yearningly—the man who had snatched my darling from its terrible peril.

"Both dead and forgotten," he said. "Oh, Jeanette! Jeanette! do you not know me?"

The rainbow ribbons in the little shop-window spun dizzily round, and all things grew dim before my eyes. For I knew that Richard Gray was come back to me. Poor and degraded and deserted, perhaps, he had come back to me.

He lifted his hat, and, stooping, kissed the little one, who did not resist him.

"I brought you my motherless little one years agone. A beggar and a sinner though I was, I dared to pray your charity to my child, whom its mother, flying from her home, would have left to perish among the gewgaws and clowns in whose company she died. Yes, verily, my punishment has been bitter. And shall I leave you now, Jeanette, you and my child, and depart forever, hateful in your eyes for all years to come—hateful when not forgotten?"

But something filled my heart just then, like the rush of a mighty river. I looked back at my quiet life, my bright little shop, the years of silence and of sorrow. I felt Toddles's warm heart beating against mine. He had saved her. And I looked at Richard Gray, and put my hand in his.

Since then I have tried what it is to be a lady in the far West—a lady in a log-cabin, without china, or carpet, or much ribbons, and Richard says I have succeeded.

SOME POPULAR CURES.

Every one has probably heard that a certain cure for a sty on the eye is to rub it with a wedding ring, care being taken to rub all one way, but all may not know that an equally good remedy is to stroke the part with a tomcat's tail. The ring specific is not a new notion, as reference is made to it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lovers*:

I have a sty here, Chilax.
Chil. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny.

In Northamptonshire, England, the tail remedy is applied with a difference. The usual form of applying the charm is for the sufferer, on the first night of the new moon, to procure the tail of a black cat, and after pulling from it one hair, rub the tip nine times over the pustule. If any one doubt the remedy, let him try it. Another "good thing" for bad eyes and other ailments is rain-water caught on Holy-Thursday. It will keep sweet for a long time if corked up in a clean bottle. This superstition is probably an Irish one, though the writer has met with it in the Staffordshire Potteries.

To take a hair from the dog that bit you is a proverbial cure, and is as commonly credited a superstition in China as here; and yet who would have thought that within a year or two past, in a town like Oldham, a woman could be found to summon the owner of a dog because he would not give her some of its hair to insure her against any evil consequences accruing from the bite it had given her? And yet such was the case. Not so widely known, probably, but not the less effectual, is the popular talisman for children during the period of teething. Pluck a few hairs from the dark cross on the back of a donkey, sew them up in a black silk bag, and hang it round a child's neck when teething, and the child will be proof against fits or convulsions. This cure is well known in the north and west of England. One that may very well compare with it for stupidity is said to be popularly believed in in Gloucestershire. For the reduction of a wen, or "thick neck," in women, an ornamental necklace is made of hair taken from a horse's tail; some say it must be taken from the tail of a gray stallion. Within a few years the "dead stroke" has also been resorted to in the midland counties for the cure of wens. A rustic remedy for enlarged throat is to take a snake and coil it round the neck of the sufferer nine times, then put the snake into a bottle, cork it up, and bury it; as it decays, the enlargement will gradually disappear.

Touching for the king's-evil has long since gone out of date; but not by any means because people have become too enlightened to put faith in such a superstition, for a still grosser superstition is yet believed in as regards the cure of the king's-evil. That the toad,

"though ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,"

is a faith still strong in the bucolic mind, and it consequently holds a prominent place in the rustic pharmacopœia. Its limbs are a cure for the king's-evil. They should be put into a bag and tied about the patient's neck. For quinsy get a live toad, fasten a string around its throat, and hang it up till the body drop from the head; then tie the string round your own neck, and never take it off, night or day, till your fiftieth birthday, and you will never have quinsy again! In Northamptonshire, and probably other midland counties, the toad is likewise employed as a charm to prevent bleeding at the nose. The reptile is killed by transfixing it with some sharp-pointed instrument; afterward it is placed in a little bag and hung round the neck. The same charm is also used in cases of fever.

The spider, also, is still a popular cure. Put into a box, and allowed to pine away, it is a remedy for the ague. The spider, by-the-way, plays a very diverse *rôle* in folk-lore. In France and Belgium there is a superstition that it has a *penchant* for the brains of infants, and that, if not watched, it will suck them. It is also imagined that one crossing the forehead in the night causes headache. One caught and buried is a cure for it. According to other folk-tales, it is highly detrimental to destroy one. In Kent the popular saying is:

"If you wish to live and thrive,
Let a spider run alive;"

and in Surrey there is a dread of killing them. To return to the remedies for the ague, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* gives a charm which came under his own notice. It was to tie a bunch of common groundsel on the bare bosom. Certain incantations accompany the application. In Cambridgeshire a ring of tar around the body is regarded as a cure for the ague. Another popular remedy for the same disease, believed in by the credulous of the same parts, is the wearing of a skein of silk round the part affected.

Some popular cures are rather difficult of performance. A lady in the Potteries informed the writer that to swallow a live mouse was a "sure cure" for consumption, and assured him that she had known a person resort to the remedy. If this were true, it would outdo the feat told by the teetotalers of the man who was treated to a tankard of ale with a dead mouse in it, and who drank it off at a draught, mouse and all, merely remarking that he thought there was a lot of hop in it. In some parts of the country it is whooping-cough that the swallowing of a mouse is good for.

The popular cures for warts and other like excrescences are very numerous, and vary in almost every county. One mode of charming them away is to take an elder shoot and rub it on the part; then cut as many notches on the twig as you have warts, bury it in a place where it will soon decay; and as it rots away, the warts will disappear. This is a southern charm. In Yorkshire, and throughout the north generally, the cure for warts is to take a black snail and rub the excrescences with it, then impale it on a thorn, and leave it to perish. As it dries up and disappears, the warts will vanish. According to another form of the charm, the warts must be rubbed with a fresh snail for nine successive nights. Still another wart charm is to take the shell of a broad bean, and rub the affected part with the inside thereof; bury the shell, and tell no one about it; and as it withers away, so will the warts.

Charms are still worn. The "lucky bone," for instance, is calculated to protect against all sorts of adverse influences. It is a bone taken from the head of a sheep; and its form, which is that of the T cross, may, perhaps, have had something to do with the talismanic virtue with which it is indued. This form of the sacred symbol is frequently found on Druidical monuments. In Northamptonshire, and also in Yorkshire, the fore-foot of a hare, worn constantly in the pocket, is considered a fine charm against the "rheumatis." Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, mentions the bone of a hare's foot, which, he says, "mitigateth the cramp." Another charm for rheumatism, which, however, the writer has only met with in one part, that is, in Birmingham, is a potato. So long as it is carried in the pocket, the bearer will never suffer from that malady. Probatum est! is the conclusive dictum of two old ladies. One of the same dames communicated the following spell to prevent a thorn from festering, which, she said, she had been taught as a child.

"Our Saviour was of a virgin born,
His head was crowned with a crown of thorn;
It never canker'd nor fester'd at all,
And I hope in Christ this never shall."

Similar rhymes may still occasionally be heard in country parts; but they seem generally to be giving place to more dismal superstitions. It would take too much space in this article to go into the question of written talismans for the causing or cure of love, for healing diseases, and for procuring luck; but the reader may take it for granted that there are plenty of professors of this art ready to impose on the credulous, and still greater numbers ever ready to be duped by them.

WAIFS.

Handel could not bear the preliminary "tuning up" of the orchestra, and generally insisted that the band should get in tune before coming into the orchestra. On one occasion a wag, knowing Handel's taste, let down every peg and altered every crook, so that not a single instrument was in tune. The composer came into the orchestra, the audience applauded, the musicians took their instruments, and at the conductor's signal the overture began. But there arose a sound, compared with which the most diabolical chords in Wagner's latest operas were soothing and heavenly. Handel stepped down from his desk, and nearly smashed a drum, besides losing his wig in his agitation. It was lucky for the practical joker that he was not caught by the composer of the *Messiah*.

When Macready was playing Macbeth upon one occasion, one of the company, at the last minute, was sent on for the First Murderer. When the great actor came to the line, "There's blood upon thy face," the poor fellow replied: "Is there? I'm very sorry, Sir. Some one's been having a lark with me, then."

Ronconi, the famous barytone, had no little difficulty with his wife, owing to the lady's extreme jealousy. Amongst others she had a rooted dislike to the celebrated Frezzolini, and one night Ronconi being cast for a character in which he would have to embrace the lady several times, Madame Ronconi was frantic, and insisted that her husband should not sing. To appease her, the barytone promised to be "indisposed," and went to the manager, speaking in a husky whisper. It struck the wide-awake manager that there was nothing the matter with Ronconi, and in order to prove it, he began talking on a topic interesting to the singer, who soon forgot his assumed hoarseness and talked quite fluently. In spite of Madame Ronconi the great barytone sang that night.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF"—A LITTLE TOO SOON

U. S. SKELETON ARMY. "Uncle, this reminds me of Andersonville."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 12, 1879.

NEW STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

In the next Number of Harper's Weekly *we shall begin a new story by the popular Novelist* Thomas Hardy, *author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," etc. It is entitled*

"THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER,"

and our readers will find it one of the most attractive stories which Mr. Hardy *has written.*

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a spirited double-page engraving of the scene of the battle of Isandula, in Zululand, and other features of interest.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE ELECTION LAWS.

WHATEVER "compromise" may be proposed in settlement of the details of the election laws, there can be no compromise whatever of the principle that the veto power of the Executive is a right as incontestable as the legislative power of Congress. If the majority of Congress shall refuse the necessary supplies for the government unless the President surrenders the power confided to him by the Constitution, the country will unquestionably sustain him. The point is so clear that no sophistry can obscure it. Even if the laws in question were really odious and oppressive, the method proposed for their repeal is subversive of the government itself. We have already shown the fallacy of the assertion that the veto is an attempted coercion of the action of Congress. It is, on the contrary, a constitutional form or part of the legislative power, and in case of a difference of conviction between Congress and the Executive, it is constitutionally intended to prevent the passage of laws unless two-thirds of each House shall overrule the objection. This is understood to have been clearly stated by Senator Bayard in the caucus in which the proposition was made, and his subsequent vote in the Senate for a course which he had previously denounced as revolutionary merely shows the force of party discipline in destroying the independence of honorable party men. There is no conceivable excuse for attaching the repeal of these laws, or of any laws, to appropriation bills, and this for the simple reason, which we have heretofore mentioned, that no law can be so oppressive that it is not better to endure the oppression until the next election than to endanger the peace of the country by disorganizing the government. English precedents are wholly impertinent, because there is no resemblance whatever in this respect between the English political system and ours.

A great deal has been said about the influence of the situation in drawing the anti-Administration Republicans nearer to the President, and about "throwing him into the hands of the 'stalworts.'" No such consideration, we are very sure, will have the least weight whatever with the President. His course upon this question, as upon all other questions, will be determined by his sense of patriotic and official duty, and not at all by the thought of propitiating "stalworts" or any other class of people. His general course has been in accord with the principles he announced in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address, and his views of the rights and the independence of the Executive have not been concealed. Indeed, it is because of his decided expression and firm maintenance of them that he has been the object of "stalwart" insult and violence. Mr. Hayes will not be deterred, certainly, by the fear of "stalwart" censure from signing the repeal of any law that he thinks ought to be repealed, nor will it be the hope of "stalwart" approval which will induce him to refuse his signature to any bill that he thinks ought not to become law. It is not he nor his friends who have drawn separating lines. The present issue was not foreseen when he was nominated, but his character and his career are the best guarantees of his treatment of it. The position of the Executive is our system, with its rights and power, is not a party question, and we are very sure that the President will take his position upon it irrespective of party considerations.

So far as the laws themselves are concerned, it was agreed that Republicans would not oppose the repeal of the jury and military provisions. The only question that would then remain is that of the election laws. The necessity of providing uniform safeguards by national authority for national elections is evident. The Constitution in its clauses regarding the power of Congress over Congressional elections plainly contemplates some such case. What its nature and extent shall be are questions left to experience and intelligence. Leading Democrats have frankly said that they do not object to the appointment of supervisors. Their objection lies against a partisan police with the power of summary arrest. But the law gives the police, or the deputy-marshals, only the authority which is given to all police officers to arrest summarily in case of an open violation of the law in their presence, and in no other case. This, in itself, is no wrong. Moreover, this special police, as body of deputy-marshals, is appointed only in cities of 20,000 inhabitants or upward, and, according to a table in the *World*, there are but sixty-nine such cities in the Union. It is in such cities that the great frauds at the polls are attempted. The only reasonable ground of objection is the partisan character of the deputy-marshals, who are well paid. This, however, is a difficulty easily remedied. If there are to be national supervisors—and to them no reasonable citizen who wishes an honest national election will object—there must be some method by which their supervision can be made effective. This is found in the arrest of violators of the law. It is ridiculous to appoint officers merely to observe and *report* that the laws have been violated, and nothing more. If, however, arrests are to be made, they must be provided for in a manner which promises the utmost fairness. But it can not be asserted that this is most satisfactorily done by surrounding the polls with a partisan police. That is a point which requires modification, and the argument for selecting the supervisors from different parties is a conclusive argument for selecting deputy-marshals in the same manner. If these views should happen to be those of the President, and amendments embodying them were presented to him in the proper way, he would undoubtedly assent to them; and if the purpose of the Democrats be not to destroy safeguards against dishonest voting, but to secure an honest ballot in the most satisfactory manner, the modifications will be of this kind. Undoubtedly the object of the desperate wing of the party is, in plain English, to make cheating easy. But to bring the government to a dead lock, and throw the country, in which every revving interest desires peace, into confusion, in order that cheating at the polls may be facilitated, is an issue which, as a party, Republicans will very gladly accept.

A RECENT COMEDY.

The debate in the Senate upon the change of the Secretary and other officers was exceedingly ludicrous. There is no doctrine upon which the mass of Senators of both parties more cordially agree than that to the victors belong the spoils. If the Republicans party had just recovered power in the Senate, and had found that the Secretary of that body was one of the most active and partisan of Democratic politicians and managers, we do not believe that it would hesitate long to turn him out and to install in his place some Republican "abundantly qualified," as Mr. Wallace remarked of his Democratic friends. Every argument urged by the few Republicans who took part in the debate for the retention of the late officers was equally cogent in the case of every subordinate ministerial officer in the public service. But the argument was vitiated in the case of the Secretary of the Senate, because he has been a peculiarly aggressive partisan. Mr. Ashbury Dickens, the old Secretary to whom Mr. Seward made a striking allusion in closing his plea for the Union when the movement for secession began, kept himself clear of party manipulations. Mr. Gorham has been out only one of the most active of partisan managers, but an open and vehement opponent of the principle upon which his retention was defended. Probably no man in the country would have ridiculed more zealously the "sentimentality" of retaining a Republican Secretary in a Democratic Senate merely because he was a good officer than Mr. Gorham; and there is nothing more comical in itself, and doubtless nothing more intensely amusing to him, than the idea of the especial Senatorial champions of the spoils system solemnly asserting principles that he and they despise as reasons for keeping him, of all men, in his place.

The Republicans did not shine in the debate, but the debate itself and the arguments presented have served to bring the subject home once more to public attention. The most effective thing said was the citation from Blackstone by Mr. Bayard, to the effect that he who uses the offices of a country to control the elections cuts up the government by the roots. Mr. Conkling made the same blunder that he has made before in saying that if a subordinate officer were to be debarred from exercising his political rights and duties as a citizen, every Senator or other public servant would be equally deterred. The difference in this respect between elective and ministerial officers would seem to be tolerably plain, while experience proves—and nowhere more conclusively than in Mr. Conkling's own State—that under pretense of exercising the political rights and duties of citizens, the officers of the civil service who control great patronage have used the offices, as Blackstone says, to control the elections. The remark of Mr. Conkling is a repetition of that of Mr. Cornell to the President. It is a very favorite remark of those who hold the spoils system. It means simply that Collectors and Postmasters and other heads of offices ought to use their patronage for the benefit of the party, rewarding and punishing, levying and collecting fines, called contributions; and when called to account and told not so to misuse the office and abuse the service, it means that they are to strike a fine attitude, and ask: "Is the condition of holding an office the loss of my political rights and duties?" This has lighted pumpkin-head, which terrifies no longer, and may be withdrawn from active service.

Mr. Anthony said that of the 120 officers of the Senate since 1861, there were 30 Democrats. These offices include, doubtless, some posts in which experience and familiar knowledge are indispensable. This is a fact observable in all great offices. Even during the war the Chief Clerk of the War Department was not a Republican. The Assistant Collector in New York under all the Republican administrations, until his resignation, was a Democrat. This is merely to say that if the spoils system were logically carried out, the government would be most seriously embarrassed, and the folly of the system would become at once so apparent that it would be summarily overthrown. But the argument that the places are the fair and lawful prizes of victory should have vacated the Chief Clerkship of the War Department and the Assistant Collectorship of New York. If they were not to be vacated so long as the incumbents were loyal and efficient, there is no sense in the assertion that these dependent places should have been vacated for partisans. Mr. Conkling said that the usage and proprieties of the Senate have decided that the offices of that body are not to be "put up in a political raffle and made rewards for party services, but that those who held them should be allowed to retain them on their merits." If this be true of the Senate, it ought equally to be true of the Custom-house and the Post-office throughout the country. We shall be glad to see this profound concern for the usages and proprieties of the Senate inspiring a resolution to confirm such usages and proprieties to other branches of the public service by law. We shall be very glad to hear Mr. Gorham, for instance, saying to the controllers of patronage in California that the great principle of usage and propriety upon which his retention was sought demands that every subordinate officer shall be retained upon his official merits.

UNFAIR ECONOMY.

The Legislature of New York has shown an excellent desire to reduce the expenses of the State. It is a course which every good citizen will heartily approve. But there is fair ground for difference of opinion as to the directions in which economy should be sought. We are not unmindful of the fact that reductions must fall in many quarters which will naturally think that they should have fallen elsewhere, and every institution which has expected aid in the Supply Bill will probably be very sure that if it is withheld, it is, at least, withheld unwisely. Yet although every institution may be of this opinion, it is evident that some may be so with good reason, and as the Supply Bill has not yet passed the Senate, we hope that it will consider the claims of one of the State charities to which the Assembly has decided to refuse an expected appropriation. The action of the Assembly was unquestionably taken with the sincerest desire of economy; but there are some expenses from which the State ought not to shrink. Such are those which provide for the relief of the suffering and otherwise helpless, and it is for such an expense that we wish to urge a plea upon the Senate.

The Middletown Asylum for the Insane, under homœopathic treatment, is the only institution of the kind in the country, if not in the world. It is not denied, but freely conceded, that it is admirably managed, and wholly deserving of public confidence. The medical statistics show that it need not shrink from comparison of results with any other asylum in the State or elsewhere. The school of medicine by which it is administered is constantly advancing in public favor, and counts among its warm supporters a very large and most respectable body of tax-payers in the State, who have certainly the right to expect equitable consideration in State appropriations. The Board of Charities has called attention pointedly to the necessity of providing ampler accommodation for the insane poor, and the terrible revelations of the past year in many of the poor-houses in the State appeal most eloquently to the same end. The women's wards in the Middletown Asylum are already more than full, and increased accommodation is absolutely necessary. By the time further accommodation for women could be provided, the men's wards would be also crowded. The Asylum had, therefore, asked an appropriation to erect the necessary building, thinking that at the present low cost of material and labor the work could be done at a comparatively moderate cost to the State, so that there would be no true economy in postponement. A large sum was very properly given to the Willard Asylum for the chronic insane, and there is a more questionable grant of $50,000 to the Hudson River Asylum to finish a work.

Our criticism, however, is not of what has been granted, but of the omission of a grant to the only homœopathic institution of the kind, confessedly accomplishing the best results. The exclusion is necessarily marked, because all the aid given is for the relief—of which we do not complain—of institutions controlled by the other school. If there were many institutions under homœopathic care, the exclusion would not be singular, and we should have less reason upon that account to regret the action of the Assembly. Our plea is that the appropriations should be equitably adjusted, and it does not seem to us equitable that the sole homœopathic asylum should be refused a most necessary assistance.

A GOOD MOVE.

The issue which Senator Beck has invoked between the President and Congress shows that it is high time to provide that the President may approve appropriation bills by sections, returning those that he disapproves, and we are glad to note that Senator McMillan has proposed an amendment for that purpose. The alternative which is offered to the President by the most important "riders" placed upon such bills is to approve measures that he disapproves in order to secure the necessary appropriations for carrying on the government. One of the wisest changes in this State, and a change universally applauded, was that which enabled the Governor to discriminate in such bills, and released him from the coercion of all or none. The abuse, of which we are likely to see a forcible illustration in Washington, is unworthy of an intelligent legislature, and the sole reason for the practice never existed in this country. It is for the public advantage, from every point of view, that the Executive should have the power to baffle both legislative log-rolling and legislative coercion.

The people suffer from every thing which tends to submit the Executive authority to Congressional control. The project for electing the President by Congress was opposed and defeated because of its necessary tendency to make him the mere tool of his electors. The same reason is conclusive for a change in the system which forces him to surrender to Congress his constitutional authority under threat of stopping the government. Jealousy of the President, as a part of the legislature, is ridiculous. The veto, indeed, enables him to hold the mere majority of Congress in check, but this is a provision which is approved by experience, and which is adopted in every American constitution. The veto power, vested under proper conditions in an Executive popularly elected, is a constant witness of that popular self-restraint which is the consummate test of the practicability of popular government. It may, indeed, occasion mischief when the President is unworthy his place, and when his opponents have not a majority of two-thirds in Congress. But even then it merely works delay, and the temporary disadvantage is nothing when compared with the great benefit of the power.

The attempt to force an important measure as a rider upon an appropriation bill is a confession that it could not constitutionally become a law upon its own merits. To defend it, as Mr. Thurman did, as a continuation of the great struggle of English liberty, is to convict the defender of ignorance or demagogury. Our appropriations are

not grants to a monarch to do what he will with; they are supplies voted by the people through their representatives in a constitutional way to carry on their own government under law. The people have vested in their representative President their own authority to act for them even against their other representatives in Congress, unless there shall be a specified majority insisting; and in order to keep this vested authority intact, Congress should be prohibited from infringing it by making the Executive consent to certain measures the condition of passing others. No improvement of this kind, however, is to be anticipated from a Congress which begins its career by stretching this abuse to the utmost. But the subject is one which appeals to the common-sense of the country, and discussion can end only in a public opinion which would imperatively demand the change.

THE MAYOR AND THE POLICE BOARD.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON and Mayor COOPER are both political friends of Mr. TILDEN. Mr. TILDEN is an old and shrewd politician, and the removal of the Police Commissioners and of the County Clerk is undoubtedly favorable to Mr. TILDEN'S hopes and schemes. But it would be unjust to the Governor and the Mayor to assume that they have made the changes without a sense of public duty, and solely to aid Mr. TILDEN'S plans. Mr. COOPER, as was universally conceded before his election, is a man of high character and of public spirit, to whom the office of Mayor could have had few attractions, and who accepted the nomination chiefly from a sense of public duty, and with the sincere hope of doing something to promote the public welfare. Unless this sentiment has utterly expired in this community, it may be safely assumed that it was not solely as a partisan, and certainly with no purpose of prostituting the power of his office to any mere personal ends of his own or others, that Mr. COOPER became Mayor. As Mayor he has authority to remove the Police Commissioners for cause, after due hearing, and he recently apprised the Commissioners that he proposed to remove them for inefficiency of various kinds specified. He appointed a hearing. The Commissioners attended, and declined to make any explanation except through counsel, whom the Mayor peremptorily refused to hear. For this refusal he has been roundly abused. But his course was not only lawful, but most sensible.

The Mayor in removals acts simply upon his discretion as an executive officer. He is not a judge holding a criminal court, deciding according to laws of evidence as laid down in books and interpreted by lawyers. He is virtually the head of a business department, regulating its service as he deems most expedient for the public welfare. If he sees that a clerk is slovenly, unpunctual, inexact, inefficient, he is bound to remove him, unless the clerk can show that he is misjudged. So if the Mayor finds that the public duties intrusted to the Police Board are shamefully neglected, it is his duty to dismiss them, unless the Board can show him that he is mistaken. This is not a matter that requires or implies legal counsel. If the Mayor charges the Commissioners with remissness in cleaning the streets, they may show him, if they can, that they are not remiss, or that the streets are cleaned. There is no legal point. "The streets are dirty. You are responsible. Why don't you keep them clean?" If the Commissioners say that they prefer to answer by counsel, the Mayor undoubtedly may hear counsel, or friends, if he chooses. But if he thinks that all experience proves that legal counsel in such cases only confuse and delay action, he will most justly refuse to hear them, and require the Commissioners to speak for themselves. If they refuse, he has given them the full opportunity of a hearing. He has told them frankly why he proposes to remove them. He has asked an explanation, which they have refused. He has acted with perfect fairness and candor. They decline to make any defense or to offer any excuse or plea. He does his plain duty, and removes them.

Nothing can be more intelligible and just than all this. And it is amusing to observe the fury with which Mayor COOPER has been attacked, as if he were a sanguinary despot threatening the public liberty. Because the Constitution says that every accused person shall have the right of counsel at his trial, it is solemnly asserted that the Mayor can not exercise his constitutional discretion without resorting to the forms and procedure of a court of law. This is silly, and public opinion perceives it to be so. But the community owes a duty to itself and to the Mayor. This discretion of removal is one of the most vitally important executive responsibilities. Its exercise is often of paramount public necessity, but it can never be exercised without a loud outcry and a tempest of calumny. The executive officer has therefore a right to expect the cordial support of all good citizens in his discharge of this duty. It is not a pleasant one. It is made one of the most difficult. Yet it is essential to beneficent administration. If the fact that it has possible political consequences is to chill the support of such citizens, the power will become a nullity, and the community will seriously suffer. Undoubtedly the removal of the present Police Commissioners will indirectly aid the plans of Mr. TILDEN'S friends. But no man who believes the action to be honestly taken will permit that fact to change his view of the wisdom of the action, or abate his desire to sustain a firm and upright magistrate. It is ludicrous that sensible men, whether Republicans or Democrats, should permit all their views of public affairs and of official action to be determined by the consideration that it will help or hurt the political prospects of this or that man. The executive power of removal is undoubtedly a great responsibility, but great responsibility in an office is one of the surest means of securing good executive officers; and when such an officer uses his responsibility wisely and firmly, if the community is equally wise, it will stand by him.

THE MISSION TO GERMANY.

THE nomination of ANDREW D. WHITE as minister to Germany is due to his personal qualifications and not to political influence. He is a man of the best character, of unusual accomplishment, of experience in public affairs, and of executive ability. He has also the social tastes and the means which are desirable for the foreign diplomatic service. The nomination is alike honorable to him and to the Administration, and it is received with great favor, even by those who are politically opposed to Mr. WHITE, because they know him to be an admirable representative of what is characteristically best in America.

MONUMENTS AND STATUES.

AT the Union League Club in New York there is a plaster sketch of a statue of CHARLES SUMNER by Miss WHITNEY, who made the statue of SAMUEL ADAMS which Massachusetts sent to the gallery in the old House of Representatives in Washington. This sketch received one of the first three prizes offered by the committee, which, however, expressly and in advance, announced that it would not be bound to give the work to the sculptor of any of the prize sketches. The statue finally erected was the work of Mr. BALL, and it must be indeed remarkable if, as a portrait and a work of art, it is superior to this by Miss WHITNEY, who has most fortunately been commissioned to design the statue of Miss MARTINEAU. In the sketch at the club Mr. SUMNER is represented sitting, and the expression of his face and of his person is perfectly reproduced in a free and graceful and forcible manner, so that both to all who knew him personally, and to those who knew him only as a public man identified with a great cause, it is an admirable and most satisfactory work. There is, indeed, no more adequate portrait of him than this sketch. If at any time and any where in the country a statue of SUMNER were to be erected, there would be no need of inviting competition, for the statue is here, and it would be very becoming if the patriotic club from whose doors upon Union Square a colored regiment marched to the war should lead in a movement for procuring a statue of CHARLES SUMNER to be placed in the Central Park.

But our present object is to suggest that the true way in which to procure a satisfactory statue, or portrait, or monument, is to ask some recognized master to make it, or to invite a competition of but a few such. It is evident enough that if a work of art is desired, the best artist must be employed. But knowledge of art and artists is a knowledge restricted to very few persons. Patriotic sentiment is universal, and the instinct of grateful reverence will quicken the desire of perpetuating the remembrance of heroes and benefactors in enduring forms of art. But the most sincerely patriotic men may be utterly ignorant of art and of the relative standing of artists. What committees without knowledge seeking statues may do may be seen in every direction. The first thing for such a committee, however loyal and sincere, to remember is its own ignorance of the subject, and the knowledge which others have. The Senate recently most wisely referred the question of enlarging the Capitol to accommodate the library to a council of experts in architecture, who would know both what such a building should be, and how it could be constructed most conveniently and satisfactorily.

The directors of the association for erecting a monument at Bennington propose the same general action—the only reasonable course under the circumstances. Vermont has appropriated $15,000 for the purpose, Massachusetts $7500, and New Hampshire $5000. Individual subscriptions from all parts of the country swell the amount to about $34,000. Fortunately no committee upon designs has yet been appointed, and we are glad to know that the opinion of the directors is toward a consultation with men learned in art. Of course such a plan has difficulties, but the council need not be of necessity chosen from artists. There is unhappily jobbery even in art, and that must be avoided as far as practicable. In the case of the SUMNER statue there would be no question. If an admirable and adequate work were sought, the sketch by Miss WHITNEY satisfies the conditions. But the Bennington monument is somewhat different. The best plan would seem to be to advise in the first place with those accomplished in the knowledge of art, who are known as eminent lawyers and surgeons are known, and to decide what kind of work would be desirable. That being determined, the course we have suggested might be followed—to ask certain artists to compete, or to invite some acknowledged master to undertake the work. A committee should do what an individual would do. If a man wished to have the water that his family daily drank analyzed, he would inquire among those who knew for the most competent analytic chemist or expert. It is certainly a matter of public congratulation that the Bennington Monument Association is engaged not only in its specific duty, but in doing that duty in a manner which will be of permanent benefit to all similar enterprises.

PERSONAL.

THE late Dr. DE KOVEN, of Racine, Wisconsin, who died a few days ago in the very prime of his years and powers—he was only forty-nine—was concededly among the foremost theologians of the Episcopal Church in the United States, and would have taken high rank in any assemblage of divines, of any denomination, in any country. He had within a year past declined two of the most prominent and best-paid clerical positions in this country—an assistant-ministership of Trinity Church in this city, and the rectorship of St. Mark's in Philadelphia. In each the salary is $10,000 per annum and a rectory. Dr. DE KOVEN'S highest reputation was achieved as an educator, although he was a great orator and theologian. Dr. DE KOVEN has given $40,000 of his estate and his valuable library for the benefit of the college to which he was in life so devoted.

—Dr HUGH MILLER has indicated his faith in and love for the Church by bequeathing $100,000 to the Scottish Free Church Missionary Society.

—The Rev. ELI BARNETT, who died a few days since in Connecticut, was the oldest Methodist preacher in that State, having entered the ministry sixty-six years ago. He was eighty-six years of age.

—Mrs. DANIEL P. STONE, of Malden, Massachusetts, has given $50,000 to Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee—an institution especially designed to promote the education of the colored people of the South. This sum is part of nearly $1,000,000 which Mrs. S. proposes to donate to the cause of Christian education in this country.

—They tell this little personal of ACHILLE MURAT: When in Florida, yielding to a Frenchman's instinct for new and rare foods, he cooked and ate from nearly the entire fauna of that State. Alligator steak he could cook so deliciously that no decent alligator would recognize it as a fillet of one of his brothers. With the turkey-buzzard he failed. When asked how he liked it, he said, "Oh, I can eat any kind of bird—I am not afraid to eat any thing—I have no prejudice; *but ze buzzards is not goode.*"

—The late Duke of Newcastle is said to have had his life insured in various offices to the amount of $2,500,000, probably the largest sum ever written upon the life of one person.

—There are now in the United States Senate nineteen ex-Confederate officers, and only four who served in the Union armies. The Confederates are MORGAN, GARLAND, WALKER, CALL, COCKRELL, VEST, RANSOM, VANCE, WITHERS, JOHNSON, GORDON, WILLIAMS, JONES, LAMAR, BUTLER, HAMPTON, HARRIS, COKE, MAXEY. The Union soldiers are LOGAN, PLUMB, BURNSIDE, and KELLOGG.

—Colonel BURCH, the new Secretary of the United States Senate, is a Georgian, fifty-one years of age, and a graduate of Yale. In 1850 he established himself at Nashville, Tennessee; was a Union man until the State seceded, and then acted as adjutant general to several prominent Southern military leaders. After the war he returned to Nashville, and took charge of the Nashville *American*.

—The late ROBERT M. MASON, of Boston, bequeathed $25,000 to the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, $5000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, for free beds, $15,000 to the Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children, $5000 to the Boston Provident Association, and the same amount to Bishop WHIPPLE, of Minnesota.

—Mr WILBUR F. STOREY, proprietor of the Chicago *Times*, will be the exceptional one among American editors so far as a residence is concerned. He is building for himself a mansion that will cost $100,000, and is laying out a fine park around it. Trees more than sixty feet high have been carried by rail from Indiana to his grounds. No other "gentleman of the press" has sixty foot trees carried from one State to another that he may be kept in the shade.

—Since 1873 scarcely any new lines of railway have been built, property of that kind having failed to enlist the enterprise of capitalists. All at once, however, there seems to have come an extraordinary revival. Not long since Mr. OLIVER GARRISON, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and brother of Commodore GARRISON, stated that 12,000 miles of new railroad are to be built in the United States during the coming summer, all to be laid with steel rails. Most of these roads will be constructed in the West and Northwest.

—Mr ISAAC H. BROMLEY, one of the editorial writers on the *Tribune*, besides the constant happiness that he enjoys as a member of Yale's historical class of 1853, is alluded to in the *Evening Post* as having conferred another sprig of laurel upon that famous body. Stopping at a pea-nut stand in New Haven the other morning to make the usual daily purchase of a Connecticut gentleman, he discovered that the little girl in charge of the business had set her clothes on fire. He instantly smothered the flames, and saved her from serious injury. If that had been done in New York by a Columbia man, the papers would have been full of it.

—Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON is a fine linguist, speaking four languages, and is greatly beloved by all his attendants. Young CONNEAU, who was his fellow-student at the Tuileries, is still his most trusted friend.

—When THOMAS JEFFERSON in 1782 built his beautiful mansion at Monticello, which has since become one of the historical residences of the country, he little thought that ere a hundred years should have passed his home and burial-place would be sold at public auction for $10,000. JEFFERSON celebrated New-Year's Day in 1772 by marrying MARTHA SKELTON, a beautiful woman of twenty-three, educated and graceful, who brought him a fortune of 135 slaves, and 40,000 acres of land, which was about equal to JEFFERSON'S own patrimony. His profuse hospitality led to much pecuniary embarrassment, and in 1826 he was empowered by the Legislature of Virginia to dispose of his estates by lottery, with a view to the discharge of his liabilities, but the project was suspended and then abandoned, and on the 4th of July in that year he died. The new proprietor of Monticello is Mr. JEFFERSON M. LEVY, of this city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 21st ult., adopted a resolution calling on the Treasury Department for a statement of the expenses of marshals and supervisors at the elections of 1876 and 1878. The Democrats voted down a resolution that a report be made on the necessity of the employment of these officers.—On the 24th, the Democrats of the Senate removed the Secretary of the Senate and four others of its old officers, and put their own men in the places.—On the 25th, Senator Hoar called up his resolution declaring that the refusal by one House of Congress to make the necessary appropriations, except upon condition that the other House and the President shall give their assent, is unconstitutional and revolutionary. He made a strong speech in its favor, and was answered by Mr. Beck, after which the Democrats cut off the discussion by a vote to adjourn.—On the 26th, the President nominated President A. D. White, of Cornell University, as minister to Berlin, and Cornelius A. Logan, of Illinois, as minister to Central America. Senator Pendleton introduced a bill providing for seats in Congress for cabinet officers. It is a modification of the bill introduced by him when a member of the House in the Thirty-eighth Congress. The subject was at that time referred to a committee, and a report made which contained a bill and rules of proceeding, and a statement of the practice in this respect in all countries where cabinets exist.—On the 27th, the Army Appropriation Bill was reported in the House. It is substantially the same as that agreed upon in the conference committee of the previous Congress, with the addition of the clause forbidding the presence of troops at the polls. It appropriates, in round numbers, $27,730,000, and limits the number of enlisted men to 25,000. The clause authorizing the railroad companies to do a general telegraph business is retained.

The Kentucky State Greenback Convention met at Frankfort on the 26th ult., and nominated James Stewart for Governor, and Dr. B. B. Lewis for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A DISPATCH from Cape Town, on the 8th ult., reports that Colonel Pearson had made a raid and burned Cetywayo's old kraal. The Zulus have destroyed the road from Tugela to Ekowe, and seem determined to do their utmost to prevent relief from reaching him. The Basuto chief, Moirosi, has rebelled against the British authorities. Colonel Southey will begin offensive operations against him as soon as re-enforcements arrive.—The British House of Lords, on the 25th ult., by a vote of 61 to 156, rejected a resolution moved by the Marquis of Lansdowne, censuring the government for entering upon the Zulu war without authority from the responsible advisers of the crown. On the 27th, Sir Charles Dilke made a similar motion in the House of Commons.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says Count Schouvaloff's mission has been successful. The mixed occupation of Roumelia will be carried into effect by English, French, Italian, Austrian, and Russian troops.—Seven thousand men in Macedonia have risen in revolt against the Turks.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 22d ult., by a vote of 330 to 181, resolved that the Senate and Chamber meet in congress for the revision of the Constitution enabling the Legislature to sit at Paris instead of Versailles. On the 25th, the Senate voted "urgency" for the same measure.

The German Reichstag, on the 27th ult., unanimously adopted a motion in favor of an autonomous government for Alsace-Lorraine.

There have been further floods in Hungary. An affluent of the Koros River has burst a dike, and inundated a large territory. Devavanya is threatened with ruin, and as there is not a single boat in the town, great loss of life is feared if the flood increases. Twelve thousand acres of land are under water, and the lives of 13,000 persons are endangered.

The negotiations with Yakoob Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, having failed, the Viceroy of India has ordered an immediate advance on Cabool. A dispatch from Lahore states that General Tytler, on the 24th ult., defeated 3000 Afghans near Peshbolak. The enemy lost nearly 200 men. The British loss was trifling.

An official telegram from Madrid announces that the following appointments have been made for the island of Cuba: General Blanco to be Governor-General of the island; General Callejas, Vice-Governor-General; Rodriguez Arias, Civil Governor of the province of Havana; Brigadier-General Gamir, Governor of the province of Santa Clara.

The French floating battery *Arrogante* foundered off the south coast of France on the 19th ult. Forty-seven of the crew were drowned.

There were shocks of earthquake in Northern Persia on the 22d and 23d ult. Mianeh was much damaged, and the villages of Tarr and Mannan were totally destroyed. Out of 1100 inhabitants only a few escaped death.

A terrible famine exists among the population of the Nile Valley. In some of the villages the people are past help, sitting naked like wild beasts, and getting nothing but roots to eat. In one town women and children fought over scraps of bread like wild animals. The case is believed to be still worse in the inland hamlets, where the villagers are said to be starving like dogs.

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IN THE BAPTISTERY OF ST. MARKS.—W. M. Chase.

THE SIESTA.—F. A. Bridgman.

AN OCTOBER DAY.—A. H. Wyant.

MARKET DAY AT QUIMPER.—Louis C. Tiffany.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS—SELECTIONS FROM THE SECOND EXHIBITION, AT THE KURTZ GALLERY, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—[See Page 291.]

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THE SOUP-KITCHEN CHARITY.—Drawn by S. G. McCormick.

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(Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1187.)

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

GOING INTO EXILE.

She found the most curious rooms, or rather rooms that had once been stately and handsome now applied to the most curious purposes: a dining hall with carved stone chimney-piece and painted ceiling, used as a store-house for apples; another fine apartment in which a heap of potatoes reposed snugly in a corner, packed in straw; there was a spacious kitchen, with a fire-place as large as a moderate-sized room—a kitchen that had been abandoned altogether to spiders, beetles, rats, and mice. A whole army of four-footed vermin scampered off as Vixen crossed the threshold. She could see them scurrying and scurrying along by the wall, with a whisking of slender tails as they vanished into their holes. The beetles were disporting themselves on the desolate hearth, the spiders had woven draperies for the dim, dirty windows. The rustling leaves of a fig-tree, that had grown close to this side of the house, flapped against the window-panes with a noise of exceeding ghostliness.

From the kitchen Vixen wandered to the out-houses, and found Argus howling dismally in a grass-grown court-yard, evidently believing himself abandoned by the world. His rapture at beholding his mistress was boundless.

"You darling, I would give the world to let you loose," cried Vixen, after she had been nearly knocked down by the dog's affectionate greeting; "but I mustn't just yet. I'll come by-and-by and take you for a walk. Yes, dear old boy, we'll have a long ramble together, just as we used to do at home."

Home, now she had left it, seemed an sweet a word that her lips trembled a little on the pronouncing it.

Every thing without the house was as dreary as it was within. Poverty had set its mark on all things, like a blight. Decay was visible every where—in the wood-work, in the stone-work, in hinges and handles, thresholds and lintels, ceilings and plastered walls. It would have cost a thousand pounds to put the manor-house in decent habitable order. To have restored it to its original dignity and comeliness would have cost at least five thousand. Miss Skipwith could afford to spend nothing upon the house she lived in; indeed, she could barely afford the necessaries of life. So for the last thirty years Les Tourelles had been gradually decaying, until the good old house had arrived at a stage in which decay could hardly go farther without lapsing into destruction.

A door opened out of the court-yard into the weedy garden. This was not without a kind of beauty that had survived long neglect. The spreading fig-trees, the bushes of bright red fuchsia, and the unpruned roses made a fertile wilderness of flowers and foliage. There was a terrace in front of the drawing-room windows, and from this a flight of crumbling moss-grown stone steps led down to the garden, which was on the slope of the hill, and lay considerably below the level of the house.

While Vixen was perambulating the garden, a bell rang in a cupola on the roof; and as this sounded like the summons to a meal, she felt that pulicaness, if not appetite, demanded her return to the house.

"Three o'clock," she said, looking at her watch. "What a late hour for luncheon!"

She made her way back to the small side door at which she had entered with Captain Carmichael, and went into the parlor, where the found the captain and his aunt. The table was laid, but they had not seated themselves.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting," Vixen said, apologetically.

"My aunt has been waiting five minutes or so; but I'm sure the will forgive you, as you don't yet know the ways of the house," replied the captain, amiably.

"We have early habits at Les Tourelles, Miss Tempest," said the lady of the manor; "we breakfast at half past seven and dine at three; that arrangement gives me a long morning for study. At six we drink tea; and if you care for supper, it can be served for you on a tray at half past nine. The house is shut and all lamps put out at ten."

"As regularly as on board ship," said the captain. "I know the customs of the manor of old."

"You have never favored me with a long visit, Conrad," remarked Miss Skipwith, reproachfully.

"My life has been too busy for making long visits any where, my dear aunt."

They took their places at the small square table, and Miss Skipwith said grace. Antony Doddery was in attendance, clad in rusty black, and looking as like a butler as a man who cleaned windows, scrubbed floors, and hewed wood could be fairly expected to look. He removed the cover of a modest dish of fish with a grand air, and performed all the services of the table with as much dignity as if he had never been any thing less than a butler. He poured out a glass of ale for the captain and a glass of water for his mistress. Miss Skipwith seemed relieved when Violet said she preferred water to ale, and did not particularly care about wine.

"I used to drink wine at home very often, just because it was put in my glass, but I like water quite as well," said Vixen.

After the fish there came a small joint of lamb, and a couple of dishes of vegetables; then a small custard pudding, and some cheese cut up in very minute pieces in a glass dish, some very garden-stuff which Doddery called salad, and three of last year's pears in an old Derby dessert dish. The dinner could hardly have been smaller, but it was eminently genteel.

The conversation was entirely between Captain Carmichael and his aunt. Vixen sat and listened wonderingly, save at odd times, when her thoughts strayed back to the old life which the had done with forever.

"You will continue your literary labors, I suppose, aunt?" said the captain.

"They are the chief object of my existence. When I abandon them I shall have done with life," replied Miss Skipwith, gravely.

"But you have not yet published your book."

"No; I hope when I do that even you will hear of it."

"I have no doubt it will make a sensation."

"If it does not, I have lived and labored in vain. But my book may make a sensation, and yet fall far short of the result which I have toiled and hoped for."

"And that is?"

"The establishment of a universal religion."

"That is a large idea."

"Would a small idea be worth the devotion of a life? For thirty years I have devoted myself to this one scheme. I have striven to focus all the creeds of mankind in one brilliant centre, eliminating all that is base and superstitious in each several religion, crystallizing all that is good and true. The Buddhist, the Brahmin, the Mohammedan, the Sun worshipper, the Romanist, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, the Wesleyan, the Swedenborgian—each and all will find the best and noblest characteristics of his faith resolved and concentrated in my universal religion. Here all creeds will meet. Gentler and wiser than the theology of Buddha; more humanitarian than the laws of Brahma; more temperate than the Moslem's code of morality; with a wider grasp of power than the Romanist's authoritative Church; severely self-denying as Calvin's ascetic rule; simple and pious as Wesley's scheme of man's redemption; spiritual as Swedenborg's vast idea of heaven—my faith will open its arms wide enough to embrace all. There need be no more dissent. The mighty circle of my free Church will inclose all creeds and all divisions of man, and spread from the northern hemisphere to the southern seas. Heathenism shall perish before it. The limited view of Christianity which missionaries have hitherto offered to the heathen may fail; but my universal Church will open its doors to all the world, and—mark my words, Conrad—all the world will enter in. I may not live to see the day my span of life has not long to run; but that day will come."

"No doubt," replied Captain Carmichael, gravely. "There is a sweetness, so to speak, about the present arrangement of things, and a great deal of useless expense; every small town with its half a dozen churches and chapels of different denominations—Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Primitive Methodists. Now on your plan one large building would do for all, like the town-hall, or the general post-office. There would be a wonderful economy."

"I fear you contemplate the question from an entirely temporal point of view," said Miss Skipwith, flattered but yet reproachful. "It is its spiritual aspect that is grandest."

"Naturally. But a man of the world is apt to consider the practicability of a scheme. And yours seems to me eminently practical. If you can only get the Mohammedans and the Brahmins to come in! The Roman Catholics might, of course, be easily won, though it would involve doing away with the Pope. There was a prophecy, by-the-way, that after the ninth Pius there would be only eleven more popes. No doubt that prophecy pointed at your universal religion. But I fear you may have some difficulty about the Buddhists. I fancy they are rather a bigoted sect."

"The greatest bigots have but to be convinced," said Miss Skipwith. "St. Paul was a bigot."

"True. Is your book nearly finished?"

"No. There are still some years of labor before me. I am now working at the Swedenborgian portion, striving to demonstrate how that great man's scheme of religion, though unknowingly supposed to be a new and original emanation of one mind, is in reality a reproduction of spiritual views involved in other and older religions. The Buddhists were Swedenborgians without knowing it, just as Swedenborg unconsciously was a Buddhist."

"I begin to understand. The process which you are engaged in is a kind of spiritual chemistry, in which you resolve each particular faith into its primary elements, with a view to prove that those elements are actually the same in all creeds, and that the differences which heretofore have kept mankind apart are mere divergencies of detail."

"That, crudely and imperfectly stated, is my aim," replied Miss Skipwith, graciously.

This kind of conversation continued all through dinner. Miss Skipwith talked of Buddha, and Confucius, and Mohammed, and Zoroaster, and Calvin, and Luther, as familiarly as if they had been her most intimate friends; and the captain had her as and played her as he would have played a trout in one of the winding Hampshire streams. His gravity was imperturbable. Vixen sat and wondered whether she was to hear this kind of thing every day of her life, and whether she would be expected to ask Miss Skipwith leading questions, as the captain was doing. It was all very well for him, who was to spend only one day at Les Tourelles; but Vixen made up her mind that she could boldly avow her indifference to all creeds and all theologies, from Confucius to Swedenborg. She might consent to live for a time amidst the dullness and desolation of Les Tourelles, but she would not be weighed down and crushed by Miss Skipwith's appalling hobby. The mere idea of the horror of having every day to discuss a subject that was in its very nature inexhaustible, filled her with terror.

"I would sooner take my meals in that abandoned kitchen, in the company of the rats and beetles, than have to listen every day to this kind of thing," she thought.

When dinner was over, the captain went off to smoke his cigar in the garden, and this Vixen thought a good time for making her escape.

"I should like to take a walk with my dog, if you will excuse me, Miss Skipwith," the said, politely.

"My dear, you must consider yourself at liberty to employ and amuse yourself as you please, of course always keeping strictly within the bounds of propriety," solemnly replied the lady of the manor. "I shall not interfere with your freedom. My own studies are of so grave a nature that they in a measure isolate me from my fellow-creatures, but when you require and ask for sympathy and advice, I shall be ready to give both. My library is at your service, and I hope ere long you will have found yourself some serious aim for your studies. Life without purpose is a life hardly worth living. If girls of your age could only find that out, and seek their vocation early, how much grander and nobler would be woman's place in the universe! But, alas! my dear, the common aim of girlhood seems to be to look pretty and to get married."

"I have made up my mind never to marry," said Violet, with a smile that was half sad, half cynical; "so there, at least, you may approve of me, Miss Skipwith."

"My nephew tells me that you refused an excellent offer from an Irish peer"

"I would not have done the Irish peer so great a wrong as to have married him without loving him."

"I admire your honorable feeling," said Miss Skipwith, with solemn approval. "I too might have married, but the man toward whom my heart most inclined was a man of no family. I could not marry a man without family. I am weak enough to be prouder of my pedigree than other women are of beauty and fortune. I am the last of the Skipwiths, and I have done nothing to degrade my race. The family name and the family pride will die with me. There was a time when a Skipwith owned a third of the island. Our estate has dwindled to the garden and meadows that surround this old house; our family has shrunk into one old woman; but if I can make the name of Skipwith famous before I go down to my grave, I shall not have lived and labored in vain."

Vixen felt a thrill of pity as she listened to this brief confession of a self-deluded solitary soul, which had built its house upon sand as hopefully as if the foundations were solidest rock. The line of demarkation between such fanaticism as Miss Skipwith's and the hallucination of an old lady in Bedlam who fancies herself Queen Victoria seemed to Vixen but a hair's-breadth. But, after all, if the old lady and Miss Skipwith were both happy in their harmless self-deceptions, why should one pity them? The creature to be pitied is the man or woman who keenly sees and feels the hard realities of life, and can not make pleasure in phantoms.

Vixen ran off to her room to get her hat and gloves, delighted to find herself free. Miss Skipwith was not such a very bad sort of person, after all, perhaps. Liberty to roam about the island with her dog Vixen esteemed a great boon. She would be able to think about her troubles, unmolested by inquisitive looks as unwelcome sympathy.

She went down to the court-yard, untied the faithful Argus, and they set out together to explore the unknown, the dog in such wild spirits that it was almost impossible for Vixen to be sad. The afternoon sun was shining in all his glory, birds were singing, flickering lights and shadows playing on the grassy banks. Argus scampered up and down the lanes, and burst tumultuously through gaps in the hedges, like a dog possessed of demons.

It was a pretty little island, after all; Vixen was fain to admit as much. There was some justification for the people who sang he praises with such enthusiasm. One might have fancied it a fertile corner of Devonshire that had slipped her moorings and drifted westward on a summer sea.

"If I had Arion here, and—Rorie, I think I could be almost happy," Vixen said to herself, with a dreamy smile.

"And Rorie!"

Alas, poor child! faintly, feebly steadfast in the barren path of honor where could she not have been happy with the companion of her childhood, the one only love of her youth? Was there ever a spot of land or sea, from Hudson Bay to the unmapped archipelago or hypothetical continent of the southern pole, where she could not have been happy with Roderick Vawdrey? She thought again of Helen Rolleston and her lover on the South Sea island. Ah, what a happy fate was that of the consumptive heroine! Alone, protected, cherished, and saved from death by her devoted lover.

Poor Rorie! She knew how well she loved him, now that the wide sea rolled between them, now that she had said him nay, denied her love, and parted from him forever.

She thought of that scene in the pine wood, dimly lit by the young moon. She lived again those marvellous moments—the concentrated bliss and pain of a lifetime. She felt again the strong grasp of his hands, his breath upon her cheek, as he bent over her shoulder. Again she heard him pleading for the life-long ruina her soul desired on the most exquisite happiness life could give.

"I had not loved thee, dear, as well,
Loved I not honor more."

These two familiar lines flashed into her mind as the thought of her lover. To have degraded herself, to have dishonored him! No—it would have been too dreadful. Were he to plead again, the must answer again as she had answered before.

"His mother despised me," she thought. "If people in a better world are really an *courant* as to the affairs of this, I should like Lady Jane Vawdrey to know that I am not utterly without the instincts of a gentlewoman."

She wandered on, following the winding of the lanes, careless where she went, and determined to make advantage of her liberty. She met few people, and of those the did not trouble herself to ask her way.

"If I lose myself on my desert island, it can't much matter," she thought. "There is no one to be anxious about me. Miss Skipwith will be deep in her universal creed, and Captain Carmichael would be very glad for me to be lost. My death would leave his master for life of the Abbey House and all belonging to it."

She stemed on till the came to the open sea-shore—a pretty little harbor surrounded with quaint-looking houses; two or three white villas to fertile gardens, on a raised road; and, dominating all the scene, a fine old feudal castle, with keep, battlements, draw-bridge, portcullis, and all that becomes a fortress.

This was Mount Orgueil, the castle in which Charles Stuart spent a short period of his life, while Cromwell was voting by land and sea, and kingly hopes were at their lowest ebb. The good old fortress had suffered for its loyalty, for the Parliament sent Admiral Blake, with a fleet, to reduce the rebellious island to submission, and Mount Orgueil had not been strong enough to hold out against its assailants.

Violet went up the sloping path that led to the grim old gateway under the gloomy arch, and still upward till she came to a sunny battlemented wall above the shining sea. The prospect was more than worth the trouble. Yonder, in the dim distance, were the towers of Coutance Cathedral, far away, mere spots in the blue water, were the smaller fry of the Channel Islands; below her the yellow sands were smiling in the sun, the placid wavelets reflecting all the color and glory of the changeful sky

"This would not be a bad place to live in, Argus, if—"

She paused, with her arm round her dog's neck, as he stood on end, looking over the parapet, with a deep interest in possible rats as rabbits lurking in some cavity of the craggy cliff below. If! Ah, what a big "if" that was! It meant love and dear familiar companionship. It meant all Vixen's little world.

She lingered long. The scene was beautiful, and there was nothing to lure her home. Then, at last, feeling that she was treating poor Miss Skipwith badly, and that her prolonged absence might give alarm in that dreary household, she retraced her steps, and at the foot of the craggy mount asked the nearest way to Les Tourelles.

The nearest way was altogether different from the track by which she had come, and brought her back to the old monastic gate in a little more than an hour. She opened the gate and went in. There was nothing for the most burglarious invader to steal at Les Tourelles, and bolts and locks were rarely used. Miss Skipwith was reading in her parlor, a white Persian cat dozing on a cushioned arm-chair beside her, some cups and saucers and a black tea-pot on a tray before her, and the rest of the table piled with books. There was no sign of Captain Carmichael.

"I'm afraid I'm rather late," Vixen said, apologetically.

She felt a kind of half-pitying respect for Miss Skipwith, on a harmless lunatic.

"My dear, I dare say that as an absolute fact you are late," answered the lady of the manor, without looking up from her book, "but as time is never too long for me, I have been hardly conscious of the delay. Your step-father has gone down to the club at St. Helier's to see some of his old acquaintance. Perhaps you would like a cup of tea?"

Vixen replied that she would very much like some tea, whereupon Miss Skipwith poured out a weak and tepid infusion, against which the girl inwardly protested

"If I am to exist at Les Tourelles, I must at least have decent tea," she said to herself. "I must buy an occasional pound for my own consumption, make friends with Mrs. Doddery, and get her to brew is for me."

And then Vixen knelt down by the arm-chair, and tried to get upon intimate terms with the Persian. He was a serious-minded animal, and seemed inclined to resent her advances, as she left him in peace on his patchwork cushion—a relic of those earlier days when Miss Skipwith had squandered her precious hours on the feminine insanity of needle-work.

Vixen thought of the German *Fräulein*, as she looked at the old lady in the black top, bending over a ponderous volume, with the solemn-visaged cat coiled on the chair beside her.

"Minerva's Vogel war ein Katz."

The Persian cat seemed as much an attribute of the female theologian as the bird of the goddess.

Vixen went to her room soon after dark, and then avoided the captain, who did not return till ten. She was worn out with the fatigue of the voyage, her long ramble, the painful thoughts and manifold agitations of the last two days. She sat has candle on the dressing table, and looked round the bare empty room, feeling as if she were in a dream. It was all strange, and unhomely, and comfortless—like one of those wild dream pictures which seem an appallingly real in their hideous unreality

"And I can to live here indefinitely—for the next six years, perhaps, until I come of age and am my own mistress! It is too dreadful."

She went to bed and slept a deep and comforting sleep, for very weariness; and she dreamed

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that she was walking on the battlements of Mount Orgueil, in the drowsy afternoon sunlight, with Charles Stuart; and the face of the royal exile was the face of Roderick Vawdrey, and the hand that held hers as they two stood side by side in the sunshine was the broad strong hand of her girlhood's friend.

When she went down stairs between eight and nine next morning, she found Miss Skipwith pacing slowly to and fro the terrace in front of the drawing-room windows, conning over the pencil notes of her yesterday's studies.

"Your step-father has been gone half an hour, my dear," said the lady of the manor. "He was very sorry to have to go without wishing you good-by."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHIEFLY FINANCIAL.

VIOLET was gone. Her rooms were empty; her faithful little waiting-maid was dismissed; her dog's deep-toned thunder no longer sounded through the house, baying joyous welcome when his mistress came down for her early morning ramble in the shrubberies. Arion had been sent to grass, and was running wild in fertile pastures, shoeless and unfettered as the South American mustang on his native prairie. Nothing associated with the exiled heiress was left, except the rooms she had inhabited; and even they looked blank and empty and strange without her. It was almost as if a whole family had departed. Vixen's presence seemed to have filled the house with youth and freshness and free joyous life. Without her, all was silent as the grave.

Mrs. Carmichael missed her daughter sorely. She had been wont to complain fretfully of the girl's exuberance; but the blank her absence made struck a chill to the mother's heart. She had fancied that life would be easier without Violet, that her union with her husband would be more complete; and now she found herself looking wistfully toward the door of her morning-room, listening vaguely for a footstep; and the figure she looked for at the door, and the footsteps she listened for in the corridor, were not Conrad Carmichael's. It was the buoyant step of her daughter she missed; it was the bright frank face of her daughter she yearned for.

One day the captain surprised her in tears, and asked the reason of her melancholy.

"I dare say it's very weak of me, Conrad," she said, piteously, "but I miss Violet more and more every day."

"It is uncommonly weak of you," answered the captain, with agreeable candor; "but I suppose it's natural. People generally get attached to their worries; and as your daughter was an incessant worry, you very naturally lament her absence. I am honest enough to confess that I am very glad she is gone. We had no domestic peace while she was with us."

"But she is not to stay away forever, Conrad. I can not be separated from my only daughter forever. That would be too dreadful."

"'Forever' is a long word," answered the captain, coolly. "She will come back to us, of course."

"When, dear?"

"When she is older and wiser."

This was cold comfort. Mrs. Carmichael dried her tears, and resumed her crewel-work. The interesting variety of shades in green which modern art has discovered were a source of comfort to the mother's troubled mind. Moved to emulation by the results that had been achieved in artistic needle-work by the school at South Kensington and the Royal Tapestry Manufactory at Windsor, Pamela found in her crewel-work an all-absorbing labor. Matilda of Normandy could hardly have toiled more industriously at the Bayeux tapestry than did Mrs. Carmichael, in the effort to immortalize the fleeting glories of woodland blossom or costly orchid upon kitchen towelling.

It was a dull and lonely life which the mistress of the Abbey House led in those latter days of glowing summer weather, and perhaps it was only the distractions of crewels and point-lace which preserved her from melancholy madness. The captain had been too long a bachelor to renounce the agreeable habits of a bachelor's existence. His amusements were all masculine, and more or less solitary. When there was no hunting, he gave himself up to fishing, and found his chief delight in the persecution of innocent salmon. He supplied the Abbey House larder with fish, sent an occasional basket to a friend, and dispatched the surplus produce of his rod to a fishmonger in London. He was an enthusiast at billiards, and would play with innocent Mr. Scobel rather than not play at all. He read every newspaper and periodical of mark that was published. He rode a good deal, and drove not a little in a high wheeled dog-cart—quite an impossible vehicle for a lady. He transacted all the business of house, stable, gardens, and home-farm, and that in the most precise and punctual manner. He wrote a good many letters, and he smoked six or seven cigars every day. It must be obvious, therefore, that he had very little time to devote to his pretty middle-aged wife, whose languid airs and vaporish graces were likely to pall upon an ardent temper after a year of married life. Yet, though she found her days lonely, Mrs. Carmichael had no ground for complaint. What fault could a woman find in a husband who was always courteous and complimentary in his speech, whose domestic tastes were obvious, who thought it no trouble to supervise the smallest details of the household, who could order a dinner, lay out a garden, stock a conservatory, or amend the sanitary arrangements of a stable with equal cleverness, who never neglected a duty toward wife or society?

Mrs. Carmichael could see no flaw in the perfection of her husband's character; but it began about this time slowly to dawn upon her languid soul that, as Captain Carmichael's wife, she was not so happy as she had been as Squire Tempest's widow.

Her independence was gone utterly. She awoke slowly to the comprehension of that fact. Her individuality was blotted out, or absorbed into her husband's being. She had no more power or influence in her own house than the lowest scullion in her kitchen. She had given up her banking account, and the receipt of her rents, which in the days of her widowhood had been remitted to her half-yearly by the solicitor who collected them. Captain Carmichael had taken upon himself the stewardship of his wife's income. She had been inclined to cling to her check-book and her banking account at Southampton, but the captain had persuaded her of the folly of such an arrangement.

"Why two balances and two accounts, when one will do?" he argued. "You have only to ask me for a check when you want it, or to give me your bills."

Whereupon the bride of six weeks had yielded graciously, and the balance had been transferred from the Southampton bank to Captain Carmichael's account at the Union.

But now, with Theodore's unsettled account of four years' standing hanging over her head by the single hair of the penny post, and likely to descend upon her any morning, Mrs. Carmichael regretted her surrendered banking account, with its balance of eleven hundred pounds or so. The captain had managed every thing with wondrous wisdom, no doubt. He had done away with all long credits. He paid all his bills on the first Saturday in the month, save such as could be paid weekly. He had reduced the price of almost every thing supplied to the Abbey House, from the stable provender to the wax candles that lighted the faded sea-green draperies and white panelling of the drawing-room. The only expenditure over which he had no control was his wife's private disbursement; but he had a habit of looking surprised when she asked him for a check, and a business-like way of asking the amount required, which prevented her applying to him often. Still, there was that long-standing account of Madame Theodore's in the background, and Mrs. Carmichael felt that it was an account which must be settled sooner or later. Her disinclination to ask her husband for money had tended to swell Theodore's bill. She had bought gloves, ribbons, shoes, every thing from that tasteful purveyor, and had even obtained the somewhat expensive materials for her fancy-work through Madame Theodore—a temporary convenience which she could hardly hope to enjoy gratis.

Like all weak women, she had her occasional longings for independence, her moments of inward revolt against the smooth tyrant. The income was hers, she argued with herself sometimes, and she had a right to spend her own money as she pleased. But then she recalled her husband's grave warnings about the future and its insecurity. She had but a brief lease of her present wealth, and he was laboring to lay by a provision for the days to come.

"It would be wicked of me to thwart him in such a wise purpose," she told herself.

The restriction of her charities pained the soft-hearted Pamela not a little. To give to all who asked her had been the one unselfish pleasure of her narrow soul. She had been imposed upon, of course; had fed families whose fathers squandered their weekly wages in the cozy tap-room of a village inn; had in some wise encouraged idleness and improvident living; but she had been the comforter of many a weary heart, the benefactor of many a patient care-oppressed mother, the raiser-up of many a sickly child drooping on its bed of pain.

Now, under the captain's rule, she had the pleasure of seeing her name honorably recorded in the subscription list of every local charity; but her hand was no longer open to the surrounding poor, her good old Saxon name of Lady had lost its ancient significance. She was no longer the giver of bread to the hungry. She sighed and submitted, acknowledging her husband's superior wisdom.

"You would not like to live in a semi-detached villa on the Southampton Road, would you, my dear Pamela?" asked the captain.

"I might die in a semi-detached house, Conrad. I'm sure I could not live in one," she exclaimed, piteously.

"Then, my love, we must make a tremendous effort and save all we can before your daughter comes of age, or else we shall assuredly have to leave the Abbey House. We might go abroad, certainly, and live at Dinan, or some quiet old French town where provisions are cheap."

"My dear Conrad, I could not exist in one of those old French towns, smelling perpetually of cabbage soup."

"Then, my dear love, we must exercise the strictest economy, or life will be impossible six years hence."

Pamela sighed and assented, with a sinking of her heart. To her mind this word economy was absolutely the most odious in the English language. Her life was made up of trifles, and they were all expensive trifles. She liked to be better dressed than any woman of her acquaintance. She liked to surround herself with pretty things; and the prettiness must take the most fashionable form, and be frequently renewed. She had dim ideas which she considered æsthetic, and which involved a good deal of shifting and improving of furniture.

Against all these expensive follies Captain Carmichael set his face sternly, using pretty words to his wife at all times, but proving himself as hard as rock when she tried to bend him to her will. He had not yet interfered with her toilet, for he had yet to learn what that cost.

This knowledge came upon him like a thunder-clap one sultry morning in July—real thunder impending in the metallic-tinted sky—about a month after Vixen's departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AUSTRALIAN KOALA.

ONE of the most interesting of the purely nocturnal marsupials of Australia is the colonists' "native bear," the koala. It is arboreal in habit, and its chief food is the leaf of a powerfully astringent eucalyptus, with a slight flavor of peppermint. Full-grown individuals weigh about twenty pounds; they are destitute of tails, and covered with a gray or rufous woolly hair of beautiful texture, and all their limbs are formed for climbing. During the day they sit in the fork of a tree in the densest scrub with the head buried in the breast, presenting the appearance of a ball of gray fur. The writer has kept many of them as pets, but failed to rear the first he took in hand in consequence of feeding it on cow's milk alone. Assuming that the natural milk would be astringent, the experiment of macerating leaves of the peppermint gum-tree in cow's milk was tried, and resulted in bringing up the second on this infusion until it was able to subsist entirely on leaves. It lived in the house, and passed the night in its master's bedroom, and gave audible evidence of its presence as it climbed about guns, rods, and book-shelves for hours together. When tired of this, it would creep into bed and nestle up under one of its master's arms. During the day it would often hang upon the skirts of one of the servants, apparently fast asleep, with its muscles in a state of tension, as she went about her household duties, or sit upon the back of its master's neck, firmly grasping his hair, and indifferent to any movement he might make.

The tastes of this and two other koalas were peculiar, and their fondness for tobacco in any form most remarkable. They would lick all over with avidity and even chew the foulest pipe saturated with oil; and it was a difficult matter to prevent them, when sitting on the shoulder, from taking the pipe out of one's mouth. Neither did the black colonial tobacco come amiss to them; and they seemed to suffer no ill effects from these indulgences. One of them went even further than this, and one evening attacked a glass of whiskey and water standing on the table, and ever after, the jingling of glasses was the signal for his descent from the rafters of the roof to take his modest share of the customary "night-cap," which he did with as much gusto as if he had been born north of the Tweed.

The tenacity of grasp in the koalas is due to their having both the great toe and the thumb opposable to the other digits, so that practically they possess four hands; but they have no weapons of offense or defense, and never bite. In intelligence they are superior to any of the other marsupials, and their quaint habits in confinement render them interesting pets.

The ground marsupials have little voice, only uttering a shrill cry when in pain; but the arboreal members of the order, the "flying-squirrel," the opossum, and the koala, have considerable powers of vocal expression. The cry of the koala is plaintive, unvaried, and often repeated, and may be represented by the syllables ka-koo-oo, the first abrupt and rising in tone, the second falling about an octave lower, and ending in a mournful cadence. None of these animals, we believe, has ever been brought alive to Europe; but it might be possible to do so by providing a large supply of their vegetable food, and mixing the dried and powdered leaves with bread and milk. They are extremely sensitive to cold, and there is some reason to suspect that they pass the colder months of even a Queensland winter in a state of inactivity.

Before leaving the koalas, a curious case of adoption on the part of a cat may be mentioned. She had just been deprived of her kitten, when a native brought a very young koala to the house, which was at once handed over to the care of the bereaved mother, and cordially received. That it derived sustenance from the feline foster-mother there could be no doubt; but the adopted child put the cat into a most comical state of agitation and astonishment by clinging round its body with a grip altogether beyond pussy's experience in maternal affairs. This incongruous relationship lasted but three days, and the koala died in spite of the cat's manifest solicitude for this waif from the Australian forest.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. HOLMES, of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, has lately published a very interesting notice of the fossil forest in the volcanic tertiary formation of the Yellowstone National Park. This formation, on the east fork of the Yellowstone River, has a thickness of over 5000 feet, and is characterized throughout nearly the whole of its extent by the occurrence of strata containing trunks, both upright and prostrate, of fossil trees. In certain slopes these are so abundant and so perfect in their similitude as to have been first taken for the remains of a recent forest. Some of the trunks are unbroken fifty and sixty feet in length, and are from one to six feet in diameter, one being found having a diameter of ten feet.

The only leaves that could be found in this forest, when referred to Professor Lesquereux, were ascertained to belong to the genera Aralia, Magnolia, Laurus, Tilia, Fraxinus, Diospyros, Cornus, Pteris, Alnus, and a Fern, most of them representing new species. The state of preservation of some of these trunks is marvellous, the resemblance to freshly cut wood being very striking, and the rings of growth being generally very well defined. Sometimes the wood is completely opalized or agatized, and such cavities as existed in the decayed trunks are filled with beautiful crystals of quartz and calcite.

In the year 1877, as already mentioned in our columns, Mr. CLARK MILLS, of Washington, the well-known sculptor, visited St. Augustine, in Florida, in the interest of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, for the purpose of taking casts of the heads of certain Indian prisoners in Fort Marion. These prisoners had been captured some years before, and sent to Florida for safe-keeping, and were in charge of Captain R. H. PRATT, of the army. Most of them had been guilty of grave offenses against life and property. A visit to and interviews with these Indians have constituted the staple of the correspondence of visitors to St. Augustine for several years past.

During the year 1878 this station was broken up, some of the Indians being released, and others transferred to Hampton, Virginia, where, under the charge of General ARMSTRONG, there is an establishment for the education of certain negroes. By authority of the War Department, Captain PRATT has recently gathered up a large number of Indian youth of both sexes, and taken them to Hampton, where they are subjected to moral and mental training, and show a great aptitude for learning.

Quite recently, at the request of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. MILLS visited Hampton, and with the assistance of Captain PRATT has made a series of excellent casts of some fifty Indians of both sexes and different ages. They will in time be reproduced, properly worked up, and exhibited in the National Museum, which will then, in more than a hundred busts from life of the American aborigines, possess a very remarkable anthropological collection.

Numerous applications have been received from the anthropological museums of Europe for copies of these busts.

Professor SONNENSCHEIN, an eminent German chemist, has recently died at Berlin, at the age of sixty-two.

It was suggested a number of years ago that some of the problems in regard to early man in Asia might probably be solved by the examination of some caves in Borneo, which were known to contain a considerable number of bones. The great interest in Borneo, in this connection, is based upon the supposition that at one time there existed a vast area, of continental extent, which has been sunk beneath the water, leaving only a few peaks above the surface, Borneo being one of them. This supposed continent has been designated by the hypothetical name of Lemuria, and Dr. Peschel and other writers think it possible that man may have here made his first appearance on the globe, and that here, if any where, might be found the beginnings of man's life on the earth. Mr. EVERETT, an English archæologist, commenced some researches in ten caves here in October last, and has already gathered a large amount of material, which is now on its way to England.

He reports many interesting mammalian remains, embracing human bones, in regard to which there appears to be no local tradition, and which consequently must be of very considerable antiquity. Among them, however, are found tools and implements made of iron, showing a very great antiquity in the use of that metal, possibly greater than in any other part of the world.

A high compliment has lately been paid to American science by the Geological Society of London, which bestowed upon Professor E. D. COPE the BIGSBY medal, awarded to those who distinguish themselves in connection with geology and paleontology. In presenting this medal to Professor SEELEY for transmission to Professor COPE, the president, Mr. SORBY, remarked that great as were the labors of Professor COPE in zoology and field geology, they were eclipsed by his work among the fossil vertebrates.

Mr. LE NEVE FOSTER, for many years secretary and active manager of the Society of Arts in London, died on the 20th of February, at the age of seventy. He was especially concerned in the organization and management of the London Exhibition of 1861, the progenitor of so many magnificent displays, each one superior to its predecessor.

His special tastes led him into the line of photography, microscopy, and electricity, and a number of valuable papers on the technical applications of these subjects were published by him from time to time. The esteem in which he was held by the Society of Arts was about to be manifested in the form of a presentation of the sum of £1000 in recognition of his long and faithful service. This has been made to his widow.

For many years past glass threads have been spun and woven into fabrics available for various purposes, although a lack of satisfactory flexibility and toughness has been a serious obstacle to the introduction of this material to the many uses for which it might be specially applicable. It is now said that PARSOLA, of Vienna, has introduced a modification of the process, by which some of the requisites have been supplied.

The mode of articulation of the vertebræ of birds, so different from that of the other vertebrates, has been a problem among Darwinians, which so far has failed of a satisfactory solution. Professor MARSH, in a recent communication to the *Journal of Science*, thinks he has hit upon an explanation from a careful comparison of the vertebræ of the *Ichthyornis* and *Hesperornis*, two very remarkable fossil birds of the cretaceous period.

He considers the bird vertebra as the highest in type, and believes the development of the various forms to be as follows. In the fishes and amphibians we have animals with biconcave vertebræ, with two hollow cavities filled with pulpy matter, and united only around their edges. This permits free motion in any direction, although very limited. In the mammals the pulpy contents of the two concave vertebræ have become solidified, and uniting in a plane surface with a stronger joint, but with motion still restricted.

In the reptiles, the entire mass of the cavity inclosed by the two vertebræ becomes united either to the anterior vertebra of the two or to the posterior, forming a ball joint in a socket. This is seen generally in the reptiles, and permits a great deal of motion in several planes.

Finally, in the birds we have what Professor MARSH calls the "saddle vertebra," with a very strong and free articulation in a vertical direction. He considers that the saddle form of articulation of the bird vertebræ has been derived directly from the biconcave, as the result of a special tendency of the motion of the vertebræ in an upward and downward direction.

The memoir on this subject which Professor MARSH has in preparation will, in his opinion, fully illustrate and elucidate these positions.

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MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TO PRINCESS LOUISE MARGARET OF PRUSSIA, AT WINDSOR.

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION UP THE CHOIR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.—[See Page 290.]

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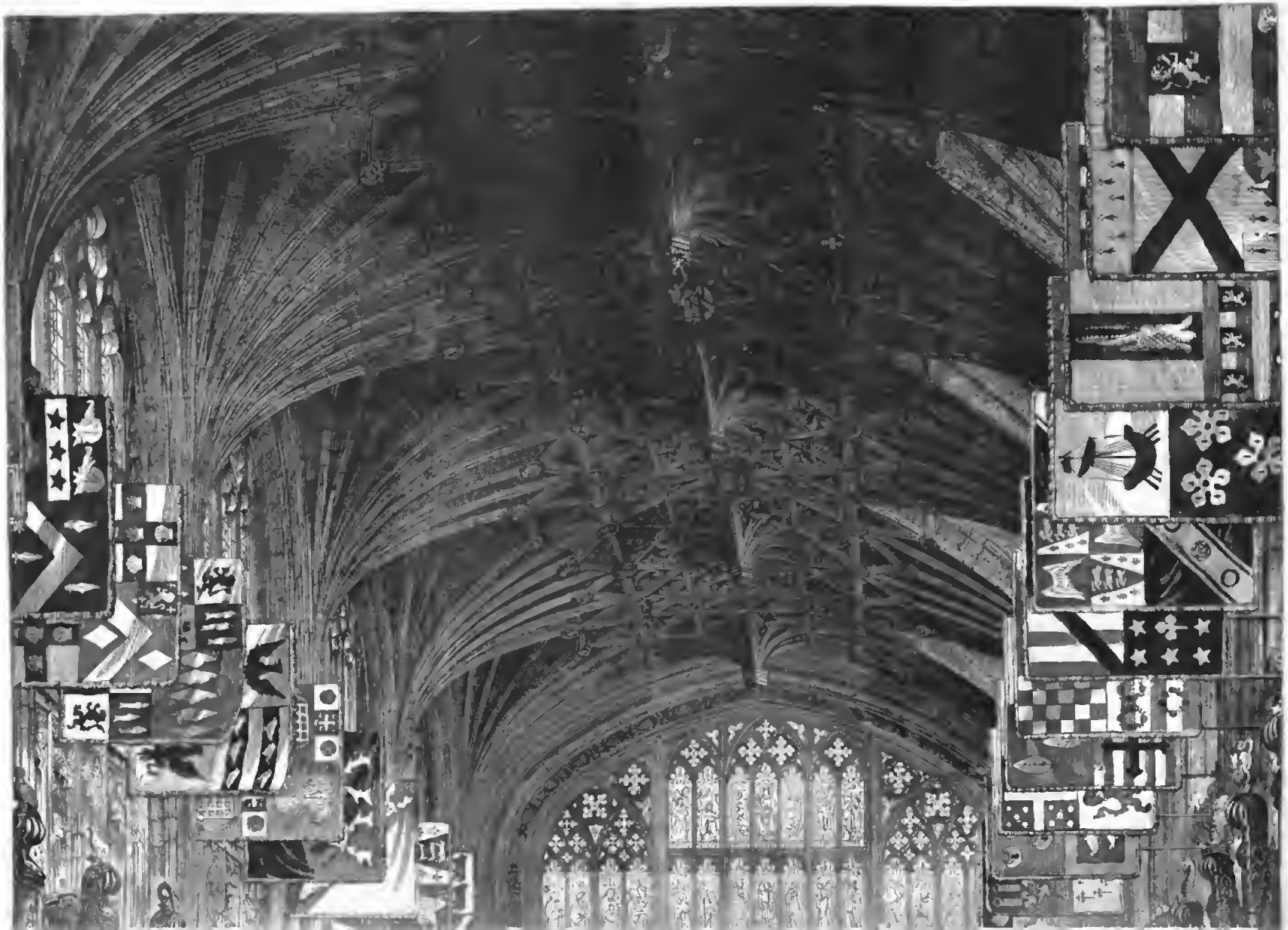

THE BEST WAY.

I WALKED with the beautiful Marcelline
 At eve in the scented clover,
The nightingale sang to the rose and moon
 One sweet song over and over
The nightingale sang, and he sang, I know,
"*Tell her! Tell her you love her! I'd tell her so!*

"*Tell her you love her; it's easy to say
 Just here in the scented clover.*"
So I told her the sweetest story there—
 I told it over and over;
But at moonlight, music, and what I said,
My beautiful Marcelline shook her head.

Next day I walked with the exquisite girl
 In the streets of the crowded city;
She was daintily clad in silk and lace,
 She was gracious, wise, and witty;
I spoke of jewels, of houses, and gold,
Of lands to be bought, and bonds to be sold;

I showed her my bank-book there and then;
 And she whispered, "*Really, Harry!*"
And Marcelline, darling, all shall be yours
 Whenever you choose to marry;
So on, and accordingly, things were said,
And the beautiful Marcelline bowed her head.

Moonlight and music and that sort of thing
 Are rated as foolish or funny;
If you're in earnest your wooing to speed,
 Talk to a girl of your money.
Tell her, "I'm worth so and so," then a kiss;
Bet you the wedding ring she'll say "Yes."

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT ST. GEORGE'S.

THE wedding of the Duke of Connaught, third son of QUEEN VICTORIA, with the Princess LOUISE MARGARET of Prussia, on the 13th of March, was another of those elaborate ceremonials which take place whenever one of the scions of the royal house of GUELPH enters into the holy estate of matrimony. On this occasion the display was particularly brilliant, recalling the magnificent scene of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, sixteen years before. The ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and began about one o'clock. Within the altar rails were the officiating clergy and the bride and bridegroom. Next to them were their respective supporters—the Crown Prince of Germany and Prince FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia for the bride, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh for the bridegroom. The Queen was on the right, near the Prince of Wales. The Princess BEATRICE and Prince ALBERT VICTOR of Wales were behind her Majesty. Next behind them were the Princess of Wales, Prince GEORGE, and the Princesses of Wales. The bridesmaids were on the western portion of the dais, with the Vice-Chamberlain and the Lord Chamberlain on each side. The other royal persons in attendance were seated on each side of the altar. The body of the chapel was occupied by about 180 ambassadors and foreign ministers with their families, cabinet ministers, members of the nobility, and distinguished soldiers and sailors. Of the appearance of the bride, who on this as on all other matrimonial occasions was the central and most important figure of the whole pageant, we can give our readers a better idea than can be had from any verbal description by referring them to a most beautiful engraving recently published in one of our own periodicals. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, in a telegraphic account of the wedding sent to the New York *Herald*, says, "Princess MARGARET, the bride approaching, is pretty, graceful, and trembling. Her simple girlish lineaments remind the spectators strongly of SEGANT'S charming picture of 'Little Swansdown.'" In *Harper's Bazar* for February 16, 1878, "Little Swansdown" will be found gazing at the reader, the expression of her tender features vying in purity with the snowy whiteness of her soft wrappings.

Of the beautiful edifice where these and so many other nuptials of England's illustrious great have been celebrated a magnificent view is given in our double-page engraving. The Royal Chapel of St. George is a most admirable specimen of Gothic architecture, and merits considerable description both on account of its structural attractions and the many interesting traditions that cluster around it. It stands upon the site of a smaller edifice built by HENRY I., and dedicated to EDWARD the Confessor. The present building was originally constructed by EDWARD III., in the year 1337, shortly after the foundation of the college of his newly established Order of the Garter, for their inaugurative and other religious ceremonies. It was considerably enlarged by EDWARD IV., and rendered more suitable to the increased magnificence of the order. The superintendence of the building of this chapel was committed to RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, who was succeeded, on his death, by REGINALD BRAY, Prime Minister of HENRY VII.

The interior of this magnificent fabric exhibits specimens of that richly ornamented species of architecture which has been cultivated with such success in England. The roof, which is formed of stone, commands admiration both for its design and execution. In the interior no portion is left unornamented, the walls being covered with a delicate panelling of Gothic work, and the ribs of the columns spreading over the roof adorned with painted coats of arms of the Knights of the Garter, and with the "Rose en Soleil," the well-known cognizance of EDWARD IV. The great west window occupies the whole of the nave, and is filled with ancient stained glass. The side windows, by WEST, are inferior. On the left is the richly painted Beaufort Chapel, containing two monuments of that family, one an altar-tomb to the founder, CHARLES SOMERSET, Earl of Worcester, the other, supported by Corinthian pillars, to HENRY, first Duke of Beaufort. The Marquis of Worcester, author of the *Century of Inventions*, and the faithful friend of CHARLES I., for whom he defended Ragland Castle, is buried here without a monument. Opposite, on the right, is the Bread Chapel, or Urswick Chapel, so called from Dean CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, buried here in 1521. Here in a golden light is the monument of the Princess CHARLOTTE, executed by WYATT, from public subscription, which represents her beatified spirit rising from the couch upon which her corpse is lying.

Beneath the modern organ screen of artificial stone the visitor enters the choir of St. George's, where the richness of the architecture and the splendor of the dark carved oak are increased by the effect of the gorgeous helmets, banners, and mantles of the Knights of the Garter suspended over the stalls. Here the installation ceremonies of the order have been performed ever since their first celebration on St. George's Day, 1349. The stalls of the sovereigns and princes of the blood are under the organ; next come those of foreign sovereigns. The brass plates at the back of the stalls bear the names, arms, and dates of former members, among which are those of the Emperors SIGISMUND and CHARLES V., FRANCIS I. of France, and CASIMIR IV. of Poland, who all belonged to the order, which DENHAM declares

"Foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem."

Lord BURLEIGH and the Earl of Surrey are also among the illustrious members commemorated here.

In the centre of the choir is a stone bearing the names of those who are interred in the royal vault beneath. Here the unhappy JANE SEYMOUR was buried in 1537, with the Latin epitaph by Bishop GODWIN, translated into English by his son, as follows:

"Here a Phœnix lieth, whose death
To another Phœnix gave breath;
It is to be lamented much
The world ne'er knew two such."

Here in 1547 HENRY VIII. was buried, according to his own wish, "by his true and loving wife, Queen JANE." The tomb which he ordered for himself, and which is minutely described by SPEED, with its 634 statues and forty-four histories, was never put up. CHARLES I. was buried here, "in silence and sorrow," his pall white with the snow which fell upon it in its passage to the chapel, February 7, 1648, without any service, as the Governor would not allow Bishop JUXON to bury the King after the service of the Church of England, neither would the lords allow of his way. There was therefore nothing read at the grave, though the bishop's lips were observed to move. CHARLES II., in order, it is believed, to avoid the expense of a monument, pretended that there was a difficulty in regard to finding the spot where the King was buried, but so late as 1813 the coffin was discovered and opened. Sir H. HALFORD, who was present, describes the complexion of the face as dark and discolored. "The forehead and temples had little or nothing left of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye in the moment of first exposure was open and full, although it vanished almost immediately. The shape of the face was a long oval. The hair was thick at the back of the head, and nearly black; that of his beard was a reddish-brown. On holding up the head, the muscles of the neck had evidently contracted considerably, and the fourth cervical vertebra was cut through transversely, leaving the substance of the divided portions smooth and even—an appearance which could only have been produced by a heavy blow from a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify CHARLES I."

One of the most remarkable tombs in St. George's is that of the Earl of Lincoln, in the chapel which bears his name. This distinguished officer was Lord High Admiral in the reign of ELIZABETH, and an eminent statesman of HENRY VIII. and EDWARD VI. He is represented, with his countess, lying upon a mat, with their eight children beneath. In the pavement of this chapel there is a black marble slab, which marks the grave of HENRY VI., whose body was removed hither by RICHARD III. POPE writes:

"Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him once-feared EDWARD sleeps:
The grave unites where even the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest."

STOW relates that after the removal of his remains to this spot he was worshipped by the name of Holy King HENRY, whose hat of red velvet was thought to heal the headache of such as put it on. Prayers to him were inserted in the service-books of the early part of the sixteenth century. FOX says that "as TESTWOOD chanced to walke in the church in the afternoone, and beheld the pilgrims, especially of Devon and Cornwall, how they came by plumps with candles and images of wax in their hands, it pitied his heart to see such great idolatrie committed, and how easily the people spent their goods in coming so farre to kiss a spur and have an old hat set on their heads, insomuch that hee could not refraine, but went up to them, and with all gentlenesse began to exhort them to leave such worshipping of dumbe creatures." LAMBARD tells us how "Windsore was polluted with the evil worship of Holy King HENRY (so they called him). The rudely bewitched people gadded hither on pilgrimage, being persuaded that a small chippe of his bedstead (which was kept here) was a precious relic, and to put upon a man's head an olde red velvet hatte of his (that lay theare) was a sovereign remedy against the headache."

Scarcely any portion of St. George's is without some interesting tradition connected with England's long line of sovereigns. Around the Deanery there clings the story of the sad leave-taking between RICHARD II. and his Queen ISABELLA, then only eleven years old. FROISSART writes:

"After the canons had chaunted very sweetly (in the chapel), and the King himself had chaunted a collect and made his offerings, he took the Queen in his arms and kissed her twelve or thirteen times, crying, sorrowfully, 'Adieu, madame, until we meet again.' And the Queen began to weep, saying, 'Alas! my lord, will you leave me here?' Upon which the King's eyes filled with tears, but he said, 'By no means, mamye; but I will go first, and you, ma chère, shall come there afterward.' Then the King and Queen partook of comfits at the Deanery, and all who chose did the same. Afterward the King stooped down and took and lifted the Queen from the ground and held her a long while in his arms, and kissed her at least ten times, crying over, 'Adieu, ma chère, until we meet again,' and then placed her on the ground, and kissed her at least twice more; and, by Our Lady, I never saw so great a lord make so much of or show such affection to his lady as did King RICHARD to his Queen. Great pity it was that they separated, for they never saw each other more."

It is needless to say that before the Reformation St. George's Chapel possessed more than the usual number of sacred relics. Enshrined here was some of the Virgin's milk, and also the end of a candle once carried by her. There were also the skulls of Saints BARTHOLOMEW and THOMAS, and bones belonging to Saints OSWYN, RICHARD, DAVID, MARGARET of Scotland, THOMAS of Hereford, WILLIAM of England, WILLIAM of York, and THOMAS of Canterbury. During the civil wars the chapel was terribly injured, but Dean CHRISTOPHER WREN, father of the famous architect, contrived to secure many of the most precious treasures, and convey them to places of safety.

THE BALLOT—FREE ELECTIONS.

THE right to preserve the purity of its own elections is inherent in every government. It is exercised in every modern state where the people rule. No government is so weak, none so careless of its own authority, as not to provide by severe supervision for the security of the voter, the honest counting of the vote. The right of suffrage is the poor man's privilege, a modern safeguard by which he can protect himself against tyranny, and hence it has always been the aim of every popular government to defend this privilege by all the limitations of the law. At Rome, where the modern system of voting almost began in that Forum and Campus Martius that are still studied and venerated by all the free races of the earth, the laws protecting the safety of elections were enforced for several centuries with patriotic zeal. The Roman Forum resounds with examples of devotion to the interests of the people, with the demand for free suffrage. When the cruel and selfish aristocracy would drive the people from the polls, broke up their meetings in the Forum by armed associations, beat and maltreated them, bribed or intimidated, the tribunes met and conquered them by an equal resolution and higher aims. They first enforced the freedom of elections, the purity of the suffrage, the use of the ballot, the peaceful supremacy of the law. They broke up the patrician leagues, the lawless associations, the practice of intimidation if not of bribery. They selected inspectors of elections who were known to be faithful beyond suspicion. The Roman election passed off in a manner not unlike an American one in the educated States. The questions in dispute, the merits of rival candidates, were debated at three public meetings before the day of voting; the popular orators discussed the politics of the time in vigorous language, brilliant rhetoric. At length the election day arrived. Religious ceremonies were performed, the people met in their tribes and centuries. Each tribe voted separately, and in the later period each tribe or class had a single vote. Obscurity still rests upon this subject of the union of the tribes and classes, but it is sufficient to know that each class was divided into a number of centuries, or hundreds, and that each century passed separately into the polling place, and each man separately deposited his vote.

For many centuries an election at Rome passed off quietly. A single polling-place was provided in the Campus Martius; each voter crossed with his century over a wooden bridge (*pontes*), probably a narrow passage into the inclosure (*septa*) where he was to deposit his vote. As he passed, the officers in charge handed him a ballot or tablet, on which he wrote the name of the candidate he wished to elect. He entered the *septa*, deposited his ballot in a chest or polling-box, an official marked the number of votes on a register, and the vote of the century was at once announced by a herald (*rogator*). The inspectors of the election, usually persons of the purest characters, watched over the opening of the boxes, the counting of the votes; the government surrounded its elections with all the authority of religion and law. In the purer period of the nation violence was repressed, intimidation forgotten; in all the strife of parties, it was remarked by a Greek observer, the Roman Forum remained free from bloodshed, and differences of opinion were settled by a common toleration. Slavery, war, indolence, despair, changed all this: the languid Romans became their own destroyers; the voters no longer filled the sacred Forum, liberty and the right of suffrage perished together; the practice of bribery and intimidation prevailed again; the depraved nobles filled the city with their armed clubs; corruption, violence, revolution, carried off every eminent reformer, every pure statesman, from the GRACCHI to CICERO; and when the right of suffrage was allowed to become an empty name, freedom perished in its early seat.

The ballot-box and the right of suffrage were retained no doubt in many of the Roman cities that soon covered Italy and Europe with elegance and life; the election placards of Pompeii are still extant; the appeal to the citizens to vote for ædile and prætor a faint reflection of the liberal suffrage that prevailed in the days of the flourishing republic. The Roman cities sank one by one in the general decay of the darkening ages. They were left naked and desolate, they were ravaged by a succession of barbarians; the powers of ignorance and despotism united to stifle the memory of freedom; the ballot was forgotten, the right of suffrage an empty vision, and all mankind were divided into masters and slaves, a ruling caste and a world of serfs. The right of voting was retained in the Christian Church, and the election of patriarchs and bishops served to keep alive the memories of the stormy disputes of the Forum and the Campus Martius. But the clerical *comitia* often ended in bloodshed, and bribery and intimidation were the usual attendants of a papal election at Rome. Even this privilege was at last taken from the people. The emperors named popes and bishops, the popes and the emperors struggled for universal rule. Yet once more the ballot-box and the right of suffrage sprang up in the rising cities of the Middle Ages, in Venice, Florence, Ghent; the memories of the elections of the Forum were revived in the busy streets of the commercial capitals; men once more claimed the right of suffrage; the privilege of voting was carefully distributed and eagerly sought; Rome sometimes assumed the right of electing a senator or a tribune, but the real spirit of the Roman election was best revived by the political struggles of Florence. The ballot-box and the purity of elections became the pledges of freedom; they were often violated or abused; the fierce contests between the commercial and the baronial classes, the impetuous rage of the democracy, often filled Florence with disorder and bloodshed; none of the mediæval cities could secure the freedom of elections or enforce the law of suffrage so perfectly as it had been enforced at the Rome of FABRICIUS and SCIPIO. At Florence for a time the officials were elected partly by ballot, partly by lot. It was only in a struggle to restore the ancient practice that the mediæval republics could show that they were free; a savage nobility at Florence destroyed the peace of the republic, a usurping caste at Venice made the city a scene of pitiless tyranny. Yet, amidst the fearful degradation of the courts and kings around them, a doubtful system of suffrage had made Florence the source of the cultivation of Europe, and Venice the mistress of the seas. The imperfect vision of a free election, of universal suffrage, and a secret ballot did more to civilize mankind than all the labors of kings and prelates.

Governments for several centuries ceased to concern themselves about the freedom of elections; for in Italy and Germany they were almost unknown, except in a few free cities; in Switzerland they were conducted orally; in France they gave place to despotism; in England alone the form was at least preserved. But in England in the last century the conception of a pure election had been lost. Violence the government jealously guarded against, but bribery was as rife in the English towns and shires as it seems to be to-day in Georgia and South Carolina. The ballot was unknown; the voting at the polling-places was oral; the voters were bought and sold; a borough was a valuable piece of property. It is only in the rapid advance of the popular rule within the last twenty years that the ballot has become again the instrument of suffrage, and men every where go to the polls as the Roman republicans passed over the bridge to deposit their tablets in the *septa* of the Campus Martius. The ballot, almost forgotten for nearly two thousand years, is in every one's hands; the governments are once more concerned to enforce purity of suffrage at the polls; the right of suffrage has become the inalienable property of civilized man, and in every civilized country, in every constitutional monarchy or republic, the nation throws its strongest safeguards around the progress of the elections. So rigid is this supervision that in France even the suspicion of intimidation invalidates the vote; in Germany there seems no trace of violence or disorder; in England the ballot has been at last introduced, and corruption and bribery repressed by stringent laws.

Our own country has shown the latest instance of a powerful and daring reactionary party laboring to destroy the purity of elections; the patrician leagues and armed associations of the Roman Forum have been revived in the political contests of Louisiana and South Carolina, and only partially suppressed in the corrupt constituencies of New York city. At last this party would deprive the national government of all care and supervision of its own elections; it would forbid the appointment of government inspectors; it demands the complete destruction of every safeguard that civilized nations have devised to secure to all the people liberty of voting. It would drive away the national inspectors from the polls, and deliver into the hands of armed associations and unlawful leagues the control of the ruling body of the national legislature. The counting of great numbers of unlawful votes, the bribes, the threats, the unsatisfactory, the alarming condition of the suffrage in all the States "recently in rebellion," is the kind of electoral government the Democratic party would force upon the people. The nation is to look on unmoved while a gross pretext of an election is carried on in its midst, while its rulers are selected by the rifle clubs, and its leading financiers chosen by fraudulent ballots in the corrupt precincts of Tammany Hall. To carry out this plan the Democratic leaders have adopted the policy of revolution. They required the late Congress to pass their bill reversing the whole policy of the country, they forced the session of a new Congress, they have roused once more the bitterness of political strife, and labor to check the tide of business prosperity that was already beginning to rise among us. Uncertainty, danger, the peril of civil strife, have always followed this reactionary and European party. Its real aim is to strike at the heart of

the republic, to discountenance the purest principles of transatlantic freedom. But no honest American, no true republican, will any longer stand idle while the party of reaction, beaten in Europe, labors to enforce its tyranny in America, while with desperate wickedness it seeks to throw the whole country into confusion in order to steal away the sole safeguard of a free election. It seems certain that in all future elections the conspirators against the country's peace will find themselves overthrown with a disastrous defeat. The purity of the ballot-box, the freedom of suffrage, are something we have learned to value more than life, for with them live or die the hopes of man. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE second exhibition of the new but already flourishing Society of American Artists, which has just been held at the Kurtz Gallery, in Madison Square, attracted a great deal of attention. The number of pictures exhibited was not large, for the society is still young, and its membership is small at present; but a large proportion of the works sent in possessed genuine and original merit, and there were few that struck the visitor as having been hung for the sake of filling a vacant place on the wall. On page 284 our readers will find engravings from the pictures of four artists, which may be taken as fair examples of the general merit of the collection.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 13.—Easter-Day.
Sunday, 20.—First Sunday after Easter.
Friday, 25.—St. Mark.
Sunday, 27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

IT is now announced authoritatively that "the question of the elevation of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN to the cardinalate is settled in the affirmative." One difficulty in the way has been removed—that growing out of Dr. NEWMAN'S unwillingness to leave England. Cardinals who are not also bishops in actual charge of dioceses are, as a rule, required to live in the Holy City. This requirement has been waived in Dr. NEWMAN'S case. The appointment will be announced shortly after Easter. It is expected at the same time that Monseigneur DESPREZ, Archbishop of Toulouse, Monseigneur PIE, Bishop of Poitiers, and Dr. HERGENRÖTHER, Professor of Theology in the University of Würzburg, will also be made members of the Sacred College. Other names besides are mentioned in the Catholic papers of Europe.

Current events in the history of the churches of New York and Brooklyn are of more than usual interest. St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street, will be consecrated May 25. Though its defects of construction have been sharply criticised, it still is a stately structure; it stands on the highest ground on Fifth Avenue south of the Central Park.—The Rev. WESLEY R. DAVIS, who goes from the Methodists to succeed Dr. HEPWORTH as pastor of the Church of the Disciples, will be installed on April 18. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. R. S. STORRS; the charge to the pastor will be given by Mr. HEPWORTH, the charge to the people by the Rev. Dr. WM. M. TAYLOR, of the Broadway Tabernacle. The Rev. Drs. CYRUS D. FOSS and O. H. TIFFANY, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are announced to take part in the services.—The Broadway Tabernacle shows a fine balance-sheet for the year 1878. The pew rents have reached the sum of $37,300; the expenses were $31,700. The benevolent contributions were but little short of $14,000.—The Presbytery of Brooklyn have given their consent to the separation of Dr. DURYEA from the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. DURYEA becomes a Congregationalist.

The winter spent by Mr. MOODY in Baltimore has been one of the most remarkable of his long career as an evangelist. His sermons have averaged three or four each day. In Dr. LEYBURN'S church daily meetings have been held for men only, and have been crowded. The whole city, from the prisons to the highest business circles, has been stirred. The Rev. E. P. HAMMOND, the Rev. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, and Major WHITTLE have been constantly occupied during the past winter. Mr. PENTECOST is now in Chicago, Mr. HAMMOND in Chatham, Canada, and Major WHITTLE in St. Louis.

The Rev. Dr. T. DE WITT TALMAGE has been put upon trial by the Brooklyn Presbytery, of which he is a member, on the charge of "falsehood and deceit." The Rev. Dr. SPEAR and the Rev. Mr. MILLARD are his counsel; the prosecution is conducted by the Rev. ARTHUR CROSBY, a nephew of Chancellor CROSBY. The proceedings opened on Monday, March 24, in the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, before a large audience.

After many ballotings the clergy and laity of the Episcopal diocese of Toronto, Canada, have agreed upon the choice of a bishop. Archdeacon SWEATMAN, the new diocesan, is a native of England, and a graduate of Christ's College, Cambridge. He has lived in Canada since 1865.

At the present time the Congregationalists of England and the United States show in their most important statistics almost exactly equal numbers. The Americans have 3620 churches, the English, 3577; the Americans have 3627 ministers, the English, 3700. But the English Congregationalists have no more than 625 ministers without pastorates; the Americans have 1186. In benevolent contributions there is a like approach to equality, the churches in the United States having given $951,000 in 1878, and those in England, $900,000. There are no statistics published of the number of Congregational communicants in England; in the United States it is 375,654, and in England, in all probability, about the same. In average age of deceased ministers the American Congregationalists exceed their English brethren. The average age of the American ministers who died in 1878 was sixty-seven; of forty-three of the English, sixty-three.

Archbishop PURCELL has issued a pathetic appeal to the public in relation to his debts. He traces their origin and growth, declaring that the money intrusted to him has not been spent in luxury or personal gratification. His creditors he numbers at 3000, the full amount of his obligations, as stated by the trustees of his property, is $3,600,000. He thinks that the claims against the diocese do not in equity exceed $1,000,000; but he means by this without interest. He does not, therefore, reckon interest on the money loaned to him an equitable claim, which it certainly is. One point he urges with much earnestness: that he has carried the burden of diocesan expenses for a long time without asking collections from the churches. He does not appear to question at all his right to invest in unproductive buildings and real estate the savings of his flock. His right to do this, however, will be and ought to be questioned, as no savings-bank would be justified in such management.

The last words of the appeal are touching, and should arouse the sympathies of the adherents of the Roman Catholic faith throughout the United States. "The charity that has been so fervently manifested on all sides," says the archbishop, "is now my strong reliance to wipe out any disgrace that may attach to the Church through the mismanagement of the deposits of poor people. God bless, God reward a hundred-fold, the kind words that have consoled a poor insolvent debtor." The Church owes it to itself to pay these debts to the last dollar.

The order for removing clerical teachers from the communal schools of Paris will, it is reported, be carried out with great promptness. The Prefect of the Seine has already notified the Archbishop of Paris of the impending change. It may be doubted, however, whether the Minister of Public Instruction will permit such swift execution of the decision of the City Council as the prefect contemplates. The secular papers of Paris discuss the new measure freely, and approve it.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has issued an appeal for the continuance of the Bible missions founded by the late Mrs. RANYARD, the author of *The Missing Link*. He expresses the belief that "her institution of Bible women and Bible nurses has done more to alleviate misery among the poorest classes, and bring them to a love of the Book, than many, or indeed all, of the efforts of preceding generations." This is an extravagant estimate, but Mrs. RANYARD'S administrative talent, piety, and good sense are universally commended in England.

The venerable WILLIAM HOWITT, who did so much in his later years to expose the frauds and cheats of the Catholic priests of Europe, was buried, with many demonstrations of affection, in the Protestant cemetery of Rome. Though all his life a Quaker, and unbaptized, a service suitable to the occasion was prepared and used by the Rev. Dr. NEVIN, of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission. Dr. NEVIN also delivered a brief address at the grave. WILLIAM HOWITT'S letters from Rome to the English press on the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church showed a clear perception of their meaning. He hated spiritual despotism as intensely as GEORGE FOX himself.

Does LEO XIII. deviate from the policy of PIUS IX.? This question has been under constant discussion for the past thirteen months. It is noteworthy that the Catholic papers give uniformly the same answer which has been given in *Harper's Weekly*. The London *Tablet* of March 8 says, very emphatically: "The Pontiff's immediate purpose [in his last encyclical] was to bear testimony against the Socialists, Nihilists, Communists of the day. But in doing so he took care to point out that the pestilential tenets advocated by these men are nothing else than the legitimate offspring of what are called the modern liberties." By the modern liberties the *Tablet* means the theory of the state adopted in France in 1789, and, more remotely, the principles embodied in our Declaration of Independence. The *Tablet* proceeds: "It can hardly be necessary for us to repeat what we have so very often said, viz., that where Catholic unity has been so happily broken up, all Catholics, without exception, admit that the existence within a certain limit of these liberties is a legitimate consequence of the calamity."

The secular press of France takes the same view of the identity of the attitude of LEO XIII. toward the modern state with that of PIUS IX. The *Journal des Débats* says, "If the form is changed, the substance of the new encyclical is identical with PIUS IX.'s encyclicals. LEO XIII. is no more disposed than his predecessor to recognize the rights of reason and the benefits of free discussion." The *Temps* thinks that LEO "attacks all governments alike." The iron hand of the papacy may now be covered with a velvet glove, but it is the same iron hand still.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-discussed question concerning the East River Bridge is at length settled. The Court of Appeals has decided that the bridge is not an "obstruction to navigation," that it is old tastefo, and that New York is to pay her share toward its construction until it is completed. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed in regard to the bridge, wisdom and economy both indicate that the work should now be carried forward as rapidly as possible. The past litigation has been an expensive affair, as the interest on the capital invested has been a dead loss all the time work has been suspended. When both New York and Brooklyn begin to reap the advantages of a connecting bridge, there will doubtless be more unanimity of opinion about it.

That noted building known as the "Fourteenth Street Delmonico's"—a restaurant where so many memorable feasts have been served—has been demolished to make room for a mercantile structure. The changes marked by this dismantled corner are noteworthy as showing the growth of the city, and the rapid increase of commerce and trade. When the famous caterers first located themselves in Fourteenth Street, about eighteen years ago, that thoroughfare was a fashionable promenade, composed of handsome residences, and altogether destitute of shops. Indeed, it was considered quite "up town," and so far distant from business centres as to raise a doubt in many minds as to the success of a great restaurant in that locality. But the Delmonico brothers had already won a reputation which allured customers; and after years of prosperity, yielding to the city's growth, they moved farther up town, and of the old Fourteenth Street house there now remains only memories of elaborate dinners, elegant receptions, brilliant parties, and balls. It is easy to foresee that in another score of years still greater changes will be experienced in New York city than even the past twenty years have wrought.

Reports from the unfortunate city of Memphis indicate that most of the better class of citizens have made their arrangements to spend the summer at the North, in the anticipation of an epidemic when warm weather comes.

We are not likely to be troubled with much snow in New York now that April showers are near, yet in remembrance of past inconveniences it is of interest to know that more than eight years ago the city authorities of London offered a prize for any invention for removing snow from the streets. Seventeen schemes were submitted. The successful apparatus has been in operation every year since. It consists simply of an inclined plate of iron, fixed below a man-hole leading to the main sewer. Under this plate are ranged gas-burners. The snow carted from the adjoining thoroughfare is shovelled down the man-hole grating, falls on the heated plate, is reduced to water, and passes away down the sewer. The consumption of gas is very moderate, and the cost is said to be much less than that incurred by carting away the snow on the old system. "The apparatus," says the *Engineer*, "has proved extremely successful, and the invention deserves to be widely adopted."

A movement has been made in this city for the relief of the sufferers at Szegedin, Hungary. Reports are conflicting as to the number of lives lost, but it is probable they must be reckoned by thousands; and many more thousands of houseless refugees are in pressing need. At the latest accounts the waters which flooded the city were slowly subsiding.

Those who have been in the habit of visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art hold in most pleasant remembrance the magnificent collection of porcelains belonging to Mr. Avery which has been on exhibition there. The entire collection, however, was never in the Museum. The whole is now exhibited to the public at the gallery on Broadway near Fourteenth Street, and is offered for sale. Every specimen is remarkable for its exceptional beauty, and many of them are superb. The feeling is strongly expressed that such a rare collection should not be dispersed, neither should New York lose it. The price at which it is offered is $80,000, and it would be a most valuable and important permanent addition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It appears from statements made by the best-informed writers on the subject that the population of China must remain an open question, in consequence of the absence of trustworthy official data. But estimates and figures are given which lead to the conclusion that the population is about 400,000,000.

An exchange mentions five things which "every man can do better than any one else:" Poke a fire; put on his own hat; edit a newspaper; tell a story, after another man has begun it; examine a railway time-table.

In the "toy-making" regions—as they are often called—of Germany and Switzerland for many long years it has been the custom of whole families to cut out and carve wooden toys by hand. The youngest as well as the oldest have engaged in the work, although the toys brought but a very little money—two or three cents only for scores of little knives, forks, plates, etc. Recently machinery has been introduced, manufactories have been opened, and making toys by hand has had its day. But do the peasants starve in consequence? By no means. Men, women, and children are still employed, and they earn more money and work less time. Toys are cheaper than ever, but more of them are sold. Busy, thriving villages have sprung up, drawing into prosperous business relations a scattered population. Useful inventions are the true helpers of the working-people.

In response to an appeal from the New York Flower Mission for contributions of pictures to be sent to the hospitals connected with the United States forts in the far West, many packages were received and distributed. An extract from a letter to the secretary of the Flower Mission will be read with interest:

"FORT ELLIS, MONTANA, *February* 24.

"....The pictures have just arrived, delayed a little from the fact that our mountain stage-roads, or rather trails, from the railroad terminus 300 miles away, have been almost buried in snow for several weeks.

"Our post trader has kindly offered to present me with black-walnut frames for sixteen or twenty of the largest pictures, and as soon as he can procure them I shall have them hung. Neither my 'boys' nor myself, however, could wait to have them framed, and so they are tacked to the walls in the ward and dining-room, and the hospital is transformed. I wish I could repeat for you a tithe of the expressions of gratitude and pleasure which I have heard about the kind friends who so promptly and generously responded to my appeal. Be assured that their kind interest in and sympathy for the far-away soldiers are not lightly received nor soon forgotten; and I trust that the silent agency of the varied pictures their kindness has enabled me to place constantly before my patients will in many a case stir old remembrances, and awaken early refining influences too often lost or crusted over in the rough life of camp and bivouac. Again accept collective and individual thanks for your kindly sympathy and words, and assure the associates of the New York Flower Mission that their kindness will ever be held in grateful remembrance by many a 'boy in blue.'

"Very truly yours,

"HARRY GARDNER, Hospital Steward."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER used to tell a beautiful story of a dog-stealer of his acquaintance, who once restored to a friend of Sir Edwin a valuable spaniel, two weeks after the time agreed upon when the matter was negotiated. Sir Edwin upbraiding the man for his delay, the latter finally said, "Well, the truth is, Sir Edwin, you see I had to steal him back from an old lady to whom I sold him for twenty guineas. She never higgled about the price, and she was so fond of the dog, I didn't think it would be Christian not to let her have a few days' pleasure of him."

Stylish lady holding a lap-dog is about ready to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says, "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her gloves." Passengers roar with laughter.

A hangman being asked by a stranger what trade he pursued, replied that he was a finisher.

A French duel resulted fatally the other day. The horses of one of the duellists ran away, as he was returning from the frontier, and killed him. This ought to moderate the French enthusiasm for duelling.

In one of the interior counties, the other day, Robert Gulle and Mary Williams were married. Now is the "Mary of R. Gulle?"

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a petulant mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did," was the reply.

When a man presents himself before a public audience, it often happens that his body is inclined to sink while his head swims.

A man was selling mucilage for twenty-five cents a bottle. He said it was the best mucilage ever made. During the war it had mended lines of battle after they had been broken.

In a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud about the horizon about as large as a man's hand.

A man went into a clothing store the other day, and after picking out some very fine cloth, said: "I want to make my father a present of an overcoat. Just measure it for me. Of course it will be too big for him, but it's pretty good wearing cloth, and as the old man's in bad health, I'll have to wear it sooner or later anyway." Joe makes it a little broad across the shoulders."

MELICAN MAN MUST GO.

[*From a recent Cartoon in the "Puck Illustrated Weekly."*]

"Yes, thank God, we have captured the Capitol, and in 1880 our man will walk up to the White House steps and take his seat in the Presidential chair. Then will our glorious triumph be complete. Then will we proceed to tear your amendments from the Constitution, and trample them in the mire. Then will we break the shackle you have forged for the free, sovereign, and independent Commonwealths of the Union. Then will we recognize the right of secession—a right that is not dead, but sleeping. Then will we decorate the Capitol with the pictures of Davis and Lee and Stuart, and all the glorious leaders of a cause that is not lost, but living still. Yes, thank God, we have captured the Capitol, and from that eyrie of vantage we propose to rule the Republic in a way that will make your Radical laws and your Radical leaders forever odious in America," said the conqueror, and "dapped his wings and crowed exultingly with all his might. An Eagle sailing through the air pounced upon him and carried him off in his talons. The vanquished Cock immediately came out of his corner, and ruled henceforth with undisputed mastery."

THE FIGHTING COCKS AND THE EAGLE—A FABLE (?).

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Boring through the Sand. The Oasis of El Oued Melah.

Large Machine for boring—Ridge between Cabes and El Oued Melah.

Boring through the Sand near the Sea. The Oasis of El Oued Melah, westward.

FLOODING THE SAHARA.—[See Page 294.]

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FLOODING THE SAHARA.

Two plans have been set before the public with regard to the great project of flooding the immense basin of Sahara, known as El Juf, which is now generally conceded to be the bed of a former inland sea. One of these plans is so far in actual operation that preliminary surveys are now in progress, under the direction of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, to test the feasibility of cutting a canal from Cabès, on the coast of Tunis, to let the waters of the Mediterranean into the great central depression. Our illustrations show the surveying parties at work at different points along the proposed route of the canal. Reports from these parties are very favorable. They find the soil free from serious obstacles to engineering work, generally sand to a great depth, resting on a calcareous foundation. They entertain no doubt that the work can be more easily accomplished than the excavation of the Suez Canal.

The other plan is that of re-opening the ancient outlet of the inland sea to the Atlantic, at a place called Boca Grande, or Great Mouth, and thus filling with water the vast depression of El Juf, which lies far below the level of the ocean. This basin, irregular in shape, extends from within twelve miles of the sea-coast to as far south as the regions of Asawad and Walata, to the north of Timbuctoo. The greatest length of this depression is given at about 500 miles, and the greatest breadth at about 120 miles, altogether covering an area of about 60,000 square miles. The breadth of El Juf is much greater in the south, but toward the northwest it seems gradually to get narrower, terminating in the great channel which in former years connected it with the Atlantic Ocean. There can not be any doubt but that El Juf at one time formed part of the Atlantic Ocean, and that the connection existed within historic times seems clear enough. Upon the cause which led to the drying up of the El Juf Sea the classic writers are not very clear. It is recorded by Diodorus Siculus that, according to ancient tradition, a lake called Hesperides, in the portion of the Sahara now occupied by El Juf, was suddenly dried up. Arab traditions point out that several depressions in the Sahara were covered with water in A.D. 681, but since the year 1200 the water gradually disappeared.

It is clear from research and the physical character of the whole region that the waters of El Juf disappeared by the gradual accumulation of sand across the mouth of the channel or channels which formed the connection between it and the Atlantic Ocean, and which finally cut off the water supply. Thus separated from the sea, the vertical rays of the sun would soon reduce El Juf to the vast salt region it now appears. Shells, pebbles, and other marine remains are scattered throughout the entire district, bearing witness to the fact that its surface was covered at no remote period by the waves of the Atlantic. The bed of El Juf is said by the Arabs to be much lower than the ocean. According to the observations of Captain Riley and others, it would appear to be about two hundred feet below the sea-level—a statement in which the sailors of Canary, who know the place, concur.

The Belta Valley, supposed to have formed the connection between the Atlantic Ocean and El Juf, was placed by travellers to the south of Cape Juby, and called by the natives Sakiet El Hamra, the name of the Belta being unknown to them. Boca Grande, or Great Mouth, which forms the entrance, has the appearance of a Gibraltar on a small scale. It is formed between perpendicular rocks rising to a height of about two hundred feet above the sea, with a width of about two miles and a half, having a sand-bar across, about thirty feet at the south end and ten feet at the north, and about three hundred yards across. In stormy weather the waves break furiously against this bar. There is also a strong current setting continually against the shore, which caused the accumulation of sand that ultimately separated El Juf from the Atlantic. The Sakiet El Hamra channel appears to widen considerably inland; a range of mountains at a long distance from the shore stretches from north to south, but opposite the Boca Grande there is almost a perpendicular break of about fifteen miles. The bed of this channel is said to be incrusted with marine salt. Captain Riley, who travelled over many miles of it, says there could be no doubt in the mind of any one who should view it that the bank of this valley was worn by the sea at a comparatively modern period; he also states that the channel was not more than ten miles wide where he passed it, but was very broad within, and extended a great way into the country, which seems clearly to prove that this valley was the northwest extremity of the great basin of El Juf, which became narrower as it approached the ocean.

The importance of the advantages to be gained by the accomplishment of this vast enterprise can hardly be overestimated. Soudan has a population of about 88,000,000 of the most intelligent and energetic of all the African races. They have successively been brought under the influence of Carthaginian, Roman, Egyptian, and Mohammedan civilization. They have formed themselves into independent states, and possess numerous walled towns of commercial importance. They have established laws and education, and stamped out many of the worst forms of pagan superstition. They cultivate the soil, and carry on several branches of manufacture with remarkable success. The people of Soudan receive their supply of European merchandise across the Sahara from the ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli—a system of communication with the outer world which has existed for thousands of years. Caravans proceeding by any of these routes can only make one journey a year, traversing about 2000 miles of mountainous and difficult country before the nearest market of Soudan is reached. These paths, formerly used by the merchants of antiquity, now serve the Arab caravans. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the annual value of the trade between the northern ports and Soudan amounts to about $4,000,000. An easier mode of transit would evidently lead to a large development of this trade.

The distance from Cape Juby to Timbuctoo, on the Upper Niger, is about 800 miles of almost level country, thus being 1200 miles shorter than the present routes. On the line proposed by Mr. Mackenzie there are no less than forty-two stations, with plenty of water. He thinks that caravans could make three journeys a year by it with greater ease than one by the present roads. Therefore, without any outlay whatever for roads, an annual trade of $12,000,000 would soon be established. To attain this object all that is necessary is to form a commercial station at Port St. Bartholomew, Cape Juby, where the climate is equal to that of Madeira and Canary, obtain the protection of the Berber chiefs of Western Sahara (under whose protection the present trade is carried on), and place agents in the principal towns on the road to Timbuctoo. The road to Central Africa would then be practically opened to commerce through a healthy country, and from a point within nine days' sail of European shores.

With the Sahara flooded direct navigation with Europe would be established. And thus will also be opened a more extensive market for American goods. We have heard of the desert being made "to blossom as the rose;" it is certainly a fascinating idea that a vast and arid waste is to be covered by a portion of the waters of the mighty Atlantic. And if this opening up of the interior of Africa to civilization and commerce is to abolish the African slave-trade, with all its attendant horrors, then do we most earnestly wish it a hearty godspeed.

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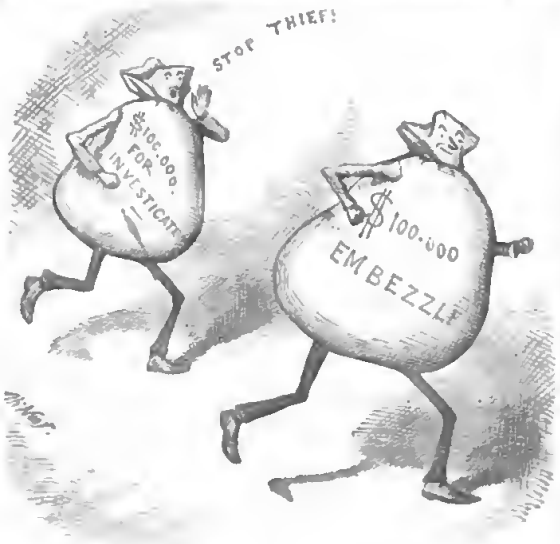

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THE MASSACRE AT ISANDULA.

We may look in vain through the records of warfare between civilized and savage nations for a more terrible instance of wholesale slaughter than that which took place at Isandula, in Zululand, on the 22d of January. Our readers will remember that in our last issue a description was given of the manner in which the English army was divided into four columns at the time when final orders were received for an advance into CETYWAYO's dominions. The plan of the campaign, which had not been decided upon without due consideration of the probable tactics of the Zulu king and the nature of the country which was to be invaded, was as follows: It was the intention of the general commanding for No. 2 column to act on the defensive until the advance into Zululand had been made, and the other columns had established a firm footing there. Appearances led to the conclusion that CETYWAYO would attempt a counter-move, and, profiting by the absence of the British troops, break across the Tugela, and assume the offensive by a series of raids into Natal. For the purpose of checking this Colonel DUNSFORD was directed to move one battalion of his column from Fort Rackinghan to the junction of the Buffalo and Tugela rivers, while the other two, crossing the latter stream opposite Krans Kop, were to remain stationary until No. 1 column, under Colonel PEARSON, had reached Ekowe. The rocket battery and mounted corps, under Colonel DUNSFORD's personal command, were to join Lord CHELMSFORD's troops at Rorke's Drift. Thus when the troops crossed the Zulu border the invading columns were reduced to three, namely, those at Fort Williamson, at Rorke's Drift, and at Somhlan Kop, about twenty five miles southeast of Utrecht. The frontier line was being guarded by detachments all along the right bank of the Tugela and Blood rivers; in rear again of these fortified posts the towns of Helpmakaar, Grey Town, Pietermaritzburg, Durban, and Stanger were occupied by Imperial troops, so that the defenses of the colony were by no means neglected, while every precaution was taken to insure the success of offensive movements.

The petty engagement of the 12th, resulting in the capture of SIRAYO's stronghold, had taken place, and the English been some ten days within the borders of Zululand, when, on the evening of the 21st, Colonel GLYN, in command of the 3d column, and acting under the direct orders of Lord CHELMSFORD, sent forward the advance guard, composed of a detachment of Carbineers, the Natal Mounted Police, a native contingent, and others. It had been anticipated that opposition would be offered by the Zulus, but no idea of their numbers had been formed, nor did the English imagine for a moment that their camp was so situated that the whole strength of CETYWAYO's army might at any moment be hurled upon them. When the news came that the advance guard had been attacked, the main force was directed to move forward. This was done in the following manner: Lord CHELMSFORD himself and Colonel GLYN pushed forward with seven companies of the 2-24th, under Lieutenant-Colonel DURNFORD, LONSDALE's Native Contingent, under Major BLACK, 2-24th, and other troops, leaving behind as rear guard five companies of the 1-24th, under Lieutenant-Colonel PULLEINE, one company of the 2-24th, under Lieutenant FORT, and a portion of the First Regiment of the Natal Native Contingent, under Lieutenant-Colonel DUNSFORD, with the following cavalry: about thirty Natal Carbineers, the Buffalo Border Guard, and about twenty five Newcastle Mounted Riflemen. In addition, Colonel DUNSFORD had SHEPSTONE's Horse and two guns, under Captain RUSSELL, R.A. There were a few artillerymen. The Army Hospital Corps, the Commissariat, with a column of Lord CHELMSFORD's, moved forward with the main body either on the evening of the 21st or the morning of the 22d.

The last of these troops had scarcely disappeared, when rumors became current that the camp was about to be attacked. The rear guard had finished its usual morning march, and outspanned, when Zulu skirmishers were observed on the surrounding hills. These skirmishers advanced toward the camp, keeping up a desultory fire. The camp was pitched in a broken country in a sort of valley with distant surrounding hills. Colonel PULLEINE sent skirmishers of his own, who responded to the fire of the Zulus. To no one of the English officers does it appear at any time to have occurred that there could be a strong force of savages in the neighborhood. Not until the enemy's scouts were joined by bodies of considerable strength were Colonel PULLEINE's skirmishers recalled, or the troops guarding the camp put on the defensive. At last, however, when the Zulu army began to advance rapidly in regular battalions, the alarm became general, and every effort was made to organize a suitable defense. The Zulus marched directly upon the camp, keeping up a telling fire until within such a distance that they could use their assegais when they had recourse to those weapons. The English kept up a steady fire, and great numbers of the savages dropped, but their progress was not arrested, the places of those who fell being immediately filled up by others.

While this attack was going on in the rear, a

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double flank movement was executed, by which the wings of the Zulu army surrounded the camp. Unfortunately the wagons of the English had not been packed "in Laager"—that is, so as to form a defense—and many of them were taken possession of by the Zulus. This simple fact had the effect of turning the day. The savages gained possession of the ammunition wagons, and the English were soon without the means of loading their weapons. The affair then became one of absolute butchery. Officers and men were assegaied as they stood. They made no charges. The Zulu host came down with the weight of its battalions, and literally crushed the small body, which could only defend itself with the bayonet, and very soon it had not even room to use that. The Zulus picked up the dead bodies of their comrades and hurled them on the bayonet points of the soldiers, thus simply beating down all defense. The work of destruction was complete. Within two hours from the time the Zulu skirmishers were seen, there was not a living white man in the camp. The ammunition, the guns, the commissariat supplies, the wagons, the oxen, all the material of the column, fell into the hands of the enemy. Fortunately two cannons were spiked by Captain SMITH, Royal Artillery, who was assegaied while in the act. As far as could be ascertained, the Zulus carried away all the ammunition and some wagons, and destroyed whatever was left behind.

Among those present during this dreadful scene was an officer named YORWE, who had been wounded during the struggle with SIRAYO's men. Being invalided, and not connected with any regiment, he fired his rifle from the corner of a wagon, until he had exhausted his ammunition, after which he decided upon attempting to escape. Fortunately he had a good horse, and a desperate dash carried him through the enemy's lines just in time. He was chased by the Zulus, who are swift runners, but could not outspeed the horse. The last sight seen by him as he fled from the luckless spot was the little body of English troops completely surrounded, and fighting desperately against overwhelming numbers. The description as heard from his lips by the friends of those engaged in the conflict was agonizing. The loud yells of the Zulus filled the air. There was no other noise except their demoniacal shrieks as the awful work was done, not with fire-arms, but the short stabbing assegai. He saw two officers, Lieutenant COGHILL and Adjutant MELVILLE, both trying to fight their way through the ranks of the savages, the one with the colors in his hand, which he was vainly endeavoring to preserve. It is probable that Lieutenant COGHILL had been dispatched for assistance, as he was that day acting as staff officer to Colonel PULLEIN. It is said that both COGHILL and MELVILLE were splendid horsemen, and were well mounted. They were not, however, so fortunate as YORWE. The place he escaped through was, a minute after he passed it, completely blocked. He saw it was impossible to force the dense masses of Zulus between him and the Drift, so he made for a point on the river lower down, where he found no Zulus. He had, however, to jump the cliff, happily only ten feet high. If it had been one hundred he must have jumped it, as his pursuers were not far behind. His horse, having swam a few yards, was able to ford the rest of the river. He then rode to Helpmakaar. A few of the Natal Native Contingent and others were drowned in attempting to swim, but some were saved.

It will be seen from this short narrative that the Zulu army was completely organized. The troops advanced, first throwing out skirmishers; then, as the battalions came down in mass, using their rifles when at long range with considerable effect. When near enough to use their own familiar weapon, the assegai, they hurled them in showers. Opinions differ as to whether this fearful disaster to the English arms is due to the superior generalship of the Zulus or was so much a surprise to them as to their unfortunate victims. One theory is that the Zulu army of invasion was making for Natal, and accidentally came across the rear guard of Colonel GLYN's column; the English troops were allowed to cross the river at various points; Colonel GLYN's main body was enticed away from its supplies by a feint attack, and then the main body of Zulus swept down on the baggage guard. The few who survived the fearful day speak in the highest terms of the manner in which the gallant force sustained the assault of the overwhelming hordes that descended upon it. The native allies also fought bravely, and it is generally conceded that if the camp had been formed "in Laager," and the men could have got hold of the ammunition with which it was so generously supplied, the issue of the attack might have been something less than the total annihilation of the English. As it is, the record of the day's work redounds to the credit of the poor fellows whose lives were sacrificed. The correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes: "The great wonder was that so few men—for there were only about six hundred men in the camp, excluding natives who ran, and not including Colonel DUNSFORD's mounted men, under Captain HARROW who did fight well—were able, in the open, and with no protection or cover, to keep off for four or fi[illegible] of Caffres that must [illegible] line of Zulus which e[illegible] left was nearly three[illegible] consisted of over fif[illegible] body of over five thou[illegible] as a reserve, and took [illegible] simply drove off the c[illegible] plunder. When the[illegible] most of their dead

1. The Scene of the Conflict. 2. Mounted Infantry. 3. Native Contingent. 4 and 5. Two Com[illegible]

THE ZULU WAR—SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF ISANDULA, WITH LORD CHELMSFORD'S ADVANCE

bers of the 24th Regiment. 2. Four Guns. 3. Company of 24th Regiment, under Major Black.

COLUMN.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. NORTH CHEALOCK, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 22.

ours the large number attacked them. The down the hills to the o long, and must have thousand men, while a d remained on the top part in the action, but red cattle, wagons, and men moved, they took ers with them in our wagons, mixed with the débris of the commissariat wagons, the contents of which—flour, sugar, tea, biscuits, mealies, oats, etc.—were scattered about and wasted in pure wantonness. On the ground there were also dead horses, shot in every position, some mutilated, others stabbed, while lying thick upon the ground in clumps were the bodies of the white men, with only their boots or shirts on, or perhaps an old pair of trousers as part of their coats, with just enough showing to indicate to which branch they belonged. In many cases they lay with sixty to seventy rounds of empty cartridges alongside them, showing that they had only died after doing their duty."

All that was left of the gallant regiment thus devoured by savages on the 22d of January, when the day was done, was Captain HARRISON's company, stationed at St John's River; Captain VERCHERE and Captain RAINSFORD, who were at that time on their march to join their battalion; Major MUCH and Dr HARLEY, who were invalided a short time before; and Lieutenant MOSSHEAD, who was doing staff duty at Pietermaritzburg. These few men represent one of the finest regiments in the English army, and one whose past record reads well in the annals of warfare. Its history is worthy to be recapitulated here, for seldom can any military organization recall harsher experiences, or point to more faithful services. The 24th Regiment, otherwise the 24 Warwickshire, and, still more familiarly, "Howard's Greens," is not only one of the most ancient but one of the most active corps in the English army. Originally raised by King WILLIAM III to assist him in his expedition into Ireland, the 24th Regiment subsequently took a distinguished part in the wars against France. At Schellenberg and Blenheim it earned early laurels, and on the terribly contested field of Malplaquet helped to gain a sanguinary and dearly purchased victory. From its early history the 24th became inured to hard and sometimes profitless fighting. It figured at the unsuccessful siege of Carthagena, at Minorca, in Egypt, and at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope under General CLARKE and Admiral ELPHINSTONE. In the Peninsula it figured at Talavera and at Fuentes d'Onoro, at the well fought fields of Salamanca and Vittoria, at St. Sebastian, at Nivelle, and at Orthez. At Chillianwallah, on the 13th of January, 1849, being badly supported by the native regiments of its brigade, the 24th had to bear the attack of four times its number. The men fought gallantly, contending the ground inch by inch, but they were then beaten as completely by the Sikhs as the regiment has now been by the Zulus. Their loss was 300 rank and file and fourteen officers, amongst whom were their gallant leader, Colonel PENNYCUIK, and his two sons. According to the London *Times*, this regiment met with another reverse during the Indian Mutiny, when a detachment under Colonel—now General—Sir CHARLES ELLIOT was moved rapidly down from Rawul Pindi to disarm the 14th Native Infantry at Jhelum. "The affair was grossly mismanaged," says the journal in question, "and though the 24th acted bravely, they were driven off with heavy loss (their colonel being dangerously wounded), abandoning a gun to the mutineers, who during the night effected their escape unmolested. It is not often in the space of thirty years a regiment can point to three reverses, still less to three such rapid spurts of promotion as have befallen the 24th." General ELLIOT, however, exhibits this affair in quite a different light. He points out that his men, though weary after their forced march during the previous night, and faint from the excessive heat and want of food, drove the mutineers, who greatly outnumbered them, from the fortified keep or guard room where they had retired after firing on their own officers. The sepoys made a second stand in a walled village some distance off, where the attack upon them was renewed, and only ultimately abandoned in consequence of the utter exhaustion of the English troops. The next morning the sepoys were found to have fled from the village, but they were pursued, and the final result was their entire destruction. General ELLIOT concludes with the remark that the only officer killed was one captain, and that his loss certainly did not "afford a spurt of promotion."

There can be no doubt that the terrible massacre at Isandula would never have had a place in the annals of the present Zulu war could Lord CHELMSFORD have followed up the advantage gained in the attack upon SIRAYO's stronghold, described at full length in our last issue. His reasons, however, for not following the Zulus in their precipitate flight were unquestionably good. Advancing into an enemy's country, the resources of which were comparatively unknown, he determined to make no forward movement until he was in possession of fifteen days' supplies with each column, and thirty days' further rations stored at the bases on the right bank of the river, namely, Rourke's Drift, Fort Buckingham, and Fort Pearson. The badness of the roads and the inefficiency of the transport service delayed the arrival of these necessary stores; so that although Lord CHELMSFORD crossed the frontier on the 11th of January, ten days later he was only ten miles beyond the river. The decision not to move forward until forty-five days' sup-

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plies had been collected was undoubtedly a judicious one. Allowances must be made for heavy floods, always more frequent in Natal at this season of the year, for impassable roads, mortality among cattle, and unbridged rivers. It is, perhaps, hard to say, taking Lord CHELMSFORD's scanty resources into consideration, that more might have been done. At the same time, in reading of the terrible fate of the gallant 24th, it is impossible not to feel that greater exertions should have been made to have things in readiness for carrying the campaign forward when once it had been opened. Had Lord CHELMSFORD been in a position to follow up his success of the 12th by a prompt simultaneous advance of all the three columns upon Ulundi, it is more than probable that the Zulus, surprised by the suddenness of the onslaught, would have fallen an easy prey to his army. As it was, the enforced delay from the 11th, when the English crossed the borders of Zululand, to the 20th, when the forces prepared to leave the camp at Isandula, enabled them to collect their forces, inspired them with a courage they certainly did not show in the defense of SIRAYO's stronghold, and induced them to venture upon an attack the result of which is one of the most terrific massacres in the history of modern warfare. In this disastrous engagement the English lost more officers and men than at Alma, where twenty-five officers and 362 men were killed; and the carnage nearly equalled the death-roll of Inkermann, which was thirty-nine officers and 597 rank and file.

HER BLUE-EYED BOY

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
For thee I sigh, for thee I weep,
When others tread the mazy dance,
Or smile in happy dreams and sleep.
Torn from these loving arms away,
By those who recked not tear or prayer,
Ere thou couldst speak thy mother's name,
My tiny bud, my babelet fair.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy,
Could I within thy bright eyes gaze,
Or have an hour to kiss thee in,
'Twould light up many weary days.
But thou art far away from me;
Between us Ocean's billows beat,
And I can but thy picture kiss,
My fairy rose, my babelet sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had graced, with a pair of scissors that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girdle, a murmur of admiration and sympathy arose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead—that is, in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been moulded out of lard; Mrs Dusenberry, a lady who looked about five-and-forty, but who, according to her own calculations, grew young so fast that her friends confidently expected that in a few years she would be a girl again, with lips so thin that they came near being no lips at all, bumpy brow, small, black, uneven eyes, a nondescript nose, and a figure remarkable for its unobtrusiveness; Captain Huttop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handsome man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel; Mr Wellington Octoper, a young pork-merchant, called "Devil-fish" by those of his companions who had been to the Aquarium, "because it came so devilish near being Octopus, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion, and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann Octoper, sister of the pork-merchant, a pretty, pert young girl, who came down to breakfast in diamond ear-rings, and talked a great deal about "style;" and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere mention.

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner homestead (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially built of gray stone and draped with beautiful wistarias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware River, and the gleam of the water through the branches of the catalpa-trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laden with showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare riot, was a pleasant sight to see.

Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the homestead—her mother's extreme lassitude rendering her only the nominal one—was a comfortable, sentimental old maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a snub-nose. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead—a forehead much like her mamma's—and falling in a curly crop in the back of her neck. In evening dress these curls were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymers as "heaven-born." In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration of all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could *I* have been pen-gifted I would have asked no other boon."

"How *very* sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her scissors in hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Gans at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-bye, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her talent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought would be most interesting to him, with a hint as to the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, to every man with whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance.

"And when do you expect her, Isabella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard them more closely, and then listlessly dropping them again.

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, taking a letter from her pocket and referring to it. "She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as the sun is beginning to drown in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright—as bright, alas! as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'"

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was right smart. Yes-s," said the young pork-merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read any thing in the newspapers but the lard quotations and hog-market reports myself, but I know good po'try when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write poems by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She on'y does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Huttop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is *she*? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "pome" away in her pocket-book, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. "She's Mrs Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a lovely babe—"

"Babelet," corrected Mrs Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest in Miss Spooner's story had neglected to fan the rival of Madame De Sévigné, after having been captured and detailed for that duty only five minutes before.

"And when her husband died," continued the fair Isabella "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned him because they thought he married below him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's arms."

"'And recked not tear or prayer,'" quoted Mrs. Dusenberry.

"But why did she let them take him?" shouted the captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd 'a held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?"

"Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece.

"That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry.

"But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant.

"Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possesses the gift of song, and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which are showered on her wherever she goes—she is such a favorite—she manages to get along. I met her at Mrs Bluelight's party last winter, and we took *such* a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, too, but she didn't see him; he was at the other end of the room, behind some tall plants—he was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday—and I cried till my nose looked like a—"

"Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry. Adding, in a sprightly manner: "Captain, if you desert me for this enchantress, I'll never forgive you," to the great astonishment of the honest captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with the lady, and indeed had never seen her until this very July afternoon.

"Well," said Mrs Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. *I* sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."

"'My babelet sweet!'" murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.

"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here she is."

And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish-looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, coquettishly set on the back of her head. Her pale yellow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group on the veranda.

Miss Spooner, with astonishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet, sweet poem, 'A Mother's Wail.' Welcome to the homestead!"

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hands, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. "That glimpse of the water! the grand old trees! the fragrance of the air! and"—raising her beautiful eyes—"the glorious sky, so blue"—with a catch in her breath—"so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!"

In less than a week every man in that house was more or less in love with Mrs. Montgomery Montague—the captain, the pork-merchant, the old clerks, and the young clerks.

And the women—well, the women didn't like her as well as they did before she came.

"She's pretty enough and clever enough," said Mrs. Dusenberry, "but I for one am getting tired of her blue-eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine to a distinguished literary gentleman—immediately upon reading it he enrolled himself among my band of admirers—'*I* have lost children, lost them in the grave, but I never bring my shadows to cloud the sunshine of my friends.'"

And, to do her justice, she never did. On the contrary, so uncommonly well did she bear her bereavements that one could scarcely believe she had ever been bereaved.

But to go back to the pretty poet's lovers. Captain Huttop was the most devoted of them all. He had never been in love before, and love, like scarlet fever, is a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit beneath the trees, and a large umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the road. He named his sail-boat *Lilian* after her, bought a pony and phaeton and placed them at her service, swung her for hours in the hammock which hung in the orchard, and listened with patient, heartfelt sympathy to her longings for her blue-eyed boy.

"Blessed if it ain't too bad!" said he one day (they were sitting beneath the catalpa-trees), as the little widow pressed her lace handkerchief to her eyes to dry the tears that sprung to them just after she had remarked that the twittering of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice—"darned if it ain't! Couldn't you git him away from them folks? 'Pears to me *I* couldn't refuse you any thing when you clasp your hands and look at me with tears in your eyes."

"Oh, captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you—*very* few. You are one in a thousand—yes, *five* thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when—when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how much feeling we write them, are so cold."

"Why don't you try 'personally,' then?" asked the captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, to the imminent danger of the delicately carved handle.

She blushed, cast down her yellow-brown eyes, raised them again, looked him in the face like a child resolved to tell the truth, however painful it may be, and said, "I have no money wherewith to pay my passage to England. I understand me, *I* would willingly, *most* willingly, be a steerage passenger, a stewardess, any thing—any thing to bring me nearer my child. But coming to them so as befitted the wife of their son and brother, my husband's proud family would *certainly* disown me, and I should be alone in a strange land more heart-sick than ever."

"Well, if the want of money's all," cried her honest lover, "that's easily settled. I'll give you the money to go in bang-up style, and—"

But here he stopped in amazement, for Mrs Montgomery Montague had risen from her seat and drawn her small figure to its fullest height. "Sir, do not insult me," she said, with trembling lips.

"Insult you!" cried the captain, springing to his feet—"insult you, my dear little woman! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"But you offered me—money," she stammered.

"And I was about offering you my hand and heart—that's the way they put it in the love stories, don't they? Will you marry me, Lilian? and then, if you choose, we'll go together for the boy."

"Generous man!" said the widow, a tear stealing down her pretty cheek. "But don't you see"—and a smile succeeded the tear—"that *that* would never do? I could never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Huttop. It must be as the widow of Montgomery Montague."

"Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed the captain, looking at her admiringly. "Well, promise to marry me when you return. *Do*, Lilian. No one could love you better than I."

"When I return?"

"Yes, for surely my promised wife can accept part of the fortune that will be all hers when she is really my wife, without any body— Darn it! nobody need know. Will you, Lilian?"

"I will," she said.

"Will what, my precious?" he asked, smiling.

"Every thing," she answered, and turned and fled like a bashful girl, after he had clasped her in his arms and given her a kiss in true sailor fashion.

And by the very next steamer Mrs. Montgomery Montague started for England, with a valuable solitaire diamond engagement ring glittering on her pretty hand, a check for five hundred dollars in her silver porte-monnaie, and many useful and ornamental farewell gifts from the ladies of the Spooner household. The ladies felt all their old interest in her revive, now that she had gone away indeed, as Mrs Dusenberry informed the eighty-year-old grandfather of the youth who fanned her on the afternoon of Mrs. Montague's arrival. "She was much too lovely, and made me quite jealous of you, you false man."

And Miss Isabella Spooner hung the picture of young Montgomery, "that babelet fair," in the parlor, and wreathed it with daisies. "Heaven grant that we may see the darling himself soon!" she said, with pious emphasis.

But they never did. For, a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wellington Octoper burst in among them all as they were playing croquet on the lawn, scattering the balls in every direction.

"Sold, by gracious!" shouted he.

"What?" asked Miss Spooner, dropping her mallet.

"A million tierces of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her partner.

"She's a fraud! Yes-s," continued the pork-merchant.

"Who?" they *all* cried this time.

"The widow, Mrs. Montgomery Montague, that is, Mrs Maria J. Thompson. Yes-s."

"Maria J.—Jane, I suppose. A *sweet* name," said Mrs Dusenberry.

"A fraud, Sir? What do you mean, Sir?—what do you mean?" bellowed Captain Huttop, as though through a speaking-trumpet, a flush overspreading his weather-bronzed face.

"Just what I say, captain. Yes-s," answered the pork-merchant. "It ought to be the 1st of April—it ought—for, by jingo, there never was such a sell! The only truth she told was when she said she was a widow. So she is. Yes-s. The widow of Jack Thompson, celebrated mince and punkin pie maker in Chicago. I met his brother on the street to-day. He's a pork-merchant. And she never had any children."

"Not a blue-eyed boy?" gasped the captain.

"Not even a blue-eyed boy. Yes-s!" said Wellington Octoper.

CHARLES LAMB

THE following new and characteristic anecdotes of Charles Lamb are well worth preservation. They formed a part of the ample recollections of the late Mr John Chambers, of Lee, Kent.

Mr Chambers was for many years a colleague, at the East India House, of Charles Lamb, of whom he had a keen appreciation and warm admiration. He himself is referred to in the essay by Elia on "The Superannuated Man," under the letters Ch——, as "dry, sarcastic, and friendly," and in these words Lamb accurately defines his character. They probably worked together in the same room, or, in India House language, "compound"—a term which Lamb once explained to mean "a collection of simples." Chambers was the youngest son of the vicar of Radway, near Edgehill, to whom Lamb alludes in his letter given at page 307, vol. ii., first edition of Talfourd's *Letters of Charles Lamb* (Moxon, 1837). He was a bachelor, simple, methodical, and punctual in his habits, genial, shrewd, and generous, and of strong common-sense. He lived, after his retirement from active duty in the East India Company's Civil Service, at a snug cottage on the Eltham Road, near London, "with garden, paddock, and coach-house adjoining," and delighted to gather round him a small circle of intimate friends, to whom, over a glass of "old port," he would relate, as he did with a peculiar indescribable dry humor, his experiences of men and things, and especially his reminiscences of the East India Company and of Charles Lamb. He always spoke of Lamb as an excellent man of business, discharging the duties of his post with accuracy, diligence, and punctuality.

1. Lamb, at the solicitation of a City acquaintance, was induced to go to a public dinner, but stipulated that the latter was to see him safely home. When the banquet was over, Lamb reminded his friend of their agreement. "But where do you live?" asked the latter. "That's your affair," said Lamb; "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to the bargain." His friend, not liking to leave Lamb to find his way alone, had no choice but to take a hackney-coach, drive to Islington, where he had a vague notion that Lamb resided, and trust to inquiry to discover his house. This he accomplished, but only after some hours had been thus spent, during which Lamb dryly and persistently refused to give the slightest clew or information in aid of his companion.

2. Lamb was one of the most punctual of men, although he never carried a watch. A friend observing the absence of this usual adjunct of a business man's attire, presented him with a new gold watch, which he accepted, and carried for one day only. A colleague asked Lamb what had become of it. "Pawned," was the reply. He had actually pawned the watch, finding it a useless incumbrance.

3. On one occasion Lamb arrived at the office at the usual hour, but omitted to sign the attendance book. About mid-day he suddenly paused in his work, and slapping his forehead as though illuminated by returning recollection, exclaimed, loudly: "Lamb! Lamb! I have it." and rushing to the attendance book, interpolated his name.

4. On another occasion Lamb was observed to enter the office hastily and in an excited manner, assumed no doubt for the occasion, and to leave by an opposite door. He appeared no more that day. He stated the next morning, in explanation, that as he was passing through Leadenhall Market on his way to the office he accidentally trod on a butcher's heel. "I apologized," said Lamb, "to the butcher, but the latter retorted: 'Yes, but your excuses won't cure my broken heel, and —— me,' said he, seizing his knife, 'I'll have it out of you.'" Lamb fled from the butcher, and in dread of his pursuit dared not remain for the rest of the day at the India House. This story was accepted as a humorous excuse for taking a holiday without leave.

5. An unpopular head of a department came to Lamb one day and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," was Lamb's reply.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"WE HAVE COME TO STAY."

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OUR NEW MINISTER TO BERLIN.

The choice of Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, to fill the position of United States Minister to the court of Berlin, made vacant by the death of the lamented Bayard Taylor, is one that appears to give universal satisfaction. It is greatly to the credit of the Administration that, in choosing our representatives abroad, men should be selected whose eminent culture and proved ability enable them to take their place worthily among the diplomatic circles of the Old World. President White is peculiarly well fitted for the position that has been tendered him. An accomplished scholar, and thoroughly familiar with the distinguishing features of our own common wealth, he has at different times spent several years in Europe, where he improved excellent opportunities for study and observation. Possibly no American has a better acquaintance than he with the institutions, the literature, and the popular characteristics of Germany.

President White, now in his forty-seventh year, is a native of Syracuse, his father being a prominent and wealthy resident of that city. As a young man he entered Hamilton College, but remained only a year, finishing his collegiate course at Yale. From this institution he was graduated, having been a member of what has since become known as "the famous class of 1853." While at college he evinced unusual ability, standing at the head of his class, and during the last year carrying away the first prizes for scholarship and oratory. On leaving the seclusion of Yale he went abroad, and saw much of social and diplomatic life as an attaché to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. Here he laid the foundation of his present magnificent library. On his return he was elected to the chair of History in the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, which he accepted, after declining a similar position offered him at Yale. Owing to ill health, he resigned in 1863, and visited Europe again, but only for a brief period.

The connection of Mr White with the educational institution of which for many years he has been the head appears to have grown out of his election to the State Senate for the district of Syracuse in the autumn of 1864. Here he met the late Ezra Cornell, who afterward founded the University which bears his name. The acquaintance between them grew out of Senator White's interest in educational matters and Senator Cornell's desire to found a collegiate institution where, to use his own words, "any person can find instruction in any study." Mr White had introduced the bill which codified the school laws, and that which created the new system of Normal Schools. His advocacy of these measures led Mr Cornell to disclose to him his plan for a liberal institution of learning, and in 1865 Mr White introduced the bill which incorporated Cornell University. In 1866 he was chosen first President of the University, and soon afterward he visited Europe to study modern educational methods, and to purchase for it books and apparatus. After its founder, the University has been indebted to no one so much as to President White, who, to a very large degree, has formed and directed its system and character. From his own private fortune he has constantly given to it books, objects of art, and sums of money. The handsome residence for the President of the University, on the University grounds, was built by him. The total amount of his gifts would probably reach fully $100,000. Besides his work as President, he has filled the chair of Modern History; and his lectures on the history of France, especially the period of the great Revolution, have always been one of the most popular courses in the curriculum.

With politics the name of President White has been at times associated since his leaving the Senate of this State. Several times he has acted as Delegate from Onondaga County to the State Conventions, and in 1871 he was made President of the Syracuse Convention. Always a warm supporter of General Grant, he was the same year appointed one of the Commissioners to San Domingo to report on the question of annexation. Two years ago he once more visited Europe for his health, and was appointed by President Hayes as one of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition. Although President White has always been a prominent Republican in politics, he has not been active in partisan affairs.

President White's sojourn in Berlin will not sever his connection with Cornell University. During his absence Professor Russell, now Vice-President, will act in his stead. So this way the interests of the institution will suffer but little by his temporary withdrawal, while the people of the United States will have the consciousness that they are fully represented at the German capital.

THE HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.—Photographed by Sarony.

THE LIFE-SAVING ASSOCIATION.

The object of this admirable society is to employ crews of accomplished swimmers to patrol the river-fronts of our city and rescue people in danger of drown

NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS—NEW STATION AT PIER TWENTY-EIGHT, EAST RIVER.—From a Sketch by C. A. Kettell.

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ing. It was originally organized in the latter part of January of this year. The persons mainly interested in pushing the work, and who have contributed most liberally, are members of different associations of New York, the Stock Exchange, the Produce Exchange, and the Maritime Exchange being especially well represented. The officers of the society are a president, vice-president, and secretary, together with a board of directors, who control the financial and other arrangements. The entire revenue comes from voluntary subscriptions. It is proposed to locate stations along the river for the convenience of the crews and the better care of persons rescued. As yet only one of these buildings has been completed. This is located at Pier No. 28, East River, and forms the subject of our illustration on page 305. Each station is to be supplied with a galvanic battery and other means for reviving persons who have been for some time under water. There will be two patrols at each station to watch for cases of accident, and these men will be thoroughly instructed in the use of the various appliances supplied by the society. The germ of this admirable institution was the volunteer Life-saving Corps organized by "Nan the Newsboy," of which an account was given in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*.

The New York Life-saving Society is modelled upon a similar association in London, called the Royal Humane Society. This was organized over a hundred years ago, the first meeting of the founders taking place at the London Coffee-House on the 18th of April, 1774, when thirty-two gentlemen formed themselves into a committee to carry out the plan proposed by a physician named Hawes for the treatment of suspended animation. Dr. Hawes had for some time previously offered rewards to those who between London and Westminster bridges should, within a certain time after the occurrence of an accident, rescue the bodies and bring them to places appointed for their reception, where proper means for their resuscitation might be applied. This system he carried on for twelve months at his own expense, and succeeded thereby in saving several lives. At the expiration of the first year a friend named Dr. Cogan pointed out to him that the time had arrived when the expenditure and personal labor involved in this laudable effort were greater than ought to be borne by one professional man, and offered to unite with him in the formation of a Humane Society. The idea was promptly adopted, and a society formed which during the hundred years of its existence has been the means of saving 28,034 persons from premature death.

This society has for some time past maintained establishments in the parks of London, and numerous receiving houses within one hundred miles of the metropolis, where drags are always in readiness, and where a medical officer is always within call. The model receiving-house of the association, erected in 1834, is situated on the north bank of the Serpentine River, midway between the bridge and the east end. It contains, besides accommodation for the resident superintendent and boatmen of the society, two wards, a surgery, and a committee-room. The wards are furnished with four baths and six beds, arrangements being made so that the bedding can be heated. The object of this is to keep up the temperature of the body after the patient is removed from the warm bath to the bed. There are likewise two hollow iron tables, with pipes leading to a boiler through which the hot water circulates, warming hot-water bottles and other instruments, and keeping the atmosphere of the room at a high temperature. About two tons of water are kept constantly hot, so that a warm bath can be prepared at a moment's notice during any hour of the day or night. The society, however, accomplishes as much by its system of rewards, and the publication of the particulars of noble and intrepid exertions in saving life from drowning, as by its successful treatment of cases of suspended animation. The large field open to this branch of the work is shown by the statement of the Registrar-General that about 2800 persons are annually drowned from accidents or suicide.

Curious to relate, there is no country where life-saving associations are more popular, or where they receive more cordial support, than China. In the year 1828 a number of merchants and other influential persons established a Humane Society in the Celestial Empire, supported by voluntary contributions. The boats used by the society are about thirty-five feet long by seven broad. They are flat-bottomed, with square bows, very strongly built, and with low sides, so that a comparatively small part of the craft is above water. In shape they resemble the ordinary Chinese boat, so frequently described, but are much broader in proportion to their length, and have a smaller house or cabin on deck than is usual in vessels of the same size. They labor under the same disadvantages as all other native craft in being unable to beat against a head-wind, on account of their flat bottoms. In former years they were well supplied with water-tight life-belts, made of bamboo, and covered with oil-paper and varnish; they seldom carry them now, the boatmen saying that "every one can swim." On the Yang-tse each boat is manned by a cockswain and four men; on the Han, by a cockswain and three men. To encourage the crews of the boats, 1500 cash, or about one and a half dollars, are given for every life saved under ordinary circumstances. In very bad weather, or during stormy nights, larger sums are given, estimated with regard to the danger supposed to have been incurred. Formerly, owing to the exaggerated respect entertained by the Chinese for the dead, the rate for the recovery of dead bodies was higher than that for the living; but this was afterward altered on account of the very general suspicion that the employés of the society drowned their subjects before taking them out of the water.

In order to stimulate the people generally in the practice of humane acts, similar rewards are given to any person rescuing bona fide drowning human beings. Three hundred cash is the present reward for recovering an [illegible] body. When rescued the subjects are provided with a change of clothing as soon as they are brought to the society's house, where their names and addresses are entered in a register. Should they be insensible, the burnt ashes of a pod called in Chinese *tsao-kio*, and named by Dr. Hooker, of Kew, England, *Gleditschia sinensis*, are placed inside their nostrils, when, as the manager stated, they sneeze, and immediately revive. In case of death the friends of the deceased are immediately communicated with, but the bodies of the very poor and those of friendless strangers are buried in the society's cemeteries. In each of these the tombs are numbered to correspond with the register. Thirty-three pounds of quicklime are placed inside each coffin, and an allowance is also made of one pound weight of paper in imitation of copper cash, and of one hundred paper imitations of silver ingots, for use in the world of spirits. Fifteen feet of cloth for a shroud is also allowed, and a grave-stone is given. The coffins are deposited in graves three feet deep, and a mound three feet above the level of the surrounding ground is raised over them. Resuscitated strangers are kept at the society's house from three to ten days, and even longer, in cases of illness. Persons who have lost all their property with their boats, as also those who have been driven by penury to attempt suicide by throwing themselves into the rivers, are relieved in accordance with the urgency of each respective case. If females, they are lodged temporarily with persons of respectability in the neighborhood. Certain gratuities are given on festal days to the employés of the society for any assistance they may have rendered to disabled vessels. On the evening of the last day of the Chinese year—the day on which it is an imperative custom for every one to settle his accounts—every life-boat must be cruising to protect people with money when crossing the rivers, as they are liable to become the prey of evil-minded boatmen. Should the suspicions of the society's men be in any way aroused, they must at once hail and beat a gong, when other vessels will come at once to their assistance. Should the body of a drowned person remain long under water where the river is deep, and the friends wish to recover the corpse, recourse must be had to professional divers. These men accept the sobriquet of *shui-kuei*, or water-devils, and extraordinary tales of their feats in the water are current, and seem to be generally believed.

ECUADOR AND PROGRESS.

Ecuador was in 1867 one of the most conservative, intolerant, and debased of all the South American communities, yet in many respects the most remarkable of all. High raised among a chain of the loftiest mountains; a table-land inclosed by the dangerous pinnacles of the Andes; the source whence the mighty Amazon flows down, an enormous torrent, to the sea; a scene of the most horrible earthquakes; surrounded by slumbering volcanoes, and some active—one of which has been in constant eruption for three hundred years, by Chimborazo and Cotopaxi—the wonderful plain is filled with the traditions of the Incas and of that inferior form of civilization that was slowly attained by the children of the sun. It was an instinct rather than a progress. But Atahualpa lies buried among his people, and the dark children of his race still form the larger part of the population. They never smile, it is said, never complain, but still celebrate their national worship secretly, and wait in stolid calmness for the return of the royal family that once ruled over the highest plains of the Andes. The Indians when they steal from the Spaniards say it is not theft: they are only taking what was once their own. They are still the most mysterious of the American people. They have secret means by which they convey intelligence, and exhibit masquerades that recall Atahualpa and many of the curious fancies of the Incas. They have broad chests, like a gorilla, but are weak; are shrewd, keen, but feeble. They never sing. They bear blows without reproach, and seem sunk in abject submission. The indolent Spaniards speak of them with disdain. Yet this is the same race that built the palaces of Cuzco and Quito; that practised agriculture; made roads, tunnels, bridges; established a post; excelled in many arts and manufactures; in their bright, unclouded, lofty atmosphere studied astronomy; and on almost the highest station of the earth insisted that they were the children of the sun, the favorites of heaven.

Orton's striking picture of the condition of Quito and Ecuador in 1868 shows a real decay since the days of the Incas. "The climate," we are told, "is perfect." Fair Italy is surpassed. Here one might place the Elysian Fields, if Orcus were not so near. No torrid heat, no winter frost, invades the happy scene; disease is seldom known, and only the carelessness of man brings to him fevers and early death. The clear, bright atmosphere of these elevated regions, rarefied to a remarkable degree, seems to produce health of body, but not of mind. The people alone seem careless of the gifts of nature; they lived in 1868 almost forgetful of the world beyond their chain of mountains. They are descendants of a union of Spaniards and Indians, indolent, languid, graceful. Labor is contemned, improvement scarcely thought of. An intense superstition governed these inactive intellects; the Jesuits ruled Ecuador with bitter and contemptuous tyranny; the rest of the world might move, the light of toleration might penetrate Brazil and Chili, but from Quito it was shut out as religiously as when Loyola had fixed his rule over Rome. It is almost impossible to believe that a religious despotism so rigid, absurd, and cruel as was that of President Moreno and the Jesuits can have existed ten years ago in one of the fairest regions of the American continent. It was the chosen land of La Fe, or The Faith. Schism and dissent had no entrance to the Ecuadorian plains. The oath of a Protestant was never received in a court of law; the body of a Protestant when he died was cast out to the dogs. There was no Protestant cemetery at Quito until 1867. It was opened amidst the bitter sneers of some of the Quitonian ladies, the murmurs of the native priests. Under the rule of a rigid conservatism Quito resembled a city that had slumbered for a hundred years, over which custom had fixed a thousand abuses, and left it to linger in a constant decay. Honesty was nearly unknown; no merchant took a partner or a clerk lest he might plunder him; lotteries and gambling formed the amusements of the people. No manufactures and little trade flourished where labor was dishonorable, and no white person would carry a parcel in the street or engage in any honest toil. The land was faintly tilled with the rudest implements; the rich soil scarcely fed its indolent people; the houses were built of mud; two or three ancient coaches supplied the wants of the city; a few carts conveyed its merchandise. A university existed and eleven colleges, but their students were instructed only in what was learned a century ago. The ladies are graceful, indolent; neatness an unknown virtue. Every election was a revolution, and only the rigid, unsparing rule of President Moreno held in check the restless people, until he at last died by an assassin's dagger. Under the reign of its imperious priesthood the morals of Church and state were lost together; the priests were the least reputable of the people; the politicians lived by bribes; Moreno shot or banished his opponents without a trial, without a trace of pity; and in the fairest region of the earth the worst of its governments, the most corrupt of its religions, have debased for generations the descendants of the Incas and their conquerors.

Except the plains of Central Asia, Ecuador is the highest table-land upon the earth. Quito is 9000 feet above the sea; placed by the side of Boston or New York, it would seem as if lifted above the clouds. It is 2000 feet higher than the Hospice of St. Bernard, the loftiest dwelling-place in Europe. Its flowers are beautiful, and bloom all the year. No reptiles nor insects disturb its repose; poisonous snakes are unknown; even the mosquito never reaches these lofty regions. But far up above the clouds, in the midst of the finest climate, the rarest skies of untarnished brilliancy, one fixed element is mingled with the scene to prove forever the helplessness of man: the earthquake and the ever-active volcanoes are the chief features of life in Ecuador. Above Quito rises the ceaseless smoke of its Pichincha, down whose horrible crater, ever threatening ruin to the nation, the traveller looks with never-ceasing awe. "There," says Orton, "you see a frightful opening in the earth's crust nearly a mile in width and half a mile deep, and from the dark abyss comes rolling up a cloud of sulphurous vapors." Twenty volcanoes of enormous size, presided over by Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, encircle the valley of Quito, and stand like giants of destruction over the peaceful scene. Chimborazo is a monstrous dome, twice as high as Ætna, covered with a crown of perpetual snow. Its great proportions are best seen from the Pacific, as the voyager sails along the dangerous shore. Its sides are riven by deep valleys, compared to which the Alpine vales are shallow crevices or rifts. Around its magnificent dome of snow, where mortal foot has never trodden, only the white-winged condor is seen floating in the transparent air. Cotopaxi is an active volcano, sending out its perpetual smoke; at night it seems crowned with fire—a blazing torch on high; sometimes it breaks out into fierce and terrible eruptions. These giant mountains are so huge and tall that Ætna and Vesuvius would seem pigmies at their side; they encircle the fertile plains of Ecuador as if to hide its people in a happy vale.

Its only peril is the earthquake. One Sunday morning in August, 1868, there was a slight tremor of the earth, a sudden shock, and within a single minute a whole province was laid in ruins. Cities, towns, houses, factories, fell together. At one town alone six thousand persons perished. Houses were thrown into the air; a cotton factory—sole proof of progress—was dashed to pieces, and its proprietor killed. Huge chasms opened in the cultivated land; the roads were broken up; torrents of mud and water flowed down the sides of the mountains, carrying away mules and cattle. Quito suffered slightly, but Otavalo was left a desert, and the wreck of the great earthquake has never been repaired. To such disasters this upland region is liable, but its rare advantages of climate, soil, situation, its important position in the heart of the continent, on the pathway from sea to sea, its singular natural advantages, must make Ecuador once more a scene of advancing civilization, and science may convert its volcanoes and its earthquakes into less frightful enemies of human ease. Already remarkable changes have followed the American emigration to the Pacific coast; a net-work of railways is piercing the defiles and climbing the sides of the Andes; cars run regularly from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca and the favorite homes of the Incas; the finest railroads in the world have succeeded the wonderful causeways built by the untutored engineers of the children of the sun. But when the plateau is climbed and the difficult ascent laid open in the west, there still remains a vast wilderness stretching from the roots of the Andes to the Atlantic, almost impervious to the labors of man—a forest endless and unknown. Happily nature has here provided a pathway for commerce unrivalled in its ample dimensions—a natural canal whose waters never fail. On the plateau of Peru and Ecuador the tributaries of the Amazon take their rise; the river seems to feed on the secret springs of the
immense chain of mountains. As the Ma
it divides Peru and Ecuador; as the Soli
begins its majestic course through the wild
and with tranquil grandeur makes its la
sage to the sea. It never freezes, is conve
for navigation; steamers already penetr
estuaries, and make their way to the base
Ecuadorian plain. The Amazon must bec
last one of the highways of the nations, a
boundless resources help to bring ease and
to the millions in Europe or America wh
with little reward. It is by making a prop
of the resources of nature that men will e
last to live in general content. The tr
South America must flow into the harb
New York and Baltimore, Charleston an
Orleans. One remarkable revolution has
ly occurred in Ecuador—a moral earth
The rule of the Jesuits has been overthro
eration and progress have sprung up toget
the base of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, an
the most sluggish, reactionary of America
munities, Ecuador promises to become one
most vigorous and bold.

Eugene Lawre

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekl

An Imperial Amazon.—Poor Carlotta.—Victo
and his Grandchildren.—A Tribute of Repara
Paris during Lent.—Literary Gossip.—The
Lottery.

Paris, March 28,

The story is told in Paris that a certai
liant and beautiful lady, now an British
declined to join the galaxy of royal splendo
ered at Windsor Castle on the occasion
marriage of the Duke of Connaught, whe
would be a remarkable figure even be
Princess of Wales. This lady, one of the
est sportsmen of her day, has visited Engl
pursuit of the stag and the fox, instead of t
ciety of the royal family, and is no less a
than the Empress of Austria, whose subje
fair Viennese, are said to deplore the w
born a groom instead of a sovereign. Par
sip discovers in the conduct of the Empre
abeth a sentiment of pique, possible to gr
dies as well as little women. Last year,
hunting in Leicestershire, the Empress arri
Windsor to pay a farewell visit of ceremo
fore her departure. The day was cold and a
the etiquette of her reception, so dear to th
man blood of Queen Victoria, scarcely les
The call terminated, a royal carriage con
her to the dépôt. Weather is a great repub
and no respecter of persons. The hill of W
sor was frozen; one of the horses slipped d
the train arrived and passed swiftly. Whe
lady reached the station she was obliged t
for the next train, like a common mortal.
finds the picture droll and amusing. The
press of thirty million subjects warmed her
on the humble hearth of the station-master,
partook of his Sunday dinner of roast beef
Yorkshire pudding with charming grace and
humor, affirming that the richest banquet
enna had never seemed to her equally deli
This is the study, recalled by Parisian wit, o
superb Amazon who prefers vaulting over di
in Ireland, at the present time, to sweepin
brocades and laces through the green and
drawing-rooms of Windsor Castle or to the
stalls of St. George's Chapel.

The traveller journeying from Paris to Bru
may observe, a league from the latter city, a
ern country residence, on a height. The ch
surrounded by a fine park, and decorated
every embellishment of art, belonged to th
gian senator and proprietor M. Zaman. I
forth it is destined to a melancholy oc
The King of Belgium has purchased the p
for the residence of his sister, the mad E
Carlotta, who will be transferred here in
quence of the burning of the château of T
ren. The unfortunate Carlotta retires to
litude, with the panorama of blooming coun
spread before her, embracing the forest of
and the wood of La Cambre, perhaps to di
her disordered fancy, that she is again at M
or enjoying the transient gleam of glory an
Does she realize that the downfall of N
III. was involved in her own? The co
ment of his ruin dated from the return
Mexican bonds on the French market.

Two French artists of note are linked
in the association of their individual wo
present date, and their claim additional i
terest. M. Bonnat is painting the portrai
tor Hugo, while M. Vuillemot is putting
touches to a canvas on which he has p
the two grandchildren of the poet.
George stands in a manly attitude, and
Jeanne, seated, turns the leaves of the
her knee, *L'Art d'être Grandpère*. Thi
ing subject is happily rendered, and the
inspired by M. Bonnat's reproduction o
miliar lineaments of the poet must be
equalled, if not surpassed, by M. Vuillem
dering of the grandchildren, about who
they has shed the halo of his own geniu

Hector Berlioz died March 8, 1869.
Paris has awakened to the necessity of
tribute of reparation to the genius of a g
—a tribute as much to be censured as
Paris treated the living Berlioz with th
of indifference, mockery, contempt—
which endured for the space of a life
suffering. Not only was the composer
Condamnat and *Romeo and Juliet* misun
and unappreciated by a public too fri
comprehend him, but he was made th
the town. If a comedian desired to
seated himself at a piano and introduc
prelude the barking of a dog, the crow
cock, and the braying of a donkey, whe
lighted audience cried, with one voice,
the good man Berlioz!" This fickle

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plicable public opinion of Paris, the flame of a candle blown by the wind, now applauds the very placards which announce the Berlioz Festival, and the people of all classes troop to the Hippodrome, eager to hear melodious strains become a fashion. To-morrow the capital would treat a second Berlioz with the same disdainful neglect, and aim at his heart an arrow tipped with the venom of ridicule.

At this moment of national recognition his friends recall the pale and sorrowful man, crushed by illness and discouragement, who wandered apart in the day when Paris flocked to Baden-Baden, and the Black Forest resounded with French gayety. Then no applause greeted him, save from other lands, and the announcement of his name in a Paris concert was sufficient to render the entertainment a failure. These partisans find Death wielding his scythe for baton, as leader of the orchestra, while Berlioz looks back from beyond the grave with a smile of pity for the city always his enemy in life.

Lent is marked with the usual routine of repentance and duty in Paris. The epicurean penitent subsists on pheasants' eggs instead of the coarser and more substantial egg of the poultry-yard. The sea furnishes its harvest of marine monsters, and the *soupe maigre* of the poor *dévote* becomes the most delicate banquet possible to devise beneath the skillful supervision of the professional *chef*. The mussel has re-appeared, and been welcomed alike in the *café* and the lodge of the *concierge*, served in its shell. As usual, certain Lenten preachers are the fashion of the hour. The Jesuit and Dominican orders are represented by the Pères Ravignan, Monsabré, and the young and eloquent Père Didon, following the example of the Père Lacordaire, who electrified Paris in 1841 by appearing in the pulpit of Notre Dame in the white robe of a monk and the *rôle* of a sensational preacher, dealing with the topics of the day.

Lent possesses this year an amusing phase. Fashionable ladies, patronesses of charities, levy a tax on the gentlemen of their acquaintance only second to the harvest of New-Year gifts. These ladies bombard the bachelors with invitations to contribute to their favorite charities, of which each holds a purse. The unhappy victim does not venture a refusal. An audacious beau has chosen a happy expedient. When he receives a billet from Madame la Duchesse, presenting to his notice her pet orphan asylum, he responds with a printed formula requiring aid for a new charity, *L'Œuvre du Bon Petit Jésus*. The lady can not refuse this exchange, and he thus re-imburses some of his scattered louis. The means prove most effective. As the ladies are obliged to respond to his demand from their own purse, while his offering merely passes through their hands, he no longer receives a shower of supplications. The bachelor is radiant with success.

Adrien Maquet would furnish a subject for a French biographer like Mr. Smiles. Born at Montfort-l'Amaury May 3, 1824, he entered the shop of a locksmith of Marly in early youth, and might have been seen going about the streets to mend a bell or repair a lock. This modest workman consecrated all his leisure hours to study. The cabaret was not visited by him, while the frequenters of the Bibliothèque Nationale often remarked a young man reading eagerly the best historical works, and deciphering illegible manuscripts, eating the morsel of dry bread which constituted his breakfast. In 1870 Adrien Maquet was elected member of the Société Archéologique of Rambouillet, and in 1874 of the Society of Moral Science, Letters, and Art of the Seine-et-l'Oise. He had contributed to these societies a history of the château of Marly-le-Roi, a review of its seigneurs, and other historical and archæological studies. He is a master of heraldic art, and of designs, inscriptions, and emblems. To-day Adrien Maquet is an officer of the Académie Française.

Many years ago a young poet presented himself to a Paris publisher with the manuscript of his first volume of verse. The latter glanced over the verses and returned them, declaring that the time was peculiarly unfavorable for the publication of poetry, and he must decline the undertaking. The poet placed his manuscript in his pocket and prepared to take his leave, his aspect grave and at the same time full of quiet assurance.

"You are wrong, because I am a man of genius," he said. "I would have signed a contract with you for the issue of my future books. You reject your own fortune."

"Many thanks. You are too kind," replied the other, with ironical politeness.

The poet departed. The publisher reflected; he was impressed, not by the merit of the verses, but the coolness and confidence of his visitor. He rose to recall him; the poet had disappeared. The young man was Victor Hugo, and the publisher, now dead, told the story. What must have been his sentiments when the crowd waited and carriages filled the street from dawn until noon, anticipating the first copies of *Les Misérables*, given by the hand of a rival business house?

A more recent incident of a similar nature has been the experience of M. Durand, the husband of Madame Durand ("Henri Gréville"), whose books charm so many readers by their grace and delicacy. A Paris editor assured the gentleman that his own sagacity and experience were wholly at fault if a Paris journal could be induced to publish a story of this gifted writer. During the ensuing year not less than five Parisian newspapers were issuing serially these Russian tales, marked by such peculiar power and sympathy with the subject, from the palace of the noble at St. Petersburg to the isba of the peasant on the country estate. Madame Durand's gift is to depict young girls. She presents a whole gallery of them in her writings: Ariadne and the Princess, the two charges of the Niania, Raissa Sonia, the Koumiassine, and the no less delightful picture of the Norman fisher-girl Bonne-Marie.

In French literature the maiden is usually a colorless flower brought in relief by the crimes of her surroundings, and she invariably plays into the hands of the villain by a noble sentiment of duty in self-sacrifice. As a rule she also possesses large blue eyes and a blonde head, which is pressed to the heart of conscience-stricken fathers and tearful grandparents, who raise their glances to heaven in blessing her, while Monsieur the Curé stands near, much affected by the domestic scene. Madame Durand revolutionizes this type by the gay, mischievous, and brave characteristics of her heroines.

Possibly the editor was wise. If the Paris public reads M. Émile Zola and the stranglers of M. Belot, the stories of "Henri Gréville" must be insipid in their contrasting purity.

The termination of the National Lottery is more disastrous than its worst foe could have predicted. Twenty thousand prizes, many of them *gros lots*, remain unclaimed at the Palais de l'Industrie. The tickets to which these prizes belong have never been verified at the Pavillon de Flore. The French press warns these favorites of fortune to come forward and claim their gifts. No response is made. Then the journals wax impatient, threatening, indignant. The Palais de l'Industrie is required for the Salon in May. The prizes must be once more returned to the Trocadéro. Delinquent prize-holders will be charged with the transportation and subsequent storage. In vain are these batteries opened daily by the press of the capital. The prize-holders are deaf alike to threats and cajolery. What is the true cause of this mystery? Has some petulant Frenchman thrown his tickets in the fire, disappointed that he failed to draw the rivière of diamonds? Do foreigners hold them numbers, still ignorant of results? Has that complicated system of wheels, so clear to the inventor, led to impossible combinations of numbers held by no one? The official catalogue is now pronounced inaccurate. Whatever the cause, twenty thousand prizes remain unclaimed, and will soon be dragged back in melancholy procession to the Trocadéro, with the ultimate intention of selling them for the benefit of a hospital. It is to be hoped the hospital may not depend too much on the result.

One of the most beautiful of charities is the Paris Hospitality of the Night, which gives, gratuitously, shelter and a bed to homeless wanderers, and usually obtains work for such waifs afterward. The sleep of the rich man in his luxurious home must be rendered sweet by the thought that he has furnished a pillow for the poor outcast, and the rest requisite to inspire courage to live another day. ARTEMIS.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* was given a fine double-page picture describing the shooting of cattle by the Indians at Standing Rock Agency, Dakota. The animals belonging to the government are corralled and then shot down by a selected party, after which there is an exciting rush for the tongues of the slaughtered beasts, each man being allowed to take as many as he can cut out and carry away. This takes place every ten days, and is regarded as fine sport. But the merry-making—the "high time," as they call it—comes afterward. The Indians assemble in a log-house, and hold a general jollification meeting. The chief feature of the entertainment is the dance. Only the younger men take an active part in this, the older ones sitting in a circle about them and enjoying the fun. The women are not admitted. The dancers are dressed—so far as they are dressed at all—in the most fantastic manner, and each one carries in his hand his pipe or tomahawk. They bob up and down, leap, run, and skip, and cut up all manner of queer antics. At times they break out into sharp discordant barkings, which are answered by yelps and grunts from those who look on. The orchestra sits in one corner, and furnishes its share of the noise by thumping incessantly on a big drum. This is the only instrument used, but our artist is inclined to think that no others are necessary. During the dance the stewed tongue is served out from buckets, and it may be that something a little stronger also finds its way to the mouths of the merry makers. The sport, beginning in the afternoon, lasts all night.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 20.—First Sunday after Easter.
Friday, 25.—St. Mark.
Sunday, 27.—Second Sunday after Easter.

THE largeness of the gift of the late ASA OTIS, of New London, Connecticut, to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has excited inquiry concerning his personal history. Very little, however, is told. He was born in Colchester, Connecticut, about 1780, and laid the foundation of his fortune in the South American trade. For many years he lived the retired life of a bachelor in New London, "with a niece for his housekeeper," says the *Congregationalist*, "and attracting little attention either as a man of large means or of special liberality." Ample provision was made by him for his niece. Besides the residuary bequest of $500,000 to the American Board, the sum of $150,000 and over was left to other charities. The secretaries of the Board fear the effect of the intelligence of this unexpected gift upon the minds of their annual contributors, and have already issued a cautionary circular.

The scandalous law of the Territory of New Mexico which gave the control of public education to the Jesuits has been, very properly, abrogated by Congress. The advocates of free and unsectarian education now demand a general school law; this the Jesuits oppose, and are holding the rod over the Catholics, especially over the Catholic editors. The Vicar-General of the Catholic Church in the Territory has issued a notice to the press, in which he calls the public-school system "the pampered and legitimate child of impiety," and the papers that advocate it impious. It is well for our people to learn the temper of the Church in a region where it has, or its leaders think it has, complete sway over the popular mind. New Mexico offers an interesting study of Romanism.

The Rev. JOSEPH COOK has now closed his course of Boston Monday lectures for the present season. Dealing with themes not so novel as those which first brought him into public notice, there has been during the past winter a visible decline both of interest and attendance. Still, the lectures are popular, and arrangements are making for another series.

The evangelical Protestants of France continue to express in the strongest terms their belief that the French people are riper for the reception of Protestantism than they have been at any time since the earliest period of the Reformation. Since the victory at Versailles over Conservatism the French peasant puts on more independence. He pays less heed to the warnings of the priests, and welcomes the Protestant colporteur and missionary. The *Évangéliste*, the organ of the French Wesleyans, says: "Could the flag of evangelical Protestantism be unfurled wherever the spirits of men are set loose from Rome, not knowing whither to betake themselves, large crowds would be seen running to it." Appeals are made to the various French Protestant societies to organize a comprehensive plan of action.

Bishop PENICK, who is doing brave pioneer work in the Protestant Episcopal mission on the West Coast of Africa, does not express a high opinion of the usual style of intelligence sent home from heathen missions. He thinks that what is given to the public is too decidedly rose-colored, and is selected with a view of keeping up the spirits of contributors. Perhaps his judgment is too sweeping, but he certainly sets an example of candor in describing his own mission, as for example: "I have found that much which appears pious is simply cant, a mere language learned in the mission schools, without any character to back it up. There is a pitiable want of sincerity long after there is an astonishing pretense of piety." While speaking thus bluntly, the bishop works like a hero.

The International Sunday-school Lessons for 1880 have been issued at a later date than usual. Those who prepare notes on them in volume form need the better part of a year for their work. The New Testament lessons are taken from the Gospel of Matthew, and extend over the first six months of the year, the Old Testament lessons comprise the Book of Genesis.

We in New York complain of the comparatively little use made of church accommodations in the business part of the city, but London has a similar difficulty. In the latter metropolis the "City"—technically so called—has a population of 54,578, and 63,980 church sittings. The people have largely moved away, and the churches have few worshippers. In that area of London which contains a population of 3,532,730, the church sittings are only thirty-one per cent. of the whole, or 1,092,943. The usual estimate of adequate church provision is fifty-eight per cent. of the population. Of this total the Church of England furnishes something over one-half, the Congregationalists, 12.98 per cent.; the Wesleyans, 10.44; the Baptists, 10.41; the Roman Catholics, 3.85; the Presbyterians, 2.30; all others, 4.70; mission rooms, 4.06.

It is said that AUDUBON, the naturalist, once offered as a toast at a dinner, "Connecticut," because, as he said, when visiting the national Congress, he discovered that nearly every distinguished member of the House had been born in that State. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* gives a brief list of the great theologians born in Connecticut during the eighteenth century. It comprises the names of JONATHAN EDWARDS, BELLAMY, HOPKINS, WEST, EMMONS, BURTON, LYMAN BEECHER, TYLER, and TAYLOR. It would be difficult to exceed this list from the history of any one other State during the same century.

According to returns made up to August 31, 1878, the total average attendance at the public elementary schools in England was 2,405,197. The attendance at the voluntary schools, which are denominational, was 1,846,119; at the Board schools, 559,078. The government grants for all the schools were £1,930,468. A large part of the expense of public elementary education is, however, met by voluntary contributions and school pence. In 1874 the average attendance for all England was only 1,1[illegible].

In Scotland two politico-ecclesiastical movements are becoming each year more interesting. One of them aims at disestablishment without qualification, the other offers to diminish the differences between the State and Free Churches to such a degree as to make possible a reunion with the State Kirk. The State Churchmen are offering concessions which are, no doubt, regarded favorably by a minority of the Free Churchmen. A bill of such purport has been printed and circulated in Scotland. On the other hand, the United Presbyterian Synod's Committee on Disestablishment has issued a series of resolutions demanding that every Liberal candidate for Parliament shall, as a condition of united Presbyterian support, declare himself in favor of this measure.

The establishment of Christian missions is attended with many perils. Intelligence has reached England from Zanzibar of the murder of Mr. PENROSE, of the Church of England Mission, with sixty-three porters, in the Unyamwezi country. It appears that Abbé DEBAIZE, who was sent out by the French government, had shortly before the arrival of Mr. PENROSE in the Unyamwezi country encountered an Arab robber chief and defeated him. The chief, meeting soon after Mr. PENROSE and his men, fell upon them. Mr. PENROSE is said to have fought bravely, killing a number of the savages before he was shot down. It is evident that the way to the interior of the continent is going to be infested by predatory bands.

A single incident shows how the Reformed Episcopal Church in England is likely to profit by the dissensions of State Church parties. At Sidcup, Kent, an evangelical vicar died; the ministrations of his successor were not agreeable to a large number of the worshippers in the parish, who proceeded to erect another church building. The new building could not be used, however, for State Church worship, as intended, without a license from the vicar. Such license was refused. The subscribers immediately adopted a resolution to make arrangements "for opening the church as a Reformed Episcopal church, under the jurisdiction and authority of the Right Rev. Bishop GREGG." The resolution was carried out, and the edifice consecrated February 14. And so Reformed Episcopalianism has been introduced into the diocese of Canterbury, right under the eyes of the primate.

The English papers, secular and religious, are engaged in discussing the Akenham burial libel suit, which is another of the many collisions between Churchmen and Dissenters. The action for libel was brought by the Rev. GEORGE DRURY, rector of Claydon and Akenham, against the editor of the *East Anglian Daily Times*. Mr. DRURY had been asked to bury the child of a laborer, but, ascertaining that it had not been baptized, refused, as the law of the State Church requires him to do. It has been the practice in the parish to bury unbaptized persons in the north side of the church-yard, the spot, which—correctly or incorrectly, is usually described as unconsecrated ground. A Dissenting minister, the Rev. Mr. TOZER, was asked to perform the burial service, which at the appointed time he undertook to do, in a meadow outside of the church premises. Here he was interrupted by Mr. DRURY, and a violent altercation ensued between them in the presence of the child's parents. A highly colored account of these proceedings, published in the *East Anglian Times*, constituted the libel. Instead of £2000, the jury gave Mr. DRURY forty shillings damages. Public opinion has condemned his interruption of the religious services, held on a spot over which he had no control, as monstrous and inhuman. It came out in the trial that Mr. DRURY derives over £250 from the living at Akenham, and seldom or never holds service there, the church being so dirty that no decent person can sit down in it. The people dislike Mr. DRURY's ritualism, and refuse to attend the church.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old gentleman without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! How time flies! Let me see. It is fifty-two years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school-house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

A young lady, who has been engaged to be married for some months past to a young man, is reported to have received a letter from him a few days since which read as follows: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

The following is posted in front of a grocery store in a country town: "Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice.—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did."

The climate of England is favorable for brewers, they have so much "muggy" weather there.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paregorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

There is nothing like a short-hand reporter to take a man down.

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor," he replied, with much emphasis.

"Sociables satisfactorily oystered," is a quaint advertisement.

A young lady rejoices that she did not have to buy any furs last winter, because the gentleman who waited on her was both a muff and a boa.

BOSTON PRECOCITY.

JACK (*aged five years or under*). "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause."

TOMMY. "Oh, certainly. At least I go no further back than the primordial atomic globule."

[*Exeunt, driving their hoops.*

"I never thought but once," said old Deacon Webbing, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some pesky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.

Matrimony is always a fair target for the witty. When a fellow who has been imprisoned for breach of promise expressed his willingness to marry if he could get free, one of the lawyers, who was either a natural Benedick or else a man of large family experience, exclaimed: "Well, that man must have a very curious notion of liberty."

HOW A DAKOTA JUDGE KEEPS ORDER.

MR. WEBSTER'S ATTORNEY (*rising and addressing the attorney for the other side*). "I call you a coward and a liar."

THE COURT. "Sit down, Sir."

MR. WEBSTER'S ATTORNEY. "He is a coward and a liar."

THE COURT. "If you don't sit down and keep quiet, you will be sorry."

MR. WEBSTER'S ATTORNEY. "He is—"

In the subsequent proceedings the Court took a hand. It swiftly glided from its seat and placed its powerful grasp upon the coat collar of the attorney for Mr. Webster. There was a momentary void in the understanding of that gentleman. The morning stars began to sing together in his ears and dance before his confused vision. Then he found himself outside the building without any hat, and 108 dusty zephyrs playing through his luxurious mustache. Parties present in the room as innocent spectators aver that the feet of the attorney for Mr. Webster did not touch the floor after the muscles of the Court had contracted upon his collar.

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ANOTHER "FEDERAL INTERFERENCE."

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ATHENA HYGEIA AND YELLOW JACK.

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STATE RIGHTS
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[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1157.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(*Continued.*)

CHIEFLY FINANCIAL.

Theodore's long-expected bill was among the letters in the morning's bag—a bulky envelope which the captain handed to his wife with his usual politeness. He never opened her letters, but he invariably asked to see them, and she always handed her correspondence over to him with a child-like meekness. To-day she was slow to hand the captain her letter. She sat looking at the long list of items with a clouded brow, and forgot to pour out her husband's coffee in the abstraction of a troubled mind.

"I'm afraid your letters of this morning are not of a very pleasant character, my love," said the captain, watchful of his wife's clouded countenance. "Is that a bill you are examining? I thought we paid ready money for every thing."

"It is my dress-maker's bill," faltered Mrs. Carmichael.

"A dress-maker's bill! That can't be very alarming. You look so awful, and the document looks as voluminous, as if it were a lawyer's bill, including the costs of two or three unlucky Chancery suits, or half a dozen conveyances. Let me have the account, dear, and I'll send your dress-maker a check next Saturday."

He held out his hand for the paper, but Pamela did not give it to him.

"I'm afraid you'll think it awfully high, Conrad," she said, in a deprecating tone. "You see, it has been running a long time—since the Christmas before Edward's death, in fact. I have paid Theodore sums on account in the mean while, but these seem to go for very little against the total of her bill. She is expensive, of course. All West End milliners are; but her style is undeniable, and she is in direct association with Worth."

"My dear Pamela, I did not ask you for her biography. I asked only for her bill. Pray let me see the total, and tell me if you have any objections to make against the items."

"No," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, bending over the document with a perplexed brow; "I believe—indeed, I am sure—I have had all the things. Many of them are dearer than I expected, but there is no rule as to the price of any thing thoroughly Parisian, that has not been seen in London. One has to pay for style and originality. I hope you won't be vexed at having to write so large a check, Conrad, at a time when you are so anxious to save money. Next year I shall try my best to economize."

"My dearest Pamela, why beat about the bush? The bill must be paid, whatever its amount. I suppose a hundred pounds will cover it?"

"Oh, Conrad, when many women give a hundred pounds for a single dress!"

"When they do, I should say that Bedlam must be their natural and fitting abode," retorted the captain, with suppressed ire. "The bill is more than a hundred, then? Pray give it me, Pamela, and make an end of this foolishness."

This time Captain Carmichael went over to his wife and took the paper out of her hand. He had not seen the total, but he was white with rage already. He had made up his mind to squeeze a small fortune out of the Abbey House estate during his brief lease of the property; and here was this foolish wife of his squandering hundreds upon finery.

"Be kind enough to pour me out a cup of coffee," he said, resuming his seat and deliberately spreading out the bill.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, after a glance at the total. "This is too preposterous. The woman must be mad."

The total was seventeen hundred and sixty-four pounds fourteen and sixpence. Mrs. Carmichael's payments on account amounted to four hundred pounds, leaving a balance of thirteen hundred and sixty-four pounds for the captain to liquidate.

"Indeed, dear Conrad, it is not such a very tremendous account," pleaded Pamela, appalled by the expression of her husband's face. "Theodore has customers who spend two thousand a year with her."

"Very laudable extravagance, if they are the wives of millionaires, and have silver mines, or cotton mills, or oil wells to maintain them. But that the widow of a Hampshire squire, a lady who six years hence will have to exist upon a pittance, should run up such a bill as this, is to my mind an act of folly that is almost criminal. From this moment I abandon all my ideas of nursing your estate, of providing comfortably for our future. Henceforward we must drift toward insolvency, like other people. It would be worse than useless for me to go on racking my brains in the endeavor to secure a given result, when behind my back your thoughtless extravagance is stultifying all my efforts."

Here Mrs. Carmichael dissolved into tears.

"Oh, Conrad! How can you say such cruel things!" she sobbed. "I go behind your back! I stultify you! When I have allowed myself to be ruled and governed in every thing! When I have even parted with my only child to please you!"

"Not till your only child had tried to set the house on fire."

"Indeed, Conrad, you are mistaken there. She never meant it."

"I know nothing about her meaning," said the captain, moodily. "She did it."

"It is too cruel, after all my sacrifices, that I should be called extravagant—and foolish—and criminal. I have only dressed as a lady ought to dress—out of mere self-respect. Dear Edward always liked to see me look nice. He never said an unkind word about my bills. It is a sad, sad change for me."

"Your future will be a sadder change, if you go on in the way you are going," retorted the captain. "Let me see: your income, after Violet comes of age, is to be fifteen hundred a year. You have been spending six hundred a year upon millinery. That leaves nine hundred for every thing else—stable, garden, coals, taxes, servants' wages, wine, to say nothing of such trifling claims as butcher and baker and the rest of it. You will have to manage with wonderful cleverness to make both ends meet."

"I am sure I would sacrifice any thing rather than live unhappily with you, Conrad," Mrs. Carmichael murmured, piteously, drinking much strong tea in her agitation, the cup shaking in her poor little white weak hand. "Nothing could be so dreadful to me as to live on bad terms with you. I have surrendered so much for your love, Conrad. What would become of me if I lost that? I will give up dealing with Theodore, if you like; though it will be a hard trial, after she has worked for me so many years, and has studied my style and knows exactly what suits me. I will dress ever so plainly, and even have my gowns made by a Southampton dress-maker, though that will be too dreadful. You will hardly recognize me. But I will do any thing—any thing, Conrad, rather than hear you speak so cruelly."

She went over to him and laid her hand tremulously on his shoulder, and looked down at him with piteous, pleading eyes. No Circassian slave, afraid of bowstring and sack, could have entreated her master's clemency with deeper self-abasement.

Even Conrad Carmichael's hard nature was touched by the piteousness of her look and tone. He took the hand gently and raised it to his lips.

"I don't mean to be cruel, Pamela," he said. "I only want you to face the truth, and to understand your future position. It is your own money you are squandering, and you have a right to waste it, if it pleases you to do so. But it is a little hard for a man who has labored and schemed for a given result, suddenly to find himself out in his calculations by so much as thirteen hundred and sixty-four pounds. Let us say no more about it, my dear. Here is the bill, and it must be paid. We have only to consider the items, and see if the prices are reasonable."

And then the captain, with bent brow and serious aspect, began to read the lengthy record of an English lady's folly. Most of the items he passed over in silence, or with only a sigh, keeping his wife by his side, looking over his shoulder.

"Point out any thing that is wrong," he said; but as yet Mrs. Carmichael had found no error in the bill.

Sometimes there came an item which moved the captain to speech. "'A dinner dress, *pain brûlé* brocade, mixed *poult de soie*, *manteau de cour*, lined ivory satin, trimmed with hand-worked embroidery of wild flowers on Brussels net, sixty-three pounds.' What in the name of all that's reasonable is *pain brûlé*?" asked the captain, impatiently.

"It's the color, Conrad. One of those delicate tertiaries that have been so much worn lately."

"Sixty guineas for a dinner dress! That's rather stiff. Do you know that a suit of dress clothes costs me nine pounds, and lasts almost as many years?"

"My dear Conrad, for a man it is so different. No one looks at your clothes. That dress was for Lady Ellangowan's dinner. You made me very happy that night, for you told me I was the best-dressed woman in the room."

"I should not have been very happy myself if I had known the cost of your gown," answered the captain, grimly. "Fifteen guineas for a Honiton *fichu*!" he cried, presently. "What in mercy's name is a *fichu*? It sounds like a sneeze."

"It is a little half-handkerchief I wear to brighten a dark silk dress when we dine alone, Conrad. You know you have always said that lace harmonizes a woman's dress, and gives a softness to the complexion and contour."

"I shall be very careful what I say in future," muttered the captain, as he went on with the bill. "'French cambric *peignoir*, trimmed real Valenciennes, turquoise ribbon, nineteen guineas,'" he read, presently. "Surely you would never give twenty pounds for the gown you wear when you are having your hair dressed?"

"That is only the name, dear. It is really a breakfast dress. You know you always like to see me in white of a morning."

The captain groaned and said nothing.

"Come," he said by-and-by, "this surely must be a mistake. 'Shooting dress, superfine silk corduroy, trimmed and lined with cardinal *poult de soie*, oxidized silver buttons, engraved hunting subjects, twenty-seven guineas.' Thank Heaven, you are not one of those masculine women who go out shooting, and jump over five-barred gates!"

"The dress is quite right, dear, though I don't shoot. Theodore sent it me for a walking dress, and I have worn it often when we have walked in the Forest. You thought it very stylish and becoming, though just a little fast."

"I see," said the captain, with a weary air, "your not shooting does not hinder your having shooting dresses. Are there any fishing costumes or riding habits in the bill?"

"No, dear. It was Theodore's own idea to send me the corduroy dress. She thought it so new and *recherché*, and even the duchess admired it. Mine was the first she had ever seen."

"That was a triumph worth twenty-seven guineas, no doubt," sighed the captain. "Well, I suppose there is no more to be said. The bill to me appears iniquitous. If you were a duchess, or a millionaire's wife, of course it would be different. Such women have a right to spend all they can upon dress. They encourage trade. I am no Puritan. But when a woman dresses beyond her means—above her social position—I regret the wise old sumptuary laws which regulated these things in the days when a fur coat was a sign of nobility. If you only knew, Pamela, how useless this expensive finery is, how little it adds to your social status, how little it enhances your beauty! Why, the finest gown this Madame Theodore ever made can not hide one of your wrinkles."

"My wrinkles!" cried Pamela, sorely wounded. "That is the first time I ever heard of them. To think that my husband should be the first to tell me I am getting an old woman! But I forgot, you are younger than I, and I dare say in your eyes I seem quite old."

"My dear Pamela, be reasonable. Can a woman's forehead at forty be quite as smooth as it was at twenty? However handsome a woman is at that age—and to my mind it is almost the best age for beauty, just as the ripe rich coloring of a peach is lovelier than the poor little pale blossom that preceded it—however attractive a middle-aged woman may be, there must be some traces to show that she has lived half her life; and to suppose that *pain brûlé* and hand-worked embroidery can obliterate those is extreme folly. Dress in rich and dark velvets and old point-lace that has been twenty years in your possession, and you will be as beautiful and as interesting as a portrait by one of the old Venetian masters. Can Theodore's highest art make you better than that? Remember that excellent advice of old Polonius's:

'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy.'

It is the fancy that swells your milliner's bill, the newly invented trimmings, the complex and laborious combinations."

"I will be dreadfully economical in future, Conrad. For the last year I have dressed to please you."

"But what becomes of all these gowns?" asked the captain, folding up the bill. "What do you do with them?"

"They go out."

"Out where? To the colonies?"

"No, dear; they go out of fashion; and I give them to Pauline."

"A sixty-guinea dress flung to your waiting-maid? The Duchess of Dovedale could not do things in better style."

"I should be very sorry not to dress better than the duchess," said Mrs. Carmichael. "She is always hideously dowdy. But a duchess can afford to dress as badly as she likes."

"I see. Then it is we only who occupy the border-land of society who have to be careful. Well, my dear Pamela, I shall send Madame Theodore her check, and with your permission close her account, and unless you receive some large accession of fortune, I should recommend you not to re-open it."

His wife gave a heart-breaking sigh.

"I would sacrifice any thing for your sake, Conrad," she said, "but I shall be a perfect horror, and you will hate me."

"I fell in love with you, my dear, not with your gown."

"But you fell in love with me in my gown, dear; and you don't know how different your feelings might have been if you had seen me in a gown cut by a country dress-maker."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WITH WEARY DAYS THOU SHALT BE CLOTHED AND FED."

Captain Carmichael never again alluded to the dress-maker's bill. He was too wise a man to re-open old wounds or to dwell upon small vexations. He had invested every penny that he could spare, leaving the smallest balance at his banker's compatible with respectability. He had to sell some railway shares in order to pay Madame Theodore. Happily the shares had gone up since his purchase of them, and he lost nothing by the transaction; but it galled him sorely to part with the money. It was as if an edifice that he had been toilfully raising, stone by stone, had begun to crumble under his hands. He knew not when or whence the next call might come. The time in which he had to save money was so short. Only six years, and the heiress would claim her estate, and Mrs. Carmichael would be left with the empty shell of her present position—the privilege of occupying a fine old Tudor mansion, with enormous stables, and fifteen acres of garden and shrubberies, and an annuity that would barely suffice to maintain existence in a third-rate London square.

Mrs. Carmichael was slow to recover from the shock of her husband's strong language about Theodore's bill. She was sensitive about all things that touched her own personality, and she was peculiarly sensitive about the difference between her husband's age and her own. She had married a man who was her junior; but she had married him with the conviction that, in his eyes at least, she had all the bloom and beauty of youth, and that he admired and loved her above all other women. That chance allusion to her wrinkles had pierced her heart. She was deeply affected by the idea that her husband had perceived the signs of advancing years in her face. And now she fell to perusing her looking-glass more critically than she had ever done before. She saw herself in the searching north light; and the north light was more cruel and more candid than Captain Carmichael. There were lines on her forehead—unmistakable, ineffaceable lines. She could wear her hair in no way that would hide them, unless she had hidden her forehead altogether under a bush of frizzy fluffy curls. There was a faded look about her complexion, too, which she had never before discovered—a wanness, a yellowness. Yes, these things meant age! In such a spirit, perchance, did Elizabeth of England survey the reflection in her mirror, until all the glories of her reign seemed as nothing to her when weighed against this dread horror of fast-coming age. And luckless Mary, cooped up in the narrow rooms at Fotheringay, may have deemed captivity and the shadow of doom as but trifling ills compared with the loss of youth and beauty. Once to have been exquisitely beautiful, the inspiration of poets, the chosen model of painters, and to see the glory fading—that, for a weak woman, must be sorrow's crown of sorrow.

Anon dim feelings of jealousy began to gnaw Pamela's heart. She grew watchful of her husband's attentions to other women, suspicious of looks and words that meant no more than a man's desire to please. Society no longer made her happy. Her Tuesday afternoons lost their charm. There was poison in every thing. Lady Ellangowan's flirting ways, which had once only amused her, now tortured her. Captain Carmichael's devotion to this lively matron, which had heretofore seemed only the commoner's tribute of respect to the peeress, now struck his wife as a too obvious infatuation for the woman. She began to feel wretched in the society of certain women—nay, of all women who were younger, or possibly more attractive, than herself. She felt that the only security for her peace would be to live on a desert island with the husband she had chosen. She was of too weak a mind to hide these growing doubts and ever-augmenting suspicions. The miserable truth oozed out of her in foolish little speeches—those continual droppings that wear the hardest stone, and which wore even the adamantine surface of the captain's tranquil temper. There was a homœopathic admixture of this jealous poison in all the food he ate. He could rarely get through a *tête-à-tête* breakfast or dinner undisturbed by some invidious remark.

One day the captain rose up in his strength and grappled with this jealous demon. He had let the little speeches, the random shots, pass unheeded until now; but on one particularly dismal morning, a bleak March morning, when the rain beat against the windows, and the deodoras and cypresses were lashed and tormented by the blusterous wind, and the low sky was darkly gray, the captain's temper suddenly broke out.

"My dear Pamela, is it possible that these whimpering little speeches of yours mean jealousy?" he asked, looking at her severely from under bent brows.

"I'm sure I never said that I was jealous," faltered Pamela, stirring her tea with a nervous movement of her thin white hand.

"Of course not; no woman cares to describe herself in plain words as an idiot; but of late you have favored me with a good many imbecile remarks, which all seem to tend one way. You are hurt and wounded when I am decently civil to the women I meet in society. Is that sensible or reasonable, in a woman of your age and experience?"

"You need not to taunt me with my age before we were married, Conrad."

"Do I taunt you with it now? I only say that a woman of forty"—Mrs. Carmichael shuddered—"ought to have more sense than a girl of eighteen; and that a woman who has had twenty years' experience of well-bred society ought not to put on the silly jealousies of a school-girl trying to provoke a quarrel with her first lover."

"It is all very well to pretend to think me weak and foolish, Conrad. Yes, I know I am weak, ridiculously weak, in loving you so intensely as I do. But I can not help that. It is my nature to cling to others, as the ivy clings to the oak. I would have clung to Violet, if she had been more loving and lovable. But you can not deny that your conduct to Lady Ellangowan yesterday afternoon was calculated to make any wife unhappy."

"If a wife is to be unhappy because her husband talks to another woman about her horses and her gardens, I suppose I gave you sufficient cause for misery," answered the captain, sneeringly. "I can declare that Lady Ellangowan and I were talking of nothing more sentimental."

"Oh, Conrad, it is not *what* you talked about, though your voice was so subdued that it was impossible for any one to know what you were saying—"

"Except Lady Ellangowan."

"It was your manner. The way you bent over her, your earnest expression."

"Would you have had me stand three yards off and bawl at the lady? Or am I bound to assume that bored and vacuous countenance which some young men consider good form? Come, my dear Pamela, pray let us be reasonable. Here are you and I settled for life beside the domestic hearth. We have no children. We are not particularly well off: it will be as much as we shall be able to do, by-and-by, to make both ends meet. We are neither of us getting younger. These things are serious cares, and we have to bear them. Why should you add to these an imaginary trouble, a torment that has no existence save in your own perverse mind? If you could but know my low estimate of the women to whom I am civil! I like society; and to get on in society a man must make himself agreeable to influential women. It is the women who have the reins in the social race, and by-and-by, if I should go into Parliament—"

"Parliament!" cried his wife, affrightedly. "You want to become a member of Parliament, and to be out at all hours of the night! Our home life would be altogether destroyed then."

"My dear Pamela, if you take such pains to make our home life miserable, it will be hardly worth preserving," retorted the captain.

"Conrad, I am going to ask you a question—a very solemn question."

"You alarm me."

"Long ago—before we were married—when Violet was arguing with me against our marriage—you know how vehemently she opposed it—"

"Perfectly. Go on."

"She told me that you had proposed to her

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before you proposed to me. Oh, Conrad, could that be true?"

The heart-rending tone in which the question was asked, the pathetic look that accompanied it, convinced Captain Carmichael that, if he valued his domestic peace, he must perjure himself.

"It had no more foundation than many other assertions of that young lady's," he said. "I may have paid her compliments, and praised her beauty, but how could I think of her for a wife when you were by? Your soft, confiding nature conquered me before I knew that I was hit."

He got up and went over to his wife and kissed her kindly enough, feeling sorry for her as he might have done for a wayward child that weeps it scarce knows wherefore, oppressed by a vague sense of affliction.

"Let us try to be happy together, Pamela," he pleaded, with a sigh; "life is weary work at best."

"That means that you are not happy, Conrad."

"My love, I am as happy as you will let me be."

"Have I ever opposed you in any thing?"

"No, dear, but lately you have indulged in covert upbraidings that have plagued me sorely. Let us have no more of them. As for your daughter"—his face darkened at the mention of that name—"understand at once and forever that she and I can never inhabit the same house. If she comes, I go. If you can not live without her, you must learn to live without me."

"Conrad, what have I done that you should talk of such a thing? Have I asked you to let Violet come home?"

"No, but you have behaved mopishly of late, as if you were pining for her return."

"I pine for nothing but your love."

"That has always been yours."

With this assurance Mrs. Carmichael was fain to content herself, but even this assurance did not make her happy. The glory and brightness had departed from her life somehow, and neither kind words nor friendly smiles from the captain could lure them back. There are stages in the lives of all of us when life seems hardly worth living: not periods of great calamity, but dull level bits of road along which the journey seems very weary. The sun has hidden himself behind gray clouds, cold winds are blowing up from the bitter east, the birds have left off singing, the landscape has lost its charm. We plod on drearily, and can not see one pole-star in life's darkening sky.

It had been thus of late with Pamela Carmichael. Slowly and gradually the conviction had come to her that her second marriage had been a foolish and ill-advised transaction, resulting inevitably in sorrow and unavailing remorse. The sweet delusion that it had been a love match on Captain Carmichael's side, as well as on her own, abandoned her all at once, and she found herself face to face with stern common sense.

That scene about Theodore's bill had exercised a curious effect upon her mind. To an intellect so narrow trifles were important, and that the husband who had so much admired and praised the elegance of her appearance could grudge the cost of her toilet galled her sorely. It was positively for her the first revelation of her husband's character. His retrenchments in household expenses she had been ready to applaud as praiseworthy economies; but when he assailed her own extravagance, she saw in him a husband who loved far too wisely to love well.

"If he cared for me, if he valued my good looks, he could never object to my spending a few pounds upon a dress," she told herself.

She could not take the captain's common-sense view of a subject so important to herself. Love in her mind meant a blind indulgence like the squire's. Love that could count the cost of its idol's caprices, and calculate the chances of the future, was not love. That feeling of poverty, too, was a new sensation to the mistress of the Abbey House, and a very unpleasant one. Married very young to a man of ample means, who adored her, and never set the slightest restriction upon her expenditure, extravagance had become her second nature. To have to study every outlay, to ask herself whether she could not do without a thing, was a hard trial; but it had become so painful to her to ask the captain for money that she preferred the novel pain of self-denial to that humiliation. And then there was the cheerless prospect of the future always staring her in the face, that dreary time after Violet's majority, when it would be a question whether she and her husband could afford to go on living at the Abbey House.

"Every body will know that my income is diminished," she thought. "However well we may manage, people will know that we are pinching."

This was a vexatious reflection. The sting of poverty itself could not be so sharp as the pain of being known to be poor.

Captain Carmichael pursued the even tenor of his way all this time, and troubled himself but little about his wife's petty sorrows. He did his duty to her according to his own lights, and considered that she had no ground for complaint. He even took pains to be less subdued in his manner to Lady Ellangowan, and to give no shadow of reason for the foolish jealousy he so much despised. His mind was busy about his own affairs. He had saved money since his marriage, and he employed himself a good deal in the investment of his savings. So far he had been lucky in all he touched, and had contrived to increase his capital by one or two speculative ventures in foreign railways. If things went on as well for the next six years, he and his wife might live at the Abbey House, and maintain their station in the county, till the end of the chapter.

"I dare say Pamela will outlive me," thought the captain; "these fragile-looking invalid women are generally long-lived. And I have all the chances of the hunting field, and vicious horses, and other men's blundering with loaded guns, against me. What can happen to a woman who sits at home and works crewel antimacassars and reads novels all day, and never drinks any thing stronger than tea, and never eats enough to disturb her digestion? She ought to be a female Methuselah."

Secure in this idea of his wife's longevity, and happy in his speculations, Captain Carmichael looked forward cheerfully to the future: and the evil shadow of the day when the hand of fate should thrust him from the good old house where he was master had never fallen across his dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is stated that Captain Sir George Nares, the well-known commander of the *Challenger* and of the recent British arctic expedition, has been appointed to be the Chief of the Harbor and Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Captain Nares is now in command of H. M. S. *Alert*, engaged in a scientific cruise in the Straits of Magellan.

Some hint as to the antiquity of the pile dwellings in the Lake of Geneva has lately been obtained by the determination of the fact that, when they were burned, fragments of charcoal were distributed along the border of the lake over an extensive district, and are now covered by sand and gravel.

The death of Mr. David Page took place in the early part of March. The name of this gentleman has long been familiar to persons interested in geological pursuits. His text-books and other publications have been widely disseminated and heartily appreciated. A manual on *Physical Geography* was also well received by the public. On the establishment of the Newcastle College of Physical Science in connection with Durham University, he was chosen to lecture on geology. It will be of interest to some of our readers to know that to this gentleman is to be ascribed a large share of the work entitled *Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation*, which some years ago excited a profound interest. Although Robert Chambers was believed to be the principal author, yet it was doubtless from David Page that he derived a large portion of his material.

It is not at all improbable that the electric light will sooner or later come into extensive use for illuminating museums, libraries, and reading-rooms at night. An experiment in that direction, recently made in the reading-room of the British Museum, has satisfied its trustees of its applicability. On several occasions this light was turned on toward dusk for the purpose of enabling readers to continue their studies without interruption for another hour. There was no difficulty in reading or working by it, even at the tables where the light was weakest. The first trial was made without general premonition of such an intention, greatly to the surprise of those present.

Mr. Francis Huntsman, whose name is closely connected with the discovery of cast steel, died in England in the beginning of March, in the ninety-third year of his age.

Among the new bills introduced into the first session of the Forty-sixth Congress is one authorizing the President to establish a temporary colony at some point north of the eighty-first degree of north latitude, on or near the shore of Lady Franklin Bay, for the purpose of scientific observation and exploration, and to develop or discover new whaling grounds; such officers as may be necessary to be detailed to take part in the same, and with permission to use any public vessel or vessels in connection therewith. This is essentially Captain Howgate's plan, and probably introduced by his request.

It has been ascertained that the same weevil which is usually so destructive to rice has lately been doing a great deal of damage to the wheat in Southern Illinois and elsewhere. A remedy consists in thorough drying by artificial heat, by burning with sulphur, and by the use of bisulphide of carbon carefully applied.

At the last session of Congress an appropriation of $250,000 was made for the construction of a fire-proof building for the reception of such collections belonging to the National Museum as can not be at present accommodated in the Smithsonian Building, and as the plans have already been prepared, it is understood that the work will be begun without delay. The design contemplates a building 301 feet square, with certain projecting corners, the whole covering a space of about 97,000 square feet. Although not quite equal to the area of the Government Building at the Centennial, it is capable of containing a much larger mass of material. The general plan is that of a pavilion, of one story, with brick walls and iron roof, the floor to be of concrete. The corner buildings or projections constitute offices connected with the administration of the Museum, to include a library room, a small lecture-room, and others. It is expected that the entire edifice will be completed and ready for occupation by the 1st of April, 1880.

Mr. Frederick Smith, an eminent entomologist, and one of our best authorities in regard to hymenoptera, died on the 16th of February, at the age of seventy-three. At the time of his death he was an assistant keeper of the zoological department of the British Museum.

A prize of six hundred dollars has been offered by the Italian government for the best essay on the structure, functions, and diseases of the orange, lemon, lime, and allied fruits, this to include a considerable amount of original matter, and to be accompanied by suggestions for the protection of these plants against their various diseases. The works must be sent in by the end of May, 1881, and the competition is open to all nations; but the essay must be written in the Italian language.

Another instance of the utilization of waste substances has lately been made in treating the residue of beet-root molasses, or that which remains after the alcohol has been distilled from it. It has usually been burned in the open air for the simple purpose of obtaining the potash salts it contained, but by performing the calcination in close retorts the products of distillation have been found to contain a large quantity of trimethylamine, which can be easily worked into chloride of methyl.

We have already referred to the value of this substance as a frigorific, and its competition with ammonia for this purpose. Like ammonia, it is readily condensed to a liquid by pressure, and by its own vaporization the bulk of the liquid acquires a temperature of about −10° F.; and when the vaporization is assisted by the passage of dry air through the liquid, the temperature is brought as low as −67° F. In this way Professor Roscoe has succeeded in freezing a mass of mercury into a solid, which he hammered like a piece of lead. The other uses of chloride of methyl are for the manufacture of the new dyes known as methylated anilines, whose introduction has hitherto been too expensive, but is now rendered practicable. It is probable that a great extension of this industry will be made.

Mr. Adam White, from 1835 to 1862 assistant in the ethnological department of the British Museum, died on the 4th of January, at Glasgow, in the sixty-second year of his age.

The peculiarity of construction and the efficient working of a new form of steamer built by Mr. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, has attracted much attention, and one of his vessels has lately been sent to England to be used as a torpedo boat. In a recent trial there the *Herreshoff* exhibited marked superiority as regards turning, stopping, starting, and reversing, and especially in the time required for getting up steam in the boilers. While two hours were required in this by her English competitors from the time of lighting the fires, available steam was had from the *Herreshoff* in ten minutes. The speed of this vessel was found to be decidedly inferior to that of some of the English boats, and a rather sharp criticism has been made as to the general inferiority of her workmanship.

The fact that about two hundred and eighty tons of California grapes were received weekly and sold in the markets of Philadelphia during the past season shows that this interest is an important one, especially as the American grapes are comparatively little liable to the attacks of the phylloxera, which has caused so much devastation in France, and the approach of which to other countries in Europe is looked upon with so much alarm. Professor Riley some time ago pointed out this comparative immunity of the American grape, and the fact is so well appreciated that enormous importations are now being made from America to Europe, and a special periodical, called *La Vigne Américaine*, has been commenced in France.

The method adopted now is to use the American roots as stocks on which to graft the regular wine grape. The fears which Professor Riley expressed in regard to an attack upon the California vines by the phylloxera have proved not to be unfounded, but he is of the opinion that the Missouri or Carolina vines are much less liable to its attacks.

The insect itself occurs in many localities, being extremely abundant in the vicinity of Washington, and this accounts for the failure of grapes, with which the phylloxera was not supposed to have any connection. The more Professor Riley's investigations are extended, the more he is satisfied that it is almost hopeless to expect its destruction by any possible means, the only remedy being the introduction of new stocks of vines from uninfected districts. The fact is shown that the insect can go on for at least four years without the necessary introduction of impregnated eggs, and that the normal mode of its introduction is in the form of larvæ upon the roots, which of course makes it so much the more difficult to reach.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

International exhibitions are growing in popularity. Australia announces that plans are in preparation for a World's Fair to be held at Melbourne in 1880. Australia has always been well represented in all great exhibitions, and latterly has made rapid progress in productive industry and commercial relations—in fact, that country now ranks the third among the export markets of the kingdom of Great Britain, and may well be regarded by other nations not only as a worthy competitor, but a good customer. The Exhibition in Melbourne will open October 1, 1880, and close March 31, 1881. Suitable buildings will be erected in a central position of the city, and a certain amount of steam and water power will be supplied free. The general reception of articles will begin June 1, 1880, and continue until August 31. Reports and awards will be based upon inherent and comparative merit, and the jurors will be experts in the departments to which they are especially assigned. Melbourne, which is the capital of Victoria, is readily accessible from all the settled portions of Australia, and there is constant steam communication with New Zealand, Tasmania, and the South-sea Islands.

It is re-assuring to the public to know that the directors of the New York Elevated Railroad—or at least some of them—are now of the opinion that "the possibility of accidents on elevated roads can not be guarded against too carefully," and that "safe transit is of greater importance than mere rapid transit." Resolutions have been adopted by the Board of Directors which, if faithfully carried into operation, seem likely to prevent the possibility of collisions in future.

The New York Academy of Music has been leased to Colonel J. H. Mapleson, to give representations of Italian opera for two seasons in three successive years, commencing about October 20, 1879. Two hundred seats in the Academy are to be reserved for the free use of the stockholders.

Foreign trade in American coal is steadily growing. In January, 1878, the first cargo was shipped for Marseilles, and sent thence to Genoa. Since then there have been over twenty shipments, several cargoes going to Genoa, and the remainder to Trieste, Marseilles, Cadiz, Bilboa, Bordeaux, Alexandria, Leghorn, and Havre. Italy will probably be the best market.

Varying reports continue to come from Russia in regard to the prevalence of the plague. Whatever may be the actual facts relative to the disease, there is little doubt that vigorous efforts are being made by the government to improve the sanitary condition of the country. According to the recent "Bulletin of Public Health," issued at Washington, the towns adjoining the infected district, as well as the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, are taking measures against the possible extension of the disease on the approach of warm weather, by cleaning and disinfecting unsanitary quarters, issuing cooked food to the poor, and by the erection of temporary buildings for the reception of refugees from the infected districts, and of furnaces for burning infected clothing.

Just now, when the "trout season" has so recently opened, amateur fishers may feel special interest in Maine "catches." The Kennebec *Journal* glowingly describes a trout lately captured with hook and line which measured three feet in length, and weighed nineteen pounds. It was called the "Monarch of Moosehead," and well deserved the title. But the Bangor (Maine) *Whig* overshadows the "Monarch" by an account of a magnificent trout which had been presented to the editors. It was caught in Sebondic Lake by a fortunate fisher of Milo, was three feet one inch long, and weighed twenty-one and a quarter pounds. The question arose at once whether to build an oven large enough to bake the trout whole, or to spoil his grand proportions by cutting him up. The latter course was reluctantly adopted, and there was a great feasting among appreciative friends.

Numerous complaints have been made in relation to the disturbance of public worship in this city by newsboys crying newspapers in the streets on Sunday morning. An order has been recently issued from Police Head-quarters directing the arrest of all newsboys found transgressing the ordinance on the subject by vociferous attempts to sell their papers. A reform in this matter is needed, not merely on Sundays, but on every day; not merely among newsboys, but also among the venders of fruits, vegetables, and numerous other articles, who daily raise a deafening noise in many of our streets. Why a man who has bananas or potatoes to sell should be allowed to vociferate that fact continuously for half an hour around a single block, to the great annoyance of every resident, is beyond the comprehension of all quiet-loving citizens.

In Liverpool there has been formed a "Shoe-black Society," for the benefit of those who follow the profession of "shining." Its special object is to improve the existing condition of members of the brigade, or to help them to a better position in life.

Report says that the fitting up of the royal yacht *Osborne* for the bridal trip of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught has cost England about $100,000.

It is stated as a notable fact that the saving in one year made on cotton freights alone by means of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi is nearly equal to the whole cost of the improvements effected by Captain Eads. This, if correct, is certainly remarkable.

A method of artificially rearing sponges has been successfully employed on the coast of Dalmatia. Advantage has been taken of a well-known fact that certain zoophytes have such great powers of reproduction that a small portion of one will grow and form an entire new body. The process is to cut the sponge into pieces, fasten each portion to a pile, and immerse it in the sea. The pieces then grow, and eventually from each one a spherical sponge is obtained. According to estimates made, a small piece of sponge at the end of three years will represent a value of about ten cents. The total cost of raising 4000 sponges, including the interest on the expended capital for three years, is estimated at $45, and the income at about $80, leaving, therefore, a net profit of $35.

Leo XIII., the present Pope, enjoyed a high reputation for thorough and elegant scholarship while he was Cardinal Pecci; but it was not until recently that it was known he was a poet. Latterly, however, he has given proof of his poetical abilities, having written some verses which are both "thoroughly classical in expression and ecclesiastical in form."

The house in London once occupied by Hogarth, the painter, still bears his name, and is a private dwelling-house, and the garden is tenanted by a florist. This garden includes about a quarter of an acre, and in it is a fine mulberry-tree planted by Hogarth himself. At the bottom of the garden stood till recently the workshop in which he used to ply his art, secluded and alone. Near the wall were formerly memorials in stones to his favorite cat, dog, and bull-finch. That over the dog was inscribed: "Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies;" and on that of the bird was, "Alas! poor Dick!" The memorial over the grave of the cat disappeared many years ago. The two memorials above mentioned remained upon the grounds till quite recently, it being in the agreement when the house was let that they should not be disturbed; but now they have been removed.

The loss of an eye is a cruel misfortune, but it indirectly made the fortune of Gambetta. When but a lad, while playing in a carpenter's shop, an apprentice whom he was teasing struck at him with a pointed stick, and inadvertently destroyed the sight of one eye. Had Gambetta retained the sight of both eyes he would have studied medicine, but after this accident it became necessary that he should prepare for a profession in which he would chiefly need to use his tongue. Thus partial blindness converted Gambetta into a barrister.

Soldiers and sailors of the late civil war, both from the North and the South, are notified that the "Sixth National Reunion of the Blue and Gray" will be held at Cambridge, Ohio, from August [illegible] to [illegible], 1879. These National Reunions seem to have had a most happy effect in softening the sectional feeling engendered by the war, and in strengthening those social ties upon which so largely depend the future prosperity of our nation. Arrangements have been made so that it is expected this Sixth Reunion will be of exceptional interest. Congress has recognized it as being of national importance by authorizing the Secretary of War to issue, free of cost, arms, ammunition, and artillery for salutes and sham battles, camp equipage, and tents to shelter the multitudes, and many of the most prominent generals of both armies and leading statesmen of the day have signified a determination to be present and participate in the grand jubilee. All branches of the service will be represented, delegations are expected from every State in the Union, and all railroads will grant excursion rates. Cambridge is regarded as a most favorable location for such a gathering; it is in close connection by rail with all parts of the country, contains ample hotel and boarding-house accommodations, and its beautiful groves and never-failing springs afford special advantages for "tenting."

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"HER PROTECTOR."—Charles S. Reinhart.

"WATCHING THE SNOW."—Oliver J. Lay.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

The fifty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened March 31, with a display of pictures exceedingly creditable to American artists. The number of works in the several rooms, including drawings, engravings, and a few pieces of sculpture, is 615; and while there are some paintings of exceptional merit, and some which ought not to have been admitted, the collection on a whole may be characterized as being above the average merit of such exhibitions. Doubtless a critic with a keen scent for faults and imperfections would find much to blame and much to object to in many pictures that delight the mass of visitors, who look more to sentiment and general effect than to points which engage the attention of professional writers on art. The former care but little for errors in perspective or in the drawing of a figure, provided these are not so marked as to attract notice at a passing glance. Their enjoyment is not marred by that "too much learning" which makes so many critics "mad," and so they saunter slowly through the rooms, catalogue in hand, stopping before a beautiful landscape, an interesting portrait, or effectively wrought incident, taking a serene pleasure in what attracts them, they ought to be thankful for their exemption from the trials and tribulations that beset a mind determined to see the worst of every thing. If they have any misgivings as to the propriety of being pleased with pictures which one critic may condemn with all the force of the extensive vocabulary of censure and scorn which seems to be at the command of every intense writer on art, they may console themselves with the reflection that it will probably be as heartily commended by some equally able critic who regards it from another point of view. It is almost as difficult to forecast the verdict of a knot of art critics as it is that of a petit jury, which, according to a great lawyer, is one of those things which an fellow can guess beforehand.

The four pictures which we give as the first installment of selections from works in the exhibition are characteristic specimens of the talent and general style of Messrs. Reinhart, Lay, Burcham, and Woon. Mr. Reinhart goes back to old Puritan times in New England for his subject, which he treats in a broad, manly style; his picture, which hangs in the West Room, is vigorous in drawing and strong in color. This artist has already done much good work, and there is in all that he undertakes the promise of a high career. Mr. Lay's picture is refined in sentiment and color, and exceedingly graceful in composition. It will appeal to every one who has watched through the window of a warm and pleasant room the silent fall of the snow, catching all its beauty while sheltered from its chilling touch. Mr. Burcham's marine composition is one of the best of his recent works. He has already taken a high position among the marine painters of America. Mr. Woon's picture is a genuine bit of rustic nature, such as he delights in painting, and in which he excels. The lad has evidently made himself a rude corn-cob pipe, and stolen away into the shelter of the barn to enjoy the anticipated pleasure undisturbed. In the painting the lighted match, held between the urchin's hands, casts a ruddy glow upon his face, and heightens

"BENEATH WHITE HEAD, PORTLAND HARBOR."—A. T. Burcham.

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"HIS FIRST PIPE."—By T. W. Wood.

the arch expression of the eyes. Few of our artists equal Mr Wood as a *genre* painter. There is a refined sense of humour in Hoch that he does which is very attractive. These pictures will be followed by others, from time to time, while the exhibition remains open. We trust that no one who takes pleasure in art will miss the opportunity now afforded by the Academy to gratify that taste.

CAN ONE BLUSH IN THE DARK?

A German professor of the last century, Lichtenberg, believed that folks may become pale from fear in the dark, but said that "the question whether women can blush in the dark is a very difficult one." But Shakspeare did not see any difficulty in it when he made Juliet say to Romeo

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night."
—*Act* III., *Scene* 2.

The modern scientists, however, are not satisfied with these old lights. Darwin says that Shakspeare has "erred" (*Expression of the Emotions*); and Hermentrude asks "What is to hinder blushing in the dark, if there be no hindrance to thinking?" The answer is obvious. Light is not necessary for the action, but it is for the phenomenon. But Hermentrude does more than ask this question, which she had a right to do, she distorts Shakspeare's meaning, which she had no right to do. Shakspeare clearly says "There is no blush on my cheek, because of the darkness." Hermentrude would have him mean "There is a blush on my cheek, but the darkness prevents your seeing it." Last of all, Mr C. A. Ward, indorsing the opinion of the latter writer, says that she "has given the right answer," and boldly affirms that "there can be nothing to prevent blushing from taking place in the dark." Yet, notwithstanding all this, I venture to say that the poet is strictly correct—or, indeed, he generally is—in the literal meaning of his words, and the modern scientists utterly in the wrong. In this place Shakspeare designedly, as it seems to me, rejecting the ordinary phraseology based upon our early impressions, has taken pains to express himself with a scientific accuracy which we should rather have expected from Bacon himself, and seems, one would infer, to have had an intuition or prevision of the truth expounded three-quarters of a century later by Newton—*that color is not a quality belonging to or inherent in bodies, but is entirely dependent upon the light reflected from their surfaces.* Now what is a "blush?" First and last, it is a *color*. It may be defined as "the redness produced in the face by the determination of the blood to that part, as the effect of certain mental emotions." Thus in Latin "to blush" is *erubescere*; "to make one blush" is "alicui rubor ora afferre;" in French it is *rougir*; and so on in other languages. Thus the Latin poet beautifully says

"Ut cubet ut
Purpureus dent cum primum surgere mortes"

Barns sings

"She paused—she reddened like the rose,
Then paled like cold lily."

And Crashaw, in his exquisite epigram on the miracle at Cana, which so far as it appealed to the eye certainly required *light* for its performance, has

"Vidit et erubuit Nympha pudica Deum."

Hermentrude asks how darkness can affect "the sensation of blushing." But here I would remark, with deference to her, that this is not the question at all. We are talking of "blushing," not the mere "subjective sensation," which, as Mr Galton has admitted, is utterly deceptive, and which most certainly will not be accompanied by the objective phenomenon (the thing of which we are talking) unless there be present the requisite condition, light, the element through the instrumentality of which alone color exists and is perceived. Juliet was herself conscious of the "subjective sensation," but knew—as rather Shakspeare, imparting to his heroine by poetical license his own knowledge, makes her know—that her face was necessarily "unbepainted" because of the darkness. A flower may be said, as Gray has it, to "blush unseen"—waiving for a moment the Berkleian question as to whether existence even can be predicated of an object in the absence of a mind to perceive it—but it certainly can not be said to "blush in the dark." Neither can a human being; and to affirm the contrary is to assert the possibility of a rainbow after a nocturnal shower—always supposing the night to be moonless, and not to occur in those high polar regions where the sun shines on through the twenty-four hours.

The scientific principle involved in this question was a greater novelty a couple of hundred years ago than it ought to be now, and we prop-

erly enough find it enforced in the curious volume, *Athenian Sport; or, Two Thousand Paradoxes merrily Argued to Amuse and Divert the Age*, etc. (London, 1707, 8vo), where "Paradox II." is, "That no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c., only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light." Here we read what is applicable now as then: "The Knowledge of Man is never complete: What they know in one manner they are ignorant of in another. Nothing is so manifest to the sense as *Colour*; nothing so obscure to the understanding, which doubts whether it hath a *Real Existence*, &c. . . . So that this Paradox (that *No Colours are Real*, &c.), however strange and surprising it looks, is what no Man can ever disprove, and I scarce think our *Virtuosi* will ever attempt it," etc.

THE KANGAROO.

Until comparatively lately the mode of reproduction of the kangaroo was not known, and the wildest theories were advanced to account for the presence of a blind and most imperfectly developed young one in the pouch. Anxious to settle this curious point, Professor Owen availed himself of an opportunity of studying the subject in the Zoological Gardens, and made the remarkable observation that when the young one was born it was transferred to the pouch by the lips of the mother, and became firmly fixed to the mammary gland, there provided for it. When born, the young is not more than an inch long in the largest kangaroo. It is blind and hairless, and the legs are all nearly the same length. The nails are just perceptible, but there is nothing to indicate the extraordinary development of the hind-legs and middle great toe so characteristic of the adult. The extension of the mammary gland enters far into the mouth of the young, and the attachment is so firm that it is separated only by much force, and life is extinct in a very short time after removal. It has not been ascertained with certainty how long this close relationship between the parent and young subsists, but it is probably not less than two months; and it has been proved conclusively that the mother's nourishment continues to be sought long after the young is free to leave the pouch, and has begun feeding on grass on its own account.

For some months at least the pouch is the place of refuge for the young, which enters it head-foremost, turns a complete somersault, and brings the nose and all the toes in a bunch to the opening, when in this position reminding one forcibly of a hermit-crab. The mother evinces the utmost solicitude for the safety of her young, and when hunted and burdened with her charge will allow the dogs to press her very closely, but at the last moment she will seize the young with her fore-paws, draw it from the pouch, and throw it aside (usually to be killed at once by her pursuers), to enable her to gain a place of refuge. The leaping powers of the great kangaroo when in full career are most remarkable. A series of intervals between the impressions of the hind-feet on damp sand were measured, and gave an average of more than twenty feet for the stride, and in this instance the kangaroo went clear away from a couple of the best dogs.

Much misapprehension exists as to the use of the heavy tail; and even colonists, who must be quite familiar with the animals, will persistently assert that it is used as an organ of progression, and is a great help in the leap. By the arrangement of its muscles the tail is, however, unfitted for any such purpose, and could not possibly be converted into a lever to act in concert with the legs. In two positions the tail appears to lend some support; that is, when the animal is sitting on its haunches, and when feeding; and in one very singular position the tail becomes an important instrument in supporting the body, which may occasionally be observed in confinement, but is often presented to the kangaroo-stalker. The animal raises itself on the extreme ends of the great nails on the hind-feet, and stiffens its tail as a third support, when it is seen to stand upon a veritable tripod, and is thus enabled to command a wide field of view. The attitude is most grotesque, and some individuals when standing thus must be nearly seven feet high.

The tail of this curious animal also comes into play in balancing the body and bringing it to the necessary angle for the point of departure of each successive leap, and it no doubt facilitates those sharp "doubles" by which the kangaroo astonishes and confounds the most active dogs. The fore limbs differ immensely from the hinder. The "hand" has five digits armed with strong nails, which in old specimens grow to a length of four or five inches, and frequently assume spiral forms, or bend round to their base. This is more observable in confined than wild animals, the latter keeping down the growth by resting on them while feeding, and by more frequent use. The digits appear to be capable of being brought into opposition to each other to some extent, for parasites are captured and many other actions performed with ease. Kangaroos swim well; and on one occasion the writer saw a female crossing a small creek with a young one, which she held between her fore-limbs with its head just above water; and on landing close to the observer's place of concealment she placed it on the ground and it plunged into the pouch.

The smaller species of kangaroo are as much nocturnal as diurnal, and may be seen in open forest land in numbers on moonlight nights. They are conscious of the security afforded them by darkness, for they will dash across a clearing and stop just within cover of a scrub or thick bush, and allow one to approach within a few feet without moving away. If a stone is thrown into the place where they were heard to stop, they dash off, and it is perceived at once how near they were; while in daylight it might not have been possible to come within a hundred yards of them.

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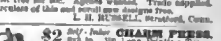

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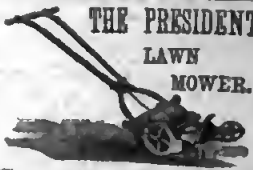

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THE ZULU WAR—NATAL MOUNTED POLICE, UNDER MAJOR DARTNELL, ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

WITH THE ENGLISH IN ZULULAND.

THE above engraving, like those in our Supplement of last week, relates to an event immediately connected with the terrible massacre at Isandula, the horrors of which are still thrilling through the unhappy country which furnished the victims of the slaughter. Had it not been for the reconnoissance made by Major DARTNELL, and the movements based upon the reports forwarded by him of the whereabouts of the Zulu forces, it is probable that Lord CHELMSFORD's unfortunate abandonment of the camp would not have taken place, and the late terrific disaster to the English arms might have been averted. It was on the 20th of January that Lord CHELMSFORD quitted the camp at Rourke's Drift and accompanied one of the columns on its march into the enemy's country. The camp at Isandula was established on the same day, but Lord CHELMSFORD pushed forward in order to reconnoitre the Zulu stronghold in the Ndhlamkazi Mountains, returning to the camp in the evening. The reconnoissance was not completed, and in consequence two separate parties, under the command respectively of Major DARTNELL and Commandant LONSDALE, were ordered to move out on the following day and bring back a full description of the position. Both these parties found evidence of the enemy's presence in force sufficient to prevent their completing their reconnoissance, and Major DARTNELL, on the 21st, sent back to Lord CHELMSFORD requesting a re-enforcement of British troops. It was not considered expedient to comply with this request, but early in the morning of the 22d Lord CHELMSFORD himself moved forward from the camp at Isandula, accompanied by the greater part of the force, and leaving only a small body of troops in charge of the camp, which was to be re-enforced by 500 native troops under Colonel DURNFORD.

As the details of the shocking occurrence which resulted from this practical abandonment of the camp at Isandula have already been given, we shall in this article follow Lord CHELMSFORD's movements, and give an account of the retaking of the camp, which was successfully accomplished by the commander-in-chief on the very evening of the massacre. The troops that were to re-enforce Major DARTNELL left the camp at early dawn, and before the day was well advanced had reached the top of the Ndhlamkazi range, and were in communication with the reconnoitering party. The fighting done by the combined forces was inconsiderable, for although the Zulus occupied positions that seemed impregnable, they showed a willingness to surrender them that might properly be have excited suspicion. During the day Lord CHELMSFORD, or rather Colonel GLYN, received a note from Lieutenant-Colonel PULLEINE, in charge of the camp, to the effect that firing was heard to the left front. No further message was, however, received from Colonel PULLEINE, and nothing could be seen by looking from the top of a high hill with a powerful telescope toward Isandula, which was about twelve miles distant. So Lord CHELMSFORD spent the day in examining the country and choosing a site for a new advanced camp, after a little skirmishing with a detached party of the enemy.

It will be seen from this that while the Zulus were busily engaged in slaughtering the English at Isandula and attacking the garrison at Rourke's Drift, Lord CHELMSFORD, with the main portion of the 3d column, was in reality but a few hours' ride from the scene of the conflict. This would seem to indicate the most stupid blundering on the part of the commander-in-chief, and indeed it is difficult to follow the record of this day's proceedings without being amazed to find how easily the hero of so many of England's colonial wars was outmanœuvred by the leader of the Zulu forces. Some excuse must be made for Lord CHELMSFORD, however, when we consider the nature of the country in the part of Zululand, and the fact that the plans of the Zulu were laid and executed with the most marvellous dispatch, after having ascertained the proposed movements of the English by a most adroit system of espionage. There is not in the whole of South Africa a more desperately torn and rugged region than that lying around, and especially to the southwest of, the mountain range which Major DARTNELL had undertaken to reconnoitre. In moving from the camp at Isandula, Lord CHELMSFORD and his forces would skirt this wild and broken district, keeping it upon the right as they advanced to their furthest point of reconnoissance, and keeping themselves upon the comparatively open ground which extends in green undulating slopes to Intaba 'Nhlolo and the well-known Isikala Sengayama, or Lion Pass, leading over to the Pongolo River. It was here, amid this jagged and precipitous country, abounding in scrub, and capable of concealing not only the whole Zulu army, but the whole Zulu nation, that CETYWAYO had evidently thrown out an enormously strong body of his warriors. From these deep recesses they seem to have watched closely, and dogged, at a distance, every movement of the English.

The Zulus were evidently at first of the opinion that their enemies intended to march upon Ulundi, the royal kraal, and were bent upon reaching it by way of the wagon track, which, passing immediately under and to the east of the Isibilanyana Mountain, runs directly down thence to the Amathlabantini plains. It was upon this wagon track that Lord CHELMSFORD and his force were moving, more or less, all the day of the 21st of January, and well might the Zulus be massing them-

selves in overwhelming numbers on the English flank to defend the capital of their country. No sooner, however, did their leaders become aware that the English had no intention of making an attack, than with rapid change of plans large forces were detached and sent on toward Isandula. The crafty Zulus had calculated well that they would be able to reach the camp and demolish it before the reconnoitering parties could return. Thus was the English commander outgeneraled by Zulu military skill, and one of England's best and bravest regiments butchered with scarcely an opportunity of defending itself.

The story of Lord CHELMSFORD's return to Isandula, and the manner in which he learned of the fate that had overtaken the brave men left to guard the camp, is calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate commander whose military skill had been so terribly eclipsed by savage strategists. The discovery was made by Commandant LOMBARD, who, when the reconnoitering party started to return to the camp at three in the afternoon, rode forward in advance of the column. He had crossed the small water-wash to the south of the camp, when his attention was attracted by a bullet passing rather near to him, and on looking up he saw a black man, who had evidently just fired. The real truth was far from his mind, and he merely thought it was one of his own contingent carelessly firing off his rifle, and pursued his way. To some extent the incident seems fortunately to have woke him up, and, although he saw what seemed to be English redcoats sitting in groups in and around the tents, he kept his eyes open, and when absolutely within ten yards of the tents he saw a great black Zulu come out of one with a bloody assegai in his hand. This made him look about him more closely, and he saw that black men, and black men only, were the wearers of red coats. The truth flashed upon him; he could read the scowl of hatred on every face, but his self-possession does not seem to have failed him, for, quietly turning his pony round, he galloped off before the enemy were aware of his intention. A hundred and fifty shots are said to have been fired behind him, but fortunately he was able to escape and carry the news back to the advancing column. A writer who was present at the moment when he communicated his fearful tidings to Lord CHELMSFORD tells us: "It is little exaggeration to say that those who heard him tell the general, 'The camp is in the possession of the enemy, Sir!' will not soon forget it."

In a short time it was known to every man in the ranks that something unusual had happened. Messengers were observed to be flying in different directions, and the order of march was changed. When about three miles from the camp, Lord CHELMSFORD ordered the troops to halt in a water-course which concealed their advance from those holding the camp. This measure was considered necessary, as time must be given to Colonel GLYN, who had remained behind, to bring up the remainder of the troops. These in advance were thus compelled to wait patiently for the arrival of the supports. Meantime orders had been given to send pickets forward to ascertain what was going on, and the contradictory reports they brought in added to the general uncertainty. An hour and a half passed in this way, when the general ordered Colonel RUSSELL to go forward with the mounted infantry and ascertain the real facts beyond a doubt. He did so, and in a short half hour returned. Matters were as bad to the full as represented. The entire camp was swarming with Zulus, like a disturbed ant-hill with ants. Many of the tents were burning, and the numbers estimated as holding the road to Natal were put down as at least 7000 men.

In such circumstances there appeared but one thing to be done—that was to await the arrival of the supports, and then advance upon the enemy. This course was finally decided upon by Lord CHELMSFORD and his advisers. Tardily, then, as it seemed to the waiting men, Colonel GLYN, the 1st battalion of the 24th Regiment, the guns, the police, and the 2d battalion of the 3d Native Contingent, made their appearance. As soon as they had come Lord CHELMSFORD addressed the troops, telling them that the camp had been taken in their absence, that the enemy held it in great force, and that he depended upon them to retake it and re-open communications with Natal. His speech, short and pithy, was received with cheers, and there could be no doubt that the men realized the position, and were determined to conquer or share the fate of their massacred companions. The order of battle was as follows: The wings consisted of the mounted corps, a sufficient number being detailed for advanced-guard and escort duties; next there came two battalions of the Native Contingent, one on each side, and each keeping dressing with three companies of the 2d battalion of the 24th, which guarded the guns in the centre; in front of the guns was Lord CHELMSFORD and those immediately with him.

In this order the advance was made, daylight dying away more and more rapidly, until, when the water-wash south of the camp was crossed, it was as dark as it ever becomes during the night in Zululand. The action that followed would have been considered brilliant had it not been for the terrible disaster which had rendered the attack necessary. A f[illegible] an intrenched position [illegible] horde of Zulus; yet to [illegible] by the earlier events [illegible] calls neither for eulo[illegible] To describe the action [illegible] of the small stream [illegible] camp, we quote from [illegible] London *Times*, who f[illegible] CHELMSFORD through[illegible] "Immediately after [illegible]

THE ZULU WAR—COLONEL PEARSON'S

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OLUMN CROSSING THE TUGELA RIVER.

English troops carried
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left wing was ordered to advance and take the small hill on the left (true right) of the neck where the road passes the Isandula. In saying 'the left wing,' I only mean the white infantry under MAJOR BLAGE. He ordered them to fire one volley, and then take the hill with the bayonet, and, considering the circumstances and position, one can only feel thankful that there was no necessity for either one or the other. However, they disappeared in the darkness, and the advance continued. A few minutes after, however, the voice of the general was heard ordering the guns to come into action, and the rumble of the carriages sounded for a second above the dull noise of the advancing infantry, then silence for a few seconds, followed by the first gun fire, and the bright flash and roar of the ammunition. The shells were principally directed toward the neck in front, where many wagons were standing, and it was most likely the enemy were going to hold it still, however, with the exception of a couple of fires, evidently signals, there was nothing to be seen of the enemy. The guns fired a few shells, limbered up, and another advance was made, when the three companies of the 58 battalion of the 88th, who were in support on the right (true left), were ordered to fire a few shots, with the object of drawing the enemy's fire. Then the guns fired several more rounds, with the most beautiful effect from an artistic point of view, but none whatever onfar endeavoring the position of the enemy was concerned; and then suddenly through the darkness we heard the 90th cheering away to our left, and knew they had taken the hill, which was the key of the position. Cheers were taken up all along the line, and had the Zulu nation only heard them, and known, as we did, that they were the cheers of a handful of English troops, who had lost full half their number, besides every thing they possessed, and who believed themselves to be advancing against an enemy, in a very strong position, ten times numerically stronger than themselves, and in the dark, I fancy they would have understood that they had very considerably underrated our 'fool men,' as they contemptuously call them. After the cheer there was no more firing, but a steady advance to the neck, which we took possession of without resistance about 8 o.m.*

No adequate description can be given of the horrors that presented themselves when the victorious troops entered the camp. On all sides lay the bodies of their comrades, whom they had left in health and spirits on the morning of the same day. Oxen lay dead in their yokes, horses which had been shot and the débris from plundered wagons strewed the ground. During the fearful night that followed, while the men bivouacked upon the very scene of the late slaughter, the return of the enemy was constantly expected. They knew that in their rear there was a large force of the enemy; the army that had destroyed the camp was still on their right flank, and in front they could see the flames rising from the dépôt at Rourke's Drift, where in a large building formerly used as a church a great mass of their provisions was stored.

No one could have anticipated that the Zulus would not follow up the advantage they had gained. Fortunately, however, the military talent that had so successfully outmanœuvred Lord CHELMSFORD did not suggest to the Zulus that one of all times was the moment to push on to victory, and even invade Natal itself. When the morning dawned the column got under way, and marched steadily forward to Rourke's Drift, the smoke of the burning building serving to point the way. As the troops neared the Buffalo River, men could be seen manning the walls of an old ruin next to the building used as a commissariat store, some of them waving coats and other garments as a welcome. Colonel RUSSELL, with the mounted infantry, was ordered to ford the river, and go straight up to them. The hearty cheers with which he was received, as well as the fact of the post ropes being uncut, proved that the Zulus had not entirely had it all their own way. The troops were not long in crossing the river, in their anxiety to learn particulars. Here at least was some compensation for the events of the dreadful day that was past. As soon as the unfortunate commander-in-chief came up, the men greeted him with a round of cheers. Lord CHELMSFORD, still overwhelmed by the memory of the scene he had just quitted, responded with a few brief but heart-felt words: "Thank you all very much for your very gallant defence." And a gallant defence it had been. The little garrison of eighty men, reduced to seventy by sickness, had beaten off 3000 Zulus, flushed with their recent success at Isandula. They had been attacked in overwhelming numbers about 3 P.M. on the 22d, and had only had half an hour's warning during which to make what preparations were possible for defending an extremely weak position. Fortunately there were plenty of sacks of maize in the commissariat store, and temporary fortifications were rapidly constructed with them. The attack lasted till about four o'clock the next morning, when the enemy retired, leaving 400 dead behind.

So much space has been given to the record of the experiences of the column under Lord CHELMSFORD on the occasion of the terrible 22d of January, that we can devote but a few lines to our double-page engraving, which shows the manner in which the column under Colonel PEARSON was conveyed across the Tugela. The river at this point is of great width and depth, and at this season, being in heavy flood, is a sullen and rushing stream of extraordinary force and rapidity. It is mentioned by Lord CHELMSFORD in one of his dispatches that an anchor with hawser attached to it was, on the night of the 9th, torn up from the bottom of the river, and was carried away down stream, and fixed in the opposite bank so firmly as to require 500 men to haul it back. This part of the Lower Tugela is distant above ninety miles from Rourke's Drift, on the Buffalo.

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The Distracted Young Preacher.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE COLD WAS CURED.

SOMETHING delayed the arrival of the Wesleyan minister, and a young man came temporarily in his stead. It was on the 12th of January, 1838, that Stockdale, the young man in question, made his humble entry into the village, unknown, and almost unseen. But when those of the inhabitants who styled themselves of his connection became acquainted with him, they were rather pleased than otherwise with the substitute, though Mr Stockdale had scarcely as yet acquired ballast of character sufficient to steady the consciences of the hundred and forty Methodists of pure blood who at this time lived in Nether-Mynton, and to give, in addition, supplementary support to the mixed race which went to church in the morning and chapel in the evening, or when there was a tea—as many as one hundred and ten people meet, all told, and including the parish clerk in the winter-time, when it was too dark for the vicar to observe who passed up the street at seven o'clock; which, to be just to him, he was never anxious to do.

It was owing to this overlapping of creeds that the celebrated population puzzle arose among the remoter gentry of the district around Nether-Mynton. How could it be that a parish containing three hundred adult Episcopalians and two hundred and fifty Dissenters numbered less than four hundred and fifty adults in all?

The young man being personally interesting, those with whom he came in contact were content to waive the graver question of his sufficiency for a while. It is said that at this time of his life his eyes were affectionate, though without a cry of levity, that his hair was curly, and his figure tall; that he was, in short, a very lovable youth, who won upon his female hearers as soon as they saw and heard him, and caused them to say, "Why didn't we know of this before he came, that we might have glad him a warmer welcome?"

The fact was that, knowing him to be only provisionally selected, and expecting nothing remarkable in his person or doctrine, these and the rest of his flock in Nether-Mynton felt almost as indifferent about his advent as they would have done had they been the soundest church-going parishioners in the country, and he their true and appointed parson. Thus, when Stockdale set foot in the place, nobody had secured a lodging for him, and though suffering from a bad cold in the head, which he had caught on his journey, he was forced to attend to that business himself. On inquiry he found that the only possible accommodation in the village would be found at the house of one Mrs. Lizzy Newberry, at the upper end of the street.

It was a youth who gave this information, and Stockdale asked him who Mrs Newberry might be.

"She's a widder-woman that's got no husband, because he's dead," the boy said. Mr. Newberry, he added, had been a well-to-do man and a farmer, but he had gone off in a decline; and as regarded Mrs. Newberry's serious side, Stockdale gathered she was one of the trimmers who went to church and chapel both.

"I'll go there," said Stockdale, feeling that, in the absence of a purely sectarian lodging, he could do no better.

"She's a little particular, and won't has gover'ment folks, or curates, as such like," said the lad, dubiously.

"Ah! that may be a good sign. I'll call. Or no—just you go up and ask first if she can find room for me. I have to see one or two persons on another matter. You will find me somewhere or other about the place."

In a quarter of an hour the lad came back and said that Mrs. Newberry would have no objection to accommodate him; whereupon Stockdale called at the house. It stood within a garden hedge, and seemed to be roomy and comfortable. He saw an elderly woman, with whom he made arrangements to take up his abode there the same night, since there was no inn in the place, and he wished to be on the spot as soon as possible, the village being a local centre from which he was to radiate to the different small chapels in the immediate neighborhood, where there was work to be done on week-days. He forthwith sent his luggage to Mrs. Newberry's from the carrier's, where he had taken shelter, and in the evening walked up to his temporary home.

As he now lived here, Stockdale felt it unnecessary to knock, but entered quietly, whereupon he heard some one scud hastily away. He opened the door of the parlor, as the front-room was called, though its same floor was merely disguised by the carpet which overlaid the greater part of it. The room looked snug and cheerful. The fire-light shone not from the grate upon the side of the table, flattering on the bulging portions of its legs, and gilding the under surface of the chimney-piece. A deep arm-chair, covered with horse-hair, and studded with a countless throng of brass nails, was pulled up on one side of the fire-place. The tea things were on the table, the tea-pot cover was open, and a little handbell had been laid at that precise point whereon a person seated in the great chair might be expected instinctively to lay his hand. Stockdale sat down, not objecting to his experience of the room thus far, and began his residence by ringing the bell. A little girl answered it, and made tea for him. Her name, she said, was Marther Sarer, and she lived "out there" (nodding toward the road and village generally).

Before Stockdale had got far with his meal a tap sounded upon the door behind him, and on his telling the inquirer to come in, a rustle of garments caused him to turn his head, which he had not done before, expecting only the little girl. He saw before him a fine young woman with dark eyes and hair, a wide sensible forehead, a frame extremely well made, and as her features a general expression of liveliness.

"Can I get you any thing else for tea?" she said, coming forward a step or two, her hand on the edge of the door.

"Nothing, thank you," said Stockdale, thinking less of what he replied than of what might be her relation to the household.

"You are quite sure?" said the young woman, apparently aware that he had not considered his answer.

He conscientiously examined the ten-equipage, and found it was all there. "Quite sure, Miss Newberry," he said.

"It is Mrs Newberry," said she—"Lizzy Newberry. I used to be Lizzy Simpkins."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Newberry." And before he had occasion to say more she left the room.

Stockdale remained in some doubt till Marther Sarer came to clear the table. "Whose house is this, my little woman?" said he.

"Mrs. Newberry's, Sir."

"Then Mrs Newberry is not the old lady I saw this afternoon?"

"No; that's Mrs Newberry's mother. It was Mrs. Newberry who coaxed in to you just by now, because she wanted to see if you was good-looking."

Later in the evening, when Stockdale was about to begin supper, the came again. "I have come myself, Mr. Stockdale," she said (the minister stood up to acknowledgment of the honor). "I am afraid little Marther might not make you understand. What will you have for supper? There's cold cabbit, and there's a ham uncut."

Stockdale said that he could get no nicely with those wands, and supper was laid. He had on more than cut a slice when tap-tap came to the door again. Having already learned that this particular rhythm in taps denoted the fingers of his landlady, he buried his first mouthful under a look of receptive blandness.

"We have a chicken, too, in the house, Mr. Stockdale. I quite forgot to mention it just now. Perhaps you would like Marther to bring it up?"

Stockdale had advanced far enough in the art of being a young man to say he did not want the chicken unless the brought it up herself; but when it was entered he blushed at the daring gallantry of the speech, perhaps a shade too strong for a serious man and a minister. In three minutes the chicken appeared, but, to his great surprise, only in the hands of Marther Sarer. Stockdale was disappointed, which, perhaps, it was intended that he should be.

He had finished supper, and was not in the least anticipating Mrs. Newberry again that night, when she tapped and entered as before. Stockdale's gratified look told that she had lost nothing by not appearing when expected. It happened that the cold in the head from which the young man suffered had increased with the approach of night, and before she had spoken he was seized with a violent fit of sneezing which he could not anyhow repress.

Mrs. Newberry looked pitiful. "You cold is very bad to-night, Mr Stockdale."

Stockdale replied that it was rather troublesome.

"And I've a good mind—" she added, archly, looking at the cheerless glass of water on the table which the abstemious young minister was going to drink.

"Yes, Mrs Newberry?"

"I've a good wand that you should have something more likely to cure it than that cold stuff."

"Well," said Stockdale, looking down at the glass, "as there is no inn here, and nothing better to be got in the village, of course it will do."

To this the replied: "There is something better to be got not far off, though not in the house. I really think you must try it, or you may be ill. Yes, Mr Stockdale, you shall." She held up her finger, seeing that he was about to speak. "Don't ask what it is. Wait, and you shall see."

Lizzy went away, and Stockdale waited in a pleasant mood. Presently the returned with her bonnet and cloak on, saying, "I am so sorry, but you must help me to get it. Mother has gone to bed. Will you wrap yourself up and come this way, and please bring that cup with you?"

Stockdale, a lonely young fellow, who had for weeks felt a great craving for somebody no whom to throw away superfluous interest, and even tenderness, was not sorry to join her; and followed his guide through the back-door and across the garden to the bottom, where the boundary was a wall. This wall was low, and beyond it Stockdale discerned in the night shades several gray head-stones and the outlines of the church roof and tower.

"It is easy to get up this way," she said, stepping upon a bank which abutted on the wall, then putting her foot on the top of the stonework, and descending by a spring inside, where the ground was much higher, after the manner of graveyards to be. Stockdale did the same, and followed her in the dusk across the irregular ground till they came to the tower door, which, when they had entered, she softly closed behind them.

"You can keep a secret?" she asked, in a musical voice.

"Like an iron chest," he said, fervently.

Then from under her cloak she produced a small lighted lantern, which the minister had not noticed that she carried at all. The light showed them to be close to the singing-gallery stairs, under which lay a heap of lumber of all sorts, but consisting mostly of decayed frame-work, pews, panels, and pieces of flooring that from time to time had been removed from their original fixings to the body of the edifice and replaced by new.

"Perhaps you will drag some of those boards aside?" she said, holding the lantern over her head to light him better. "Or will you take the lantern while I move them?"

"I can manage it," said the young man; and acting as she ordered, he uncovered, to his surprise, a row of little barrels bound with wood hoops, each barrel being about as large as the nave of a common cart wheel. When they were laid open, Lizzy fixed her eyes on him, as if she wondered what he would say.

"You know what they are?" she asked, finding that he did not speak.

"Yes—barrels," said Stockdale, simply. He was no inland man, the son of highly respectable parents, and the sight suggested nothing beyond the fact that such articles were there.

"You are quite right; they are barrels," she said, with seeming candor.

Stockdale looked at her with an eye of sudden misgiving. "Not smugglers' liquor?" he said.

"Yes," said she. "They are ankers of spirit that have accidentally come over in the dark from France."

In Nether Mynton and its vicinity at this date people always smiled at the sort of sin called ill-it trading, and these little tubs of gin and brandy were as well known to the inhabitants as tea-cups. So that Stockdale's innocent ignorance, and his look of alarm when he guessed the sinister mystery, seemed to strike Lizzy first as ludicrous, and then as very awkward for the good impression that she wished to produce upon him.

"Smuggling is carried on here by some of the people," she said, in a gently apologetic voice. "It has been their practice for generations, and they think it an harm. Now will you roll out one of the tubs?"

"What to do with it?" said the minister.

"To draw a little from it to cure your cold," she answered. "It is as burning strong that it drives away that sort of thing as a jiffy. Oh, it is all right about our taking it. I may have what I like; the owner of the tubs says so. I ought to have had some in the house, and then I shouldn't be been put to this trouble; but I drink none myself, as I often forget to keep it in-doors."

"You are allowed to help yourself, I suppose, that you may not inform where their hiding-place is?"

"Well, no, not that particularly. But I may take any if I want it. So help yourself."

"I will to oblige you, since you have a right to it," said the minister; and though he was not quite satisfied with his part in the performance, he rolled one of the tubs out from the corner into the middle of the floor. "How do you wish me to get it out?—with a gimlet, I suppose."

"No; I'll show you," said his interesting companion; and she hold up with her other hand a shoe-maker's awl and hammer. "You must never do these things with a gimlet," she went on, "because the wand dust gets in, and when the buyers pour out the brandy, that would tell them that the tub had been broached. An awl makes no dust, and the hole nearly closes up again. Now tap one of the hoops forward."

Stockdale took the hammer and did so.

"Now make the hole in the part that was covered by the hoop."

He made the hole as directed. "It won't run out," he said.

"Oh yes, it will," said she. "Take the tub between your knees, and squeeze the heads, and I'll hold the cup."

Stockdale obeyed; and the pressure taking effect upon the tub, which seemed to be thus, the spirit spurted out in a stream. When the cup was full, he ceased pressing, and the flow immediately stopped.

"Now we must fill up the keg with water," said Lizzy, "as it will clock like forty hens when it is handled, and show that it is not full."

"But they tell you you may take it?"

"Yes, the *smugglers*; but the *buyers* must not know that the smugglers have been kind to me at their expense."

"M'm," said Stockdale, doubtfully. "I much question the honesty of the proceeding."

By her direction he held the tub with the hole upward; and while he went through the process of alternately pressing and ceasing to press, she produced a bottle of water, which she poured in the hole, when it was sucked in at each recovery of the cask from pressure. When it was again full, he plugged the hole, knocked the hoop down to its place, and hoisted the tub to the lumber as before.

"Aren't the smugglers afraid that you will tell?" he asked as they recrossed the churchyard.

"Oh no, they are not afraid of that. I couldn't do such a thing."

"They have put you into a very awkward corner," said Stockdale, emphatically. "You must, of course, as an honest person, sometimes feel that it is your duty to inform—really you must."

"Well, I have never particularly felt it as a duty, and besides, my first husband—" She stopped, and there was some confusion in her voice. Stockdale was an honest and unsophisticated that he did not at once discern why she paused; but at last he did perceive that the words were a slip, and that no woman would have uttered "first husband" by accident unless the had thought pretty frequently of a second. He felt for her confusion, and allowed her time to recover and proceed. "My husband," she said, in a self-corrected tone, "used to know of their doings, and so did my father, and kept the secret. I can not inform, in fact, against any body."

"I see the hardness of it," he continued, like a man who looked far into things; "and it is very cruel that you should be tossed and tantalized between your memories and your conscience. I do hope, Mrs. Newberry, that you will soon see your way out of this unpleasant position."

By this time they had passed over the wall and entered the house, where the brought him a glass and hot water, and left him to his own reflections. He looked after her vanishing form, asking himself whether he, as a respectable man, and a minister, and a shining light, even though as yet only of the half penny-candle sort, were quite justified in doing this thing. A sneeze settled the question; and he found that when the fiery liquor was lowered by the addition of twice or thrice the quantity of water, it was one of the prettiest cures for a cold in the head that he had ever known, particularly at the chilly time of the year.

Stockdale sat in the deep chair about twenty minutes, sipping and meditating, till he at length took warmer views of things, and longed for the morrow, when he would see Mrs Newberry again. He then felt that, though chronologically short, it would to an emotional sense be very long before to-morrow came, and walked restlessly round the room, where he was attracted by a framed and glazed sampler, in which a running ornament of fir-trees and peacocks surrounded the following pretty bit of sentiment:

"Rose leaves smell when roses thrive,
Here's my work while I'm alive;
Rose leaves smell when shrunk and shed,
Here's my work when I am dead."

"Lizzy Simpkins: Fear God, Honour the King: Aged 11 years."

"'Tis here," he said to himself. "Heavens! how I like that name!"

Before he had done thinking that no other name from Abigail to Zenobia would have suited his young landlady so well, tap-tap came again upon the door, and the minister started as her face re-appeared, looking so disinterested that the most ungenerous would have refrained from asserting that the had come to affect his feelings by her seductive eyes.

"Would you like a fire in your room, Mr Stockdale, on account of your cold?"

The minister being still a little pricked in the conscience for countenancing her in watering the spirits, saw here a way to self-chastisement. "No, I thank you," he said, firmly; "it is not necessary. I have never been used to one in my life, and it would be giving way to luxury too far."

"Then I won't insist," she said, and discomfited him by vanishing instantly. Wondering if she was vexed by his refusal, he wished that he had chosen to have a fire, even though it should have scorched him out of bed, and endangered his self-discipline for a dozen days to come. However, he consoled himself with what was to truth a sure consolation for a budding lover, that he was under the same roof with Lizzy—her guest, in fact, to take a poetical view of the term lodger—and that he would certainly see her on the morrow.

The morrow came, and Stockdale rose early, his cold quite gone. He had never in his life so longed for the breakfast hour as he did that day, and punctually at eight o'clock, after a short walk to reconnoiter the premises, he re-entered the door of his dwelling. Breakfast passed, and Marther Sarer attended, but nobody came voluntarily, as on the night before, to inquire if there were other wants which he had not mentioned, and which she would attempt to gratify. He was disappointed, and went out, hoping to see her at dinner. Dinner-time came, he sat down to the meal, finished it, lingered on for a whole hour, although two new teachers were at that moment waiting at the chapel door to speak to him by appointment. It was useless to wait longer, and he slowly went his way down the lane, cheered by the thought that, after all, he would see her in the evening, and perhaps engage again in the delightful talk breaking in the neighboring church tower; which proceeding he resolved to render more moral by steadfastly insisting that no water should be introduced to fill up, though the tub should clock like all the hens in Christendom. But nothing could disguise the fact that it was a queer business, and his countenance fell when he thought how much more his mind was interested in that matter than in his serious duties.

However, compunction vanished with the decline of day. Night came, and his tea, and supper; but as Lizzy Newberry, and on sweet temptation. At last the preacher could bear it no longer, and said to his quaint little attendant, "Where is Mrs. Newberry to-day?" judiciously handing a penny as he spoke.

"She's busy," said Marther.

"Any thing serious happened?" he asked, handing another penny, and revealing yet additional ones in the background.

"Oh no, nothing at all," said she, with breathless confidence. "Nothing ever happens to her. She's only being up stairs in bed, because it is her way sometimes."

Being a young man of some honor, he would not question further, and assuming that Lizzy must have a bad headache as other slight ailment, in spite of what the girl had said, he went to bed dissatisfied, not even setting eyes on old Mrs. Simpkins. "I said last night that I should see her to-morrow," he reflected; "but that was not to be!"

Next day he had better fortune, or worse, meeting her at the foot of the stairs in the morning, and being favored by a visit or two from her during the day—once for the purpose of making kindly inquiries about his comfort, as on the first evening, and at another time to place a bunch of snow-drops on his table, with a promise to renew them when they dropped. On these occasions there was something in her smile which showed how conscious she was of the effect she produced, though it must be said that it was rather a humorous than a designing consciousness, and savored more of pride than of vanity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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HE (THE SOLID SOUTH) WILL SOON BE "*LET ALONE*"

"Massa, I leave you because you '*Rule us with* KINDNESS.' There is too much FREEDOM *at the Polls*, and I am going where the '*bad Yankees*' live, and where there is 'WICKED BAYONET RULE.' Niggers can't stand so much '*Kindness*;' it makes them 'Impudent' and 'Ungrateful.'"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 26, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *will not gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains three pages of engravings relating to* Shakespeare *and Stratford-on-Avon, and a second installment of* "The Distracted Young Preacher."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A STEP FORWARD IN REFORM.

The first examination for appointments in the New York Custom-house under the regulations lately adopted has been held, and in the most satisfactory manner. The great object of such an examination is to secure appointment by proved merit, and not by mere influence. The system of appointment by influence degrades practical politics into a mercenary scramble for place, and produces incalculable political demoralization. It is, therefore, the worst possible system. Any method which serves to break it up is preferable. It would be better that all the names of candidates urged by politicians and committees and associations were written on paper and shaken up in a hat, and the place given to the first name drawn by lot, than that the old system should continue. The evil is largely in the method of appointment, and as much in the efficiency of those appointed; and the value of a competitive examination is that at the same time it baffles influence and tests merit. Its success depends of course upon good faith. Any scheme of examination, if it be applied dishonestly, merely strengthens the abuse to be corrected. The main value of the recent examination at the Custom-house lay, therefore, in its honesty. It was a perfectly honest proceeding. There was no fear, and no favor. The Board of Examination had received no hint of preference of any candidate from the Collector or the Naval Officer. The sole object was to ascertain by proper tests the special fitness and general intelligence and aptitude of the applicants, and to select the first three so those from whom the appointments should be made. For this purpose various sets of papers were prepared, of which no candidate had any knowledge whatever. Twenty-six applicants, first in order of application, and as many as could be accommodated, were invited to compete, and an exceedingly intelligent-looking body of gentlemen presented themselves. The various papers were admirably prepared and proportioned for the object. They were of two kinds: one to test special knowledge of rules of computation and notation which would be immediately required in the office to which appointments were to be made, and the other to show general knowledge of the kind which every clerk in the service should possess. In estimating the relative excellence of the papers, due weight was given to time, handwriting, form, order, and the indications of general quickness and capacity. Then it was not enough to answer the specific questions correctly. Every thing was taken into account, and under the perfectly honorable conduct of the Board the candidates themselves determined who ought to be appointed.

This would seem to be so sensible a way of selecting clerks for the civil service as to appoint because of the solicitation of Senator A or Representative B, or upon the recommendation of a ward association or a county committee, none of which authorities have any knowledge or care whatever of the fitness of the men whom they recommend, and who do not hesitate to insist that the appointing power shall make places for their candidates by turning out clerks who may be most efficient, honest, and experienced. Is there any reason to suppose that less intelligent and capable men will secure places under a system of honest examination than under one of interested recommendation from politicians? Is there any reason to doubt that a man who earns his place by his proved merit will have a higher self-respect and a greater zeal for efficiency, upon which promotion depends, than one who knows that he is put in by personal favor, and will be put out when another personal favor requires? It is often said that examination will not show whether a man has the necessary faculty and tact for filling a place. Very well. Will the recommendation of a member of Congress or a ward committee show it? Nothing but experience will prove it, and all that can be done in advance is to select the one who shows himself to be apparently most promising, by equal tests with others, and in doing this the whole vast machine of patronage is broken up, and the people are relieved from the political despotism of office-holders.

The late examination to fill two vacancies in the Naval Office was a thoroughly intelligent and sincere step in this direction, and one in which the country is in reality hardly less interested than in the action of Congress. The ridicule which it encounters even from professed friends of the reform of which it is an honest part is not very appalling to those who know its sincerity. The good faith of the management of the Custom-house must be judged by what we know, not by what we do not know. Nobody can certainly know why the Collector exercises his individual discretion in a particular way, especially if from motives of kindness he declines to tell. But the perfect honesty of such an examination as we have described can be known by any one who attended and watched it, who has seen the papers, and tested the good faith of every step. We have always insisted, and experience has confirmed the belief, that the power of removal must be left very free, provided that illicit motives for its exercise are prevented. There are many just reasons for removal besides what is technically known as "cause"—reasons which are withheld upon the most honorable grounds. The friends of the old system, and especially the friends of the late management of the Custom-house, will naturally scoff at any suggestion of good faith in the enforcement of the new system. That is not surprising, and we make no generalizations and no prophecies. But we are willing witnesses for what we have seen and proved, and the late examination was an illustration of a method of selecting clerks for the civil service which just so far as it is adopted throughout the service will be a signal benefit to its character and to the self-respect of its members, and an immense gain for honorable politics.

THE ARMY DEBATE IN THE HOUSE.

The debate upon the Army Bill in the House was somewhat confused, because both sides were so intent upon party advantage. Mr. Garfield did not change his ground upon the last day, as was alleged, but he attacked upon the first day a position which the Democrats had not taken. Mr. Beck and Mr. Thurman, indeed, had taken it, but the House caucus merely decided to attach the repeal to the Appropriation Bill; it did not say that if the bill was not signed, Congress would allow the appropriation to fail. That was undoubtedly the plan of the extreme men, or Mr. Blackburn showed in his speech; but in opposing it as the intention of the party, Mr. Garfield forced an issue which the Democrats were at liberty to declare that they had not joined. But when, in turn, the Democrats insisted that Mr. Garfield had denounced attaching "riders" to appropriation bills as revolutionary, he very properly showed that he had not done it, and briefly and lucidly stated the exact situation. All the Democratic talk about military supervision and coercion of elections was superfluous, because every intelligent man in the country knows perfectly well that no citizen has ever been prevented by soldiers from voting, unless, indeed, he chose not to vote because there were soldiers at the polls as a police. The "grievance" was theoretical; and conceding that the clause in question should be repealed, the "grievance" was not of a kind to justify the action which Messrs. Beck and Thurman and Blackburn announced.

The precise point can not be stated too often nor too plainly. The Democrats, having a majority in Congress, may make such appropriations as they choose, and for such purposes as they choose. In considering the appropriation for the army they say that the army shall not be used to keep the peace at the polls, and to secure this end they attach to the bill a repeal of the clause that authorizes such use of the army. The President, who is bound by his oath not to sign any bill which he does not approve, and to state his reasons, is thus forced, if he does not approve the repeal, to sign what he disapproves, or to allow the appropriations for all the service of all the army to fail, and practically to connive at disbanding the whole military defense of the country. He is, however, no less bound by his duty than Congress. What, then, is the situation? It is this: should the Democrats declare that if they can not prevent the army from being used for such purpose it shall be used for as purpose whatever, they virtually destroy the army. Nor this only; it would be saying that if they can not force the repeal of a law unconstitutionally, the government shall come to a stand. A law is repealed constitutionally when both Houses of Congress and the Executive consent, or when, if the Executive dissents, two-thirds of both Houses agree. There is no other constitutional method of repeal. If, however, a mere majority in Congress threatens the Executive that if it does not assent to what he disapproves, and when he persists in doing his plain constitutional duty, refuses appropriations, and "starves out" the government, it is practically as revolutionary as if it stopped the government by armed force.

The country is now to see whether the revolutionary plan concocted by Mr. Beck and Mr. Thurman and Mr. Blackburn is to be carried out in case of the President's disapproval of the repeal. If he approves it, he will of course sign the bill upon which it is a rider, and his action will end this particular controversy. If he disapproves it, he will probably veto the bill, and leave to Congress to decide whether the army shall be disbanded. If Congress should refuse the appropriation for the other legitimate and indispensable purposes of an army, it would be solely because a law which it considers objectionable could not be constitutionally repealed. Unless all respect for their own constitutional forms, the methods in which they choose to carry on their government, should have perished in the heart of the American people, the party which should take this action would be annihilated in every State where a free vote is permitted. If the law were actually unfair and oppressive, instead of being only theoretically inconsistent with the general division of power between State and nation, such a course to secure its repeal would be alarming. As it is, such a course would doubtless thoroughly arouse the country.

THE FLIGHT OF COLORED LABORERS.

The emigration of colored laborers from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas to Kansas is a significant illustration of the situation. Some of the Southern papers very justly perceive that such a movement is alarming, and will result in great losses if it is not arrested. The colored people are the laboring class, and there are none to replace them. The question why they are going is one of peculiar interest, and the first fact shown by the movement is that they are greatly discontented. They are not a nomadic race, and they are satisfied with little. So general a flight shows that they are seriously suffering, or seriously alarmed. Obviously, if they had good wages and employment, and felt secure of all their rights, they would stay at home. It is, indeed, surprising how hard it is to ascertain the actual condition of the colored people in the Southern States. The letters in the newspapers have to be dismissed generally as written for a partisan purpose. Mr. T. W. Higginson and other old antislavery men and Union soldiers give a rather favorable account, and among foreign observers Sir G. Campbell, in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, writes a very interesting summary of the condition of the late slave class.

He says that in educational capacity they are apparently behind, but not very far behind. They have as yet, he says, shown very little mercantile skill of any kind, and are not as yet noted for energy or force under difficulties, nor do they show themselves to be superior artisans. But they are admirable laborers when under proper supervision, and he notes a disposition upon the part of proprietors and leaders to rely upon colored labor as a conservative element. The colored people are not very thrifty, however, and methods of labor are often loose and unsatisfactory. But Sir G. Campbell's general conclusion is one of agreeable surprise that the position of the colored people is so good, and their industrial relations with the whites so little strained and difficult. He thinks them in a fair way to become a comfortable, well-to-do population. The whites, he says, certainly can not do without them, while the whites are indispensable to them. He wisely sums up the whole matter by saying, "My advice would certainly be, to the blacks in America, 'Stay at home and make the best of an excellent situation;' to the whites, 'Do all you can to keep these people; conciliate them and make the most of them.'" This he is sure can be done if the political situation does not prevent, and that he means to consider in another paper.

The Southern States are undoubtedly very poor. Every observer reports that fact. But they certainly have not more labor than is wanted. The emigration of great bodies of laborers, therefore, means that they feel insecure. They would not feel so had their treatment been fair, and the movement beyond the Mississippi is an unmistakable impeachment of the conduct of the whites. Mr. Lamar is from Mississippi, and he must admit that if the assertions of his recent article in the *North American* were accurate, if the colored people felt sure of fair wages and fair play at the polls in Mississippi, they would certainly not go by hundreds to Kansas. He and all the intelligent white leaders in the States concerned are arraigned by this great exodus. Why have they not cultivated a public opinion which would have made all kinds of Ku-Kluxery impossible, and would have assured the colored people that they need not look North for their best friends? Agents and knaves and demagogues may have promised mules and forty acres and a charming climate, but they would have been vote allowments against fair play at home. The remedy of the situation is not in Southern denunciation of the North, or in Northern talk about rebels and Confederates and slave-drivers: it is in the perception of honorable Southerners that their paramount duty is to regain the confidence of the colored people, which they have lost. This will be a work of time and of good sense. But there is an other course, and it must be heartily supported by all patriotic citizens.

CENTRAL PARK IN DANGER.

It is proposed to hold a World's Fair in New York some four or five years hence. It would doubtless be great and imposing, and of immense commercial advantage. But in these first moments of considering the project there should be universal preliminary agreement that it shall not ruin the noblest public work in the city, the Central Park. The danger to the Park is the constant proposition of encroachment. The island is narrow, the Park is a lovely open space, and every immense exhibition of every kind turns to it with greedy eyes as the most desirable site. There is constant need of so active public opinion to protect this breathing space and delight of the city from various incursions. Mr Langdon's proposal to turn it into a parade ground is a gross perversion of the purpose of a Park; but the proposition of devoting it to the purposes of a huge Fair does not contemplate incursion, but occupation and destruction, and ought to be stoutly resisted at its very inception.

The situation in Philadelphia was wholly different. The enormous area and farm of the Park in that city admitted what is impossible in the Central Park. Our Park is narrow. It is especially designed for effects which would be destroyed by a vast system of buildings. The space must be reconstructed to furnish proper avenues and approaches. It is, in a word, impossible to imagine such a project being carried out without covering the Park with a net-work of railroads which would annihilate the characteristic charm of the retreat; and for the business chances of a year we should have ruined the most beautiful and attractive work that New York could offer to the taxried visitors of the Exhibition. We should have squandered recklessly our finest resource for the attraction and entertainment of strangers, and without increasing the charm of the Fair, we should have sacrificed the chief charm of the city.

The Central Park is art a common; it is a careful, beautiful, and elaborate work of art, and that fact must be borne in mind constantly when we are considering the propositions for occupying it. Its special distinction is that it furnishes the loveliest rural retirement in the midst of a city, glimpses of peaceful meads and tranquil vistas of verdure, of lawn and grove. The Park on a pleasant afternoon is a brilliant spectacle, but its distinction, its peculiarity, is the *rus* to *urbe*. When that is lost its charm is gone, and it becomes only a larger or smaller city square or market-place. To crowd into it the enormous buildings of such a Fair as this is designed to be, is to destroy that beautiful, verdurous seclusion of the sight of buildings and the presence of the city which is the secret of its beauty. It is a sentiment, indeed, but it is a sanitary sentiment. The great argument for laying out the Park was that it brought the country to those who could not go to the country, and that the fresh air and the rural aspect and pleasant recreation would refresh the health and rest the mind of the toiling and tired citizen. All this must be relinquished if the great spaces of the Park are to be occupied with halls and caravans and the hundred minor structures of a World's Fair, with all the tramways and walks and passages which are indispensable. Concession will lead to another. When the occasion which it has been just easy to defend against minor nuisances should be forced to yield to this devastating scheme, there would be no limit to the revolution; the Park that we have known

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LOUIS NAPOLEON.

This young gentleman, whom his partisans hail as "Napoleon IV., Emperor of the French," and who is styled Prince by general courtesy, was born at the Palace of the Tuileries on the 16th of March, 1856. He is the son of Napoleon III and of the Empress Marie Eugénie de Guzman, Countess of Theba, Marchioness of Moya, and Grandee of Spain of the First Class, and he is the great-nephew of the first Emperor and of the Empress Josephine. He was baptized at Notre Dame in the presence of all that was great in the Empire and of the whole French Episcopate, more than a hundred bishops being counted. The young Prince received the most careful education, and exhibited great aptitude and ability in his studies. But for the disastrous war with Germany, by which the Empire was overthrown, he might now be in reality Emperor of the French. Since the revolution of September 4, 1870, he has lived at Chislehurst, in England.

He has received a thorough military education at Woolwich, and graduated seventh in a class of thirty four; and having no other field in which to indulge his taste for the profession of arms, he has gone as a volunteer with the English forces now operating against the savage Zulus. It is said that his determination to join the expedition was made without consultation with his mother or with the leaders of his party. He has a blind, almost fanatical belief in his own destiny, and is firm in the faith that France will some time call him to restore the Empire, and save her from the "direful consequences of too much liberty." His faith must be very strong!

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ARTILLERY IN THE KHYBER PASS.

At the beginning of the Afghan war it was anticipated by the English that their advance into the Ameer's dominions would meet with the most determined resistance in the Khyber Pass. This, however, was a mistaken idea; for the event has proved that both the Quetta and Kurum columns have had more difficulties to contend with than the Khyber column. The tribes inhabiting the districts through which the troops entering by way of Quetta and Kurum have passed seem to have fought more persistently than those which opposed the Khyber column, and the character of the country has been considerably rougher and more broken. The Khyber Pass—the great bugbear to Englishmen ever since their terrible experiences in 1841—has really proved itself to be comparatively free of difficulty. The chief reason of this is that the pass is by no means a high one. Again, the very highest part, that by Lundi Kotal, though a strong position when held against a force attacking it from the northern side, looking toward Dakka, is really by no means impregnable when approached from the southern or Ali Musjeed side, from which direction the English advanced.

Another advantage possessed by the Khyber column was the famous Mackeson Road, which, though constructed some forty years ago, and probably never repaired, is still in good condition. At one place where there is a bridge the Afghans appear to have attempted its destruction, but they have not succeeded. Having broken away the edges, they have left the middle as firm as ever, and quite wide enough for the passage of artillery. The attempt is rather interesting than otherwise, for it shows how solidly and firmly the great causeway has been built. Another great point is the Khyber column has had in its favor is that all the way through the pass, from Peshawur to Jelalabad, there is water to be had every ten miles or thereabouts, so that long marches have not been necessary. This is a great consideration where baggage is carried by camels, these animals moving so slowly. The only really long interval without water is from Cheraleh to Alikughan, a distance of about thirteen miles.

The few dangerous points on the road through the Khyber Pass occur in the neighborhood of Ali-Musjeed, and at a dangerous turning beyond Lundi Kotal, going northward. Near the fortress the road lies chiefly over the rocky bed of the river, now low, but in one spot having a water-mark of about five or six feet, so as to render it totally impassable occasionally, thereby necessitating a disagreeable détour. The weak point in the road beyond Lundi Kotal was the scene of the accident depicted in our engraving, which happened to a gun of the Royal Horse Artillery, I Battery of C Brigade, under command of Colonel Macnamara. The road at this place takes a very sharp turn to the left, having a ravine 200 feet deep, with a precipitous fall to the right, and a high shelving rock on the left hand side. The leading gun passed safely; but with the second gun the shaft-horse took fright, and pushed the driver with his riding-horse and the gun-carriage up the slope to the left, upsetting both limber and gun. The wheel driver, sticking to his horse, fell between his own pair, while the centre pair got off the road, and the leading pair stood, their respective drivers jumping off. Colonel Macnamara ordered the traces of these to be cut. The centre pair had got an insecure footing on the edge of the precipice, four feet below the road. An attempt was made to get them to jump up, but they lost their balance and dropped into the ravine. One horse was killed, the other was not injured. The pair of wheel-horses and their driver were next to be relieved. The man was got from under his own horse, badly bruised, but soon recovered. His horse was let drop, and was so injured that he had to be shot next day; but the shaft-horse, which caused the disaster, was extricated with less difficulty.

The transportation of artillery has really been the greatest difficulty encountered by the English in the Khyber Pass, if we except the sharp contest that gave them possession of Ali Musjeed. On one occasion a wagon became fastened in the road, and on another a valuable piece of ordnance came near going over the precipice. Both these incidents were witnessed by the correspond-

THE AFGHAN WAR—ACCIDENT TO ARTILLERY AT LUNDI KOTAL.

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ent of the London *Times*, who describes them as follows: "We began by crossing the small river which runs into the Cabool River at Chardeh. The stream itself was not frozen, but all the water not running water near it was, and in consequence here and there the ground was slippery. One of the Tenth Hussar horses, going over a nasty place, got bogged, and was with difficulty got out. The artillery, too, had a nasty rough road of it, getting up and down banks. One of their wagons got stuck in a very heavy place until the Infantry Guides came up, but they got hold of the wagon with such determination that it was very soon extricated. The incident showed how fond infantry are of giving a hand to the guns; the way they went to work was quite delightful to see. The guns with us are Royal Horse Artillery 9-pounder field-guns, made of Firth's steel, bound with iron, and I like to see how they go over rough places, bounding along behind their six willing horses. At one time I noticed a gun balance itself for a second or two on one wheel, and directly afterward it came down with a bang on the other wheel all right; but it is hard collar-work for horses, and very hard work for the drivers. I must say they performed their work very well. This I. C. is a very smart battery. The march was in a northwesterly direction, and was chiefly, after we had passed the river bed, over a plain strewed with rough stones and scanty herbage, until we reached the last four miles, which was over a road winding through low sandy hills."

These incidents took place some weeks ago, since when the engineer corps have been actively engaged in improving the roads, and now we learn that they are in excellent order. This and the smoother working of the commissariat and transport departments have so facilitated the passage of supplies for the troops at the front that the dépôts are full to overflowing. Sir Samuel Browne is said to be hinting at the difficulty he will have in retransporting his supplies should the war be brought to a speedy close.

CUTTING TEETH IN OLD AGE.

It is generally supposed that teeth are not cut more than twice in a lifetime—once during babyhood, and again in youth. Several instances, however, of tooth-cutting in old age have at various times been brought to notice. In a Commonplace written by Thomas Rawlins, of Popbills, between 1724 and 1734, some wonderful cases are related. He mentions the case of one lady of the mature age of one hundred and twelve who cut a new set, and another of a mere boy of one hundred and nine who similarly distinguished himself. An instance of tooth-cutting in advanced age, and its effect upon the person who experienced it, are given by a correspondent in an early number of *Notes and Queries*, who, after referring to the case, says: "A remarkable circumstance in this case is that she has cut an incisive tooth in the lower jaw within the last few weeks, and is now cutting another, which fact confirms her in the strange belief that she is leading a *post-mortem* existence, and has commenced at infancy again; for upon one of her daughters asking me if I thought it probable she would die, she exclaimed, angrily, 'How can I die twice? I am only a child; see, I have not cut all my teeth yet!'" This post-youthful tooth-cutting is accompanied with much pain, as would, indeed, seem probable from its very strangeness, and has even resulted in the death of the individual. Dr. Samuel Croxall, the translator of Æsop's Fables, is said to have died of a fever occasioned by the pain of cutting a new set of teeth at the age of ninety-three.

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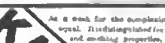

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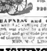

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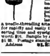

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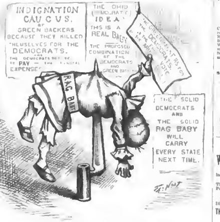

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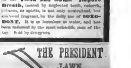

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SHAKSPEARE IN HIS STUDY.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE chances and changes of this mortal life, as they have followed one another for three centuries, lie between us and Stratford-upon-Avon as it was in the days when the precocious school-boy called WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE scampered through its streets, amazed grave and Puritanical worthies by his marvellous mother-wit, and drove good Sir THOMAS LUCY distracted by scaling his park railings, laying traps for his rabbits, and, if we may credit history and tradition, making off with one of his pet particular deer. How surprised the staid and solemn inhabitants of this good old English village would have been if they could have looked forward to the days when the genius of this irrepressible youth would so immortalize their insignificant town that monarchs would lay aside their crowns to visit the humble chamber where he was born; that the greatest minds of the earth would find there a worthy shrine for their devotions; that a temple to his honor would be raised in their streets; and, last but not least, that a publishing house situated in their American colonies, grown to an enormous nation, would dispatch an artist across three thousand miles of sea for the purpose of sketching the landmarks that remain of the time when this same boy whittled his school desks, made love to ANNE HATHAWAY, wrote plays, and planted mulberry-trees!

Stratford-upon-Avon is about to become the scene of a celebration organized to do honor to the world's most famous poet. He that wrote,

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,"

has recently had a structure of perishable brick and marble erected to his name. On the west bank of the Avon, and not far from the ancient church which holds the dust of this immortal genius, and in striking contrast to its crumbling towers and time-worn monuments, stands a fresh and stately building called the Shakspeare Memo-

MARKET CROSS, STRATFORD.—A WINTER SKETCH.

rial. This edifice, erected by contributions from all parts of the world, at last approaches completion, and has once more drawn the attention of every lover of SHAKESPEARE to Stratford upon-Avon. Hither, among troops of interested visitors, has journeyed one accomplished artist, Mr E. A. ABBEY, in company with Mr WILLIAM WINTER, one of New York's most popular journalists. Armed with pencil and pen, these representatives of art and literature in America have passed many days amid the hallowed scenes where so large a portion of the great poet's life was spent. In following our admirably executed engravings, the interest of our readers will be enhanced by the knowledge that they were either drawn on the spot or copied from photographs lately obtained at Stratford. At the same time curiosity can not fail to carry them on from our own pages to the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, from which several of the sketches are taken, where there appear other and equally interesting views, together with Mr WINTER'S most entertaining article.

In the days of SHAKESPEARE Stratford upon Avon was a sequestered English village containing some fourteen hundred inhabitants At the present time it has a population of between ten and twelve thousand. The different fires which occurred toward the close of the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth century have destroyed much of its original architecture, and this circumstance is sincerely regretted by the interested examiner, who would extract a pleasure of exquisite relish from viewing objects associated with the youthful wanderings of SHAKESPEARE. There are, however, some specimens of houses which must have been constructed anterior to the poet's time, and the visitor of taste will hope that they may remain for ages free from innovation. The buildings of later erection are in general neat and commodious, and many handsome

THE MEMORIAL BUILDING, STRATFORD.

HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN. BEFORE ITS RESTORATION.
[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.]

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.
[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.]

dwellings occur in various parts of the town. The most interesting domestic structure in Stratford is, of course, the house in which SHAKSPEARE was born. Unhappily we have no evidence to show which of the three houses owned by the poet's father witnessed his nativity; but the one in Henley Street is generally regarded as having been the scene of that great event. Tradition even has identified the room in which SHAKSPEARE first saw the light. The history of this dwelling, so far as it has been traced, shows that varying fortunes may attend houses as well as men. Bequeathed by the poet to his sister Joan, the wife of WILLIAM HART, it remained in the HART family until 1808, in which year they parted with it by sale. The premises, originally forming but one habitation, were then divided, one part being used as a butcher's shop, and the other as a public-house, known by the sign of the Swan and Maidenhead. The outer walls of the whole were divided into panels by strong pieces of timber, and a brick front substituted in that part of the building used as a public-house or inn. Subsequently the house must have again passed into the possession of the HART family, for it was occupied for many years by relatives of theirs named HORNBY. MARY HORNBY was the unscrupulous person who, upon being finally ejected from the building, carried with her nearly all the portable relics of the SHAKSPEARE family. In 1847 the house in which the immortal bard was born was purchased by subscription, at cost it might be preserved for future generations. The room in which his birth is said to have taken place is in its original state. There are desks in the museum (situated in the house, admission sixpence) which prove that his father resided in this house. In one of the upper rooms is the "Stratford portrait" of the author, and it is of undoubted authenticity, having been in the family of Mr HART (an old resident of Stratford) for over a century.

The public buildings of Stratford are such as might be looked for in a town of its antiquity and size, and scarcely any one of them is without its especial memorial of SHAKSPEARE, as if the place could have no glories unconnected with him. The Town-hall is a fine structure of the Tuscan order, erected in 1768. At the festival instituted by the celebrated GARRICK in the following year, in honor of England's greatest dramatist, the building was dedicated to the memory of SHAKSPEARE, and given the name of Shakspeare's Hall. The church of Stratford is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and is a spacious and venerable structure. It has many remarkable monuments and inscriptions, but the attention of the visitor is chiefly attracted by the spot sacred to the memories of SHAKSPEARE. All that is earthly of the great dramatist lies on the north side of the chancel, beneath the stone which bears the familiar inscription:

> Good frend for Iesus sake forbeare,
> To digg the dust enclosed heare.
> Blest be ye man ye spares thes stones
> And cvrst be he ye moves my bones.

Adjoining the chapel connected with the Church of the Holy Trinity is the ancient Guild Hall—

STRATFORD PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.
[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.]

a building supposed to have been erected under the direction of ROBERT DE STRATFORD toward the close of the thirteenth century, and which was originally appropriated to the use of the fraternity of the Holy Cross. The structure has, however, undergone many alterations, particularly on the exterior. Here in the days of SHAKSPEARE was held the free grammar school—an institution to which any boy seven years of age and able to read was admitted. The school was founded in the reign of EDWARD VI. by an ecclesiastic named JOLIFFE, who was a native of Stratford, and a member of the ancient guild of the Holy Cross. An interest must ever be connected with this scholastic foundation, for under its auspices SHAKSPEARE was undoubtedly educated. By virtue of a charter granted by EDWARD VI., not more than a fortnight before his death, the master of this free grammar school received from the corporation an annual stipend of £20, and was provided with a dwelling-house. The market-house, locally termed the Cross, is situated at the upper end of High Street. This building is probably as ancient as the time of ELIZABETH, but was certainly erected at a period subsequent to the Reformation, as it incloses the remains—that is, the base, with part of the shaft—of a cross formerly erected for purposes of devotion.

The visitor must journey about a mile from the town before he can reach the cottage of ANNE HATHAWAY, where SHAKSPEARE wooed and won the wife of whom in his will he makes no other mention than that she is to have his "second best bed." This old building is a most interesting specimen of an old English farm-house; but for a description of it we must refer our readers to Mr. WIRTZ's article in the *Magazine*, to which allusion has already been made.

In studying the works of SHAKSPEARE the enthusiastic lover of dramatic poetry comes to regard it almost as a personal misfortune that so little is positively known of the life of this remarkable man. That WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, that he married and had three children, that he wrote a certain number of dramas, that he died before he had attained to old age, and was buried in his native town, are the only facts of which we are certainly possessed concerning the greatest poet who ever lived. This extraordinary paucity of personal memorials, contrasted with the unlimited spread of his literary renown, reminded us of a remark of HAZLITT: "There have appeared from time to time some admirable, extraordinary men, whose virtue and eminent qualities cast a prodigious lustre, like those unusual stars in heaven, the causes of which we are ignorant of, and know as little of them after they disappear." The writings of SHAKSPEARE alone speak of him in a satisfactory way. His mind stands there identified; and perhaps it is but for the best that we are permitted to study him only when his feelings were lifted to the height they attained in his exalted moments, and when by the power of his transcendent genius, he soared above all the trammels of ungracious circumstance.

INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.
[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.]

THE GUILD CHAPEL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.
[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.]

(Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1164.)

The Distracted Young Preacher.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

HOW HIS COLD WAS CURED.

As for Stockdale, he clearly perceived that he possessed unlimited capacity for backsliding, and set a watch upon his tongue and eyes for the space of one hour and a half, after which he found it was useless to struggle further, and gave himself up to the situation. "The other minister will be here in a month," he said to himself, when sitting over the fire. "Then I shall be off, and she will distract my mind no more . . . And then, shall I go on living by myself forever? No; when my two years are finished I shall have a furnished house to live in, with a varnished door,

and I'll march straight back and ask her flat, as soon as the last plate is on the dresser."

Thus a titillating fortnight was passed by young Stockdale, during which term every thing proceeded just as such matters have proceeded since the beginning: seeing the object of attachment several times one day, not seeing her at all the next, meeting her when he least expected to do so, missing her when hints and signs as to where she should be at a given hour almost amounted to an appointment. This mild coquetry was perhaps fair enough under the circumstances of their being so closely lodged, and Stockdale put up with it as philosophically as he could. Being in her own house, she could, after vexing or disappointing him of her presence, easily win him back by suddenly surrounding him with those little attentions which her position as his landlady put it in her power to bestow. When he had waited in-doors half the day to see her, and on finding that she would not be seen had gone off in a huff to the dreariest, dampest walk he could discover, she would restore equilibrium in the evening with, "Mr. Stockdale, I have fancied you must feel a draught o' nights from your bedroom window, and so I have been putting up thicker curtains this afternoon while you were out;" or, "I noticed that you sneezed twice again this morning, Mr. Stockdale. Depend upon it, that cold is hanging about you; I am sure it is. I have thought of it continually, and you must let me make a posset for you."

Sometimes on coming home he found his sitting-room re-arranged, chairs placed where the table had stood, and the table ornamented with the few fresh flowers and leaves that could be obtained at this season, so as to add a novelty to the room. At times she would be standing on a chair outside the house, trying to nail up a branch of the monthly rose, which the winter wind had blown down; and of course he stepped forward to assist her, when their hands got mixed in passing the shreds and nails. Thus they became friends again after a disagreement. She would utter on these occasions some pretty and deprecating remark on the necessity of her troubling him anew, and he would straightway say that he would do a hundred times as much for her if she should so require.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE MILLER AND ANOTHER MAN APPEARED.

Matters being in this advanced state, Stockdale was rather surprised one cloudy evening, while sitting in his room, at hearing her speak in low tones of expostulation to some one at the door. It was nearly dark, but the shutters were not yet closed, nor the candles lighted; and Stockdale was tempted to stretch his head toward the window. He saw outside the door a young man in clothes of a whitish color, and upon reflection judged their wearer to be the well-built and rather handsome miller who lived below. The miller's voice was alternately low and firm, and sometimes it reached the level of positive entreaty; but what the words were Stockdale could in no way hear.

Before the colloquy had ended, the minister's attention was attracted by a second incident. Opposite Lizzy's home grew a clump of laurels, forming a thick and permanent shade. One of the laurel boughs now quivered against the light background of sky, and in a moment the head of a man peered out, and remained still. He seemed to be also much interested in the conversation at the door, and was plainly lingering there to watch and listen. Had Stockdale stood in any other relation to Lizzy than that of lover, he might have gone out and examined into the meaning of this; but being as yet but an unprivileged ally, he did nothing more than stand up and show himself at the window, whereupon the listener disappeared, and Lizzy and the miller spoke in lower tones.

Stockdale was made so uneasy by the circumstance that, as soon as the miller was gone, he said, "Mrs. Newberry, are you aware that you were watched just now, and your conversation heard?"

"When?" she said.

"When you were talking to that miller. A man was looking from the laurel-tree as jealously as if he could have eaten you."

She showed more concern than the trifling event seemed to demand, and he added, "Perhaps you were talking of things you did not wish to be overheard?"

"I was talking only on business," she said, reflecting.

"Lizzy, be frank," said the young man. "If it was only on business, why should any body wish to listen to you?"

She looked curiously at him. "What else do you think it could be, then?"

"Well, the only talk between a young woman and man that is likely to amuse an eavesdropper."

"Ah, yes," she said, smiling in spite of her preoccupation. "Well, Owlett has spoken to me about matrimony, that's true; but he was not speaking of it then. I wish he *had* been speaking of it, with all my heart. It would have been much less serious for me."

"Oh, Mrs. Newberry!"

"It would. Not that I should ha' chimed in with him, of course. I wish it for other reasons. I am glad, Mr. Stockdale, that you have told me of that listener. It is a timely warning, and I must see my cousin again."

"But don't go away till I have spoken," said the minister. "I'll out with it at once, and make no more ado. Let it be yes or no between us, Lizzy; please do!" and he held out his hand, in which she freely allowed her own to rest, but without speaking.

"You mean yes by that?" he asked, after waiting a while.

"You may be my sweetheart if you will."

"Why not say at once you will wait for me until I can come to marry you?"

"Because I am thinking—thinking of something else," she said, with embarrassment. "It all comes upon me at once, and I must settle one thing at a time."

"At any rate, dear Lizzy, you can assure me that the miller shall not be allowed to speak to you except on business? You have never directly encouraged him?"

She parried the question by saying, "You see, he has been in the habit of leaving his things on my premises sometimes, and as I have not denied him, it makes him rather forward."

"Things? What things?"

"Tubs. They are called things here."

"But why don't you deny him, my dear Lizzy?"

"I can not well do that."

"You are too timid. It is unfair of him to impose upon you, and get your good name into danger by his smuggling tricks. Promise me that the next time he wants to leave his tubs here, you will let me roll them into the street."

She shook her head. "I would not venture to offend the neighbors so much as that," said she, "or do any thing that would be so likely to put Owlett into the hands of the excisemen."

Stockdale sighed, and said that he thought it a mistaken generosity when it extended to assisting those who cheated the king of his dues. "At any rate, you will let me make him keep his distance as your lover, and tell him flatly that you are not for him?"

"Please not at present," she said. "I don't wish to offend my old neighbors. It is not only Owlett who is concerned."

"This is too bad," said Stockdale, impatiently.

"On my honor I won't encourage him as my lover," Lizzy answered, earnestly. "A reasonable man will be satisfied with that."

"Well, so I am," said Stockdale, his countenance clearing.

CHAPTER III.

HE OBSERVES PECULIARITIES IN LIZZY'S CONDUCT.

Stockdale now began to notice more particularly a feature in the life of his fair landlady which he had casually observed, but scarcely ever thought of, before. It was that she was markedly irregular in her hours of rising. For a week or two she would be tolerably punctual, reaching the ground-floor within a few minutes of half past seven. Then suddenly she would not be visible till twelve at noon perhaps for three or four days in succession; and twice he had certain proof that she did not leave her room till half past three in the afternoon.

The second time that this extreme lateness came under his notice was on a day when he had particularly wished to consult with her on serious matters, and he concluded, as he always had done, that she suffered from a cold, headache, or other ailment, unless, indeed, she kept herself invisible to avoid meeting and talking to him, which he could hardly believe. However, the former supposition was disproved by her innocently saying, some days later, when they were speaking on a question of health, that she had never had a moment's heaviness, headache, or illness of any kind since the previous January twelvemonth.

"I am glad to hear it," said he. "I thought quite otherwise."

"What, do I look sickly?" she asked, turning up her face to show the impossibility of his gazing on it and holding such a belief for a moment.

"Not at all. I merely thought so from your being sometimes obliged to keep your room through the best part of the day."

"Oh, as for that—it means nothing," she murmured, with a look which some might have called cold, and which was the worst look that he liked to see upon her. "It is pure sleepiness, Mr. Stockdale."

"Never!"

"It is, I tell you. When I stay in my room till half past three in the afternoon, you may always be sure that I slept soundly till three, or I shouldn't have staid there."

"It is dreadful!" said Stockdale, thinking of the disastrous effects of such indulgence upon the household of a minister, should it become a habit of every-day occurrence.

"But then," she said, divining his good and prescient thoughts, "it only happens when I stay awake all night. I don't go to sleep till five or six in the morning sometimes."

"Ah, that's another matter!" said Stockdale. "Sleeplessness to such an alarming extent is real illness. Have you spoken to a doctor?"

"Oh no; there is no need for doing that. It is all natural to me." And she went away.

Stockdale might have waited a long time to know the real cause of her sleeplessness had it not happened that one dark night he was sitting in his bedroom jotting down notes for a sermon, which occupied him a considerable time after the other members of the household had retired. He did not get to bed till one o'clock, and before he had fallen asleep he heard a knocking at the door, first rather timidly performed, and then louder. Nobody answered it, and the person knocked again. As the house still remained undisturbed, Stockdale got out of bed, went to his window, which overlooked the door, and opening it, asked who was there.

A young woman's voice replied that Sarah Wallis was there, and that she had come to ask if Mrs. Newberry could give her some mustard to make a plaster with, as her father was taken very ill on the chest.

The minister having neither bell nor servant, was compelled to act in person. "I will call Mrs. Newberry," he said. Partly dressing himself, he went along the passage, and tapped at Lizzy's door. She did not answer; and, thinking of her erratic habits in the matter of sleep, he thumped the door persistently, when he discovered, by its moving ajar under his knocking, that it had only been gently pushed to. As there was now a sufficient entry for the voice, he knocked no longer, but said, in firm tones, "Mrs. Newberry, you are wanted."

The room was quite silent; not a breathing, not a rustle, came from any part of it. Stockdale exclaimed, in a positive shout through the door, "Mrs. Newberry!" Still no answer or movement of any kind within. Then he heard sounds from the opposite door, that of Lizzy's mother, as if she had been aroused by his uproar, though Lizzy had not, and was dressing herself hastily. Stockdale softly closed the younger woman's door, and went on to the other, which was opened by Mrs. Simpkins before he could reach it. She was in her ordinary clothes, and had a light in her hand.

"What's the person calling about?" she said, in alarm.

"Somebody's father is ill," said Stockdale; and he told what the girl had stated, adding, "Mrs. Newberry sleeps like the dead; I can not wake her."

Lizzy's mother said that it was not necessary, that she could let the girl have what she wanted as well as her daughter; and she came out of the room and went down the stairs.

Stockdale retired toward his own apartment, saying, however, to Mrs. Simpkins from the landing, as if on second thoughts, "I suppose there is nothing the matter with Mrs. Newberry?"

"Oh no," said the old lady, hastily; "nothing at all."

Still the minister was not satisfied. "Will you go in and see?" he said. "I should be much more at ease."

Mrs. Simpkins returned up the staircase, went to her daughter's room, and came out again almost instantly. "There is nothing at all the matter with Lizzy," she said, and descended again to attend to the applicant, who, having seen the light, had remained quiet during this interval.

Stockdale went into his room, and lay down as before. He heard Lizzy's mother open the front-door, admit the girl, and then the murmured discourse of both as they went to the store cupboard for the medicament required. The girl departed, the door was fastened, Mrs. Simpkins came up stairs, and the house was again in silence. Still the minister did not fall asleep. He could not get rid of a singular suspicion, which was all the more harassing in being, if true, the most unaccountable thing within his experience. That Lizzy Newberry was in her bedroom when he made that clamor at the door he could not possibly convince himself, notwithstanding that he had heard her come up stairs at the usual time, go into her chamber, and shut herself up in the usual way. Yet reason was so much against her being elsewhere that he was constrained to go back again to the unlikely theory of a heavy sleep during a shouting and knocking loud enough to rouse the Seven Sleepers.

Before coming to any positive conclusion he fell asleep himself, and did not awake till day. He saw nothing of Mrs. Newberry in the morning before he went out to meet the sun, as he liked to do when the weather was fine; but as this was by no means unusual, he took no notice of it. At breakfast-time he knew she was in the house by hearing her in the kitchen; and though he saw nothing of her person, that back apartment being rigorously closed against his eyes, she seemed to be talking, ordering, and bustling about among the skimmers in so ordinary a manner that there was no reason for his wasting more time in fruitless surmise.

The minister suffered from these distractions, and his extemporized sermons did not promise to be improved thereby. Already he had often said Romans for Corinthians in the pulpit, and had given out hymns in strange metres, for which the congregation could not raise a tune. He fully resolved that as soon as his few weeks of stay approached their end, he would cut the matter short, and commit himself by proposing a definite engagement, repenting at leisure if necessary.

With this end in view, he suggested to her on the evening after her mysterious sleep that they should take a walk together just before dark, the latter part of the proposition being introduced that they might return home unseen. She consented to go, and away they went over a stile to a shrouded foot-path suited for such occasions. But in spite of attempts on both sides, they were unable to infuse much spirit into the ramble. She looked rather paler than usual, and sometimes turned her head away.

"Lizzy," said Stockdale, reproachfully, when they had walked in silence a long way.

"Yes?" said she.

"You yawned: much my company is to you."

He put it in that way, but he was wondering whether her yawn could possibly have more to do with physical weariness from the night before than mental weariness of that present moment. Lizzy apologized, and owned that she was rather tired, which gave him an opening for a flat question on the point; but his modesty would not allow him to put it to her, and he uncomfortably resolved to wait.

The month of February passed, with alternations of mud and frost, rain and sleet, east winds and northwesterly gales. The hollow places in the ploughed fields showed themselves as pools of water, which had settled there from the higher levels, and had not yet had time to soak away. The birds began to get lively, and a single thrush came just before sunset each evening and sang hopefully on the large elm-tree which stood nearest to Mrs. Newberry's house. Cold blasts and brittle earth had given place to an oozing dampness more unpleasant in itself than frost; but it suggested coming spring, and its unpleasantness was of a bearable kind.

Stockdale had been going to bring about a practical understanding with Lizzy at least half a dozen times; but what with the mystery of her apparent absence on the night of the neighbor's call, and her curious way of lying in bed at unaccountable times, he felt a check whenever he wanted to speak out. Thus they still lived on as indefinitely affianced lovers, each of whom hardly acknowledged the other's claim to the name of chosen one. Stockdale persuaded himself that his hesitation was owing to the postponement of the ordained minister's arrival, and the consequent delay in his own departure, which thus allowed him a longer leisure for courtship; but perhaps it was only that his discretion was re-asserting itself, and telling him that he had better get clearer ideas of Lizzy before arranging for the grand contract of his life. She, on her part, always seemed ready to be urged further on that question than he had hitherto attempted with her; but she was independent, nevertheless, and to a degree which would have kept from flagging the passion of a far more unstable man.

On the evening of the 1st of March he went casually into his bedroom about dusk, and noticed lying on a chair a great-coat, leggings, and a hat. Having no recollection of leaving any clothes of his own in that spot, he went and examined them as well as he could in the twilight, and found that they did not belong to him. He paused for a moment to consider how they got there. He was the only man living in the house, and yet these were not his garments—unless he had made a mistake. No, they were not his. He called up Marther Sarer.

"How did these things come in my room?" he said, flinging the objectionable articles to the floor.

Marther said that Mrs. Newberry had given them to her to brush, and that she had brought them up there, thinking they must be Mr. Stockdale's, as there was no other gentleman.

"Of course you did," said Stockdale. "Now take them down to your mis'ess, and say they are some clothes I have found here and know nothing about."

As the door was left open he heard the conversation down stairs.

"How stupid!" said Mrs. Newberry, in a tone of confusion. "Why, Marther Sarer, I did not tell you to take 'em to Mr. Stockdale's room."

"I thought they must be his, as they was so wet and muddy," said Marther, humbly.

"You should have left 'em on the clothes-horse," said the young mistress, severely; and she came up stairs with the garments on her arm, quickly passed Stockdale's room, and threw them forcibly into a closet at the end of a passage, with which the incident ended, and the house was silent again.

There would have been nothing remarkable in finding such clothes in a widow's house had they been clean, or moth-eaten, or creased, or mouldy from long lying by; but that they should be splashed with recent mud, bothered Stockdale a good deal. When a young man and a pastor is in the aspen stage of attachment, and open to agitation at the merest trifles, a really substantial incongruity of this complexion is a disturbing thing. However, nothing further occurred at that time; but he became watchful, and given to conjecture, and was unable to forget the circumstance.

One morning, on looking from his window, he saw Mrs. Newberry herself brushing the tails of a long drab great-coat, which, if he mistook not, was the very same garment as the one that had adorned the chair of his room. It was densely splashed up to the hollow of the back with neighboring Nether Mynton mud, to judge by its color, the spots being distinctly visible to him in the sunlight. The previous day or two having been wet, the inference was irresistible that the wearer had quite recently been walking some considerable distance about the lanes and fields. Stockdale opened the window and looked out, and Mrs. Newberry turned her head. Her face became slowly red; she never had looked prettier or more incomprehensible. He bowed, and said "Good-morning;" and she answered with embarrassment, having ceased her occupation on the instant that she saw him, and rolled up the coat half cleaned.

Stockdale shut the window. Some simple explanation of her proceeding was doubtless within the bounds of possibility; but he himself could not think of one, and he wished that she had placed the matter beyond conjecture by voluntarily saying something about it there and then. But though Lizzy had not offered an explanation at the moment, the subject was brought forward by her at the next time of their meeting. She was chatting to him concerning some other event, and remarked that it happened about the time when she was dusting some old clothes that had belonged to her poor husband.

"You keep them clean out of respect to his memory," said Stockdale, tentatively.

"I air and dust them sometimes," she said, with the most charming innocence in the world.

"Do dead men come out of their graves and walk in mud?" murmured the minister, in a cold sweat at the deception she was practicing.

"What did you say?" asked Lizzy.

"Nothing, nothing," said he, gravely. "Mere words—a phrase that will do for my sermon next Sunday."

It was plain that Lizzy, unaware that he had seen actual pedestrian splashes upon the skirts of the tell-tale overcoat, imagined him to believe that it had come direct from some chest or drawer.

The aspect of the case was now considerably darker. Stockdale was so much depressed by it that he did not challenge her explanation, or threaten to go off as a missionary to some benighted islanders, or reproach her in any way whatever. He simply parted from her when she had done talking, and lived on in perplexity, till by degrees his natural manner became sad and constrained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"THE GOOSE-HERD."—FROM A PAINTING BY G. WERNERMER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited engravings of scenes in Afghanistan and Zululand, and a third installment of* "THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PRESIDENTIAL SPECULATIONS.

POLITICAL prospects are obscure because of the absence of the natural line of party division, which is a distinctly defined policy. But the present situation is plain enough. The very general opinion to which we alluded a fortnight ago, that if the Republican Convention were to be held next week, it would nominate General GRANT, was immediately confirmed by the canvass of Republican sentiment throughout the Union published by the *Times*. According to that canvass, indeed, General GRANT is at present the only candidate. The *Times* accompanied the publication with the declaration that he was not its first nor even its second choice, and followed this statement a day or two afterward with a very admirable article upon the significance of the demand for GRANT, which proceeds, in its judgment, from the unreasoning instinct of the party. The tone of the *Times*, which is that of regretful acquiescence in the probable result, is evident also in parts of the report from the various States, and in some of the comments of other papers and public men upon its publication. The present demand for GRANT is due to the feeling that the government itself is threatened. But the first mention of his name was made more than a year ago, and was then due to no such feeling. The most strenuous and persistent advocacy of his nomination did not proceed from the wisest sentiment of the party. It would not have been a commanding suggestion if the course of the opposition had not aroused the apprehension of which we speak—a feeling which has been fostered and intensified by mere party spirit in the press and in Congress. That apprehension is undeniable, however it may be derided. It makes the government itself an issue. Before that issue all questions of details of administration disappear. When the supreme consideration is the maintenance of the government, there are no other politics, and General GRANT, who stands for the successful defense of the Union against rebellion, seems to the public mind to be the logical candidate, as Mr. TILDEN is the candidate of a Democratic cry of "fraud." It is, however, a discouraging situation, because it is the indefinite postponement of progress, and because politics which turn on the assistenance of the government are essentially revolutionary, and permit all kinds of abuses to creep into the state. Besides this, a situation which, against the conservative tradition of two terms only, compels the selection of a soldier as Chief Magistrate to save the government, insidiously tends to accustom the public mind to a permanent Presidency. And this is especially the case when the soldier is an honest and patriotic man like General GRANT, who can not be suspected of any dishonorable design. Who, then, is responsible for the situation, for the revival of the war feeling, for the universal uneasiness, and the conviction that Democratic ascendency means general disturbance of such that the war was thought to have settled, together with violation of the public faith, the alarm of all business and industrial interests, and the practical terrorization of the colored vote in the Southern States, from all of which springs the demand of the old Union sentiment for General GRANT which is reported by the *Times*?

It is due unquestionably to the declarations of leading Democrats, and to the tone of the Democratic Congress. The party caucus, indeed, as we have heretofore shown, has not adopted all these declarations, but it has pursued the policy which they announced. If the caucus had resolved to refuse the appropriations unless the President signed the repeals attached to the bills, the Democratic action in Congress would have been thus for precisely what it has actually been. The party has now to face an alternative by which it is sure to lose. In case of a veto, it must refuse the appropriations or pass them without the repeal. If it refuses them, the country will be so thoroughly aroused and indignant that the Democratic party will be overwhelmed at the polls. If it withdraws the repeal from the bills, the withdrawal will be ascribed universally to the vigorous Republican exposure of the real Democratic purpose, and the prompt response of the country. Thus the Democratic party will be put in the position of having threatened to disorganize the government unless the President would consent to favor free cheating at the polls. But if it should actually proceed to refuse the appropriations, public feeling would be only less intense than when the shot was fired at Sumter eighteen years ago. The military clauses which it is proposed to repeal in the appropriation bill will not be operative until Congress meets again. If they were the worst of "grievances" the wrong is merely theoretical until a general election. Moreover, the national right to keep the peace at national elections is, to say the least, an open constitutional question. The repeal as proposed apparently prohibits either the military or civil power from protecting voters, while it permits armed individuals to terrorize them. There is no pretense that soldiers have ever hindered the free voting of a single citizen, while they have unquestionably protected the free voting of thousands. Now the country is full of intelligent people, and the mere putting of a proposed repeal of such laws in the form of a threat to stop the government will be properly judged by that people as a monstrous offense against the public welfare. The party which signalizes its renewed control of both Houses of Congress, after the history of the last eighteen years, by such a proposition, proceeding from its leaders, naturally startles and alarms the country, and to that alarm the demand for General GRANT's candidacy is due.

But this apprehension is deepened by the disposition of the Democratic party to tamper with the public faith. Resumption has been accomplished under the law. That fact, with the general financial course of the Administration, has restored general confidence. The country eagerly awaits the fuller industrial and commercial activity which begins to revive. It is the Democratic party, again, with rag-money alliances at the West and in Congress, which exasperates and disgusts public opinion. Out of the general confusion, therefore, two things begin to be evident; that the stupid management of the Democratic party is giving it for its platform in 1880 rag money and free cheating at the polls, and that the great Republican victories of last year upon the sound-money platform, the resumption of specie payments, and the Democratic attempts to destroy the safeguards of honest voting, assure at least two Republican planks for 1880—honest money, and an honest ballot. It is because the conduct of Democrats has made the last an issue, and because the impulse is popularly believed to be that of the old and unchanged spirit of the rebellion of 1861, arousing at every cost to recover control of the government which it could not destroy, that the old Union feeling turns to General GRANT. Meanwhile the debate of the appropriation bills has had another effect which is worthy of consideration. The laws for the protection of voting are so perfectly inoffensive, if honest voting only be contemplated, that the violent assault upon them has awakened the suspicions of Democrats as well as of Republicans. They, too, are beginning to see that the wholesale repeal is in the interest of ballot-box stuffing and cheating. There are many Democrats who have thought that the cry of ballot-box stuffing was a mere Republican dodge, who now perceive that it is a fact. There are many more Democrats who are honestly honest-money men. In an election turning upon honest money and honest voting, they would stand by their principles. From every point of view, therefore, the Democratic tactics have been a huge blunder. They have given General GRANT his prominence as a candidate by concentrating public attention not upon measures of administration, but upon the welfare of the government. They have given the Republicans two of the most popular cries, and aroused that deep and strong feeling of patriotism which will be always exceedingly powerful with this generation. They have shown conclusively in doing this their total unfitness to control the government, for they have compelled the country to look backward instead of forward.

OUR MEANS FOR SUPPLYING WATER.

It is said that in order to furnish Great Britain with food, three or four hundred vessels daily enter her ports, proceeding from the Continent and all parts of the civilized world. In the United States, however, the vessels which bring food being also articles of luxury, and while there is always some anxiety in London about the sufficiency of the supplies, our anxiety is the reverse of this, and arises from the difficulty of disposing of our great surplus. For supplying water, however, London has numerous aqueducts, powerful Artesian wells, and the Thames, so that the city is absolutely free from danger of a want of water, while New York has no Artesian wells (the geological conditions being unsuitable), no fresh-water river, and but one aqueduct; and it is on this single thread, weakened with excessive strains, that interests depend transcending in importance all others connected with the municipality. Should the aqueduct break in a portion of the 19,000 feet of it which it is officially said "need strengthening," or in the 9000 feet of that which "need immediate attention," the most serious consequences would follow. In four or five days the supply now on hand would, at the present rate of consumption of what is stored at the reservoirs in the city, become exhausted, and unparalleled confusion would ensue, paralyzing the trade and commerce of the city. How would the thousand engines under and above ground be supplied? How could we extinguish fires? Whence would the water come for drug and carriage horses? How fill our tea-bottles? How get it to drink? Thousands of families would be obliged to leave the city, and surrender their property to pillage and destruction. Let us hope that no such calamity is in store for us. In his report, published last month, complaining of restricted appropriations for repairs, Commissioner CAMPBELL says, "Perhaps no breach may occur: but the matter is too serious to allow the consideration of a few thousand dollars to stand in the way of such repairs as shall insure the safety of this structure." Are these momentous words idly used, or used merely to procure appropriations? or do they tell us of real danger? The citizens of New York have been taught to think that the aqueduct was a marvel of engineering skill, that its work had become a model for all others, and now they will be astounded to hear that "immediate attention" is required to insure safety and prevent a breach in 9000 feet of the structure. Every means of security should instantly be taken. Appropriations should be made to the full extent required, waste should be arrested so as to increase the small quantity stored, and our storage capacity should be augmented; for a great city ought not to have its prosperity suspended on a week's supply of water. The head in the great Park Reservoir is only about twenty-two feet in one division, instead of thirty-six, and less in the other division; and that on the old Park Reservoir only about twelve in one division, and less in the other, inasmuch as that branch of the aqueduct which terminates in it is closed for repairs occasioned by fractures of a serious nature in the two six-foot pipes of which it is improperly composed, their size being in excess of what the strain upon them will bear in made ground. These pipes were substituted for that portion of the aqueduct which stood for years on arches of masonry, and in the first year of their use thirty-six of them were broken, and a large district below was flooded. The doubt of these pipes and their present disuse cause some apprehension as to the remaining branch of the aqueduct, the one discharging into the large Park Reservoir, part of which is of masonry in the shape of an inverted arch, and is subjected to double duty while the other branch is being repaired.

But although the situation at these points is far from being comfortable, it does not constitute the chief occasion of the anxiety, which arises from the cracks and leaks in those portions of the aqueduct built over streams and ravines extending between four and five miles in the whole, and standing on a rubble wall foundation, that is to say, laid without mortar. Of this quantity 3000 lineal feet have been improved, and many cracks and leaks stopped; the residue—say 19,000 feet—being that already mentioned as requiring to be strengthened, 9000 of it immediately. The error of construction in the portions of the aqueduct built in this manner—for a great error it was—is due to a change of plan, by which a narrow foundation of such rubble wall of from ten to forty feet in height, but very little wider than the aqueduct which rests on it, was substituted for the foundation proposed of more than double its width. It was erroneously supposed that a foot in depth of concrete over the foundation forming the grade bed of the aqueduct would enable the engineer to dispense with greater width of foundation. There was the further error that in all the various lines of embankment thus constructed there was no drain to relieve the embankment itself in case of cracks in the conduit, by which water would pass through the structure to the earth, and hence when such leaks occur, the earth below becomes so saturated as to widen the cracks and lead to the danger to which Commissioner CAMPBELL calls attention. There was also the further error that the side walls, to keep in place the slight ring of masonry of which the aqueduct is composed, and prevent its giving way from the strain of water pressure, were neither so high nor so strong as those originally proposed, and hence in that portion of the ring which is higher than its adjacent side walls cracks occur when the aqueduct is nearly full, which make a flow equal to its entire capacity very dangerous. Modern opinion with respect to what is required as a foundation for the rigid structure of solid masonry of an aqueduct is settled upon this point, that the foundation itself should be of a like solid character, experience having shown that a wall of stone uncompacted with mortar is too liable to spread to admit of erecting upon it a heavy and solid load. The repairs already made on the portions of the Croton Aqueduct thus subject to rupture in effect confirm the original engineering views as to what the work should have been originally, and condemn the change so unfortunately made.

In view of this condition of affairs, which ought to arouse attention, it would seem to be madness to diminish our storage capacity in the city by removing the reservoir on Murray Hill, even supposing that if the aqueduct were in perfect order this reservoir were unnecessary, for, should a serious break occur, what water there is in the Central Park Reservoir, which is remote, would in great part need to be distributed under the strictest guards as to quantity from the Murray Hill Reservoir, which is in the center of population. From this reservoir a main proceeds through Forty-second Street which unites all the mains east and west of it, and accommodation could be afforded in case of delivery through pipes; but on exhaustion would immediately ensue, that process of delivery would need to be abandoned for one of the most restricted character. But why dispense with the Murray Hill Reservoir at all? It occupies an eminence which entirely commands the area or eight square miles of dwelling-houses on the flat below it, and holds the water it contains two miles nearer to them than if it were stored in Central Park; and it is constructed to hold upward of twenty-four million gallons, which quantity gives five hundred gallons to each of forty-eight thousand houses—not far from the number which the reservoir dominates. Its great service to many houses below it is that as the reservoir gains at night, when the drawing is at its minimum, all that it loses in the day, when the drawing is at its maximum, it is ready in the morning with its accumulated stores to press the water into contiguous houses perhaps a story higher than it would otherwise reach, thus filling water-closet tanks, and permitting the use of basins which otherwise could not be filled—a service which makes far less important the lower elevation at which it subsequently distributes fifteen or twenty million gallons. The quantity thus gained in the night is estimated by Mr. CAMPBELL at only two million gallons—a very moderate estimate. But if on more is pressed into upper stories, it is fifty gallons for each of forty thousand houses—a good early morning's supply. The chief purpose of taking down the reservoir is that a park may be constructed in its place, and a bill for this purpose has been introduced into the Assembly at Albany requiring its positive removal under proceedings to commence in ninety days from the passage of the bill. The act has been introduced without the request of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, in whom the title has been vested for more than a hundred years; without the consent of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, to whom the proceeds of all our real estate are pledged for part of the city debt; and without a petition from a single citizen. Now, inasmuch as it can be taken down at any time, but can not easily be restored, there ought to be a remonstrance of no uncertain tone uttered by the whole city of New York against the removal, until at least there is some general expression of desire for it from those most interested.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE pending debate in the Senate began on the day on which, fourteen years ago, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was murdered. It was natural that Mr. BLAINE should have recalled the anniversary, and have figured the finger of the dead man pointing scorn at those who seek to undo, so far as possible, the great work of the war. In the evening, in New York, WALT WHITMAN read a discourse upon the death of the President, and recited his poem, "My Captain," one of the most striking and touching of all the memorial poems of that time. The next morning the news was telegraphed from Paris that it was proposed to change the names of two streets in that city to WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. The two names will be always associated in the gratitude and reverence of this country and of mankind. It was one of the coincidences which in older times would have persuaded us that we were especially a divinely chosen people, that WASHINGTON was the leader of our war of independence, and LINCOLN of our war of union. They were both the repre-

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sentatives of a great national feeling. They were both identified with great historic events. They had both a personality very different in kind, but exceedingly dear to the popular imagination and heart. They were both, also, peculiarly the representatives of the old and the new America. In WASHINGTON'S day the English traditions were in many ways supreme. Even our resistance was English, and WASHINGTON embodied the English feeling in America. The America of LINCOLN'S day was very different. The English tradition was gone. The American type was beyond the Alleghanies, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN was its perfect representative. His simplicity and sagacity and humor, the depth and pathetic sincerity of his faith in American principles, the poetry and melancholy of his nature, his supreme good sense—all these we fondly call American, and these were peculiarly LINCOLN.

Mr. WHITMAN—if we may speak in the usual way of one who is universally known as WALT WHITMAN—read a paper of personal reminiscence: not of analysis of genius or character. He described the spectacle, which so many remember, of LINCOLN'S first passage through New York, and the scene of the murder in the Washington theatre. The three New York scenes, indeed, might well be contrasted: that of the journey from Springfield, when, as we saw him passing the New York Hotel, "then a nest of secession," the silence seemed a deadly threat; that of the morning when the murder was known, and all social conventions vanished, every man speaking in the hushed and excited street to every other, as if a day of doom had come; and that of the funeral, when this half-foreign city was exalted by a single overwhelming American sentiment. Mr. WHITMAN'S vivid touches renew with terrible truth the fatal scene in Washington. He wrote a memorandum at the time, which he has frequently revised, and which he read to his audience. It is very graphic, as it depicts the wild whirring tumult of the theatre around the peaceful form from which the life-blood was oozing.

It is a good time to recall those days and their leader, to remember the heroes who so gladly followed him, the brave and beautiful youth who gave their lives for us. The day of their especial remembrance is near—Decoration-day; and we may be very sure that there will be a fresher consecration of all true and patriotic hearts to the cause for which those devoted brothers of ours died. The war of the Union was a war, as it proved, for the equal rights of all innocent Americans before the law. Whatever was diplomatically said, we all knew that it was a war brought on by slavery to maintain and extend itself. We all knew that the convulsion would be futile unless the root of the disease was cut out. ABRAHAM LINCOLN cut it out. His hand and his heart were strong with the strength of a national love of justice, which had been very, very slowly aroused, but which, once awake, gave to the cause life and all that makes life dear. Neither the vast sacrifice nor the great result of the war is forgotten. The "Union" heart is as true as ever. That "loyalty" to the country which was bitterly derided, and that fidelity to liberty under law which is America, are imperishably fresh and fair. They scorn sectional jealousy and mere party hate. They stand always ready to co-operate with every honest and generous effort to plant in the Southern States that real liberty of opinion and expression which is the peace and security of this part of the country. But they do not shrink nor surrender. Fair laws, constitutionally and honestly securing equal rights—that was the meaning of the war of which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the last great martyr, and that is the purpose of those who revere his memory.

THE DEBATE AND THE VETO.

WHILE the thunders of eloquence resound in Washington, and the most fiery partisan appeals are made on all sides, "good Americans" will watch carefully the essential question involved in the debate. It is conceded by every body that it is not revolutionary to place a rider on an appropriation bill. Such a rider, also, is not in itself a threat. The substance of the rider is alone to be considered by the President, and his decision must be based upon its merits. He is not bound to veto the Military Appropriation Bill if he sees no objection to the repeal proposed. But if he does see objection, he will, of course, veto it. Some Democratic papers, perhaps foreseeing the dilemma in which their party in Congress may presently be involved, cite very emphatically President JOHNSON'S signing under protest appropriation bills with riders that he did not approve. They evidently wish to show to President HAYES that this would be a saving precedent for his action if he disapproved the present form of the bills. But President JOHNSON knew very well that his veto would not stop the passage of the Army Bill of 1867, while the veto of President HAYES would compel the Democratic party in Congress either to recede or to stop the government. We assume that there is no doubt of a veto if the President disapproves the form of the repeal, and no doubt of a signature if the repeal seems to him proper and desirable.

So far as the President is concerned, it is an ordinary piece of legislation. Democratic Senators and Representatives, indeed, have taken purely revolutionary ground. Messrs. BECK and THURMAN and BLACKBURN have declared for a course which would bring the government to an end by a practical usurpation on the part of the legislative branch. This we have heretofore shown. But these declarations are not reasons for a veto of a bill which the President may approve, and which is constitutionally presented to him. If a Representative should say in debate upon a bill which the President cordially favored that if he did not sign it he believed Congress would stay to the end of its term rather than appropriate money to pay his salary, the Representative would make himself as ridiculous as Mr. BLACKBURN in the present debate; but his "gag" would not be a valid reason for a veto. The duty of the President under the Constitution is to return a bill which he disapproves, "with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated." What kind of an "objection" or ground of disapproval of an enactment is it that some member in discussing it declared that he hoped Congress would stop the government if the Executive approval was not given? It would be a very significant indication of the spirit of the member, and very probably of his party. It would certainly arouse and alarm the country that such things should be seriously said in debate. It would be an emphatic summons to every intelligent and patriotic voter to prevent the accession of such a party to power. But it would not be a reason for vetoing a proper bill.

Again, if the principle of national supervision of national elections is wrong, it is no argument against the repeal of the military clause that there are not many soldiers in any State, and that practically they can not coerce or menace voters. If they ought not to do it and can not do it, what harm is there in saying that they shall not do it? The plea, in a familiar anecdote, that it was "a very small one," was not sufficient. The ground upon which the military clause is to be defended, if at all, is that the national authority may properly protect a national election, and may rightfully use all necessary force to that end. But if that be the true ground, it is mere nonsense to say that the clause ought not to be repealed because there are not soldiers enough to enforce it. On the other hand, however, the fewness of the troops is a perfectly valid and cogent argument against the factitious haste and the ridiculous cry of "grievance" and "bayonet at the polls," and the disturbance and expense of an extra session, to attempt the repeal of a law which, at most, is only theoretically wrong, which is not operative until after the next regular session, and which, when it is operative, can not harm and has not harmed a single honest voter. This is all true; but if the President is of opinion that peace at the polls should be maintained at a national election solely by the State authority, he can not urge, as his objection to signing a bill which secures that result, that it was passed at an extra session which should not have been made necessary, that there are very few soldiers in the Southern States, and that the wrong is wholly theoretical. There are two valid grounds for a veto: one, that national supervision is desirable, and ought to be maintained; the other, that the repeal as proposed removes every proper defense of the polls. If such should be the opinion of the President, he will unquestionably veto the bills as offered to him. But if they are not his views, he will probably not oppose the repeal of legislation that he thinks ought to be repealed, because there is fear that repeal of much that ought to stand will be attempted.

THE CASE OF GENERAL PORTER.

THE case of General FITZ-JOHN PORTER ought not to be made political or partisan. It is always possible during the fury of a civil war to do great wrong in the most honest way and with the best intentions, and General PORTER was condemned at a moment when passions were very hot, and when public opinion undoubtedly desired a conspicuous victim. We have forborne comment upon the case, because no one was entitled to express a positive opinion who had not carefully studied and mastered the evidence. There was no reason that we knew to question the ability and sincerity of the original tribunal that convicted, although a judgment under such circumstances, however sincere, need not necessarily be accepted as conclusive, and General PORTER'S constant and earnest prayer that the case might be re-opened made a presumption in his favor, because, if guilty, he was really soliciting a cool, deliberate, and damning confirmation of infamy. He knew that the revising tribunal would be composed of officers profoundly loyal to the cause that he was virtually accused of having betrayed, and that there was great popular jealousy of reversing any military decision of the war, as somehow reflecting upon the intelligence with which it was conducted, and confessing a heated and partial action. Presidents LINCOLN and JOHNSON and GRANT had all refused to allow a reconsideration, and each refusal was an added confirmation of the probable justice of the original judgment. But General PORTER still urged, and at length President HAYES authorized the inquiry whether there really were good reasons for questioning the verdict which for sixteen years has branded the general as a traitor.

The board of inquiry was composed of Generals SCHOFIELD, TERRY, and GETTY, of the regular army, and there are not three more patriotic, honorable, and able officers. With the utmost care and patience they have heard and weighed the evidence and the arguments. The case of General PORTER was managed by Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, a master of his profession and a man who could have had no prepossessions for the general. Slowly and thoroughly and with perfect skill the evidence was elicited and sifted. Mr. CHOATE'S plea is a monument of professional ability and of honorable sympathy, and after the fullest and fairest hearing the board has declared that the judgment of the court which convicted General PORTER was founded upon *ex parte* testimony which has been proved beyond question to be incorrect; and that on the very day when the fatal treachery was charged to have been committed, his conduct was "obedient, subordinate, faithful, and judicious: it saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August." This is the judgment of men whom the patriotic country trusts perfectly, trusts not less than those who composed the original court, and that certainly is saying all. Who is it that has a right to question their verdict if he has not earnestly studied the case, or because he thinks that the first court would not have misjudged? Intentionally they would not; but they would themselves doubtless acknowledge that the conditions are now infinitely more favorable to a just decision.

On what ground is this to be made a partisan matter? It is reported that Republicans in Congress intend to oppose General PORTER'S restoration to the army and the arrears of his pay. We trust that this is a Democratic slander. If there are to be courts at all, and revisions of judgment—and without them we are in chaos—their judgments are to be respected and made effective. Does not the country owe even restitution to a citizen who for more than half a generation is declared by the most unimpeachable and trusted authority to have suffered an intolerable wrong, with all its consequent disgrace? We have no acquaintance with General PORTER, nor other knowledge of his case than that which every body may have. But it is plain that a great injustice has been unwittingly done, and all good citizens will earnestly advocate all practicable reparation. If the judgment of the board of revision is to be revised by a political party, and passions are to be inflamed, and the war to be fought over again in the case of General PORTER, his fate is doubly hard. But, however this may be, all honest citizens who do not allow party leaders to make their opinions for them will abide by the decision of honorable and impartial men who have especially investigated the subject, without fear and without favor, and who have announced that, instead of betraying, General PORTER "saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August."

PERSONAL.

WITH a view of keeping himself before the people, THOMAS FITCH, formerly of Utah, and late the Speaker of the Arizona House of Representatives, is about to appear as Richelieu, at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco.

—CHARLES OLIVER BREWSTER BROCKWAY was thus christened out of gratitude to Dr. CHARLES OLIVER BREWSTER, who ran him safely through a sickness. The young man went into court in Chicago the other day, and complained that this "concatenated name can not be spoken without great labor of speech and great use of time, nor can it be written without uncommon knowledge and skill in English literature." So the court, being agreeable, allowed him to saw off the BROCKWAY, especially as there is considerable Brockway in that propinquity.

—The Duke of Argyll is expected to be in Canada in a few days on a visit to his son, the Governor-General of the Dominion. As the duke has lately suffered a severe family affliction by the death of his wife, and is himself an invalid, he has expressed, in a letter to a friend, a desire to maintain a strict privacy while in the United States.

—M. ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE, one of the spiciest of French writers, is about to prepare his memoirs. Few men in France have had his peculiar experience with the home and professional life of literary and political men, actors, actresses, and those whose names are most frequently before the public as amusers or instructors of the French people. He is not a person of the highest social position, but he is so agreeable, clever, and witty that his society has been widely courted by celebrities of all sorts. He is a lively gentleman of sixty-four, and has sipped of every pleasure known to the French capital.

—Signor CAMPANINI, who has just departed for Europe, is not only one of the best, but one of the most industrious and thrifty of tenors. During the recent operatic season in this city he sang on eighty-two occasions. In conversing with a friend just before he sailed, he remarked that his rule was to save and invest at least $1000 per month of his salary. This he invests exclusively in United States government stocks or British consols. He has $70,000 thus invested. Said he to a friend: "This" (putting his hand to his throat) "will not last always; and while it is good, I must make it earn enough to support me comfortably when it fails. With $10,000 a year, which I hope to have before long, I can live elegantly in Italy. In London or New York I could not do it as I would like." Signor FOLI, our Irish friend and basso, is also a good business man. He has not saved quite as much as CAMPANINI, but is thrifty and careful, investing his earnings in governments and consols, and preparing for the down grade, which all must descend, musical or unmusical, provided they live long enough.

—The Pope is becoming hateful to certain home residents in the Vatican. He has been looking into his chamber and culinary departments, and found that by discharging two-thirds of his servants, which he has done, he can live just as comfortably—indeed, more so—than he did with the little army of experienced sinecurists which he found in occupation and has pretermitted.

—General RICHARD TAYLOR, who died in this city a few days since, was one of the best generals in the Confederate army during the late war. He was also a fine scholar, and a brilliant man in society—high toned, graceful, witty, with a rare power of adapting himself to the circumstances and company of the moment. To men of a younger generation he was particularly charming. When the faster members of the Prince of Wales's set would meet at the Marlborough, he would discuss coaches with Lord CARRINGTON, cock-pheasants with Lord AYLESFORD, and the latest horse-race with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. In the Park, with the Princess and children, his manner was redolent of antique chivalry. At the Turf Club he would arrange handicaps with Admiral ROUS, and help Lord ROSEBERY make his book for the Newmarket meeting. At the Athenæum he would cross literary swords with Sir CHARLES DILKE, and at the United Service would discuss military tactics with Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and Lord NAPIER of Magdala. Nothing came amiss to him. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, nephew of Lord MACAULAY, read his articles in the *North American Review*, and said there was in him the stuff of a great military writer. Statesmen listened with delight to his dissertations on the American Constitution. Von MOLTKE himself gave in his honor the dinner at which he met Prince BISMARCK. Every where he spread about him the charm of his personality, and nothing distinguished him from the crowd of *raconteurs* more than this, that his conversation was never forced or out of place, never labored or prepared beforehand, welling up naturally from the stores of a naturally rich mind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The standing committees of the House were announced on the 11th ult.—The debate on the Army Bill was begun in the Senate on the 14th. In the House, Mr. Monroe, of Ohio, moved a suspension of the rules to pass a resolution against any tariff or financial legislation at this session. It required a two-thirds vote, but received only 106 to 111. Twenty hard-money men were absent at the time, and of these ten were from New York State.—On the 15th, the Vice-President having been called away by illness in his family, Mr. Thurman was chosen temporary President of the Senate. In the House, Mr. Chalmers offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to investigate his conduct at Fort Pillow. General Bragg's amendment to the Legislative Appropriation Bill, abolishing the Southern Claims Commission, was rejected by the House in Committee of the Whole.—On the 16th, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was sworn in as Senator. The Speaker of the House decided that it was in order for a committee to report a bill upon a petition without waiting for a reference to the House. Under this ruling Mr. Alexander Stephens reported a bill for the exchange of greenbacks and silver. Mr. Conger objected, but was overruled. The Potter bill to refer all Southern claims to the Court of Claims was voted down in the House.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Czar of Russia on the 14th ult., while he was taking his usual morning walk near the palace. The name of the would-be murderer is Alexander Solovieff. He is a schoolmaster of Toropetz, in the government of Pskov.

It is reported from Cape Town that the Ekowe relief column started on the 29th of March. It is composed of 6000 men, 2 Gatling guns, 2 cannon, several rocket tubes, 113 wagons, and 90 pack-mules. All was well with the column up to the 30th of March. Colonel Pearson on that day signaled from Ekowe that he could see the head of the column intrenching on the Amatakula River. Colonel Pearson signaled on the 27th of March that 130 of his garrison were ill and 20 wounded, and that only 500 of the men would be able to assist the relieving column, for which 35,000 Zulus were lying in wait.—Colonel Wood attacked Umbelini's stronghold on the 28th of March, and captured a quantity of cattle. Subsequently 20,000 Zulus retook the cattle, and on the 29th attacked Colonel Wood's camp. The Zulus were repulsed after four hours' fighting, but the British loss was heavy. Seven officers and seventy men were killed.—There was fighting in Basutoland on the 21st and 22d of March. A son and two grandsons of Moirosi and eighty Basutos were killed, and a number of cattle and horses captured. The British loss was insignificant.—The Boers at their meeting almost unanimously decided to never rest satisfied with less than their independence. It is thought they will adopt a course of passive resistance.

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CANADA'S REAL HOME RULE.

BEACONSFIELD (*to Zorse*). "Good boy, not to act on your own responsibility, but to come and ask your mamma first. But we are rather too busy just now with civilizing colonial savages."

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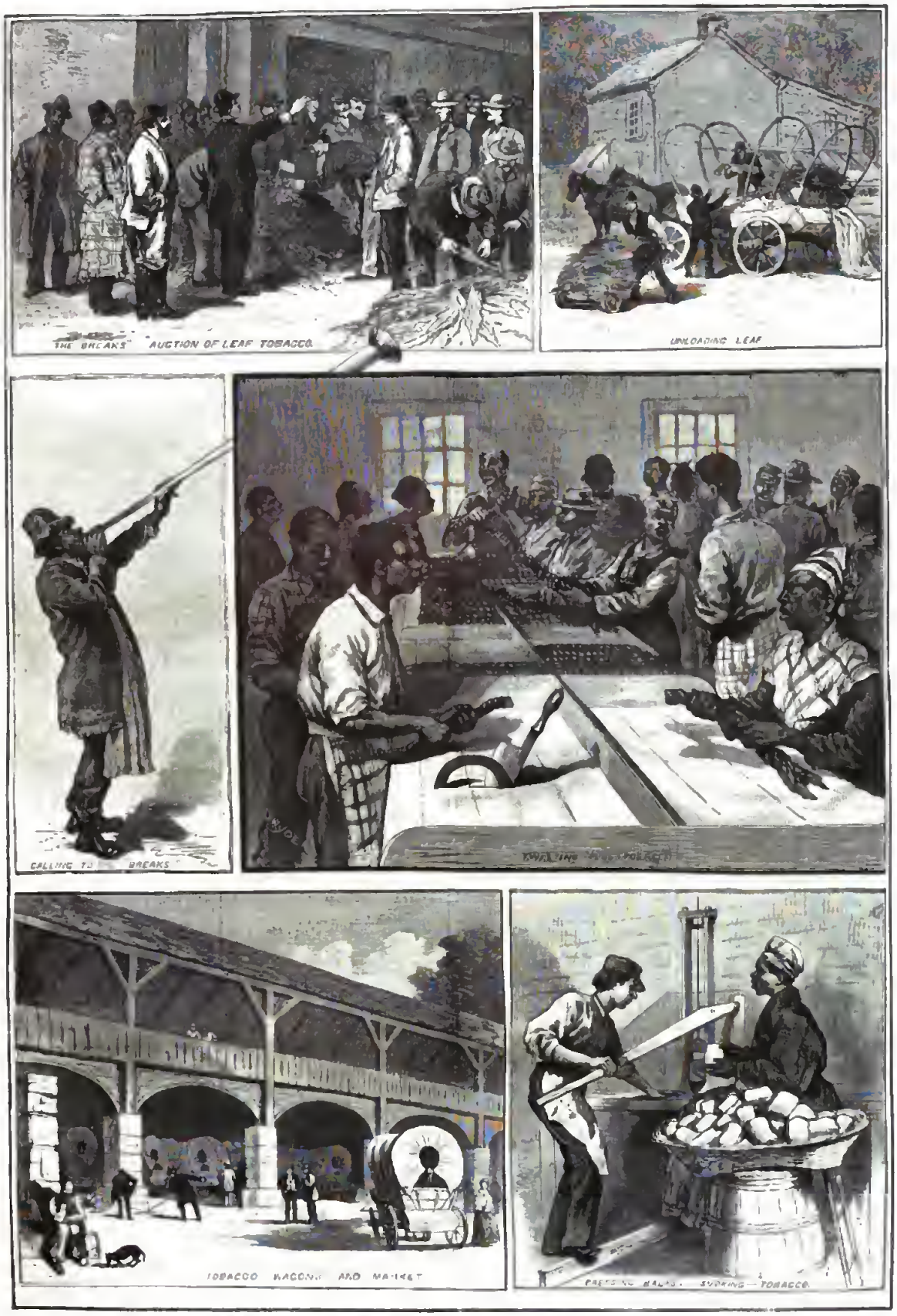

A TOBACCO MART IN LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 347.]

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[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

AT Ashbourne preparations had already begun for the wedding in August. It was to be a wedding worthy a duke's only daughter, the well beloved and cherished child of an adoring father and mother. Kinsfolk and old friends were coming from far and wide to assist at the ceremony, for whom temporary rooms were to be arranged in all manner of places. The duchess's exquisite dairy was to be transformed into a bachelor dormitory. Lodges and gamekeepers' cottages were utilized. Every nook and corner in the ducal mansion would be full.

"Why not rig up a few hammocks in the nearest pine plantation?" Rorie asked, laughing, when he heard of all these doings. "One couldn't have a better place to sleep in on a sultry summer night."

There was to be a ball for the tenantry, in the evening of the wedding day, in a marquee on the lawn. The gardens were to be illuminated in a style worthy of the château of Vaux when Fouquet was squandering a nation's revenues on lamps and fountains and venal friends. Lady Mabel protested against all this fuss.

"Dear mamma, I would so much rather have been married quietly!" she said.

"My dearest, it is all your papa's doing. He is so proud of you. And then we have only one daughter; and she is not likely to be married more than once, I hope. Why should we not have all our friends round us on such a time?"

Mabel shrugged her shoulders, with an air of repugnance to all the friends and all the fuss.

"Marriage is such a solemn act of one's life," she said. "It seems dreadful that it should be performed in the midst of a gaping, indifferent crowd."

"My love, there will not be a creature present who can feel indifferent about your welfare," protested the devoted mother. "If our dear Roderick had been a more distinguished person, your papa would have had you married in Westminster Abbey. There, of course, there would have been a crowd of idle spectators."

"Poor Roderick!" sighed Mabel. "It is a pity he is so utterly aimless. He might have made a career for himself by this time, if he had chosen."

"He will do something by-and-by, I dare say," said the duchess, excusingly. "You will be able to mould him as you like, pet."

"I have not found him particularly malleable hitherto," said Mabel.

The bride elect was not of spirits, and inclined to look despondently upon life. She was suffering the bitter pain of disappointed hopes. "The Tragedy of a Skeptic Soul," despite its depth of thought, its exquisite typography, and vellum-like paper, had been a dire and irredeemable failure. The reviewers had ground the poor little aristocratic butterfly to powder upon the wheel of ridicule. They had anatomized Lady Mabel's involved sentences, and laughed at her erudite phrases. Her mild adaptations of Greek thought and fancy had been found out, and held up to contempt. Her petty plagiarisms from French and German poets had been traced to their source. The whole work, so smooth and neatly polished on the outside, had been turned the seamy side without, and the knots and flaws and ravelled threads had been exposed without pity.

Happily the book was anonymous: but Mabel writhed under the criticism. There was the crushing disappointment of expectations that had soared high as the topmost throne on Parnassus. She had a long way to descend. And then there was the sickening certainty that in the eyes of her own small circle she had made herself ridiculous. Her mother took those cruel reviews to heart, and wept over them. The duke, a coarse-minded man at best, with a soul hardly above guano and chemical composts, laughed aloud at his poor little girl's failure.

"It's a sad disappointment, I dare say," he said. "But never mind, my pet; you'll do better next time, I've no doubt. Or if you don't, it doesn't much matter. Other people have fancied themselves poets, and have been deceived, before to-day."

"Those horrid reviewers don't understand her poetry," protested the duchess, who would have been hard pushed to comprehend it herself, but who thought it was a critic's business to understand every thing.

"I'm afraid I have written above their heads," Lady Mabel said, piteously.

Roderick Vawdrey was worst of all.

"Didn't I tell you 'The Skeptic Soul' was too fine for ordinary intellects, Mab?" he said. "You lose yourself in an ocean of obscurity. You know what you meant, but there's no man alive who could follow you. You ought to have remembered Voltaire's definition of a metaphysical discussion—a conversation in which the man who is talked to doesn't understand the man who talks, and the man who talks doesn't understand himself. You must take a simpler subject, and use plainer English, if you want to please the multitude."

Mabel had told her lover before that she did not aspire to please the multitude, that she would have esteemed such cheap and tawdry success a humiliating failure. It was almost better not to be read at all than to be appreciated only by the average Mudie subscriber. But she would have liked some one to read her poems. She would have liked critics to praise and understand her. She would have liked to have her own small world of admirers, an esoteric few, the salt of the earth, literary Essenes, holding themselves apart from the vulgar herd. It was dreadful to find herself on a height as lonely as one of those plateaux in the Tyrolean Alps where the cattle crop a scanty herbage in summer, and where the Ice King reigns alone through the long winter.

"You are mistaken, Roderick," Mabel said, with chilling dignity. "I have friends who can understand and admire my poetry, incomprehensible and uninteresting as it may be to you."

"Dear Mabel, I never said it was uninteresting," Roderick cried, humbly. "Every thing you do must be interesting to me. But I frankly own I do not understand your verses so clearly as I think all verse should be understood. Why should I keep all my frankness until after the 1st of August? Why should the lover be less sincere than the husband? I will be truthful even at the risk of offending you."

"Pray do," cried Mabel, with ill-suppressed irritation. "Sincerity is such a delightful thing. No doubt my critics are sincere. They give me the honest, undisguised truth."

Rorie saw that his betrothed's literary failure was a subject to be carefully avoided in the future.

"My poor Vixen," he said to himself, with, oh! what deep regret! "perhaps it was not one of the least of your charms that you never wrote poetry."

Lord Mallow was coming to Ashbourne for the fortnight before the wedding. He had made himself wondrously agreeable to the duke, and the duke had invited him. The House would be up by that time. It was a delightful season for the Forest. The heather would be in bloom on all the open heights, the glades of Mark Ash would be a solemn world of greenery and shadow, a delicious place for picnics, flirtations, and gypsy tea-drinkings. Lord Mallow had only seen the Forest in the winter. It would be a grand opportunity for him.

He came, and Lady Mabel received him with a sad sweet smile. The reviews had all appeared by this time; and, except in the *West Dulmarsh Gazette* and the *Ratcliff Highway Register*, there had not been one favorable notice.

"There is a dreadful unanimity about my critics, is there not?" said the stricken poetess, when she and Lord Mallow found themselves alone together in one of the orchid-houses, breathing a perfumed atmosphere at eighty degrees, vaporous, balmy, slumberous.

"You have made a tremendous mistake, Lady Mabel," said Lord Mallow.

"How do you mean?"

"You have given the world your great book without first educating your public to receive and understand it. If Browning had done the same thing—if Browning had burst at once upon the world with 'The Ring and the Book,' he would have been as great a failure as—as you at present imagine yourself to be. You should have sent forth something smaller. You should have made the reading world familiar with a style too original, and of too large a power and scope, to please quickly. A volume of ballads and idyls—a short story in simple verse—would have prepared the way for your dramatic poem. Suppose Goethe had begun his literary career with the second part of 'Faust!' He was too wise for that, and wrote himself into popularity with a clap-trap novel."

"I could not write a clap-trap novel, or clap-trap verses," sighed Lady Mabel. "If I can not soar above the clouds, I will never spread my poor little wings again."

"Then you must be content to accept your failure as an evidence of the tendencies of an essentially Philistine age—an age in which people admire Brown, and Jones, and Robinson."

Here Lord Mallow gave a string of names, sacrificing the most famous reputations of the age to Mabel Ashbourne's vanity.

This brief conversation in the orchid-house was the first healing balm that had been applied to the bleeding heart of the poetess. She was deeply grateful to Lord Mallow. This was indeed sympathy. How different from Roderick's clumsy advice and obtrusive affectation of candor! Mabel determined that she would do her best to make Lord Mallow's visit pleasant. She gave him a good deal of her society—in fact, all she could spare from Roderick, who was not an exacting lover. They were so soon to be married that really there was no occasion for them to be greedy of *tête-à-tête* companionship. They would have enough of each other's company among the Norwegian fiords.

Lord Mallow did not care about riding under an almost tropical sun, nor did he care to expose his horse to the exasperating attacks of forest flies; so he went about with the duchess and her daughter in Lady Mabel's pony-carriage, he saw schools and cottages, and told the two ladies all the grand things he meant to do on his Irish estate when he had leisure to do them.

"You must wait till you are married," said the duchess, good-naturedly. "Ladies understand these details so much better than gentlemen. Mabel more than half planned those cottages you admired just now. She took the drawings out of the architect's hands, and altered them according to her own taste."

"And, as a natural result, the cottages are perfection!" exclaimed Lord Mallow.

That visit to Ashbourne was one of the most memorable periods in Lord Mallow's life. He was an impressible young man, and he had been unconsciously falling deeper in love with Lady Mabel every day during the last three months. Her delicate beauty, her culture, her elegance, her rank, all charmed and fascinated him; but her sympathy with Erin was irresistible. It was not the first time that he had been in love, by a great many times. The list of the idols he had worshipped stretched backward to the dim remoteness of boyhood. But to-day, awakening all at once to a keen perception of his hopeless state, he told himself that he had never loved before as he loved now.

He had been hard hit by Miss Tempest. Yes, he acknowledged that past weakness. He had thought her fairest and most delightful among women, and he had left the Abbey House dejected and undone. But he had quickly recovered from the brief fever; and now, reverentially admiring Lady Mabel's prim propriety, he wondered that he could have ever seriously offered himself to a girl of Vixen's undisciplined and unbroken character.

"I should have been a miserable man by this time if she had accepted me," he thought. "She did not care a straw about the people of Ireland."

He was deeply, hopelessly, irrecoverably in love; and the lady he loved was to be married to another man in less than a week. The situation was too awful. What could such a woman as Mabel Ashbourne see in such a man as Roderick Vawdrey? That is a kind of question which has been asked very often in the history of men and women. Lord Mallow could find no satisfactory answer thereto. Mr. Vawdrey was well enough in his way—he was good-looking, sufficiently well bred, he rode well, was a first-rate shot, and could give an average player odds at billiards. Surely those were small claims to the love of a tenth Muse, a rarely accomplished and perfect woman. If Lord Mallow, in his heart of hearts, thought no great things of Lady Mabel's poetic effusions, he not the less respected her for the effort, the high-souled endeavor. A woman who could read Euripides, who knew all that was best in modern literature, was a woman for a husband to be proud of.

In this desperate and for the most part unsuspected condition of mind, Lord Mallow hung upon Lady Mabel's footsteps during the days immediately before the wedding. Roderick was superintending the alterations at Briarwood, which were being carried on upon rather an extravagant scale, to make the mansion worthy of the bride. Lord Mallow was always at hand, in the orchid-houses, carrying scissors and adjusting the hose, in the library, in the gardens, in the boudoir. He was drinking greedily of the sweet poison. This fool's paradise of a few days must end in darkness, desolation, despair—every thing dreadful beginning with *d*; but the paradise was so delicious an abode that although an angel with a flaming sword, in the shape of conscience, was always standing at the gate, Lord Mallow would not be thrust out. He remained, in defiance of conscience, and honor, and all those good sentiments that should have counselled his speedy departure.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

"THEY are the most curious pair of lovers I ever saw in my life," said one of the visitors at Ashbourne—a young lady who had been engaged to be married more than once, and might fairly consider herself an authority upon such matters. "One never sees them together."

"They are cousins," replied her companion. "What can you expect from a courtship between cousins? It must be the most humdrum affair possible."

"All courtships are humdrum, unless there is opposition from parents, or something out of the common order to enliven them," said somebody else.

The speakers were a party of young ladies, who were getting through an idle hour after breakfast in the billiard-room.

"Lady Mabel is just the sort of girl no man could be desperately in love with," said another. "She is very pretty, and elegant, and accomplished, and all that kind of thing; but she is so overpoweringly well satisfied with herself that it seems superfluous for any one to admire her."

"In spite of that, I know of some one in this house who does immensely admire her," asserted the young lady who had spoken first. "Much more than I should approve of if I were Mr. Vawdrey."

"I think I know—" began somebody, and then abruptly remarked: "What a too ridiculous stroke! And I really thought I was going to make a cannon."

This sudden change in the current of the talk was due to the appearance of the subject of this friendly disquisition. Lady Mabel had that moment entered, followed by Lord Mallow, not intent on billiards, like the frivolous damsels assembled round the table. There were book-cases all along one side of the billiard-room, containing the surplus books that had overrun the shelves in the library, and Mabel had come to look for a particular volume among these. It was a treatise upon the antiquities of Ireland. Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel had been disputing about the Round Towers.

"Of course you are right," said the Irishman, when she had triumphantly exhibited a page which supported her side of the argument. "What a wonderful memory you have! What a wife you would make for a statesman! You would be worth half a dozen secretaries."

Mabel blushed, and smiled faintly, with lowered eyelids.

"Do you remember that concluding picture in *My Novel*," she asked, "where Violante tempts Harley Lestrange from his idle musing over Horace, to toil through blue-books; and, when she is stealing softly from the room, he detains her and bids her copy an extract for him? 'Do you think I would go through this labor,' he says, 'if you were not to halve the success? Halve the labor as well.' I have always envied Violante that moment in her life."

"And who would not envy Harley such a wife as Violante," returned Lord Mallow, "if she was like—the woman I picture her?"

Three hours later Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel met by accident in the garden. It was an afternoon of breathless heat and golden sunlight, the blue ether without a cloud—a day on which the most restless spirit might be content to yield to the drowsiness of the atmosphere, and lie at ease upon the sunburned grass, and bask in the glory of summer. Lord Mallow had never felt so idle in the whole course of his vigorous young life.

"I don't know what has come to me," he said to himself, "I can't settle to any kind of work, and I don't care a straw for going sight-seeing with a pack of unentities."

A party had gone off in a drag, soon after breakfast, to see some distant ruins, and Lord Mallow had refused to be of that party, though it included some of the prettiest girls at Ashbourne. He had staid at home, on pretence of writing important letters, but had not, so far, penned a line. "It must be the weather," said Lord Mallow.

An hour or so after luncheon he strolled out into the gardens, having given up all idea of writing those letters. There was a wide lawn that sloped from the terrace in front of the drawing-room windows, a lawn encircled by a belt of carefully chosen timber. It was not very old timber, but it was sufficiently umbrageous. There were tulip-trees, and copper beeches, and Douglas pines, and deodoras. There were shrubs of every kind, and winding paths under the trees, and rustic benches here and there to repose the wearied traveller.

On one of these benches, placed in a delicious spot, shaded by a group of pines, commanding the wide view of valley and distant hill far away toward Ringwood, Lord Mallow found Lady Mabel seated reading. She was looking delightfully cool amidst the sultry heat of the scene, perfectly dressed in soft white muslin, with much adornment of delicate lace and pale-hued ribbon; but she was not looking happy. She was gazing at the open volume on her knee, with fixed and dreamy eyes that saw not the page; and as Lord Mallow came very near, with steps that made no sound on the fallen pine needles, he saw that there were tears upon her drooping eyelids.

There are moments in every man's life when impulse is stronger than discretion. Lord Mallow gave the reins to impulse now, and seated himself by Lady Mabel's side, and took her hand in his, with an air of sympathy so real that the lady forgot to be offended.

"Forgive me for having surprised your tears," he murmured gently.

"I am very foolish," she said, blushing deeply, as she became aware of the hand clasping hers, and suddenly withdrawing her own; "but there are passages of Dante that are too pathetic."

"Oh, it was Dante!" exclaimed Lord Mallow, with a disappointed air.

He looked down at the page on her lap.

"Yes, naturally."

She had been reading about Paolo and Francesca—that one episode, in all the catalogue of sin and sorrow, which melts every heart; a page at which the volume seems to open of its own accord.

Lord Mallow leaned down and read the lines in a low voice, slowly, with considerable feeling, and then he looked softly up at Mabel Ashbourne, and at the landscape lying below them, in all the glow and glory of the summer light, and looked back to the lady, with his hand still on the book.

The strangeness of the situation: they two alone in the garden, unseen, unheard by human eye or ear; the open book between them—a subtle bond of union—hinting at forbidden passion.

"They were deeply to be pitied," said Lord Mallow, meaning the guilty lovers.

"It was very sad," murmured Lady Mabel.

"But they were neither the first nor the last who have found out too late that they were created to be happy in each other's love, and had by an accident missed that supreme chance of happiness," said Lord Mallow, with veiled intention.

Mabel sighed, and took the book from the gentleman's hand, and drew a little farther off on the bench. She was not the kind of young woman to yield tremblingly to the first whisper of an unauthorized love. It was all very well to admire Francesca, upon strictly æsthetic grounds, as the perfection of erring womanhood, beautiful even in her guilt. Francesca had lived so long ago, in days so entirely mediæval, that one could afford to regard her with indulgent pity. But it was not to be supposed that a modern duke's daughter was going to follow that unfortunate young woman's example, and break plighted vows. Betrothal, in the eyes of so exalted a moralist as Lady Mabel, was a tie but one degree less sacred than marriage.

"Why did you not go to see the ruins?" she asked, resuming her society tone.

"Because I was in a humor in which ruins would have been unutterably odious. Indeed, Lady Mabel, I am just now very much of Macbeth's temper, when he began to be aweary of the sun."

"Has the result of the session disappointed you?"

"Naturally. When was that ever otherwise? Parliament opens full of promise, like a young king who has just ascended the throne, and every body is to be made happy, all burdens are to be lightened, the seeds of all good things that have been hidden deep in earth through the slow centuries are to germinate all at once, and blossom, and bear fruit. And the session comes to an end; and, lo! a great many good things have been talked about, and no good thing has been done. That is in the nature of things. No, Lady Mabel, it is not that which makes me unhappy."

He waited for her to ask him what his trouble was, but she kept silence.

"No," he repeated, "it is not that."

Again there was no reply, and he went on awkwardly, like an actor who has missed his cue.

"Since I have known you I have been at once too happy and too wretched. Happy—unspeakably happy in your society; miserable in the knowledge that I could never be more to you than a unit in the crowd."

"You were a great deal more to me than that," said Mabel, softly. She had been on her guard

against him just now, but when he thus abased himself before her she took pity upon him, and became dangerously amiable. "I shall never forget your kindness about those wretched verses."

"I will not hear you speak ill of them," cried Lord Mallow, indignantly. "You have but shared the common fate of genius in having a mind in advance of your age."

Lady Mabel breathed a gentle sigh of resignation.

"I am not so weak as to think myself a genius," she murmured; "but I venture to hope my poor verses will be better understood twenty years hence than they are now."

"Undoubtedly!" cried Lord Mallow, with conviction. "Look at Wordsworth; in his lifetime the general reading public considered him a prosy old gentleman, who twaddled pleasantly about lakes and mountains, and pretty little peasant girls. The world only awakened ten years ago to the fact of his being a great poet and a sublime philosopher; and I shouldn't be very much surprised," added Lord Mallow, meditatively, "if in ten years more the world were to go to sleep again and forget him."

Lady Mabel looked at her watch.

"I think I will go in and give mamma her afternoon cup of tea," she said.

"Don't go yet," pleaded Lord Mallow; "it is only four, and I know the duchess does not take tea till five. Give me one of your last hours. A lady who is just going to be married is something like Socrates after his sentence. Her friends surround her; she is in their midst, smiling, serene, diffusing sweetness and light; but they know she is going from them; they are to lose her—yes, to lose her almost as utterly as if she were doomed to die."

"That is taking a very dismal view of marriage," said Mabel, pale, and trifling nervously with her watch chain.

This was the first time Lord Mallow had spoken to her of the approaching event.

"Is it not like death? Does it not bring change and parting to old friends? When you are Lady Mabel Vawdrey, can I ever be with you as I am now? You will have new interests, you will be shut in by a net-work of new ties. I shall come some morning to see you amidst your new surroundings, and shall find a stranger. My Lady Mabel will be dead and buried."

There is no knowing how long Lord Mallow might have meandered on in this dismal strain, if he had not been seasonably interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Vawdrey, who came sauntering along the winding shrubbery walk, with his favorite pointer Horace at his heels. He advanced toward his betrothed at the leisurely pace of a man whose courtship is over, whose fate is sealed, and from whom society exacts nothing further, except a decent compliance with the arrangements other people make for him.

He seemed in no wise disconcerted at finding his sweetheart and Lord Mallow seated side by side, alone, in that romantic and solitary spot. He pressed Mabel's hand kindly, and gave the Irishman a friendly nod.

"What have you been doing with yourself all the morning, Roderick?" asked Lady Mabel, with that half reproachful air which is almost the normal expression of a betrothed young lady in her converse with her lover.

"Oh, pottering about at Briarwood. The workmen are such fools. I am making some slight alterations in the stables, on a plan of my own—putting in mangers, and racks, and pillars, and partitions, from the St. Pancras Iron-works, making sanitary improvements, and so on—and I have to contend with so much idiocy in our local workmen. If I did not stand by and see drain pipes put in and connections made, I believe the whole thing would go wrong."

"It must be very dreadful for you," exclaimed Lady Mabel.

"It must be intolerable!" cried Lord Mallow; "what, when the moments are golden, when 'Love takes up the glass of Time, and turns it in his glowing hands,' when 'Love takes up the harp of life, and smites on all the chords with might,' you have to devote your morning to watching the laying of drain-pipes and digging of sewers! I can not imagine a more afflicted man."

Lady Mabel saw the sneer, but her betrothed calmly ignored it.

"Of course it's a nuisance," he said, carelessly; "but I had rather be my own clerk of the works than have the whole thing botched. I thought you were going to Wellbrook Abbey with the house party, Mabel?"

"I know every stone of the Abbey by heart. No, I have been dawdling about the grounds all the afternoon. It is much too warm for riding or driving."

Lady Mabel strangled an incipient yawn. She had not yawned once in all her talk with Lord Mallow. Rorie stifled another, and Lord Mallow walked up and down among the pine needles like a caged lion. It would have been polite to leave the lovers to themselves, perhaps. They might have family matters to discuss, settlements, wedding presents, Heaven knows what. But Lord Mallow was not going to leave them alone. He was in a savage humor, in which the petty rules and regulations of a traditionary etiquette were as nothing to him. So he staid, pacing restlessly, with his hands in his pockets, and inwardly delighted at the stupid spectacle presented by the affianced lovers, who had nothing to say to each other, and were evidently bored to the last degree by their own society.

"This is the deplorable result of trying to ferment the small beer of cousinly affection into the Maronean wine of passionate love," thought Lord Mallow. "Idiotic parents have imagined that these two people ought to marry, because they were brought up together, and the little girl took kindly to the little boy. What little girl does not take kindly to any thing in the shape of a boy, when they are both in the nursery? Hence these tears."

"I am going to pour out mamma's tea," Lady Mabel said, presently, keenly sensible of the stupidity of her position. "Will you come, Roderick? Mamma will be glad to know that you are alive. She was wondering about you all the time we were at luncheon."

"I ought not to have been off duty so long," Mr Vawdrey answered, meekly; "but if you could only imagine the stupidity of those bricklayers! The day before yesterday I found half a dozen stalwart fellows sitting upon a wall, with their hands in their corduroy pockets, smoking short pipes, and, I believe, talking politics. They pretended to be at a stand-still because their satellites—their *deus dammies*, the men who hold their hods and mix their mortar—had not turned up. 'Don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen,' I said. 'There's nothing like taking things easy. It's a time job. I'll send you the morning papers and a can of beer.' And so I did, and since that day, do you know, the fellows have worked twice as hard. They don't mind being bullied; but they can't stand chaff."

"What an interesting bit of character!" said Lady Mabel, with a faintly perceptible sneer. "Worthy of Henri Constant."

"May I come to the duchess's kettle-drum?" asked Lord Mallow, humbly.

"By all means," answered Mabel. "How fond you gentlemen pretend to be of afternoon tea, nowadays! But I don't believe it is the tea you really care for. It is the gossip you all like. Darwin has found out that the male sex is the vain sex; but I don't think he has gone so far as to discover another great truth. It is the superior sex for whom scandal has the keenest charm."

"I have never heard the faintest hiss of the serpent slander at the duchess's tea table," said Lord Mallow.

"No; we are dreadfully behind the age," assented Lady Mabel. "We contrive to exist without thinking ill of our neighbors."

They all three sauntered toward the house, choosing the sheltered ways, and skirting the broad sunny lawn, whose velvet sward, green even in this tropical July, was the result of the latest improvements in cultivation, ranging from such simple stimulants as bone-dust and wood-ashes to the last development of agricultural chemistry. Lady Mabel and her companions were for the most part silent during this leisurely walk home, and when one of them hazarded an observation, the attempt at conversation had a forced air, and failed to call forth any responsive brilliancy in the others.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VIRGINIAN TOBACCO MART.

THE James River winds in erratic mood through Midland Virginia, and upon its banks, one hundred and twenty miles above tide-water, which reaches Richmond, is located Lynchburg. Here is the heart of Tobaccodom. The visitor to this picturesque city will find much that is provincial and quaint along the streets and about the "breaks." Hobbling old negroes—veritable prototypes of "Uncle Tom"—whose possession of freedom has not eradicated their obsequious servility; swarthy, well-built young Virginians mounted upon handsome horses; lank, loose-jointed "poor whites," whose chief ambition in life is to get into town for a day; groups of athletic negroes waiting, with good-humored indifference, for a job. Every day an apparition appears upon a street corner—an ebony Gabriel armed with a tin horn longer by half than himself. He executes a fanfare which for unmitigated discordance is without a parallel in the history of acoustics. It is the signal for the breaks. The *breaks*, by-the-way, is the auction, the name originating in the practice of breaking open and exposing the contents of the bales to hogsheads previous to the sale.

The breaks takes place in a shed of wide proportions, beneath which the tobacco wagons have been waiting, many of them all night, their occupants cooking their frugal breakfasts at small fires built among the vehicles, drawing their supplies from the tail boxes with which each is equipped.

By nine o'clock the street in front of the shed is alive with teams, the drivers impatient to unload. Each lot, as it is removed to the building, is weighed and given a separate space upon the floor, being ticketed with its weight and owner's name. Soon buyers begin to come in, sampling here and there with practiced eye and scent. After these comes the auctioneer—a business-like-looking man, whose manner indicates that he has no time to waste; and lastly, after him comes the clerk, with portable desk and book of sales. Then it is that Gabriel, clothed with brief authority, rends the morning air with the notes of his terrible horn.

Rapidly the auctioneer proceeds to "knock down" the invoices of weed. When all are sold the farmers get their cash and go their way, let us hope, rejoicing.

Plug and smoking tobaccos are prepared at different factories. The former requires considerable manipulation. The green leaf is strewn upon a floor and sprinkled with a sirup of enriching ingredients, compounded to suit the fancy of the manufacturer. Then it goes, for a time, into a room where the temperature is 130°. Long tables are occupied by negro workers of both sexes, who twist the leaf into braids with skillful hands, singing almost constantly some refrain in a cadence sweetly melancholy. They are encouraged to sing by employers, as it has been observed that under the inspiration of their own music they work better, and are apparently more contented, than when silent.

The braids are placed in iron cells, and pressed into compact cubes, bearing a polish worthy of mahogany. They are then packed into cases by hydraulic pressure, and the finishing touch given by adding a showy label.

Smoking tobacco is less complex in process of manufacture. The leaf is kiln-dried, after which it is granulated manually by negroes impervious to the effects of a cloud of snuff-like dust that would cause an unaccustomed person a sneezing fit not soon forgotten. It is then packed into little bags or bales, usually one pound in weight, by means of a machine presided over by a matron in the ever-present turban, with deft and nimble fingers. Each bale then receives the government revenue stamp.

Sometimes a single brand will strike the popular fancy, and have a run which makes the proprietor's fortune. An impecunious ex-Confederate soldier, gratefully remembering the winning card which, in a game of poker, gave him a few dollars capital to invest in the trade, christened his brand "Lone Jack," and the symbol has wrought him a fortune of perhaps half a million dollars.

It should be added that tobacco, either in leaf or manufactured form, goes from Lynchburg to every part of the world, even to India. The warehouse shipments alone last year amounted to 30,000,000 pounds.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW years ago Professor MORSE, in visiting Japan for the purpose of carrying on his natural history investigations, had his attention attracted, while passing along a railway, to the walls of a deep cut at Omori, about six miles from Tokio. His practiced eye, trained to the study of similar deposits in New England, at once led him to conclude that he had found a genuine shell heap, or "kjokkenmodding," and he subsequently devoted a great deal of attention to its exploration and investigation, aided by his Japanese *confrères* in the heartiest manner.

The fact that these heaps were half a mile from the shore proved conclusively, what he afterward found corroborated by other evidence, that the shore had been upheaved since the formation of the deposits, although the shells found were, for the most part, similar to those seen at the present day in the adjacent waters; and, singularly enough, there were large valves of the common clam, *Mya arenaria*, scarcely to be distinguished from those which constitute the bulk of deposits of a similar character in New England.

The peculiarities of the Omori shell heap, as compared with those of other parts of the world, consist in the great abundance of pottery, both in fragments and in nearly perfect vessels, and in the great variety in the form of the vessels, and their remarkable diversity of ornamentation. Its rudeness, and the absence of any thing like lathe work or glazing, prove that this pottery is ancient. Much of it has incised lines, and small fragments show a peculiar carving, made after the clay was dry, but before baking.

The first impression made upon Professor MORSE was that this was an indication of the former occupation of Japan by the Ainos or Hairy Men, now driven out and confined to a limited area. This view, however, he subsequently abandoned, especially when he found evident traces of cannibalism in the early deposits. Large fragments of the human femur, humerus, and radius were found, widely scattered, and broken in precisely the same manner as the deer bones, either to get them into a cooking utensil or to extract the marrow.

The fact that the Ainos, even in their most degraded condition at the present time, are a gentle, harmless race, and have never shown the slightest tendency to cannibalism, is, in Professor MORSE's mind, conclusive proof that we have here evidence of a race anterior to the Ainos, and existing probably prior to the geological changes which appear to have taken place in the country.

Major PINTO, the leader of the Portuguese African expedition, announces by telegraph from Pretoria that he has virtually crossed Africa from the west coast. It is thought that his route must to some extent coincide with that of LIVINGSTONE. As he has saved his records, charts, maps, note-books, drawings, etc., he will probably be able to furnish a very important addition to our knowledge of African geography. He speaks of having discovered the source of the Cubango, probably referring to the river which under various names was supposed to be the upper course of the Congo.

The Duke of Genoa is said to be engaged in making preparations for an extensive exploring expedition from Venice, *viâ* Suez, Aden, and Singapore, to China and Japan, and subsequently to Australia and New Guinea.

Dr. GERHARD ROHLFS, whose exploration of Africa we have already referred to, has been heard from, *viâ* Sokna, 250 miles south of Tripoli, at the foot of the Black Mountains.

It is announced that the observatory at Pulkowa, unwilling to be outstripped by any other establishment of the kind, is about ordering a refractor of thirty-two inches aperture.

It is well known that certain gems, formerly of great value, can be imitated artificially so perfectly that it is almost impossible to distinguish them, and that their supremacy as ornaments is seriously threatened. It therefore becomes a matter of much interest to be able to find some means by which the real can be separated from the artificial. Among the gems which of late have been simulated are the turquoises, the imitation as produced in Vienna, England, and France being such as to present all the physical properties of the mineral as respects color, hardness, density, fracture, and appearance under the microscope. Mr POHL, however, announces a valuable test, as follows:

"A portion of the specimen to be tested is placed in a small covered platinum crucible, and heated to redness over an ordinary Bunsen lamp, when a peculiar crackling noise resembling that emitted by sodium chloride under similar circumstances is heard after a few seconds, and on the lamp being taken away and the crucible opened, if the specimen be a true turquois, a deep brown-black earthy powder or mass remains. When the specimen is an imitation turquois, no crackling noise will be perceived on heating it, but the mass remaining will either fuse to a glass or a solid hard body of a pure blue to greenish-blue color, which is sometimes spotted here and there with brownred on the surface, as though with cuprous oxide."

It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of a colony of 3000 Italians on the south coast of New Guinea. The arrangements have all been completed, and a subscription of $6,000,000 already received. Communication with North Australia is to be maintained by a telegraphic cable. Every rank of life except lawyers is represented. Quite a number of men of science have enlisted.

Swiss archæologists are delighted at the discovery of a prehistoric canoe in the Lake of Neuchatel, said to be the finest specimen of the sort that has ever come to light in Switzerland. It is hollowed out of a single piece of oak, and is about twenty-six feet long, thirty-nine inches wide, and twenty-six inches deep. It is well finished and in a perfect state of preservation. The stern carries a spur, and the prow is curved in the form of a hook, probably for the purpose of attaching it by a rope to a landing-place. There are no rowlocks, but there are indications of places for thwarts. The canoe is large enough to carry twelve persons.

Professor LANGERHANS has lately established himself on the Peak of Teneriffe, and expects to remain there for several years, and conduct certain scientific explorations.

An interesting contribution to aquarial science has lately been made by the APPLETONS in the publication of a work entitled *Ocean Wonders*, by W. E. DAMON—a gentleman well known in New York for his success in keeping various forms of marine animals, especially polyps, in an aquarium, for a period of many years. Many new facts in the history of the radiates in particular are indicated in Mr DAMON's book, which contains all the details necessary for the management of marine and fresh-water aquaria.

A valuable contribution to our knowledge of Alaska has lately been published as a Congressional document by WILLIAM GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. This gentleman, who is a special agent of the Treasury Department, has lately visited that country, and reports in detail upon the condition of the Indians and the natural resources of the country. Contrary to some recent writers, he speaks very highly of the resources of the Territory, showing that in its precious metals, coal, timber, and its fisheries it deserves a much higher appreciation than it at present enjoys. The present condition of the Indian tribes is dwelt upon at length, and he refers to the importance of establishing laws by which life and property may be rendered safe. It is a singular anomaly that at present there is no provision for the punishment of theft, murder, and other crimes against the person and property. Mr MORRIS thinks the time is not far distant when with proper legal protection many settlers will enter the country and open up its boundless resources.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word "pathology" to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of road-making, to be sure."

A HINT.—A little five-year-old, who was hungry one night at bed-time, but didn't like to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

HEARTLESS SCIENTIST. "Miss Adelina, permit me to ask your acceptance of my hand—"

GUSHING MAIDEN. "Oh, professor, so suddenly—"

HEARTLESS SCIENTIST (continuing). "My—er—hand-book of the Buddhist psychology and ethnology of the Hindoos." [*Colleges of G. H.*

Two countrymen were looking at a watch "marked down" in a show window, which, among other virtues, showed the day of the month, day of the week, and the phases of the moon. "Pooh! you call that much of a thing?" said one. "Where I live you can buy a watch, and the hour-hand will mark the daily stock quotations, the theatre programme, and your wash list."

TAILOR (to customer). "I don't understand your style of doing things. Your salary is big enough to enable you to pay your bills."

CUSTOMER. "Well, who said it wasn't?"

TAILOR. "You don't keep your word."

CUSTOMER. "Certainly I do. I told you I'd pay you out of my savings."

TAILOR. "Well?"

CUSTOMER. "Well, I haven't saved any thing."

A man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

A four-year-old saw his parents preparing for church, and asked them to take him along with them. He was told he was too little, and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." The parents saw the point; he was taken.

The inhabitants of Madagascar are dying to get hold of an American ship captain who has sold them ten thousand quart cans of tomatoes as a new kind of gunpowder. Their old thunderbusses wouldn't go off.

AT COURT.

ELOQUENT COUNSEL. "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—"

THE COURT. "Your client is a bachelor."

E. C. (with reproach). "Your Honor would even deprive my unhappy client of the pure joys of home and the family." [*Wasps.*

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client, "To waking up at night and thinking about your case, $5."

"There's music in the hair," moaned the young husband as he reached for the paregoric bottle.

Paterfamilias looks up over his glasses, lowers his paper, and testily observes to Maria Clytemnestra: "My daughter, it certainly appears to me that you look in the mirror a great many unnecessary times." "Why, father," returned the young lady, "haven't you counselled me over and over again to frequently stop and reflect?" The old gentleman went on with his reading.

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THE STEWART ART GALLERY.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 350.]

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAR Princess, living Power, if that, which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
From earthly love and life—if what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile again,
May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—
Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England, and her banner in the East?

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stand with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that under-ground thunder-clap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defenses our myriad enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Riflemen, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusillades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve good paces or more.
Riflemen, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out, "Follow me, follow me!"
Mark him—he falls! then another, and him too, and down goes he.
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife—
Torture and trouble in vain—for it never could save us a life.
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

THE STEWART ART GALLERY.

THE mansion of the late Mr. STEWART contains, as is well known, one of the most magnificent private art galleries in the world. However the treasures within its walls may compare with the collections of many connoisseurs, the apartment itself exceeds in luxury and splendor any shrine of its size ever dedicated to art. Situated at the rear of the mansion, it is approached by the main hall, and as the visitor enters he finds himself in a sort of fairy-land, surrounded on all sides by products of human genius. Here may be found the works of such artists as ROSA BONHEUR, CHURCH, MEISSONIER, FORTUNY, POWERS, and others of high distinction.

An admirable view of the apartment which contains these artistic marvels is given in our double-page engraving, and the splendid rows of marbles that extend on both sides of the room are distinctly seen. The pictures that line the walls are also traced with much distinctness, and our readers will be able to distinguish several of the greater works, which on the few occasions of their exhibition in public have drawn crowds of admiring spirits round them. When once lodged in the STEWART gallery they are lost to public view, for only great favor can gain admission for the stranger to these sacred precincts. With this engraving before us we will, therefore, endeavor to recall some of the masterpieces that have found an appropriate place in this magnificent gallery. One painting which at the time of its first appearance provoked much criticism, but which a feeling of patriotism induced many to honor, was an allegorical representation of the United States of America, painted by M. A. YVON expressly for Mr. STEWART. Thirty-four States appear in this composition grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, whose hand rests in that of Wisdom. On the left is a group of immigrants just landing from Europe, in the costumes and with the industrial elements of their native countries. One of our great rivers is represented as extinguishing in its current the torch of war, while our illustrious forefathers burst their tombs to salute the triumph of the cause to which they consecrated their lives. On the right, sanguinary traces represent the past. Archangels beat down the evil passions of war and domestic discord among the States. From the darkness of ignorance and superstition the colored races emerge into the light of knowledge and civilization—the Indians in the background shading their eyes from the dazzling radiance, and the negroes emancipated and instructed by the whites. On a rich tapestry in the immediate foreground, covered with fruits and flowers, are grouped the geniuses of Peace and Industry. A number of heralds about the statue of WASHINGTON proclaim to the four quarters of the globe the glory of the nation which he established.

Another picture in the STEWART gallery which appeals to patriotic instincts is the famous representation of a reception given by Mrs. WASHINGTON during the Presidency of her illustrious husband, painted by DANIEL HUNTINGTON. No specific date is chosen, and some liberties are taken with chronological facts, as, for instance, the introduction of General GREENE, who died shortly before this time, but whose prominence during the Revolution makes it very desirable to include him in the Republican Court. Sixty "fair women and brave men" occupy the eight feet of canvas. Not one of them is a lifeless figure; all are disposed easily, and are naturally occupied. The grouping is admirable, and as a composition the painting is, therefore, a genuine success.

By far the most important picture in the collection is, of course, the great Meissonier, for which Mr. STEWART, shortly before his death, paid the sum of $60,000. It was called by the artist "1807," and has been frequently spoken of as "A Charge of Cuirassiers"—a very inappropriate and incorrect title. In reality the painting is the result of the embittered feelings of the great French artist, imprisoned in his atelier during the siege of Paris, and the title he gave it was expressive of his anger and emotion against the Germans. The history of this remarkable work from the time of its first conception is exceedingly interesting. In the early part of 1870 MEISSONIER bethought himself of recalling to Europe, through the magic of his art, the era of 1807, when the French had triumphed with splendid victories over the German hosts. Conscious of his ability in a certain line, and his weakness in another, he did not attempt a battle piece, but at the same time chose a subject which should recall a moment of bitter military humiliation to the Germans. This was connected with the battle of Friedland, the painting depicting the enthusiasm of the French cuirassiers when, to the review that took place the day after the conflict, they galloped past the Emperor and his brilliant staff. Patriotism inspired MEISSONIER with the determination to make this his greatest picture, and the canvas he chose was eight feet long by five wide—a tremendous size for a man whose paintings have been, with few exceptions, quite small. The enthusiasm with which he worked, combined with the marvellous dexterity of his hand, gave such promise of singular excellence to the preliminary sketch that the picture was already a subject of conversation in artistic circles before the first line was drawn. At this time there was detained in Paris by the siege Sir RICHARD WALLACE, of England, a well-known connoisseur in art. This nobleman became one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the picture, which as yet was nothing more than a rough sketch. He asked MEISSONIER his price, and the artist demanded 200,000 francs in gold, or about $40,000, one-half of which was to be paid down in advance. The terms were accepted, the money was paid, and MEISSONIER began to paint. Those who had the privilege of seeing the picture in its immaturity were charmed, and did not hesitate to pronounce it the crowning work of the artist's life. In the sixth year it was completed; and MEISSONIER, feeling that he had far excelled what he proposed to do when he made the bargain with Sir RICHARD WALLACE, wrote to him that he thought he ought to receive another hundred thousand francs. This the nobleman refused to give, and when MEISSONIER insisted, he resigned the picture, which was at once sold to Mr. STEWART. There was some feeling in England about the matter, but the blame, if there be any, must rest upon MEISSONIER, and can not in any way be thrown upon the American merchant.

One of the few inferior pictures in the STEWART gallery, but one which bears the name of a famous artist, is that representing the ancient Roman chariot races, painted by GÉRÔME. In every respect this is inferior, both as a work of art and as a historical picture of the Circus Maximus. The painting is a large one, being five feet in length and nearly three in height, but it is in the style of those extraordinary architectural productions by MARTIN, the English painter, representing "Pandemonium," "The Last Judgment," and kindred subjects. In speaking of this work of GÉRÔME's, one of the art critics of our city remarks: "As a historical painting it is utterly incorrect, for it actually represents some five or six chariots racing, whereas there were never more than four, guided by the white charioteer, the red, the sea-green, and the cerulean blue, or, in Latin, albatus, russatus, prasinus, venetus. But the space represented is so enormous, and the perspective point raises the eye of the spectator so above the ground, that he sees only a little cloud of dust beneath him, out of which, by microscopic studying, some chariots emerge finally. It is impossible to praise even the drawing, for the legs of the horses of the white charioteer are bent like Scythian bows, and he has not in any case been able to obtain the idea of swift, rushing motion. In the great picture by ADOLPH WAGNER on the same subject, you can hardly look at the canvas without a feeling that if you don't instantly move away the chariot will be on you, and you will be treated like the father of TULLIA. But this work by Gérôme excites only pity that an artist of his reputation should have sent to this country something so little calculated to do him honor."

Among the many exquisite pieces of statuary in the gallery are three by our own great American sculptor, POWERS. Here will be found the original "Greek Slave," which at the time of its first exhibition in this country produced so much consternation, our people at that time having little knowledge or appreciation of nude beauty in art. The story is told of a gang of juvenile burglars discovering a case containing a copy of this remarkable work, and concluding from the weight that it contained silver plate, broke it open. When the white form of the marble sleeper, seen by the light of a dim lantern, caught their eyes, they dropped their tools and incontinently fled, without a particle of spoil. This work was the one which gave POWERS renown, and was the realization of an ideal of which he had long dreamed. He describes the spirit which he had designed to imprison in the marble as follows: "The slave has been taken from one of the Greek islands by the Turks in the time of the Greek revolution, which is familiar to all. Her father and mother, and perhaps all her kindred, have been destroyed by her foes, and she alone preserved as a treasure too valuable to be thrown away. She is now among barbarian strangers, under the pressure of a full recollection of the calamitous events which have brought her to her present state, and she stands exposed to the gaze of the people she abhors, and awaits her fate with intense anxiety, tempered, indeed, by the support of her reliance upon the goodness of God." The two other statues by POWERS both represent EVE. The one shows the mother of our race before the Fall. The second is called "Paradise Lost," and she stands with the apple held to her breast, gazing down at the serpent whose wiles have caused her ruin.

It is impossible in the space allowed us to even mention all the positively world-renowned works of art that have found their way into this gallery. ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair" is here, and many others which, if their names were recalled, would awaken recollections of the time when their first exhibition caused a furor in art circles. It has been suggested that it was Mr. STEWART'S intention that some day his collection of art treasures should be placed within reach of the public. Since his death nothing has been heard of the matter, neither were the details of any scheme ever promulgated. Did these treasures exist abroad, they would probably be the property of the government, and thus open to the view of the people. Time must elapse, however, before we shall have public galleries filled with the rarest products of artistic genius, such as abound in the Old World.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

Relics of the Great Siege.—A Fearful Remembrance.—The Paris Salon.—Ghosts of the Old Régime.—A Princely Whim.

PARIS, March 22.

PARIS has risen again from her ashes of siege and Commune, but at the moment of public interest in the question of amnesty the eye strays involuntarily to such grim relics of the storm as the Tuileries, the Council of State, or the Palace of the Legion of Honor, with their broken windows, roofless walls, and dismantled chambers, visible through these apertures, stripped by the tongues of flame of every embellishment. At least these ruins bear witness to misdirected zeal on the part of the Communists, to whose return M. Victor Hugo has contributed one thousand francs. The friends of the Commune must admit as much.

A stately hôtel of the Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg St. Germain, has been shunned by its owner since the reign of terror preceding the entrance of the Versailles troops. The lady in question beheld her home about to be sacrificed, because it masked the building of the telegraph, which the Commune desired to destroy. The hôtel had been anointed with petroleum from roof to cellar by the most skillful pétroleuse, and the incendiary held his torch, already kindled, when overpowered by the Versailles forces. The remembrance of the hour of peril is ever fresh in the mind of the lady, a member of one of the noblest families of France. She has retired to her château in Brittany, and refuses to visit Paris. To-day the old garden, so characteristic of the quarter, blooms for the pleasure of others; the state apartment, with its bronze statues, amber satin hangings, ebony furniture, Etruscan vases and lamps, is rented to a foreigner, while any tenant may seek a lodging in the spacious mansion, from first floor to the modest mansarde of the poet and the ouvrier.

The Parisian, irrespective of party, complains that the Paris salon has ceased to exist. The world still retains a term which combines the reunion of wit and wisdom, presided over by a charming and graceful hostess, to be found alone in the French capital. Yet the true Parisian is aware that his salon is an element of the past, to be recalled in tender musings and philosophical memories over his cigar and cup of coffee. Ostentatious display has usurped comfort; Mammon has stifled the delicate esprit of the salon; the last successful speculator on the Bourse, the merchant of chocolate and bonbons, the mammoth grocer, entertain their guests with the aid of hired musicians, singers of celebrity, and the recitations of favorite actors.

A French lady thoroughly versed in her world has written: "To-day when one attends routs, when each evening brings a new piece at the theatre to applaud, when one willingly waits for three hours in a file of carriages before arriving at the ball, the voluntary obligation of remaining at

bons, necessary be form a salon, is not understood. To remain at home! What insupportable slavery for a woman! This slavery consisted in listening to the most spirituelle talkers of the world."

Where can now be found the salon described by Henri Heine when he first visited Paris? "That which strikes me most are the different elements composing a Paris salon," he wrote. "Often in traversing the rooms I imagine myself in the shop of a merchant of antiquities on the Quai Voltaire, where the relics of all epochs jostle each other, a Greek Apollo beside a Chinese idol; a Mexican god beside a Gothic Christ; Egyptian monsters with the heads of dogs; grotesque objects in wood, ivory, and brass. Thus I perceive in the same salon ancient musketeers who danced with Marie Antoinette, republicans once adored by the National Assembly, ancient partisans of the Directoire, familiar frequenters of the Luxembourg, grand dignitaries of the Empire, all these old gods dilapidated of whom nobody thinks any more. These men live in peace, like the antiquities of the shop on the Quai Voltaire. The desire to please is so great at Paris that it compels one not only to be agreeable to one's friends, but to one's enemies." Such were the impressions of the German poet when he arrived in Paris many years ago, anticipating that the people he encountered in the street would speak like the birds and beasts of La Fontaine's fables, his first French literature.

Our Parisian recalls other souvenirs, however, than the odd specimens in humanity of the bric-à-brac shop. In imagination he haunts the salon of Madame De Staël, divided into three epochs—that of the Revolution, that of the Consulate, and that of the Restoration. Here he meets Barnave, Portalis, Roederer, Talleyrand, and Benjamin Constant. He hears the hostess solicit of Barras, member of the Directoire, favor for some victim of the Revolution, so that each visit costs this gentleman a good action. Ghosts of the old *régime* and ghosts of the Revolution meet and mingle—now become as perishable as the smoke of his cigar—Camille Jordan, Duci, or Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angély. He listens to the piquant recitals of the Chevalier De Boufflers, smiling often profound words in refined mockery. He is dazzled by the repartees of M. De Chauvelin. Again, M. Devaines proclaims Madame De Staël an excellent woman, who likes to drown her friends in order that she may enjoy the pastime of fishing for them with a line. Again, Napoleon grumblingly characterizes her salon as a club. Once more the Duke of Wellington is received—a noble and dignified figure, and speaking a "foreigner's French." The tiresome Abbé De Pradt tackles him on military matters, to the horror of the company. The hero is annoyed; gentle Madame Récamier frowns in her corner. The hostess finally interposes with,

"Is it true that your Lord Chancellor kneels when he speaks to the King, before Parliament?"

"It is true, madame."

"How?"

"On his knees, as I have said."

"But how?"

"You wish to know?" and the Duke kneels before the French Corinne.

"Would that all the world might see it!" she exclaims.

The Parisian turns to another phase of society. Where is he to find the salon of the actress? Those of Mademoiselle Quinault and of Mademoiselle Lecouvreur brought together the best people of their time. The studio of the æsthetic and eccentric Sarah Bernhardt is the substitute of our day, but the Parisian does not accept her as a specimen of his type either in birth, name, or physiognomy. The boudoir of the modern actress does not replace the salon of Mademoiselle Contat, established by her when she emerged from the prison of the Madelonnettes. That actress, charming in conversation, with grand manners, was respected by ladies, and elected queen of billet writers, such was her graceful facility in this feminine accomplishment. The fashion was antique, as absolutely as to-day the Oriental has banished the Gothic, Rococo, or Renaissance from the drawing-room. The salon of Mademoiselle Contat was an atrium; her fauteuils, curule chairs; her robes, tunics; her shoes, as cothurnes; and her guitar, a lyre. The gallantry and gayety of the court met here—the Vicomte de Ségur, Count Louis de Narbonne, the Marquis de Jaucourt; while young dramatists, now forgotten, dreamed of placing their works beside *Atala*, *René*, *Christophe Colombe*, or the *Malade Imaginaire*. Two charming women were especially remarkable—Mademoiselle Mars, in her first bloom, generously welcomed by the hostess and Madame Lebrun, the artist, witty, beautiful, and accomplished, who infused much of the poetry of her own nature into her work. Madame Lebrun, whose face still charms the visitor of the Uffizi gallery at Florence, the girlish head framed in a white turban, so often copied, had been banished from France for painting the portrait of Marie Antoinette.

The amusing scene of the supper table is once more enacted by this sparkling company, which reveals Mademoiselle Contat as susceptible to professional jealousy, despite her admiration for Mademoiselle Mars. Florence, the manager of the Comédie Française, comes to supplicate that she will play in the *Misanthrope*, as Talma is too ill to appear as Manlius. Mademoiselle Contat refuses. Then the manager must solicit Madame Petit, who is indisposed. The hostess bounds at the name of this rival. The company repress a smile, and urge her to relent, thus aiding the wily manager, who is used to the caprices of leading ladies. Mademoiselle Contat frowns, smiles, believes it would be wrong to compel a sick woman to act, and yields with her grandest tragic manner.

These stars have all waned. Madame Sophie Gay no longer claims Balzac and the great minds of her day in her circle, defying the keen sarcasms of Napoleon with subtle feminine wit. The Countess Merlin no longer gathers in her musical realm Malibran, Rossini, Sontag, and the daughters of noble families taught to sing by Bordogni, Bertini, or Labarre.

Paris is changed, and the Parisian may well sigh for these vanished graces of society. A Turkish pasha, transporting with him to the Rue de la Paix the luxury of the Orient, will not replace them any more than the wealthy South American, or the most extravagant Russian prince, each intoxicated with the splendor and dissipation of the capital. The fatal facility with which debt can be contracted is also another phase of the Paris of our day. The fine equipage, apartment, and dress too often belong to establishments like that of the Baron and Baroness in Daudet's *Nabob*, held together with pins.

That unrivalled open-air drawing-room, the Champs Élysées, remains unchanged. In no other city can the same elements be found as here. The sun shines, the fountains play, the Arc de Triomphe rises against a pale blue sky at one extremity, while in the opposite direction the obelisk of Luxor is outlined against the gray fringe of trees in the Tuileries garden. Groups of equestrians and equipages line the thoroughfare, pedestrians throng the pavement, beautiful children, robust bonnes, their rose-colored cap ribbons harmonizing with the pink silk garments of their charges, ladies in seal-skin cloaks, fine as silk, and bordered with sable—all smile, observe, and linger in the sunshine, ready to discover amusement in each other. The most eccentric figures of diverse nationalities pass each other—old men in shabby attire, with the aspect of students, and old ladies of the sisterhood of Miss Flites, whose bonnets and quaint mantles might have been designed by Cruikshank. This is the salon left dismantled Paris, the Champs Élysées on a sunny afternoon, with the whole civilized world and the remote East for its guests, while the city plays the smiling hostess. ANTHEA.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 4.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 11.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

NOTHING could be more sensible than Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE's hearty approval of the "New York Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation." This association is thoroughly practical in its aims, and tries to reach men of all opinions in regard to the practice of drinking. It offers to members the choice of four pledges. The first, or red pledge, binds the signer to total abstinence; the second, or white pledge, is an obligation not to drink during business hours; the blue is a pledge not to treat at public bars; the fourth, or the red, white, and blue, limits the signer to beer and wine, and these only during meals. Mr. DODGE, who has been a pronounced total abstainer for many years, and is now president of the National Temperance Society, welcomes these business men as co-operators in the work of reformation. When such men take up the task of giving a check to the almost unlimited drinking now prevalent, we may hope for some change in the social habits of that great number of Americans who are outside of church obligations. If the pernicious habit of treating at public bars could be abolished, a considerable part of American life would be revolutionized.

There is no reason why the members of the new society should disparage the work already accomplished by the temperance reformers. It has been simply immense. Mr. DODGE's account of it is not in the least exaggerated. Fifty years ago, he says, "there was hardly a family of any standing that sat down to dine without some kind of intoxicating drink on the table. Men were hardly expected to work on the farm or in the shop without their regular allowance. It was kept in every country store, was used at all public gatherings, and was passed among the attendants at funerals." All this has disappeared. Mr. DODGE has seen the change with his own eyes, and has contributed largely to its accomplishment.

DR. LORIMER, the popular pastor of the Baptist congregation worshipping in the Boston Temple, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. He will go to Chicago. Among the reasons assigned by him for the change is the precarious state of his health for the last eighteen months.

MR. IRA D. SANKEY, the associate of Mr. MOODY, will return home this spring. He speaks most favorably of the permanence of the work done in England five years ago. "It stands," he says, "the test of time."

The bill for the reorganization of public education in France, introduced by M. JULES FERRY, proposes to undo much that was done by the acts of 1875. It will, if carried, take away the name of university from all institutions not under the control of the state. This would be a heavy blow to the new Catholic universities. It also forbids the members of religious communities not recognized by the state to teach, and would thus exclude the Jesuits, who have no state recognition. The Jesuits have now in France and Algeria twenty-seven colleges, with 848 teachers.

Father HYACINTHE continues to preach to large audiences—so large, indeed, that many persons are unable to obtain admission. No more is said in the Paris papers of the irreverent conduct of his hearers. He has issued a little book in which the doctrines of the Church which he aspires to found are set forth. They are: (1) The rejection of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope; (2) the election of bishops by the clergy and the people jointly; (3) the reading of the Bible and the liturgy in the vernacular of the worshippers; (4) the concession of the liberty of marriage to priests; (5) liberty and morality of confession. What is meant by the last point is difficult without the book itself to determine.

The Cremation Society of England has met with a serious check. The Home Secretary, Mr. CROSS, has refused his sanction to its proceedings. He will not, therefore, permit the practice of cremation either at the society's works, "now in progress at Woking, or elsewhere, until a general or special act of Parliament shall have been obtained sanctioning it." If the society persists, he will test the legality of cremation "in a court of law, or apply to Parliament for an act to prohibit it, until Parliament has had an opportunity of considering the whole subject." The objection to cremation that in many cases of murder it will defeat the ends of justice, is urged by the Secretary with great force.

DR. M'COSH, the president of Princeton College, has published a paper in which he declares his conviction that there will be in a few years a dearth of Presbyterian ministers. He says: "The evil is not to be met by calling into active service the preachers who, from a variety of causes, have voluntarily retired from pastoral work, or have never entered on it." One reason of the dearth of ministers is, no doubt, inadequate support. No American Church has an adequate sustentation fund. "In the Free Church of Scotland," to quote further—"in the United Presbyterian, in the English Presbyterian, in the Irish and Australian Churches, there is a sustentation fund, and the minimum stipend is equal to $1000 a year; in Australia, which is not so rich a country as America, it is $1500 a year." The question of ministerial support is becoming a serious one in other Churches than the American Presbyterian.

The relations of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to the "Church of Jesus" in Mexico were well set forth in a recent address by Bishop BEDELL. The Church in Mexico will retain its independence; consecration will be given to its bishops whenever the liturgy has been approved, and in examining this liturgy conformity to the principles of the Anglican Prayer-book, rather than to its details, will be required. The Protestant Episcopal League, organized to aid the "Church of Jesus," reports for the year 1878 receipts to the amount of $18,834.

A great advance in the treatment of the problem of intemperance has been made in a report of a select committee of the British House of Lords. They have investigated the questions before them with more thoroughness than has ever before been attained by a committee of Parliament. The statistics presented are very important. They show that there is one drinking place to every 238 of the population of England; that in 1875 the consumption of alcoholic liquors was fifty-two per cent. more for each inhabitant than in 1860; and that the convictions for drunkenness have risen from 88,361 in 1860 to 203,789 in 1876. With the increased consumption of alcoholic drinks there has also been an increased consumption of tea and coffee in the period named. The cost of the liquors consumed has risen from £2 18s. 8½d. per inhabitant in 1860 to £4 9s. 0⅞d. per head in 1876.

From the politico-economical point of view this is a fearful waste of the resources of England. As competition in manufactures between all the foremost nations is now very close, the condition of the working-classes in any one of them becomes a question of moment. In inquiring for remedies the Lords' committee condemns the Permissive Bill now before Parliament; they, however, recommend the Gothenburg system. The city of Birmingham is ready to adopt, and only waits for the necessary authorization. Under the Gothenburg plan the local government assumes the liquor-selling business, regulates the number of public-houses, and aims to administer them so as to prevent all abuses. With regard to Sunday closing the committee suggest a compromise; they would greatly limit the hours given to selling on that day. Thus with painful slowness the public conscience of England is ripening for a resolute grapple with intemperance.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Loan exhibitions have never wavered in popularity since New York's grand success during the Centennial summer. They have been held in many cities for the benefit of most worthy objects, and have embraced the widest variety of articles. Not long ago there was a large loan collection exhibited at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for the benefit of the public library. Albany has had a successful exhibition of this kind, for the benefit of the city hospital. And now a loan collection of rare, curious, and antique articles is opened in Springfield, Massachusetts, the profits of which are to be devoted to two worthy charities—the relief fund of the Grand Army and the erection of a boarding-house for young women by the Women's Christian Association. It is singular to note how many quaint and curious relics, long hidden from public and perchance from private view, are drawn forth from secret receptacles most willingly when a call is made for them; for owners of old relics are easily fond of having their treasures seen by appreciative eyes. The Springfield Loan Exhibition includes a long list of valuable articles, among which the department of old books and manuscripts is very full. One of the greatest curiosities is a manuscript copy of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, seventeen hundred pages, written in old Latin about 1400. The ink is as black as if just written, and most of the pages are beautifully illuminated. Another unique volume, with a long title, is by William Pynchon, founder of Springfield, and was printed in 1650. New England is full of antique oddities—relics which "came over in the Mayflower," reminiscences of the Revolution, heirlooms that have descended through many generations, old china and jewels, carefully preserved garments of centuries ago, and strangely carved pieces of furniture; and the long list of these which appears in the catalogue of the Springfield exhibition indicates ancient treasures which have hitherto been unrevealed to the public.

Töplitz, the famous Austrian watering-place, whose thermal springs suddenly stopped flowing last February, is situated not far from the northern boundary of Bohemia, near the mountain range called Erzgebirge. Within sixteen miles of Töplitz there are about ninety coal-pits. On February 10 some miners in the deepest part of the Döllinger colliery struck a water vein, and by the sudden influx of water twenty-three lives were lost. Three days afterward the level of the hot springs began to sink, and within a week the ordinary wells for drinking-water near Töplitz became dry. The chief support of the inhabitants of Töplitz—not far from 15,000 in number—was derived from the hot springs, whose medicinal virtues drew thither multitudes from all parts of the world. The sinking of a shaft for the recovery of the waters was begun almost immediately, although the success of this measure was doubtful.

Arrangements are in progress to try the experiment of illuminating the Post-office by the electric light. If successful, this experiment will result in an important curtailment of expenses, as well as throw extra light upon the postal business.

Many persons in this city are suffering with inflammation of the eyes; indeed, the trouble is almost epidemic. Are not our exceedingly dirty and dusty streets responsible for this disease? The high spring winds have scattered the poisonous dust every where, not sparing the delicate tissues of the eye. And then ophthalmia is unfortunately very contagious, and its severity is modified only by the most scrupulous care and cleanliness.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, we are informed, intend to make an effort to secure the Avery collection of porcelains for the Museum.

On May 1 the Mercantile Library of New York intends to transfer its down-town office to Nos. 59, 61, and 63 Liberty Street. There, also, will be a spacious, well-lighted reading-room and library. It is the intention to connect this down-town office with the main library in Clinton Place by telephone, so that when any book desired is not at Liberty Street, it may be ordered from Clinton Place, and delivered in a short time.

Trains on the New York Elevated Road are now expected to run every fifteen minutes during the night, between the Battery and Harlem.

During her visit in Italy Queen Victoria, with the Princess Beatrice, occupied a beautiful villa at Baveno, which belongs to Mr. Charles Henfrey, a great English railway contractor. He is wealthy, and when he found his luxurious home was desired for the Queen, refusing to let it, he gave her the free use of it. The views around it are charming, and in every respect "Villa Clara" is a residence well fitted for royalty.

The little Prince Waldemar of Prussia, who recently died of heart-disease, was only eleven years old. From infancy he had been a delicate child, never giving promise of outgrowing the heart-disease from which he suffered. He held the rank of lieutenant in the Imperial Guards, and was fond of mingling with the soldiers at Potsdam, not far from the palace in which his father, the Crown Prince, resided.

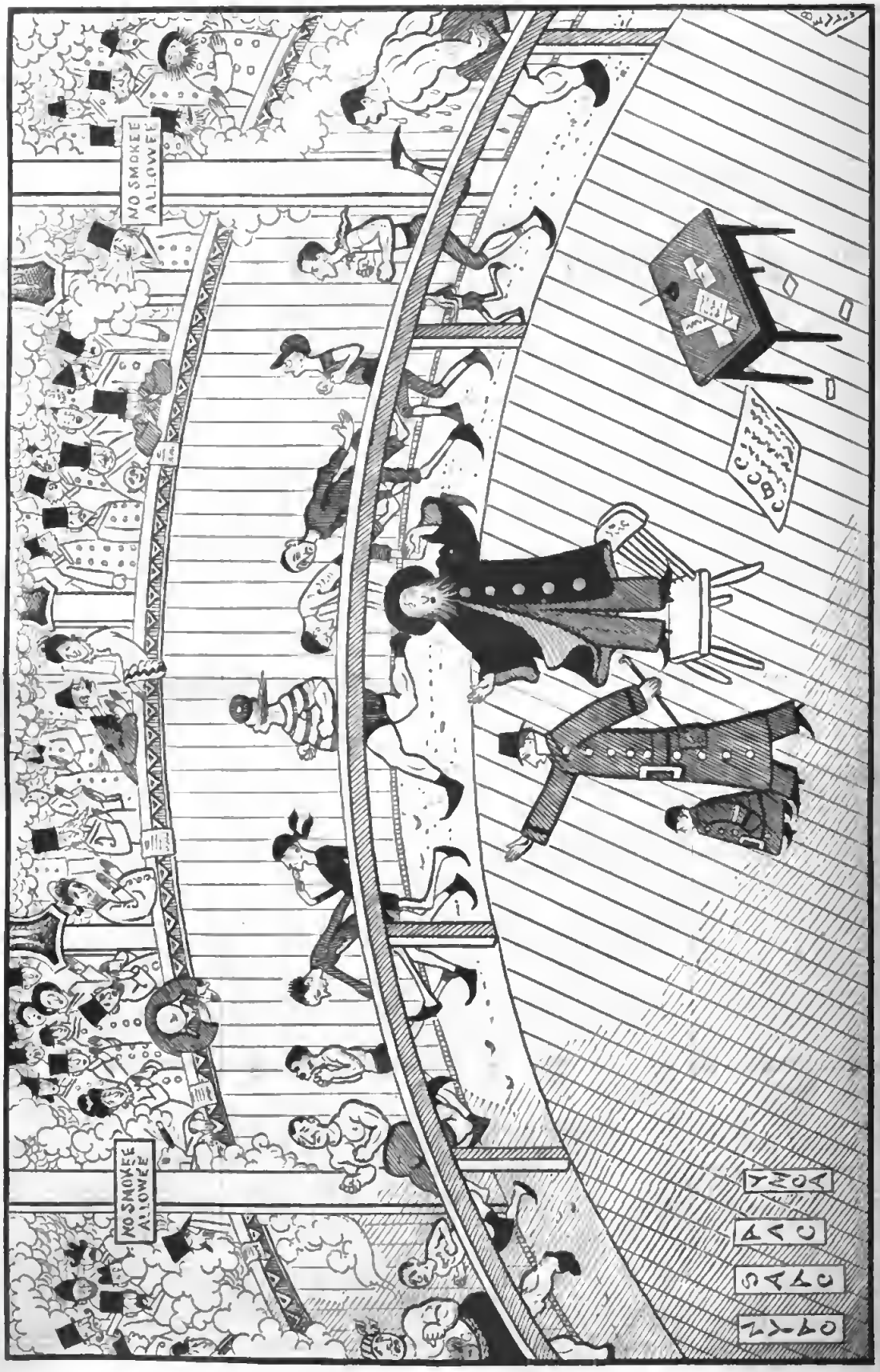
Madame Patterson Bonaparte was buried in a lot which many years ago she purchased expressly for her last resting-place. The funeral was private, by her desire, and the services of the simplest character. The walnut coffin, covered with a black cloth, bore a silver plate with the following inscription: "Elizabeth Patterson. Born 6th February, 1785. Died April 4th, 1879." By the will all the real and personal estate of Madame Bonaparte goes to her grandsons. Charles Joseph Bonaparte receives, in the terms of the will, "all histories of my life written by myself, all my diaries, my 'Dialogues of the Dead,' the letters received by me from various correspondents, and all manuscripts whatsoever belonging to me; also, the portraits of King Jerome, his grandfather, and that of myself—three heads on one piece of canvas, painted by Stuart; the cabinet portrait of myself painted at Geneva by Massot, and also the portrait made of me by Kinson."

Another highway robbery has occurred in this city—a lady robbed of a pocket-book containing $2.80 as she was walking in the street near Irving Place and Fifteenth Street. She was thrown to the ground, and the thief fled with his prize. Fortunately the lady recovered her feet and her self-possession, and screamed for help while running after the ruffian. A crowd of people soon joined in the pursuit, and after a while a policeman turned up, who finally captured the thief. Is it any use to say that ladies should not carry their pocket-books conspicuously in their hands—at least not unless police officers can be found more easily than is usually the case?

Wild Indian life has been illustrated at the New York Aquarium by a band of Western Indians—nine Iroquois and two Comanches. Two of the Iroquois were bright young squaws. They all wore superb savage costumes, and their illustrations of Indian life are believed to have been very genuine. They are bound for Paris, where they will appear at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and it is said they will be the first band of pure-blooded Indians ever exhibited in Europe.

The Long Branch pier is to be built, they say, at any cost. But an unexpected difficulty is reported, a portion of the huge structure having been found to be sinking into the sea. Apparently the foundation is sandy, where it was supposed to be firm.

A gentleman of Boston has made an offer to the farmers' boys of York County, Maine, which will doubtless stimulate interest in agriculture, and aid in training a class of enterprising young farmers. He offers prizes—the first of $100, the second of $50, and five prizes of $10 each—for the largest crop of Indian corn on lots of one-eighth of an acre each. The conditions are that the contestants must have lived in York County at least two years; must be under seventeen years of age on the 1st of June; must enter their names with the president of the York County Agricultural Society on or before May 1; must do all the work themselves, except that they may have help to drive the team in ploughing or cultivating; and must at the end of the season make a report, giving a detailed account of the land used, and of their processes of cultivation. They may use as much of any kind of fertilizer as they please. The corn is to be measured under the direction of the president of the county agricultural society, whose decisions and awards must be final. If such prizes were offered to boys of other States the effect would soon be seen in improved methods of cultivation.



MELEAN MAN ALLER CLAIER, ALLER WALKER, ALLER LUNNER.

[Copied from a Cartoon in a Recent Number of the "Pekin Illustrated Weekly."]

"PAROLE"—THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—DRAWN BY H. SNELL.

THE ACADEMY.

One selection from the Exhibition this week is a fine historical composition by WORDSWORTH THOMPSON, whose picture, numbered 320, hangs in the South Room. The artist goes back to our Revolutionary period for his subject. He depicts a stately Virginia mansion, "all of the olden time," from which a band of patriots are preparing to take their departure to join the army in the North. He calls it an episode of life in Virginia one hundred years ago; and so far as we know that life through book and tradition, he has succeeded admirably in reproducing its characteristics. His picture is very attractive, both as regards composition and color.

THE WINNER OF THE RACE.

THE news of the victory won on English ground by Mr PIERRE LORILLARD's famous little gelding Parole was received in this country with great satisfaction. This was the first race of the American stable in England, and a triumph, to begin with, that was encouraging in the face of all the stories that have been circulated recently about the horse being amiss, and which were kept afloat up to the last moment about his having pulled up lame in his exercise. Forty to one was quoted against him by the English sporting men for the City and Suburban, the day before, but nothing was said about the odds for the present race. At the last moment, however, the quotations in

"THE DEPARTURE."—WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.

the betting were 100 to 15 against Parole; 7 to 4 against Mr. F. Gurrow's bay colt Economy, four years old, by Sterling, dam Leda Bella, carrying 124 pounds (the winner of the Sensational Cambridgeshire Stakes last year, when 40 to 1 was laid against him at the start); and 9 to 1 against Count F. de Lagrange's six year-old chestnut mare Lina, by Monarque, or Mortimer, dam Regalia, six years old, carrying 106 pounds. There were six starters. Parole won easily by three lengths, the pace being good throughout.

The conditions of the race were as follows:

Thirty-fifth renewal of the Newmarket Handicap of £20 each, £10 forfeit, with £400 added for three-year-olds and upward; entrance, £5 each, the only forfeit if declared out by noon of February 4, winners of a handicap, after the weights were published (January 30), to carry 7 lbs. extra; if of the value of £800, 10 lbs. extra, or two or more handicaps, 14 lbs. extra; the second to save the stake, closed with 32 subscribers, of which 14 declared forfeit; last mile and a half of the Rowley course.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard's br. g. Parole, 4 years, by Leamington, dam Maiden, by Lexington, 116 lbs. (Mounsey) 1

Mr. F. Gurrow's b. c. Economy, 4 years, by Sterling, dam Leda Bella, 124 lbs. 2

Count F. de Lagrange's ch. m. Lina, 6 years, by Monarque, or Mortimer, dam Regalia, 106 lbs. (Reed in France) 3

The winning horse, whose portrait is given on page 353, is a brown gelding six years old, standing sixteen hands, and having no white marks. He was foaled in 1873 at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, and was bought as a yearling by Mr. LORILLARD for $1000. He is by imported Leamington, out of Maiden, she by Lexington, out of Kitty Clark, by Glencoe. As a two-year-old he ran six times, winning the July and August stakes at Long Branch, and the Saratoga and Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga. As a three-year-old he was beaten early in the season by Vagrant, in the Kentucky Derby. He was amiss, and it was said that he should not have been allowed to run. He did not run again until the Saratoga meeting, when he beat Tom Ochiltree for the All-aged Stakes. Tom then beat him for the cup, but Parole again turned the tables by taking the Sequel Stakes. He next won the All-aged Stakes at Jerome Park. After that he was beaten at Baltimore by Vigil, both for the Dixie and Breckinridge stakes. As a four-year-old he won the Woodburn Stakes, the Saratoga Cup, and the Summer Handicap. He also beat Virginius and Glaucus in a dash of a mile and a half, even weights. At the Jerome Park meeting he captured the Maturity Stakes, the Grand National Handicap, and the All-aged Stakes. Parole's next and most famous victory was the race of two miles and a half with Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree in Baltimore, October 24, 1877. Ten Broeck was a favorite at large odds. He sold for $1200, Tom Ochiltree $400, and Parole $235 in the pools. Parole came in gallantly two lengths in front of Ten Broeck, and six lengths ahead of Tom Ochiltree. Last season Parole ran ten races, winning eight, including the Baltimore, Monmouth, and Saratoga cups.

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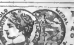

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THE AFGHAN WAR—A RAID AGAINST THE MOMUNDS—THE ELEVENTH BENGAL LANCERS CROSSING THE KUNAR RIVER.

ENGLAND'S EASTERN TROUBLES.

THE above engraving has reference to an abortive attempt on the part of the English to bring to bay certain of their Afghan enemies, known as Momunds, who infest the neighborhood of the Khyber Pass. During the latter part of January rumors of Momund gatherings were the cause of great excitement along the whole line from Dakka to Jelalabad. Some of the Momund leaders were known to have feuds among themselves; but it was also known that YAKOOB KHAN, successor to SHERE ALI, had been exciting them to a *Jehad*, or religious crusade, against the British, and the numbers assembled were stated by friendly natives and spies, with the usual Afghan exaggeration, to be in the neighborhood of 12,000. Major BATTYE, patrolling with the Guides cavalry near Chardeh, on the 6th of February, saw between 4000 and 5000 men collected on the northern, or opposite, bank of the Cabool River, and it appeared that on that day or evening the enemy had attacked the Mara villages on the north bank of the river, occupied by a small body of friendly Momunds under AKBAR KHAN. The attacking party were repulsed, with fourteen killed, while AKBAR KHAN lost his own son and several men in the defense.

This news determined the English to send out an expedition for the purpose of dispersing the Momunds. Early on the morning of the next day, February 7, a strong force marched from Jelalabad, under General MACPHERSON, and crossed the river to attack the enemy; another force marching at the same time from Rassawal, under General TYTLER, toward Chardeh, to cooperate with MACPHERSON. The *locale* of the Momunds' strongest position was known to be in the south east corner of the Jelalabad Valley, that is, opposite to Girdi Kas, where the Cabool River flows out to Chardeh. This part of the valley is known as Kamah. A small force, accompanied by a couple of guns, was sent on observation down the right bank of the river, to be ready in case the Momunds should make an attempt to retreat in that direction. The cavalry were ordered to push forward, so as to get in, if possible, between the Momunds and the hills, and thus cut them off from their retreat. For this purpose a plunge was made into the Kunar River by the Eleventh Bengal Lancers, as depicted in our engraving. This small stream is one of the most important in the vicinity of the Khyber. It flows down from a point close to the great Pamir steppe and Bam-i Duniah, or "Roof of the World," bringing with it a large portion of the drainage of the Hindoo Coosh and the mountains of Kafirstan. It is one of the proposed lines of the new frontier, which, it is said, ought to go from Jelalabad to Chitral by this river, and still onward by the same line to Cashmere.

The troops were no sooner across the river than Major CAVANAGH appeared with KHAN KHAN, the chief of Rasoul. The latter district being divided from Kamah by the Kunar River, the English were not in his territory; but being a near and friendly neighbor, he is usually of great service in gathering information. As the troops passed, the people of the villages came out, and seemed to be in a state of great excitement. After traversing some miles of well-cultivated ground, the order was passed to the Goorkhas,

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THE ZULU WAR—RETREAT OF FUGITIVES FROM ISANDULA ACROSS THE BUFFALO RIVER.
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT W. W. LLOYD, TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, AND LIEUTENANT SMITH-DORRIEN, NINETY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

who were leading, to seek cover as soon as they went out beyond the nearest village. About the same time it was discovered that a ridge of hills which runs into the plain in this vicinity was filled with the enemy. The cavalry had kept close in toward the hills, and shots were being exchanged. The infantry and mountain battery pushed on to the south side of the projecting ridge, while a few of the Twentieth Punjab Infantry began to scale its crest. As they ascended, the Momundis retired, a heavy fire being opened upon them from a commanding point. While this was going on, the small guns were got ready for action, and a few shells soon dispersed them. There were, however, a few Momundis still visible on a point higher up, and a second shell, also very well pointed, startled them into the conviction that they were not out of danger, and they disappeared. Thus the proposed attack of the English resulted in the flight of their enemies, but not in any thing like victory; neither was it productive of any good result, the Momundis simply retiring to their mountain fastnesses.

One double-page engraving carries us to Zululand, and once more we are upon the scene of the terrible slaughter at Isandula, the details of which have already been given in the *Weekly*. After the desperate combat a scene of utter confusion seems to have ensued, horse and foot, black and white, English and Zulu, all in a struggling mass making their way gradually through the camp toward the road where the Zulus already closed the way of escape. Of what happened during that half hour even those who lived to tell can remember but little. Every man who had a horse attempted to escape toward the Buffalo River; those who had none died where they stood. One of the few saved was Lieutenant SIRTH DORRIEN, who was the transport officer with Colonel GLYN's column, and had been sent that morning by Lord CHELMSFORD with a dispatch to Colonel DURNFORD at Rourke's Drift, ordering him to join Colonel PULLEINE at the Isandula camp. He describes the fight, and then goes on to tell of the awful rush toward the river. "The ground there down to the river was so broken that the Zulus went as fast on the horses, and kept killing all the way. There were very few white men. They were nearly all mounted niggers of ours, flying. This lasted till we came to a kind of reservoir down to the river Buffalo. I jumped off, and led my horse down. There was a poor fellow of the mounted infantry (a private) struck through the arm, who said to I passed that if I could bind up his arm and stop the bleeding, he would be all right. I accordingly took out my handkerchief and tied up his arm. Just as I had done it, Major SMITH, of the artillery, came down by me, wounded, saying, 'For God's sake, get on, man! the Zulus are on top of us!' I had done all I could for the wounded man, and so turned to jump on my horse. Just as I was doing so, the horse went with a bound to the bottom of the precipice, being struck with an assegai. With the strong hope that every body clings to, that some accident would turn up, I rushed off on foot, and plunged into the river, which was little better than a roaring torrent. I was being carried down the stream at a tremendous pace, when a loose horse came by me, and I got hold of his tail, and he landed me safely on the other bank, but I was too tired to stick to him and get on his back. I got up again and rushed on, and was several times knocked over by our mounted niggers, who would not even get out of my way; then up a tremendous hill, with my wet clothes and boots full of water. About twenty Zulus got over the water and followed us up over the hill, but I am thankful to say they had not their firearms. I was the only white man to be seen, until I came to one who had been kicked by his horse, and could not mount. I put him on his horse, and lent him my knife. He said he would catch me a horse. Directly he was up he went clear away. I struggled into Helpmakaar, about twenty miles off, at night-fall, to find a few men who had escaped (about ten or twenty), with others who had been intrenched in a wagon laager."

One of the most touching incidents of the affair at Isandula was the recovery of the colors by a little party who went out in search of them after the conflict was over. They started from the camp at Rourke's Drift, and were less than thirty in number. The downward course of the Buffalo River was followed until a crossing-place at an almost impassable drift was reached, where many brave fellows, after the carnage at Isandula, ventured to pass, and perished in the attempt. The route was strewn with dead bodies, those of natives composing the majority. At the crossing place, Mr HAMMOND, of Commandant LONSDALE's corps, succeeded in finding the "Queen's colors" of the First Twenty-fourth, with the pole complete, injured by the action of the rapid stream, but otherwise untouched. The gilt lion and crown surmounting the pole and the color case were found by LONSDALE's men a few yards lower down.

The colors were borne back to the camp in triumph by the little cavalcade, and when Rourke's Drift was reached, the soldiers left their dinners, or whatever occupation they were engaged upon, overjoyed at the sight of the lost flag regained.

As it was waved above their heads they gave three hearty cheers, first for the flag itself, then for Major BLAKE and the volunteers who had recovered it. An eye-witness of the scene tells us: "The major, in a few well chosen words, then handed the colors to Colonel GAYE, amidst loud huzzahs, and the colonel, with heart-felt emotion, on behalf of himself and his regiment, thanked the little band for the noble work they had voluntarily undertaken and successfully performed."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1164.]

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BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE TIDE OF THE NEW MOON.

THE following Thursday was changeable, damp, and gloomy, and the night threatened to be windy and unpleasant. Stockdale had gone away to Swanage in the morning, to be present at some commemoration service there, and on his return he was met by the attractive Lizzy in the passage. Whether from the tide of cheerfulness which had attended him that day, or from the drive through the open air, or from a natural disposition to let by-gones alone, he allowed himself to be fascinated into forgetfulness of the hat and great-coat incident, and upon the whole passed a pleasant evening, not as much in her society as within sound of her voice, as she sat talking in the back parlor to her mother till the latter went to bed. Shortly after this, Mrs Newberry retired.

Before Stockdale left his room he remained standing by the dying embers a while, thinking of one thing and another, and was only aroused by the flickering of his candle in the socket as it suddenly declined and went out. Knowing that there was a tinder-box with matches and another candle in his bedroom, he felt his way up stairs without a light. On reaching his chamber he felt on every possible ledge and corner for the tinder box, but for a long time in vain. Discovering it at length, Stockdale produced a spark, and was kindling the brimstone, when he fancied that he heard a movement in the passage. He blew harder at the lint, the match flared up, and looking, by aid of the blue light, through the door, which had been standing open all this time, he was surprised to see a male figure vanishing round the top of the staircase, with the evident intention of creeping unobserved. The personage wore the clothes which Lizzy had been brushing, and something in the outline and gait suggested to the minister that the wearer was Lizzy herself.

But he was not sure of this, and, greatly excited, Stockdale determined to investigate the mystery, and to adopt his own way for doing it. He blew out the match without lighting the candle, went into the passage, and proceeded on tiptoe toward Lizzy's room. A faint gray square of light in the direction of the chamber window as he approached told him that the door was thrown open, and that the occupant was gone. He turned and brought down his fist upon the newel of the staircase: "It was she—I knew it; in her husband's coat and hat!"

Somewhat relieved to find that there was no robber in the case, yet none the less surprised, the minister crept down the stairs softly, put on his boots, overcoat, and hat, and tried the front-door. It was fastened as usual; he went to the back-door, found this unlocked, and emerged into the garden. The night was mild and moonless, and rain had lately been falling, though for the present it had ceased. There was a sudden dropping from the trees and bushes as each passing wind shook their boughs. Among these sounds Stockdale heard the faint fall of feet upon the road outside, and he guessed from the step that it was Lizzy's. He followed the sound, and, helped by the circumstance of the wind blowing from the direction in which the pedestrian moved, he got nearly close to her, and kept there without risk of being overheard. While he thus followed her up the street or lane, as it might indifferently be called, there being more hedge than houses on either side, a figure came forward to her from one of the cottage doors. Lizzy stopped; the minister stepped upon the grass, and stopped also.

"Is that Mrs. Newberry?" said the man who had come out, whose voice Stockdale recognized as that of one of the most devout members of his congregation.

"It is," said Lizzy.

"I be quite ready. I've been here this quarter hour."

"Ah, John," said she, "I have bad news. There is danger to-night for our venture."

"And d'yn tell n'e! I dreamed there might be."

"Yes," she said, hurriedly. "And you must go at once round to a here the chaps are waiting, and tell them they will not be wanted till to-morrow night at the same time."

"I will," he said, and instantly went off through a gate, Lizzy continuing her way.

On she tripped at a quickening pace till the lane turned into the turnpike-road, which she crossed, and got into the track for Ringstead. Here she ascended the hill without the least hesitation, passed the lonely hamlet of Holworth, and went down the vale on the other side. Stockdale had never taken any extensive walks in this direction, but he was aware that if she persisted in her course much longer, she would draw near to the coast, which was here between two and three miles distant from Nether-Mynton; and as it had been about a quarter past eleven o'clock when they set out, her intention seemed to be to reach the shore about midnight.

Lizzy soon ascended a small mound, which Stockdale at the same time skirted on the left, and then a dull monotonous roar burst upon his ear. The hillock was about fifty yards from the top of the cliffs, and by day it apparently commanded a full view of the bay. There was light enough in the sky to show her disguised figure against it when she reached the top, where she paused, and afterward sat down. Stockdale, not wishing on any account to alarm her at this moment, yet desirous of being near her, sank upon his hands and knees, crept a little higher up, and staid still.

The wind was chilly, the ground damp, and his position one in which he did not care to remain long. However, before he had decided to leave it, the young man heard voices behind him. What they signified he did not know; but hearing that Lizzy was in danger, he was about to run forward and warn her that the night be seen, when she crept to the shelter of a little bush which held a precarious existence in that exposed spot, and her form was absorbed in its dark and stunted outline, as if she had become part of it. She had evidently heard the men as well as he. They passed near him, talking in loud and careless tones which could be heard above the uninterrupted washings of the sea, and which suggested that they were not engaged in any business at their own risk. This proved to be the fact; some of their words floated across to him, and instantly caused him to forget the oddness of his situation.

"What's the vessel?"

"A bigger about fifty tons."

"From Cherbourg, I s'pose?"

"Yes, 'a b'heve."

"But she don't all belong to Owlett?"

"Oh no, he's only got a share. There's another or two in it—a farmer, and such like, but the name I don't know."

The voices died now, and the heads and shoulders of the men diminished toward the cliff, and dropped out of sight.

"My darling has been tempted to buy a share by that unbeliever Owlett," groaned the minister, his honest affection for Lizzy having quickened to its intensest throb during these moments of risk to her person and name. "That's why she's here," he said to himself again. "Oh, it will be the ruin of her!"

His perturbation was interrupted by the sudden bursting out of a bright and increasing light from the spot where Lizzy was in hiding. A few seconds later, and before it had reached the height of a blaze, he heard her rush past him down the hollow, like a stone from a sling, in the direction of home. The light now flared high and wide, and showed its position clearly. She had kindled a bough of furze, and stuck it into the bush under which she had been crouching; the wind fanned the flame, which crackled fiercely, and threatened to consume the bush as well as the bough. Stockdale passed just long enough to notice thus much, and then followed rapidly the route taken by the young woman. His intention was to overtake her, and reveal himself as a friend; but, run as he would, he could see nothing of her. Then he flew across the open country about Holworth, twisting his legs and ankles to unexpected fissures and descents, till on coming to the gate between the downs and the road he was forced to pause to get breath. There was no audible movement either in front or behind him, and he now concluded that she had not outrun him, but, hearing him at her heels, and believing him one of the marine party, she had hidden herself somewhere on the way, and let him pass by.

He went on at a more leisurely pace toward the village, and on reaching the house he found his surmise to be correct, for the gate was on the latch, and the door unfastened, just as he had left them. Stockdale closed the door behind him, and waited silently in the passage. In about ten minutes he heard the same light footstep that he had heard in going out; it paused at the gate, which opened and shut softly, and then the door-latch was lifted, and Lizzy came in.

Stockdale went forward, and said at once, "Lizzy, don't be frightened. I have been waiting up for you."

She started, though she had recognized the voice. "It is Mr Stockdale?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, becoming angry, now that she was safe in-doors, and not alarmed. "And a nice game I've found you out in to-night. You are in man's clothes, and I am ashamed of you."

Lizzy could hardly find a voice to answer this unexpected reproach.

"I am only partly in man's clothes," she murmured, shrinking back to the wall. "It is only his great-coat and hat that I've got on; and I do it only because a cloak blows about so, and you can't use your arms. I have got my own dress under, just the same. Will you go away up stairs, and let me pass? I don't want you to see me at such a time as this."

"But I have a right to see you. How do you think there can be any thing between us now?"

Lizzy was silent.

"You are a smuggler," he continued, sadly.

"I have only a share in the run," she said.

"That makes no difference. What over did you engage in such a trade as that for, and keep it such a secret from me all this time?"

"I don't do it always. I only do it in winter-time, when 'tis new moon."

"Well, I suppose that's because it won't be done any when else . . . You have regularly upset me, Lizzy."

"I am sorry for that," Lizzy meekly replied.

"Well, now," said he, more tenderly, "no harm is done as yet. Won't you, for the sake of me, give up this blamable and dangerous practice altogether?"

"I must do my best to save this run," said she, getting rather husky in the throat. "I don't want to give you up—you know that, but I don't want to lose my venture. I don't know what to do now. Why I have kept it as secret from you is that I was afraid you would be angry if you knew."

"I should think so. I suppose if I had married you without finding this out, you'd have gone on with it just the same?"

"I don't know. I did not think so far ahead I only went out to-night to burn the folks off, because we found that the excisemen knew where the tubs were to be landed."

"It is a pretty mess to be in, altogether, is this," said the distracted young minister. "Well, what will you do now?"

Lizzy slowly murmured the particulars of their plan, the chief of which were that they meant to try at same other point of the shore the next night, that three landing places had been agreed upon before the run was attempted, with the understanding that if the vessel was learned off from the first point, which was Ringstead—as it had been to-night—the crew should attempt to make the second, which was Lulworth, on the second night, and if there too danger threatened, they should on the third night try the third place, which was behind a headland further west.

"Suppose the officers hinder their landing there too?" he said, his attention in this interesting programme displacing for a moment his concern at her share in it.

"Then we sha'n't try any where else all this dark—that's what we call the time betwixt moon and moon—and perhaps we shall string the tubs on a stray-line, and sink 'em a little ways from shore, and take the bearings; and then when we have a chance we shall go and creep for 'em."

"What's that?"

"Oh, the men go out in a boat and drag a creeper—that's a grapnel—along the bottom, till it catch hold of the stray-line."

The minister stood thinking; and there was no sound within-doors but the tick of the clock on the stairs, and the quick breathing of Lizzy from her walk and her agitation, as she stood close to the wall, not in such complete darkness but that he could discern against its whitewash of surface the quaint coat and hat which covered her.

"Lizzy, all this is very wrong," he said. "'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—surely you have heard that read times enough in your growing up?"

"He's dead," she pouted.

"But the spirit of the text is in force just the same."

"My father did it, and so did my grandfather, and almost every body in Nether Mynton lives by it; and life would be so dull if it wasn't for that, that I should not care to live at all."

"I am nothing to live for, of course," he replied, bitterly. "You would not think it worth while to give up this wild business and live for me alone?"

"I have never looked at it like that."

"And you wasn't promise to renounce it, and wait till I am ready?"

"I can not give you any word to-night." And looking thoughtfully down, she gradually moved and moved away, going into the adjoining room, and closing the door between them. She remained there in the dark till he was tired of waiting, and had gone up to his own chamber.

Poor Stockdale was dreadfully depressed all the next day by the discovery of the night before. Lizzy was a fascinating young woman, but as a minister's wife she was hardly to be contemplated. "If I had only stuck to father's little grocery business instead of going in for the ministry, she would have suited me beautifully," he said, sadly, until he remembered that in that case he would never have come from his distant home to Nether-Mynton, and never have known her.

The estrangement between them was not complete, but it was sufficient to keep them out of each other's company. Once during the day he met her in the garden path, and said, turning a reproachful eye upon her, "Do you promise, Lizzy?" But she did not reply. The evening drew on, and he knew well enough that Lizzy would repeat her excursion at night: her half offended manner had shown that she had not the slightest intention of altering her plans at present. He did not wish to repeat his own share of the adventure, but, act as he would, his uneasiness on her account increased with the decline of day. Supposing that an accident should happen to her, he could never forgive himself for not being there to help, much as he disliked the idea of seeming to countenance such unlawful escapades.

CHAPTER V.

TO LULWORTH AND BACK.

As he had expected, Lizzy left the house at the same hour of night, this time passing his door without stealth, as if she knew very well that he would be watching, and was resolved to leave his displeasure. He was quite ready, opened the door quickly, and reached the back entry almost as soon as she.

"Then you will go, Lizzy?" he said, as he stood on the step beside her, who now again appeared as a little man with a face altogether unsuited to his clothes.

"I must," she said, repressed by his stern manner.

"Then I shall go too," said he.

"And I am sure you will enjoy it," she exclaimed, in more buoyant tones. "Every body does a-be tries it."

"God forbid that I should!" he said. "But I must look after you."

They opened the wicket, and went up the road abreast of each other, but at some distance apart, scarcely a word passing between them. The evening was rather less favorable to smuggling enterprise than the last had been, the wind being lower, and the sky somewhat clear toward the north.

"It is rather lighter to-night," said Stockdale.

"Yes, unfortunately," said she. "But it is only from those stars over there. The moon was new to-day at four o'clock, and I expected clouds. I hope we shall be able to do it this dark, for when we have to wait 'em far long, it makes the stuff taste bluachy, and folks don't like it so well."

Her course was different from that of the preceding night, branching off to the left over Lord's Barrow as soon as they had got out of the lane and crossed the highway. By the time that they reached Chaldon Down, Stockdale, who had been in perplexed thought as to what he should say to her, decided that he would not attempt expostulation now while she was engaged in the adventure, but wait till it was over, and endeavor to keep her from such practices to future. It occurred to him once or twice, as they rambled on, that, should they be surprised by the excisemen, his situation would be more awkward than hers, as it would be difficult to prove his true motive in coming to the spot, but the risk was a slight consideration beside his wish to be with her.

They now arrived at a ravine which lay on the outskirts of Chaldon—a village ten miles on their way toward the point of the shore they sought. Lizzy broke the silence this time: "I have to wait here to meet the carriers. I don't know if they have come yet. As I told you, we go to Lulworth to-night, and it is two miles further than Ringstead."

It turned out that the men had already come; for while she spoke two or three dozen human heads broke the line of the slope, and a company of men at once descended from the bushes where they had been lying in wait. These carriers were men whom Lizzy and other proprietors regularly employed to bring the tubs from the boat to a hiding-place inland. They were all young fellows of Nether-Mynton, Chaldon, and the neighborhood, quiet and inoffensive individuals who simply engaged to carry the cargo for Lizzy and her cousin Owlett, as they would have engaged in any other labor for which they were fairly well paid.

At a word from her they closed in together. "You had better take it now," she said to them, and handed to each a packet. It contained six shillings, their remuneration for the night's undertaking, which was paid beforehand, without reference to success or failure. But, besides this, they had the privilege of selling as agents when the run was successfully made. As soon as it was done she said to them, "The place is the old one at Lulworth," the men till that moment not having been told, for obvious reasons, whether they were bound. "Owlett will meet you there," added Lizzy. "I shall follow behind, to see that we are not watched." The carriers went on, and Stockdale and Mrs. Newberry followed at the distance of a stone's-throw.

"What do these men do by day?" he said.

"Twelve or fourteen of them be laboring-men, some be brick-makers, some carpenters, some masons, some thatchers. They are all known to me very well. Nine of 'em are of your own congregation."

"I can't help that," said Stockdale.

"Oh, I know you can't. I only told you. The others are more Church inclined, because they supply the passen with all the spirits he requires, and they don't wish to show unfriendliness to a customer."

"How do you choose 'em?" said Stockdale.

"We choose 'em for their closeness, and because they are strong and sure-footed, and able to carry a heavy load a long way without being tired."

Stockdale sighed as she enumerated each particular, for he saw how far involved in the business a woman must be who was so well acquainted with its conditions and needs. And yet he felt more tenderly toward him at this moment than he had felt all the foregoing day. Perhaps it was that her experienced manner and bold indifference starred his admiration in spite of himself.

"Take my arm, Lizzy," he murmured.

"It is not necessary," she said. "Besides, we may never be to each other again what we once have been."

"That depends upon you," said he; and they went on again as before.

The hired carriers still paced on over Chaldon Down with as little hesitation as if it had been day, avoiding the cart-way, and leaving the village of East Chaldon on the left, so as to reach the crest of the hill at a lonely trackless place not far from the ancient earth work called Round Pound. An hour's brisk walking brought them within sound of the sea, not many hundred yards from Lulworth Cove. Here they paused, and Lizzy and Stockdale came up with them, when they went on together to the verge of the cliff.

One of the men now produced an iron bar, which he drove firmly into the soil a yard from the edge, and attached to it a rope that he had unreeled from his body. They all began to descend, partly stepping, partly sliding down the incline as the rope slipped through their hands.

"You will out go to the bottom, Lizzy?" said Stockdale, anxiously.

"No, I stay here to watch," she said. "Owlett is down there."

The men remained quite silent when they reached the shore; and the next thing heard by the two at the top was the dip of heavy oars, and the dashing of waves against a boat's bow. In a moment the keel gently touched the shingle, and Stockdale heard the footsteps of the thirty-six carriers running forward over the pebbles toward the point of contact.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE BULLDOZER.

"Three Bulls for a long time pastured together. A Tiger lay in ambush in the hope of making them his prey, but was afraid to attack them whilst they kept together. Having at last, by *guileful speeches*, succeeded in *separating them*, he attacked them without fear, as they fed alone, and feasted on them *one* (by one!) at his own leisure."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 10, 1879.

The Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a picture of the Austrian Emperor's visit to Szegedin, a double-page picture showing the method of laager camp defense in Zululand, and another installment of* Hardy's *entertaining story,* "The Distracted Young Preacher."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

At the close of the late session of Congress, Mr. Beck in the Senate distinctly threatened, as Mr. Hoar has shown, that if the President vetoed the repeal of certain laws which the Democrats intended to propose, the Democrats would refuse the appropriations. Mr. Thurman substantially repeated the threat, and Messrs. Blackburn and Tucker in the House virtually echoed it. This was not legitimate political opposition. It was a revolutionary manifesto, as we have heretofore pointed out; but it was also observable that the Democratic caucus did not decide to pursue this course, so that it remained merely the declaration of certain leaders. The other day, in a speech upon the subject, Mr. Beck did not renew the threat. Mr. Hoar asked him if he abandoned it. Mr. Beck's reply was evasive, but at length he said that if the President should veto the repeal, he would consult "with the wisest and best men of my party," etc. This was an absolute surrender. But it is very significant. It shows that, whatever else it may be, the Democratic programme, as thus far determined, is not "to starve out the government." In the House, also, Mr. Blackburn had said that the Democrats did not mean to stop until they had "stricken the last vestige of your war measures from the statute-book." This was a plain programme of "opening old questions," and of keeping party fires at white heat. But upon being pressed by Mr. M'Kinley, Mr. Blackburn said that the whole sentence was not quoted. It appears, however, from the report in the *Times*, that the qualification was introduced, not into the speech as delivered, but into the copy furnished to the reporter. This also must be regarded as a "surrender," and Mr. Blackburn's speech upon this point, like that of Mr. Beck, seems to have been mere bluster.

This is all an illustration of that "spirit" in the Democratic party for denouncing which we have been called to account by a friendly independent correspondent of Republican sympathies, who asks what we mean by the Democratic "spirit" and "tendency," and by "risk and disaster" consequent upon Democratic success. We use the words in a perfectly legitimate sense, as we will show. The impulse of the Democratic party comes from men who have been honestly trained in the belief that their States were supreme as against the Union, and that a group of Slave States within the Union was their "country." That question has been tried by battle, and the doctrine of State supremacy has been overthrown. There is no reasonable ground for supposing—and there is certainly no evidence—that the men of whom we speak are plotting to renew the war. But those who have been so trained have naturally very much to learn of patriotism in the sense of sincere loyalty to the Union, and of respect for equal rights as understood in other parts of the country. It is foolish to forget facts, and to assert that, because a party may not seriously propose to destroy the government, it must necessarily be as conservative and patriotic as any other. Our correspondent says: "Compare Bayard with Edmunds, Thurman with Blaine, Hill with Hoar, Lamar with Cameron, Gordon with Logan, Randolph with Chandler, or, in your own State, Kernan with Conkling, and these being on both sides fair samples of the leaders of the two parties, I am sure you will not believe that the country will be ruined or hurt by exchanging one set for the other." But we prefer a broader comparison. Compare the mass of people in New England, the Middle States, and the Northwest with the Southern whites, and the quarters of great Northern cities full of a foreign-born population, which are the two sources of Democratic strength, and then say to which, upon a venture, and in full possession of your knowledge and common-sense, would you prefer to intrust the government. Or, to put it in another way, would you think the country safer if governed by the kind of character and industry and intelligence described by the word "North," or by that described by the word "South?" We do not, of course, rest the Republican argument upon a sectional view like this. But when the chief power of a party lies in a section, the general character, the traditions, the sentiments, the civilization and spirit, of that section are necessarily taken into consideration.

Now the Southern Democrats, from whom the impulse of the party proceeds, have a well-understood purpose of suppressing—quietly, if possible, but inflexibly of suppressing—the colored vote in the States where it is a majority. This is the first great "risk," because a Congressional majority, or a President, generally believed to have been elected by preventing a free and honest election, is a distinct danger to the public peace. It would be a "disaster" from which the country and our political system ought to be saved by all fair means. The testimony proving this purpose is incontrovertible. It is found in the history of bulldozing, of the tissue ballots, and in the personal observation of men like Sir George Campbell. It is justified in the minds of Southern Democrats by what they consider the cruel injustice of the Republicans; and they resort to it, as they allege, in self-defense, and to prevent the practical subversion of society. Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, made a very able constitutional argument upon the question of national supervision of national elections in the States. But the security of the government depends very much more upon a general belief that the national elections in every State are free and honest than upon the knowledge that they are supervised by the State. If it should be generally believed, and upon strong evidence, that public opinion and the official authorities in certain States do not wish an honest election—or, in other words, that they connive at the suppression of part of the vote—the national welfare would be very much more endangered than by a well-regulated national supervision; and if the latter really be unconstitutional, it would be a grave misfortune. That it is unconstitutional would be hard to establish. The Constitution declares who are citizens of the United States in every State. The national government deals directly with citizens, and that it may not protect them in voting at national elections is a proposition which it would be very difficult to prove. But besides this overthrow of the proper safeguards of a free and fair ballot, which is to be apprehended from the Democratic party, there is the well-founded fear of some kind of violation of the public faith, and the consequent derangement and despair of reviving industry and trade. We do not say that either this or the other course is due to a full design to ruin the government, nor that the Democratic party has openly declared for inflation as for bulldozing and suppression of the ballot, but we do say that there are plain purposes and tendencies and risks necessarily involved in the ascendency of that party which every man is bound to consider in determining how to vote.

The Republican party, as we understand it, asks the support of the country, not because this is a Confederate Congress of rebel brigadiers, nor for any other spook and bogy reason, but because the Republican is the party of the just assertion of the national authority always and every where within the Union, of honest finances, of honestly guarded elections, and also because it contains the active friends of a thorough reform of the system of the civil service. Against a positive position like this the Democratic cry of taking the bayonet from the polls, when there are not bayonets enough to "go round," and when they have never wronged a voter, and when the real purpose of the demand is evident; or the cry of "fraud" as against a perfectly lawful settlement of the Presidential question of 1876; or the cry of "Down with the national banks" as against the best banking system we have ever known—is futile and foolish. If Republicans themselves choose to compromise their own strong position by trying to raise an issue upon "a new rebellion," and to depend for success upon renewing the passions of the war, they take a very perilous and wholly unnecessary responsibility. The logical and positive Republican position is impregnable. The new voters of the last four years are not to be excited with war appeals and denunciations which arouse the veterans. But the issues of which we speak are perfectly intelligible to them, and can not be set aside as parts of a policy of hate. The legitimate national authority at home as well as abroad, free elections, honest money, and administrative reform—these are cries to which every true American heart will respond.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

The Republican canvass for the Presidential nomination next year has opened with a great deal of vigor. Resolutions have been adopted by the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania in honor of General Grant, and proposing a State welcome upon his return. Mr. Boker, the president of the Union League Club in Philadelphia, upon receiving the new Governor, has made an extraordinary speech, from which it might be inferred that Sumter had been again fired on, and that hostilities had actually begun. Mr. Hiscock, also, who has been mentioned as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Governorship of New York, and who was an anti-Grant man of '72, is reported as now an ardent advocate of his nomination, and we know of others of his strong opponents who express the feeling that the situation may be such in 1880 as to compel them to vote for "a strong, quiet hand at the helm." Of course such voters have reflected that if a President should be elected upon that ground, the enemy, who, according to this view, has not been overthrown in eighteen years, will certainly not yield during the next four years, so that it will be necessary to vote for "a strong, quiet hand at the helm" in 1884 also. The feeling for General Grant is partly real, partly factitious. It is generally conceded that it is largely due to sincere apprehension of danger to the government. If the course of the Democrats confirms that suspicion, the feeling that demands General Grant will deepen. As the apprehension diminishes, the fervor of the *furor* will decline. There will be a great deal of discussion and reflection before the Republican party finally decides to return to the situation and the politics of six or seven years ago, and to destroy the two-term tradition in order to get there. Yet it is evident that there is much the same kind of enthusiasm among Republicans for General Grant now that there was for General Jackson among Democrats fifty years ago, and it was that enthusiasm which nominated the hero of New Orleans. But it is a question which intelligent Republicans must consider, whether a "hurrah for Grant" will necessarily elect him, and whether a "hurrah for Grant" is the kind of canvass which they think desirable for the country.

An interesting contribution to the discussion is a letter which we have received containing some striking figures. Our correspondent says: "The first two years that General Grant was President the Republicans had a majority of 107 in the House; during the last two years of his term the Democrats had 77 majority in the Lower House of Congress, and that this extraordinary result was not wholly attributable to the shot-gun practice of the South is attested by the following fair samples of the changes that took place in eight of the States of the North, at elections held for Representatives in Congress:

States.	First Two Years of Grant's Term.		Last Two Years of Grant's Term.	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Massachusetts	10	—	6	6
New York	19	19	20	12
New Jersey	6	0	6	0
Pennsylvania	18	0	10	17
Ohio	14	0	7	16
Indiana	7	6	6	6
Illinois	10	0	0	10
Michigan	6	—	6	6
	87	[illegible]	[illegible]	61

The above table, taken from the Congressional Directory, shows a gain of 48 members for the Democrats, and a loss to the Republicans of 29 members. The difference in the total numbers is caused by the last apportionment. It may be said that the Congress of the first two years of General Grant's term was chosen before the war feeling had subsided, while the Congress elected during the last two years of his term was chosen after the resentments of the late rebellion had relaxed. Possibly that is true, and that I may do no injustice I will give the result of the Congressional elections held in 1874 and 1878—the middle of Grant's and Hayes's terms respectively—in the States named above:

States.	1874		1878	
	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
Massachusetts	6	6	10	1
New York	10	17	24	9
New Jersey	6	6	4	0
Pennsylvania	10	17	16	6
Ohio	7	18	8	11
Indiana	0	6	7	6
Illinois	6	13	10	7
Michigan	6	6	6	—
	[illegible]	61	66	45

Here is a Republican gain of 35, and a Democratic loss of 36, with a vacancy in the Potter district of New York."

These are very significant figures, and by the rule which holds administrations responsible for political changes during their term, they are exceedingly creditable to the present Administration. Those of 1874 show, as we said at the time, great Republican dissatisfaction. The causes of that dissatisfaction are familiar. Whether a hurrah would remove them is very questionable, and well worthy the consideration of those who, for the reasons we have given elsewhere, desire the success of the Republican party in 1880. The *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis—a paper which had some interesting connection with the Whiskey Ring prosecutions—says, "The best thing *Harper's Weekly* can do is to wheel into line and help to whoop up the boys for the boom." That is undoubtedly a great public duty, and it is delightful to be shown the path of duty by such a Mentor. But it was almost as good a Republican as the *Globe-Democrat* who suggested that it is best not to jump rivers until you come to them.

JOHN A. DIX.

General Dix leaves behind him no more thoroughly trained and experienced public man. Like John Quincy Adams, he was from his youth the servant of the state, and he administered every official trust with an ability and a loftiness of personal character which it is well worth while to remember and contemplate as his life ends. He bore the name of a great Federalist, and during his active life he was both a Democrat and a Republican, and always a patriot. Among conspicuous public men, also, he could be called especially a gentleman and a scholar, carrying into his official relations a courtesy and an accomplishment which are oftener ideally associated with public life than actually observed in it. His fondness for the Latin classics and his skill in translating recalled the English rather than the American statesmen; but his sound republican principles, which drew him from his old party when it seemed to him to be identified with an assault upon those principles, kept him always a true American.

Such were his character and capacity that it was never doubted that he was equal to the highest trusts. He had the natural conservatism of a well-balanced mind and a tranquil temperament, and the keenest enjoyment of the great game of public affairs. The war which left him on the Republican side in national politics fostered no harshness of feeling, and when his name was suggested in a Republican Convention for the Governorship, it was at once and warmly accepted even by the ardent partisans who compose such an assembly. His efficiency as Governor was so marked that we recall with pleasure the presentation of his name for that office by this paper just at the close of the war.

Full of years and of honors, modestly asking that his burial should be without ostentatious parade, the faithful soldier and magistrate and citizen died serenely as he had lived, leaving his fellow-citizens the memory of a long and eminent and spotless life for their grateful meditation and incitement to the same upright discharge of every duty.

APPOINTMENTS IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

We have more than once spoken of the admirable management of the New York Post-office, which has now come to be regarded as one of the most efficient great public offices in the country. Our remarks have sometimes elicited private rejoinders and even serious charges against the Postmaster, which we have been able, fortunately, totally to disprove. Our good words have been the more willing because the New York Post-office has been a most prominent and conclusive illustration of the practicability and immense public advantage of a reasonable system of the civil service. We do not mean that political influence has been entirely discarded, but it has been so repressed and subordinated that the Post-office, under its present chief, has not been a political machine. Appointments have been made upon satisfactory evidence of fitness, and removals have taken place only for proved unfitness. No clerk has paid political "contributions" under duress, and declining to pay has in no degree affected official tenure. There have been stated examinations to test skill in the discharge of duty, and promotions have been made fairly by the result of the examinations. The methods of transacting postal business have been the subject of careful study and arrangement, and the improvements have been such, and official thoughtfulness and sagacity and interest in the various departments are so marked, that as a practical business institution the New York Post-office is probably not surpassed by any similar office in the world.

There really remained but one step to take, as far as the Postmaster was concerned. The success of a sensible system has been so great, and its advantages so evi-

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dent, that there could be no doubt of the wisdom of fully completing it, and that has now been done. Appointments here hitherto been made upon proved fitness, indeed, but with personal influence, which is absolutely unavoidable, and which exposes the appointing officer to endless pressure and interruption, until a competitive system of examination is introduced. That, when honestly administered, puts an end to the great mischief of patronage, and nothing else will. The Postmaster has now decided to introduce the competitive system both for appointment and promotion, and the rules which he has adopted for this purpose have been approved by the President, and the Postmaster-General has directed that they shall go into effect on the 1st of May. The rules are brief, intelligible, and effective. They apply to all places except those of especial pecuniary trust and confidential relation, such as private secretary. All appointments will be made to the lowest grade, and the method of application is carefully defined, and a copy will be furnished to every applicant. When vacancies occur, a certain number of applicants selected from those first upon the register of receipt will be invited to a competitive examination, and the Board of Examiners will present to the Postmaster "a list of the names of the successful candidates in the order of their excellence as shown by the examination, beginning with the highest, and the appointments will be made from the three highest names upon the list." Promotions will be made in every division from among competitors within the division.

By this simple scheme, honestly administered—and of that there is no question—all the evils and vexatious of the old system will be avoided. The rules have been adopted not upon any merely theoretical and visionary preference, but after careful experience and observation. The common sneer at a sensible system of the civil service, that it is an impracticable fancy, is disposed of by the fact that by its partial operation the greatest Post-office in the country has become renowned as a model of efficiency, and that long trial is as satisfactory that the partial is now to yield to the complete system.

BAYONETS AT THE POLLS.

PATRIOTIC Democrats like Mr. BAYARD, who argue the pending question of defense of the ballot-box as if it were an abstract proposition, apparently forget the important facts. The demand for prohibiting national protection of voters at the polls comes from those who are themselves responsible for unlawfully and forcibly excluding voters from the polls, and for stuffing the boxes with false ballots. These persons naturally desire to be free from any control. They feel that they are justified in using any means to escape negro domination. When they demand the exclusion of the national authority, they propose that the States shall take care of the elections. But they are the States. Why did not the States suppress the Ku-Klux? Why did not the States arrest and punish the bulldozers? Because these very persons who decry the bayonet at the polls compose the rifle clubs at the polls, and the juries who try alleged offenders, and the public opinion which lies behind all. The most recent and impartial evidence upon this point is the second paper of SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, M.P. He says—and it is the general opinion of observers—that violence and disturbance in the Southern States since the war have been due to the white minority, not to the freedmen. The rifle clubs, he says, are an armed political organization outside of the militia, and the excuse for its terrorization has been that negro or carpet-bag rule was as wicked as to justify any kind of redress. But he was unable to find that the "black Legislatures" made bad laws, and the real trouble was general corruption. SIR GEORGE says distinctly that it was well understood that "the Democrats were determined to win every thing in the South." He states that there was perfect frankness in speaking of the way in which things were managed in the election of last autumn, and he was there at the time. "There was not a very great amount of violence or intimidation." "Great Democratic majorities were obtained by the simple process of what is called 'stuffing the ballot-boxes.'" Nobody pretended that the tissue ballots were designed for any other purpose than that of fraud. In one district, where not more than a thousand persons voted, there were more than three thousand ballots in the box. In other districts the number of polling-places was so reduced that it was impossible for all to vote who wished. At other polls the inspectors kept away. "In short," says this perfectly unprejudiced observer, "I have no hesitation to saying, as matter within my own knowledge, that if these elections had taken place in England, there were irregularities which must have vitiated them before an election judge A hundred times over."

Now when ballot-box stuffers by their representatives demand the repeal of existing national safeguards of the ballot-box, on the ground that it is incompatible with free government, and unconstitutional, and that the States will take care of the matter, we say, and every sensible man will say, that it is a mere pretense, and that the demand really is one for unrestricted cheating. The vital point is a free and fair election; but no one who demands the repeal of the safeguards has shown any interest in that point. If arms at the polls are an obnoxious, why is all the protest levelled against the arms of the United States, which are not even charged with intimidation, and not a word against those of rifle clubs and "red shirts," which are confessedly present to intimidate? If the party which inveighs so loudly against bayonets at the polls were out the very party which brings them there, and for an unlawful purpose, it might expect that its position would be respected, and its plea of redressing grievances and of threatened liberty would be heard with patience. But who have grievances in this matter? The whites or the blacks? Who threatens liberty? The whites or the blacks? The constitutional question is not properly raised by those who raise it to secure immunity for bulldozing. When it is raised, the Constitution, if doubtful, is to be interpreted favorably to liberty. SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, in commenting upon the seats in Congress obtained by fraud in the late election in the Southern States, says (and it is but the common-sense of the question, which we commend to the attention of Mr. BAYARD and his friends): "Not only are nearly balanced parties much affected, but in case of a struggle over the next Presidential election, these votes might just turn the scale, and the question whether there is any remedy practically available to redress wrongs which are, I may almost say, admitted, puts to issue the wider question whether the Fifteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution, securing equal electoral rights to the blacks, is really to be enforced, or whether it may be set aside in practice by the action of individual States. Is, in fact, the settlement at the end of the war to be maintained or surrendered?" And he adds, what every intelligent American also sees: "There never can be peace, quiet, and safety in the United States till a mode of settling disputed elections is arranged, and this question of the black vote is definitively laid at rest."

In a word, experience has shown that the elections to certain States are unfair, and that the controlling opinion of those States does not wish them to be fair. If, therefore, every form and degree of national supervision be withdrawn from those States, the knowledge of the country that the election of a majority in Congress or a President has been determined by such States would inevitably produce a situation which no good citizen wishes to see. It is true, as Senator DAVIS says, that we need rest from sectional passion. But if our statement be correct, can he or any other honorable man assert that the States in question are not responsible for arousing those passions?

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

THE transfer of the gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the spacious building in the Central Park is well chosen by the trustees as the occasion for a public statement of their purposes and wishes. The importance of the Museum is not measured by the entertainment that it affords, but by its service to the industrial arts, and by the art education which it furnishes. It is an institution of which the city is justly proud, and which helps to give the city a truly metropolitan character. The statement of the trustees deserves careful attention. To increase the power and influence of the institution, they desire:

"To form, as honorarium, loan collections of pictures, statuary, and other objects of art similar to the practice of the Kensington Museum; to obtain carefully selected series of casts of antique and modern sculpture for the use of art students; to increase and perfect the collection of art antiquities and archæological specimens; to make large additions to the collection of pottery and porcelain; to purchase architectural models, with cases of valuable examples; to establish a collection exhibiting the progress and position of the industrial arts; to include in compact form to each department the raw material, the material in process of manufacture, and the completed work, with models as samples of the tools and machinery used—this collection to comprise, among other articles, gems, gold and silver work, bronzes and other metal-work, household decorations, such as paper-hangings, enamel leathers, furniture, textile fabrics, book-binding, lace, dyes, and stained glass.

"To carry out these and other like purposes, the trustees ask from the citizens of New York the sum of $150,000, subscription to be payable when $150,000 shall have been subscribed, with the understanding that the first general application of the money will be:

"To purchase the Avrard collection of porcelain; to buy the Kane collection of gems; to purchase casts; to purchase architectural models; to purchase archæological antiquities, to purchase examples of fabrics, and start a school of design for the arts and trades; to establish a system of prize medals or awards; to create a fund for lectures on art.

"Subscribers may designate, if they so desire, the objects to which their donations shall be applied. Subscriptions can also be made payable one-half to the present year and one-half in 1880."

If some of the taste and the wealth which enrich so many private houses with rare and beautiful and valuable objects of art were given to this public collection, the result would be of incalculable advantage. It is a noble form of public spirit, and even of philanthropy, to which the intelligence and riches of New York will not be indifferent.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL friends of Mr PIERRE LORILLARD at the Union Club say that the three races won by his horse Parole in England have netted him about $200,000, and that the horse was on his merits, without getting any thing approaching advantage at the start or turns in the course. In the last twenty-eight years only three horses in England have done what Parole has done in a week. Mr. LORILLARD's horse Duke of Magenta is known among racing men here as an animal of very great speed and endurance, and if he continues in the same fine condition that he is to at present, is expected to make a sensation and success equal to that of Parole.

—The Right Rev Dr Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, is to be presented with a testimonial on the 22d of November next, on the occasion of the completion of the first twenty-five years of his administration of the diocese. The ceremonial is to take place in Trinity Church, where he was consecrated. The precise character of the testimonial has not yet been decided upon. There are at present sixty-three bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Bishop POTTER is ninth on the list in point of seniority. Those above him are SMITH, of Kentucky, presiding bishop; WHITTINGHAM, of Maryland; LEE, of Delaware; SOUTHGATE (consecrated); GREEN, of Mississippi; WILLIAMS, of Connecticut; ATKINSON, of North Carolina; and KIP, of California.

—Mr. EDISON continues to hold the attention of the leading scientific men of Europe. His loud-speaking telephone has excited great interest. At a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Society, communication was established between the Royal Institution and Burlington House, with Professor TYNDALL at one end of the wire and Professor HUXLEY at the other. The voice is said to have been audible over the whole of a large room.

—Speaking of General DIX's activity when Governor of this State, the Albany *Journal* says: "While Governor, at seventy-five, he outworked any of his subordinates. He personally examined every matter with care, and his work was as prompt and conscientious as it was thorough. When, on one occasion, reviewing with a young Senator a large batch of local measures, the wearied Senator, near midnight, proposed adjournment, the venerable Executive, still fresh, insisted upon closing up the task, and worked on for hours later."

—A dinner was given to London, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 10th of March, by a society entitled "The Odd Volumes," of which Mr. QUARITCH, the well-known bookseller, is president. Among the invited guests were Mr. BULLEN, of the British Museum, Mr GEORGE ANDREWS BALL, Mr. EDMUND YATES, the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD, and other literary celebrities.

—A few months ago Mr. ROBERT TURNER, of London, an amateur in fine books finely bound, sent his collection to Paris for sale. So eager were the Parisians for its game that he realized by the sale over $50,000. Its original cost was about $10,000.

—Dr. C. P. CARVER, of Angelica, Allegheny County, New York, owns a small road-horse so peculiarly marked that when he buckles a surcingle around him there is not a hair back of it that is not snow-white, and not a square inch in front of it that is not a beautiful iron gray. One eye is like that of a white horse, the other like that of a black horse.

—The late RICHARD HENRY DANA, describing a dinner many years ago at Mr. BRYANT's, said: "After dinner, HALLECK and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order—enough to put despotism, nothing more. BRYANT sat by hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so,' was our answer. BRYANT still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. HALLECK may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied that an intellectual creature man is to govern under the wisest adopted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

—Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who accompanies General GRANT in his around-the-world tour, and whose letters to the *Herald* are extremely bright and entertaining, is said to have been very popular with the officers of the U. S. ship *Vandalia*, on account of his good nature. He had to sleep in a hammock swung under one of the hatches, and said he always knew when it was morning, because the water with which the decks were being scrubbed would trickle through upon him, as that he got wetted.

—According to Mr B. COBANNIS, of the Post-office Department at Washington, there are 4000 women postmasters in the United States, and the number is on the increase. They never defalcate.

—A gentleman in Lockport, New York, writing to the Buffalo *Courier*, alludes anecdotically to President TAYLOR, who dressed plainly and liked retirement. His son, the late General RICHARD TAYLOR, was, on the contrary, fond of dress and public life. The simplicity of General TAYLOR was exemplified when Mr CLAYTON, his Secretary of State, waited upon him to do his first official act, in connection with the search after Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. "Yes," said TAYLOR, "we ought to do something, for this country is much indebted to him for his services in gaining independence."

—Mr. GEORGE H. PEABODY states that the homes for the London poor, an munificently provided for by the late GEORGE PEABODY, have been a most encouraging success. The sound of the trowel has never ceased since Mr PEABODY's death to their erection, and yet now that ten thousand people are taken in and provided for, the original gift of $2,000,000 is nearly as large as ever. Mr PEABODY once remarked: "I can not understand why, if this fund of mine, small though it be, is properly managed, it should not within the next fifty or seventy-five years, which is a short time in the life of a great city, take in all the worthy poor of London."

—The late JAMES SMITH, of Philadelphia, bequeathed $30,000 each to the American Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association, $15,000 to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and $5000 each to the American Education Society and the American Congregational Union.

—At the conclusion of a lecture recently given by Mr BRET HARTE at Brighton, England, he was presented with an illuminated address from the principal members of the local press. Afterward he underwent a luncheon from the Mayor, at which Aldermen assisted.

—Mr. LANGCHURN, in *Truth*, gives this sketch of the late Mr SPENCER COWPER, who some years ago married a belle of this city, Miss JANNE MACLEAN: "He was rich, clever, good natured, and had all that fortune could give him, but he was always discontented because he was short and wished to be tall. Had Heaven added one or two inches to his stature, he would have been a different man. Not only did he wear high heels outside of his boots, but high heels inside of them."

—It is a curious and out altogether creditable fact that in Great Britain, of all countries in the world, the pay of good librarians should be so small. Recently at Edinburgh, when a successor was required in the late distinguished literary antiquarian Dr DAVID LAING in the charge of the Advocates' Library, one of the most important of London, comprising some 200,000 volumes, the salary offered was the princely of $1250; and it is stated by an competent authority in Mr WELFORD that there are probably not six gentlemen in the position of librarians in the United Kingdom who receive as much as $2500 per annum. Mr. WELFORD also states that the catalogue of Mr HENRY HUTO's library, now in process of completion, will probably form five to ten octavo volumes. Another catalogue, to form several volumes, is being printed of the library of Mr. CHRISTIE MILLER, at Britwell, in Oxfordshire, probably the richest of any extant private collection in old English poetry, the drama, and belles-lettres, and is famous for the beauty of the condition of the books that it comprises. Mr. MILLER was an old gentleman popularly known as "Measure" MILLER, because he was so alive to the advantages of a "full copy" that he never bought a choice book without ascertaining its dimensions by means of a pocket rule, his inseparable companion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: In the House, April 22, 1866 bills were introduced and referred. This is the largest number ever presented in Congress in one day. Many of them related to the currency and the tariff, and there were some for the repeal of legislation growing out of the war. A large majority, however, were of a private nature—as grant pensions and pay claims. Nineteen of these failed in the previous Congress.—On the 23d, the House passed the Stephens Subsidiary Silver Bill. The amendments proposing to make the trade dollar legal tender and to re-issue paper fractional currency were withdrawn. The bill as passed provides that holders of fractional silver coins, on presenting them in sums of $20, or any multiple thereof, at the office of any Assistant Treasurer, may receive therefor lawful money, and that such coins shall be exchanged at Sub-Treasuries for lawful money as the coins upon demand. This makes minor silver coins and other lawful money of the United States interchangeable in sums of $20. The third section provides that these coins shall be a legal tender for all dues, public and private, to all sums not exceeding $20, and the fourth section makes all United States coins of the face value of twenty-five cents and under receivable at all post-offices for postage or postage-stamps in sums not exceeding $5.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Russian parliament is taking extraordinary measures for the suppression of socialism. A decree has been published ordering the appointment of Governors-General, with despotic powers, over six districts surrounding the largest cities in the empire—St. Petersburg, Kharkhof, Odessa, Moscow, Kief, and Warsaw. The reason given is that recent events have shown that there exists in Russia a band of criminals who aim at undermining the state. After referring to the many desperate attacks upon high officials and the attempted assassination of the Emperor, the ukase continues: "These crimes have necessitated the provisional adoption of exceptional measures in order to permit of exemplary punishment of guilty persons, and provide government officials with the necessary powers for maintaining order."—Following the ukase came an official decree appointing provisionally General-in-Chief the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, General Trepoff, the Governor-General of Odessa, and General Loris Melikoff Governor-General of Kharkhof.—Immediately upon his appointment General Gorchko ordered all gun-makers in St. Petersburg to send lists of their stock to the city commandant, and to sell only to persons presenting special authorization, under penalty of confiscation of stock and prohibition of trade. Private persons possessing arms can only retain them by special permission. Powder must be kept at the doors of all houses, day and night, to prevent the posting of placards and scattering of explosives in the streets. Two thousand arrests have been made in the last few days. The well-known novelist Turgenieff has been expelled from Russia.

The British garrison under Colonel Pearson, shut up at Etsuen for so long a time, was at length relieved April 3. The relief column had a desperate battle with 11,000 of the enemy on the way to the fort, but the Zulus were finally defeated with great loss.

The returns from the Spanish elections show the following: Ministerialists 214, Constitutionalists 25, members of other parties, 35. Among the Deputies elect are Sefiore Castelar, Sagasta, Echegaray, and Martos. A great number of electors abstained from voting.

A Gre-damp explosion in the Agrappe coal-pit, near Mons, Belgium, April 17, killed 117 miners.

A considerable force of Albanians invaded Servia, but they were driven out after a desperate struggle, in which many were killed. All the Christian inhabitants of Kurshumly are said to have been massacred.

The Khedive of Egypt has established a Council of State under the presidency of a native, who will also be president of the Council of Ministers. There will be two European vice-presidents, and five European and five native members, with two native lawyers. The Council will prepare bills to be submitted to the Chamber of Delegates, but will not interfere with the English and French Comptrollers-General. The vice-presidents will have a deliberative voice in the Council of Ministers during the discussion of bills. The Khedive himself will preside when engagements on the part of the government are discussed.

THE ACADEMY.

Our selections from the Academy Exhibition this week are both from the North Room, and are numbered respectively 163 and 184 in the catalogue. The picture by DE HAAS is a very striking example of his skill in the handling of marine subjects. Our engraving exhibits the painter's power of composition and drawing, and also the feeling and sentiment of the picture; but one must see the painting itself to perceive the full glory of the light effect on the waves, as the moonbeams illuminate the surface of the ocean, and form a pathway of light between the disabled ship and the drifting boat. Mr DE HAAS is almost always happy in the composition of his paintings, as well as in force of handling. The graphic quality of his work makes his pictures their own best interpreters, and leaves very little to be done in the way of description or explanation.

It is very difficult to give in black and white any idea of the beauty and refinement of color and tone that characterize the pictures of Mr S. R. GIFFORD, and which constitute some of their greatest charms. He is probably of all our American artists the most subtle colorist in landscape, and it is doubtful if in this quality he has a living rival in Europe. The example we have selected is by no means one of his most important works, nor is it the best specimen of his pictures in the present Exhibition, but it happens to be one which could be rendered in wood-engraving with the least loss of the original effect of sunlight and warmth.

Mr. GIFFORD's early ambition was to be a figure painter, and to fit himself for that profession he made a diligent study of anatomy, as well as of drawing and perspective, but he soon discovered that the bent of his genius was for landscape, to which he determined to devote himself. He became an Associate of the National Academy in 1851, and three years afterward an Academician. He spent the summer of 1855 in England and Scotland, the following winter in Paris, and the next summer made a pedestrian tour through Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. After this extended journey, during which he made the best use of his time in study and sketching, he passed the winter of 1856 in Rome. The following summer, in company with ALBERT BIERSTADT, he made a sketching tour through the Abruzzi and around Naples, and subsequently visited the more picturesque regions of Austria. The civil war in this country diverted him for a time from the peaceful life of the studio; he became a member of the Seventh New York Regiment, which he accompanied to the field in 1861 and in the two following years. Since the close of the war Mr GIFFORD has made several foreign tours, extending to Greece, Syria, and Egypt, whence he has drawn the material of some of his most important works. He does not, however, neglect the landscape of America. The glorious scenery of the Hudson, of Lake George, and other picturesque regions of his own country has been faithfully delineated by his pencil.

"AFTER THE COLLISION—MOONRISE."—M. F. H. DE HAAS.

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

AT a few minutes before twelve o'clock, on the evening of April 21, death closed the long and honorable career of a man whose memory will always be held in high regard by his countrymen. Distinguished as a soldier and as a statesman, as a man whose patriotism was superior to party ties and to personal ambition, JOHN A. DIX has gone to his grave without the shadow of a reproach upon his name, and regretted and honored by all whose approbation and regard are worthy of attention.

He was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, on the 24th of July, 1798. His father, who was a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army, and an ardent Federalist, named him after President JOHN ADAMS, and appears to have designed him from early childhood for the profession of arms. At the age of thirteen he was sent to college at Montreal, but on the outbreak of the war of 1812 he was recalled, and appointed a Cadet in the United States Army. His duties were at first confined, however, to acting as clerk to his father, who was then on recruiting service at Baltimore. In the spring of 1813 he was commissioned an Ensign in his father's regiment, the Fourteenth Infantry, which was stationed at Sackett's Harbor. He rose rapidly in the service; and in June, 1814, having received a Second Lieutenant's commission, he was transferred to an artillery regiment commanded by Colonel WALLACK, to whose staff he was attached. While in this position he was made Adjutant of an independent battalion of nine companies under command of Major UPHAM, with which he descended the St. Lawrence in an expedition remarkable for the severity of its hardships and its misfortunes. In 1816, after the close of the war, he was appointed a First Lieutenant; in 1819 he became Aide-de-camp to General BROWN; two years after, he was transferred to the First Artillery, shortly after to the Third, and in this regiment he was promoted to a Captaincy in 1823. In 1826—being then twenty-eight years of age—he married, and retired from the army, after fourteen years' continuous service.

Even before leaving the army he had filled up all his leisure hours with the study of law, which he then pursued with unremitting industry; in

"VILLA MALTA, ROME."—S. R. GIFFORD.

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GENERAL JOHN ADAMS DIX.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. W. BOGARDUS.

THE HON. HAMILTON W. ROBINSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

1826 he was admitted to the bar, and established himself in practice at Cooperstown, in this State. Here he at once engaged warmly in political affairs, allying himself with the Jacksonian party. His zealous advocacy of the election of General JACKSON to the Presidency attracted the attention of Governor TRUMBULL, by whom he was appointed in 1830 Adjutant-General of the State. In this position he did much to improve the efficiency of the State militia. Three years afterward he was elected Secretary of State for New York—an office which then made the incumbent a Regent of the University, a member of the Board of Public Instruction, of the Canal Board, and a Commissioner of the Canal Fund. The duties of all these important offices he discharged with great vigor and sagacity.

In 1841 and 1842 General DIX represented Albany County in the Legislature. In 1844, on his return from a European tour undertaken for the benefit of his wife's health, he was elected to the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of SILAS WRIGHT. He took his seat in January, 1845, and was made chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and a member of the Committee on Military Affairs. His record was one of honorable activity. The slavery question was at that time assuming an importance in politics it had never known before. General DIX took a leading part as a Free-soil Democrat, and in all the great conflicts of the day he was always found on the side of right and justice.

In the fall of 1848 he was the Free-soil Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, but was defeated by HAMILTON FISH. The following year his term as Senator expired, and Governor Seward was elected to succeed him. Having rendered great service to General FRANKLIN PIERCE while that gentleman was running for the Presidency, he was by him offered the position of United States Secretary of State. Southern Democratic leaders, to whom his Free-soil principles were obnoxious, made it impossible for him to take the office, and they also contrived to make him decline the appointment of Minister to France. For a short time after PIERCE became President, General DIX held the position of Assistant United States Treasurer in New York, but, disgusted by the subserviency of the administration to the insolence of the slave power, he soon tendered his resignation of the place.

It was not until 1859 that General DIX again accepted a public office. In that year President BUCHANAN appointed him postmaster of New York, in place of FOWLER, who had absconded. When the threats of civil war were culminating,

THOMAS COUTURE.—[SEE PAGE 371.]

PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANGE.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

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and the Southern cabinet members of the weak and vacillating President had deserted him, he was induced by finding Northern Democrats to call General DIX into his cabinet, and for a short time he became Secretary of the Treasury. It was during his incumbency of this office that he telegraphed to the Special Treasury Agent at New Orleans the ringing and memorable order: *If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.* In conjunction with Secretaries STANTON and HOLT, General DIX prevented BUCHANAN from ordering Major ANDERSON back from Fort Sumter at Fort Moultrie.

The part which General DIX took in the service of the Union, both before and after the commencement of hostilities, is well known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*. As commander at Baltimore, at Fortress Monroe, and of the Eastern Department, he proved himself to be a stern, vigorous, and just military administrator, whose rule was never feared except by the enemies of his country.

From 1866 to 1869 General DIX was United States Minister to France. In 1872 he was nominated for the position of Governor of New York by the Republican party, and was elected by an overwhelming majority. During his term of office many abuses in the State government were rectified through his energetic policy. The Democratic reaction in 1874 caused his defeat, on a second nomination, and he was succeeded by Mr. TILDEN, who, with characteristic adroitness, managed to be credited with the results of the reforms instituted by his predecessor. Only once more was General DIX a candidate for office. In the fall of 1876 he ran against Mr SMITH ELY for Mayor of New York. He led a forlorn hope, and his defeat was a foregone conclusion.

General DIX was a fine classical scholar, and kept up his studies to the last. He was also a keen sportsman, and spent much of his leisure time at his country house at the eastern end of Long Island. With all his kindness he work, he found time for the exercise of elegant hospitality, and was greatly beloved by all who were admitted to the circle of his friends.

The funeral of General DIX took place on the 24th of April. In accordance with his own directions, given a short time before his death, there was an entire absence of military display. The services were held in Trinity Church, and all ceremony, except the regular service for the dead, was strictly avoided.

THE LATE JUDGE ROBINSON.

HAMILTON W ROBINSON, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of New York, died at his residence in this city April 7, 1879. He was a son of JOHN W. ROBINSON, who arrived in this city from Ireland July 11, 1804, on the day when ALEXANDER HAMILTON received BURR's fatal bullet at Weehawken. Judge ROBINSON was born at Hudson, New York, November 28, 1814, and was a namesake of the illustrious HAMILTON. His parents having removed to Albany, young HAMILTON ROBINSON became a pupil at the Albany Academy in the year 1826, and was there fitted for college. He there exhibited the same studious and industrious character which distinguished him in after-life. He graduated at Union College in 1832, and then commenced the study of law in the office of JAMES M'KOWN. Immediately after his admission to the bar the firm of M'KOWN, VAN BUREN, & ROBINSON was formed. His partner, JOHN VAN BUREN, having been elected Attorney-General, he became his deputy, and most faithfully and ably discharged the duties of that position during VAN BUREN's term. In 1843 Messrs. VAN BUREN and ROBINSON removed to New York, and continued to practice together in this city until the year 1868, when Judge ROBINSON dissolved his connection with Mr VAN BUREN. He remained in practice until the year 1870, when, by a constitutional amendment, the number of judges of the Common Pleas was increased from three to six, and Mr ROBINSON was elected one of the additional three, upon the same ticket with three others who survive him—the present Judges LARNEDO, J. F. DALY, and VAN BRUNT.

At the bar Judge ROBINSON attained eminence not only as counsel and adviser in business affairs of great scope and importance, but as a studious, learned, and impartial referee. On the bench he was faithful, prompt, and courteous. No rose had more of the affectionate respect and confidence of the bar or the public than he—a respect and confidence which his clear intellect, thorough knowledge, strong sense of duty, and genial and even temper never failed to inspire in all who knew him as a man or as a judge.

THE CARE OF THE LAND.

THE care of the land, the interests of agriculture, may well be the chief aim of every government. The life of nations is in their farms. The productiveness of the soil must be maintained, so every other interest perishes. Yet it is a striking fact in the condition of all the grain-producing sections of the world that the land is steadily deteriorating, and the yield of wheat, on which civilized men are supposed chiefly to feed, is growing less. In the fertile fields on the banks of the Vistula, and in nearly all the wheat lands of Russia and Roumania, the yearly produce of each acre is said to have fallen already from twenty-five to about fifteen bushels, and unless new land can be brought under cultivation, the supply of Russian wheat must gradually decline. The wheat lands of antiquity have long ceased to be productive. Egypt, that once fed the East, is now famine-stricken and beggared; Africa, the granary of Rome, is filled with a starving people. In France the yield of wheat is only about fifteen bushels an acre; Germany imports part of its food; Holland and Belgium, busy scenes of industry, live on foreign corn. The practice of high farming in England and the moist climate give its farmers a yield of thirty bushels to the acre in favorable years, yet even the soil of England is supposed to be gradually becoming exhausted: the demand for costly manures is constantly increasing; the wheat lands are turned into pastures; the quantity under cultivation declines. A long succession of bad harvests has discouraged and nearly ruined English farmers. Farms lie idle, rents fall, emigration seems the natural remedy, while England is forced to import a large part of its food from Canada and the United States, and depends upon the foreign supply to keep its people from want.

A recent writer in the London *Times* suggests that "six bad years out of ten" will account for the present depression; that the 500,000 persons occupying thirty millions of acres of land, paying forty five millions of rent, are worthy of the aid and sympathy of the legislature; yet he thinks the English farmer has still "a natural protection" in his favor, and is not likely at has to yield to foreign competition. Other authorities are less hopeful, and hint to a general decline in the value of English farms, and a severe struggle with foreign labor. At least it is settled that England and Europe can no longer produce their own food. The chief supply must come from the United States. It is estimated that 140,000,000 bushels of wheat had already been exported to Europe by March 1 from our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and a large amount remains to be shipped before the foreign markets are supplied. It is believed that this European demand will be a lasting one, and that for many years the wheat lands of our Western and Pacific States will be cultivated chiefly to feed the laboring throngs across the sea. Ours is almost the last resort left to the wheat-consuming populations of the world. It is doubtful if Australia, South America, India, or Egypt can be relied upon to make up the deficiency, and the harvests of Eastern Europe do not seem likely to increase. It is important, therefore, to the welfare of man to study the future prospects of the New World. But here we are struck by a general decline in the product of our Western soil: the belt of the wheat-producing lands recedes westward, the greater part of our grain for export comes from the Pacific coast. The process of destruction has been slow, but certain and remorseless; the soil has been devastated with savages more fatal than those of armies. When the Erie Canal was opened, the great channel by which the world has been fed for fifty years, an acre of land in the Genesee Valley produced from twenty-five to thirty bushels: it has now declined to twelve or fifteen. In Ohio, fifty years ago almost a wilderness, the average yield of wheat is under twelve bushels an acre. Even Illinois feels the decay, and much of the finest land of California has been exhausted by too rapid crops. In the south of France the land is sometimes so wasted as to produce only buckwheat and rye. On the Sea of Azov some of the richest soil of Russia has sunk almost to a level with the Genesee Valley and Ohio flats. Every where the progress of exhaustion marks the cultivation of wheat.

Now and then comes years of plenty even in the worn soils of Europe; the season, the atmosphere, seem to inspire them with new life. In 1863 and 1864 was one of these seasons, when France, England, and the Continent teemed with great harvests, and food was so cheap as to disappoint the farmer by its abundance. But such periods come seldom, and the process of exhaustion has not been stayed. Yet in some parts of Europe the soil is so deep and rich, the agriculture so careful and forbearing, that no change seems apparent in the productive powers of the land. One of these fertile districts is the northeastern province of France. Nearly a century ago (1789) the Department of the Nord was celebrated by ARTHUR YOUNG for its rich land and careful husbandry, and to-day it still grows in fertility, and ever excels itself. The air is wet and heavy; perpetual moisture reigns over the marshes of Flanders; it is a dark, disconsolate region, yet so rich in men, cattle, grain, as to surpass the productiveness of all other lands. Its population is the densest known; its cattle are numbered by hundreds of thousands; an acre of its rich soil rents for twenty five dollars. But, as M. LAVASSE points out, even the rare land of Flanders and Hainault has only been preserved by a most careful and intelligent method of farming. It is fertilized year by year with all the aids of advancing science. One singular fact in this remarkable region is that its dense population produces excessive pauperism, and in the midst of the richest soil of Europe one-third of its people are said to live on alms. In England the counties of Leicester and Warwick rival the productiveness of French Flanders and Hainault. In Staffordshire, in some of the rich pasture districts, five acres of fat land have been sold for six hundred pounds. The south of France has some valuable land around Avignon, due chiefly to an admirable system of irrigation introduced by the popes, and Lombardy and the north of Italy have maintained an uninterrupted fertility for many centuries, enriched by a wonderful series of canals that spread over its soil the Alpine streams and torrents.

These examples show that good land may yet be preserved, and that scientific agriculture can secure a valuable return even from districts that have been tilled for centuries; that irrigation, fertilization, and a proper interchange of crops will raise any soil from exhaustion; that there is no real necessity for devastating the Genesee Valley, to spreading sterility over Ohio and Illinois. Around Paris is one of the richest soils of Europe. It is divided into large estates, has been tilled for centuries, but is still rising in productiveness. Its cultivators grow wealthy, its lands yield an extraordinary rental; has even this deep calcareous soil is preserved alone by the skill of scientific farmers. It owes much to the labors of LAFAYETTE, whose estate lay not far away, the model farm of La Grange, and to many a practical agriculturist. But it is in reclaiming waste and desert soils that the skill of the farmer has chiefly been displayed, the power of labor been shown. In some of the most barren lands of England, around Crowborough in Sussex, amidst the black heath and pinched bracken, will be found little farms, a cottage, a wood-shed, a garden, springing up in the waste, the proofs of the victory of labor. The most worthless tracts seem capable of cultivation, the richest to be adorned and enhanced by it, and made perpetual. The Belgian settler on the shore at Campine brings fertility to the bare earth; he plants his grove of cedars, enriches his land by all the waste of the neighborhood, covers the sand with rank vegetation, even contrives to save money, and rears his healthy family amidst the thriving evidences of his unceasing toil. There are every where these proofs of the wonderful power of human industry: the German farmer cultivates his mountains almost to the top; the terraces of the Swiss almost mingle with the glaciers: while in some regions of the earth land is wasted and thrown away, in others it is cherished as a priceless gem, the chief aim of the purest ambition. The French peasants have nearly all become land-owners, and the best legacy of the Revolution to France is its unexampled army of five millions of proprietors of the soil, already anxious for education, freedom, and peace.

The care of our land has become one of the chief questions of the time. If we are to pour out upon Europe nearly two hundred million bushels of wheat annually, besides a host of raw investments—hides, guns, manufactures, provisions, cotton—the preservation of the powers of the soil must be the foundation of our success. But here our inventive genius has apparently abandoned us. We have forgotten to apply our intelligence to agriculture. The waste of land in all sections of the country has been without a parallel. The Eastern States are abandoned by their young men for the tempting fertility of the West; yet it is possible that industry and economy might make the lands of Massachusetts and Connecticut as profitable to least as the sands of Belgium and the heaths of Sussex. They have the advantage of a great manufacturing market, and the protection of an easy access. Virginia and Georgia may yet be reclaimed. Wealth must return to the Genesee Valley, and the decay of nature be checked in its westward stride. The question of agriculture is the world's question; it applies to the shores of Azov and the waving fields of California. It has been the burden of the songs of poets, the speculations of philosophers. HESIOD, in the rich fields of Beotia, sang the pains and pleasures of the farmer. HORACE and VARRO have taught mankind when to sow and how to reap. And when politics become practical, and cease to be madly speculative, we may yet produce a party that shall insist upon the care of the land, study its wants, enrich and make it perpetual, serve it with a system of irrigation more complete than that of Lombardy, and of fertilization more scientific than that of Belgium and France.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

PROFESSOR DANIEL VAUGHAN.

THE accomplished scholar, whose death occurred at Cincinnati on the 6th of April, belonged to a class rarely to be met with in our prosperous country—students and sages whose devotion to learning leaves them little time to provide for their personal needs, and who are so neglected by the bustling crowd of humanity around them that their lives are sacrificed to privation and want. Men of such tastes and character are more frequently to be met with in some crumbling city of the Old World, where scholastic positions are well filled, and there is little opportunity for further devotees of wisdom, than in our young republic, where a growing appetite for learning is constantly laying the foundations of new educational institutions and enlarging old ones, thus creating a real and urgent demand for instructors of all kinds.

The greater part of Professor VAUGHAN's life was spent in Cincinnati. In this prosperous city of our great West he carried on for more than a quarter of a century his enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge, in which he was always successful, and the bitter struggle with poverty in its worst shape, which finally wore out his physical powers, and caused his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. The incidents of his life, like those of most scholars, were neither many nor noteworthy, and will afford little material for the biographer who shall make it his business to record them. He was born in Ireland about the year 1821, and his family appear to have been people of considerable means. His early education was gathered partly as a village school, and partly under the instruction of a private tutor. The reasons that induced him to leave his home and come to this country are involved in considerable doubt, but at sixteen we find him an emigrant to America, and in order to gain a livelihood, he directed his steps toward the Great West. Although little more than a boy in years, his remarkable proficiency in mathematics and other branches procured for him a position as teacher in the principal school in Bourbon County, Kentucky. Here he remained several years, instructing others during the day, and studying himself so night, until the limited privileges he enjoyed in the way of books became intolerable, and determined him to seek a residence where he might have the treasures of a well-supplied library at his command.

Mr VAUGHAN's selection of Cincinnati as his future place of residence was undoubtedly owing to the reputation which twenty-five years ago that city had justly earned not only for its valuable collections of books, but also for its admirable literary and scientific organizations. Unfortunately for himself, however, he entered it as a foreigner and without any thing that could serve in the way of an introduction into learned circles. In Kentucky he had made many friends, but these were less easy to gain in a large city. His desire was simply that he might study; but in order to do this he must live, and a livelihood seemed a most difficult thing to obtain. At one time he gave lessons in mathematics and astronomy, and at another he gathered about him a few pupils in the modern languages, with which he was familiar, as well as with Greek and Latin. Again, he delivered a series of lectures on chemistry, both in the Eclectic Medical College and in another institution of a similar character. These brought him in a moderate sum, and occasionally he was paid for some of his frequent contributions to different periodicals. His fortunes, however, seemed always at the lowest ebb, even while he made tremendous advances in his favorite studies, and became known by name not only among the sages of his adopted country, but also to many on the other side of the ocean. At the same time one reason must be given for his extreme poverty that is often overlooked by those who sympathize most deeply with characters of his kind: Professor VAUGHAN would not let those who associated with him know of his need. When it was discovered by any of his friends, he always refused to accept the assistance that was proffered. Apparently he was of that stern stuff which despises the needs of the body, and considers it time wasted to gratify them. Fancying that the domination of intellect could overcome such trivial affections as cold and hunger, he would neither attend to his own comfort nor allow others to do it for him. The one friend who had the most influence with him, and to whom he was most indebted, was the humble keeper of a boarding-house where he occupied a small apartment. This good woman attended to his needs, frequently without recompense, and it was not until her home was broken up by some calamity that Professor VAUGHAN's worst misfortunes overtook him. He then secured a miserable room in a poor locality, and determined to attend to his own wants. The few that penetrated to his retreat bore a pathetic tale to tell of the bedstead covered with rags, the worn-out stove, the few cooking utensils, and the musty pile of books that formed his surroundings. Disease was soon added to his other miseries, but to the last he remained true to his old devotion to study, and his contempt for the demands of his suffering body. It was only when unable longer to leave his bed that he suffered himself to be removed to the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, where, after a short but delusive improvement in his health, he died, in full possession of his senses to the last, and suffering but little pain. The most painful revelations of the life that he had led came with the examination of the remains that followed, for the physicians assert that a long course of privation, coming as nearly as possible to starvation, had so enfeebled his vital power as to make death inevitable.

The range of Professor VAUGHAN's attainments was in the full as extensive as that of many of the leading scientists of our period, if are more so. As a writer he wielded a fluent pen, and treated with marked ability any subject that he deemed worthy of his attention. On mathematics and astronomy he prepared one so two volumes, his reputation rests chiefly on the peculiar merit of the many essays he published to important scientific questions. Those upon astronomy are the most numerous, and show that whatever he may have achieved in other departments of learning, this was the one which had the greatest attraction for him, and awakened his most enthusiastic devotion. On geology he wrote occasionally, and also upon galvanism and magnetism—those occult forces of which so little is as yet either known as understood. The domain of metaphysics was also explored by Professor VAUGHAN, many original theories being propounded in the essays he prepared. Again, he did not disdain to undertake the humbler labors of a biographer, as is shown by his admirable paper on "The Life of Newton." This and an article on LAPLACE present a most interesting review of the characteristics and achievements of these two great men. Professor VAUGHAN's medium of publication were the foremost scientific periodicals of England and America. He was a frequent contributor to the Journal of the British Association for the Advancement of Science during the time when Sir DAVID BREWSTER and Sir ROBERT MURCHISON were among its editors. His essays was also a familiar one for years before his death to the readers of the *Popular Science Monthly*, published in New York. A melancholy incident occurred just before his death in connection with his contributions to periodical literature. While at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan a number of proof-sheets were brought him, and he requested that he might be bolstered up in bed to correct them. This was done, and he completed the work to his own satisfaction. The next day he lay dead upon his couch, and it was supposed that the effort required by this task had contributed toward hastening his end.

There can be no question that by the death of Professor VAUGHAN America has lost one of her most accomplished scholars. It is also deeply to be regretted that during his life he received no reward for the faithful service done the cause of learning, and that his end should have been so miserable. A life like this is one that every pains should be taken to preserve; and when the efforts made by his friends to relieve his distress were repulsed, they should have been the more eagerly persisted in. Such men are a loss, not only to the community where they chance to reside, but in our country, where literature and science are yet in their youth, and have need of every powerful intellect to assist in their development. A portrait of Professor VAUGHAN will be found on page 344.

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 11.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

It will be remembered that, soon after the close of our civil war, Cardinal MANNING opened a college at Mill Hill, near London, for the training of priests whose task it should be to convert our freedmen to the Roman Catholic faith. It is evident that the promoters of this mission were unaware of what had been done for the Christianization of the freedmen by the Protestant Churches of the United States. The ninth annual report of the college, just issued, makes mention of only one priest sent to this country during 1878; two have already been selected to come over this year. The present number of persons in the college is stated to be four directors, thirty-eight students, and five brothers.

Father VIGNERONT, one of the founders of the mission, died last year. The report recognizes the work of our Protestant societies among the blacks, and counsels resistance to its progress. It says: "The most important point is the absolute necessity of providing for the negro children a sound religious education. If this can be done, the children will grow up devout, and the grown-up people good Christians. Hence the efforts of the various sects to instil error into the minds of children by means of their freedmen's schools. We must resist these efforts to the best of our power." It can be readily seen from this report that the work of making Catholics of the negroes has not prospered as rapidly as was originally anticipated.

It now seems probable that the overture on representation sent down to the Presbyteries by the General Assembly of 1878 will be defeated. At first it was regarded with favor, but the vote of the important Presbytery of New York against it has, no doubt, had great weight in forming opinion. It will require 90 affirmative Presbyteries to secure the adoption of the overture; at the last accounts 34 have voted in favor and 50 against. The General Assembly meets at Saratoga on the 15th of May. The opening sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. FRANCIS L. PATTON, the Moderator of the last Assembly.

The emigration of the colored people from the Southern States has attained such large proportions that the churches are assuming the duty of giving aid. A national emigration society has also been established, of which Senator WINDOM is president, and the Hon. EDWARD M'PHERSON secretary. A committee of the citizens of Wyandotte, Kansas, announce that they will send men with the emigrants, to find unoccupied government lands suitable for settlement. Trustworthy men will also go with them to assist in their first labors. It is now said that the freedmen have had their attention directed to Kansas since 1869, and that numerous families have been settled there for several years. The movement is not so precipitate as was first believed. Some system of help covering the whole country is very much needed.

The project of a memorial to WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING has taken definite form. It will be a church in Newport, costing not less than $50,000. The corner-stone will be laid on the hundredth anniversary of CHANNING's birth. Of the total cost it is proposed to raise $35,000 in Newport.

The attempt of SOLOVIEFF to assassinate the Russian Emperor has been followed by the intelligence of the shooting by Nihilists of three policemen at Kasan. Among the attacking party were a nobleman, and an educated girl aged seventeen years. The latter fact recalls the attempt to kill the Chief of Police of St. Petersburg, General TREPOFF, by VERA SASSULITCH. It is evident that the Nihilist conspiracy numbers among its abettors professors, teachers, students, and refined women. It is nothing more or less than a revolt against the terrible despotism of the Russian government. As the Russian Church is the ally, or rather the submissive servant, of the state, rebellion against the government has become a rebellion against religion itself.

The name of the Rev. JOHN MILLER, who was deposed two years ago from the Presbyterian ministry for heresy, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, has been struck from the Presbytery's roll. Mr. MILLER, after the confirmation by the General Assembly of the original decision, withdrew from the Church, but the right of withdrawal was not recognized. Recently he was engaged in delivering private lectures on the New Testament to students of Princeton Theological Seminary. Professor A. A. Hodge and the faculty objected to such attendance of the students, and the lectures of Mr. MILLER to them have been discontinued. On the surface, this order of the Theological faculty appears harsh, but in view of their responsibility to the General Assembly, they could not, perhaps, do otherwise.

The twenty-third convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada will be held in Baltimore from the 21st to the 25th of May. The topics to be discussed are the following: (1) The present condition of State and Provincial organizations. (2) The importance of the study of the various books of the Bible with illustrations. (3) The work of the General Secretary. (4) The office and work of the secretary in Associations not employing a General Secretary. (5) The Executive Committee's work in the West, South, among Germans, railroad men, students, and commercial travellers.

The *European Messenger* presents some valuable facts in relation to the national Church of Russia. The number of persons in holy orders is about 100,000; there are 420 cathedrals, 38,203 churches, and 12,408 chapels. The total annual revenue of the Church is 20,000,000 rubles. The translation of the Bible into Russian was finished in 1877. The first edition of 24,000 copies has been sold, and a second is in preparation. There are 553 monasteries and convents; in these are 10,500 monks and 16,000 nuns. The schools connected with the churches and monasteries are 6021 in number; the universities, gymnasia, and scientific schools number only 363.

It is proposed, as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. DE KOVEN, to raise $150,000 for the endowment of Racine College, of which he was so long the warden. Dr. DE KOVEN left a bequest to the college; this with other sums in hand will make $48,000; the ground and buildings are estimated to be worth an additional $150,000.

Oxford follows the example of Cambridge in providing for the proper education of women. Funds have been subscribed for the opening of two halls; one will bear the name of Mrs. SOMERVILLE, the name of the other is not announced. As to religious instruction, one of the halls will follow the prescriptions of the Church of England; the other will permit the students to exercise, in this regard, their own choice.

It is gratifying to learn that the project of a Baptist theological school in Paris is favored by the leading French Protestants, who, as is well known, are not Baptists. PRESSENSÉ, MONOD, and HITCHCOCK, of the American Chapel, are giving their co-operation. The organization has not yet obtained legal sanction, but the papers necessary for the purpose are in the hands of lawyers.

Few ministers have filled a larger place in the religious world than the Rev. Dr. HOWARD MALCOLM, who died in Philadelphia on the 25th of March, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had been in the course of his long life a preacher in the Baptist denomination, a college president, and a widely read author. He was born in Philadelphia in 1799, graduated at Dickinson College, and afterward at Princeton Theological Seminary. It fell to his lot to be one of the founders of the American Tract Society, and also one of the earliest supporters of the American Sunday-school Union. From 1839 to 1849 Dr. MALCOLM was President of the Georgetown College, Kentucky, and from 1851 to 1858 President of the Baptist University at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. To scholars he was best known by his valuable *Index of Theological Literature*, and his *Bible Dictionary*. This latter work has had a circulation of not less than 150,000 copies. One of the most valuable services to learning rendered by Dr. MALCOLM was the founding of the American Baptist Historical Society. Its library is already rich in books and manuscripts.

The statement is made in a letter of a correspondent to the *Church Times*, of London, that the original manuscript journals of JOHN WESLEY are still in existence, having never been edited or printed, or, so far as the writer knows, "examined by any competent hand." What are known to the public as the journals of WESLEY are selections made by himself, and printed in his lifetime. As every thing pertaining to the founder of Methodism is now of interest to the Christian world, it is very desirable that his unpublished writings should be placed within the reach of scholars.

The interest awakened by the report of the British Lords' committee in favor of the Gothenburg system makes a more precise account of that system desirable. It was first adopted in 1865. Its fundamental principle is that "no individual, either as proprietor or manager, shall derive any private gain from the sale of spirits." In Gothenburg, a town of Sweden, the traffic was transferred to a limited liability company, which undertook by the terms of its charter to conduct the business solely in the interest of public morality, and to pay the profits, over interest on capital, into the town treasury. The capital of the company was fixed at $55,000, but only $26,500 have been paid in. The profits each year have been $200,000, in a population of 65,000 persons.

The company reduced the number of licenses in Gothenburg from 119 to 36. All sales at bars have been prohibited from 6 P.M. on Saturdays to 8 A.M. on Mondays. This system has greatly reduced the amount of intemperance; the arrests for drunkenness have, between 1865 and 1875, fallen sixty per cent. The system is now accepted in Sweden by every town having a population of more than 5000 save one. It has also been adopted in Stockholm. One of its obvious effects has been to diminish local taxation. The enormous profits of the retail liquor trade have been made to contribute to the support of municipal government. Under the English modification, it is proposed to transfer the business, not to companies, but to town councils. The committee of the House of Lords recommend the local adoption of the Gothenburg and Birmingham schemes, or some modification of them.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR HINRICHS continues to do excellent work in connection with the Iowa weather service, carrying out on a small scale what General MYER is doing in Washington. He reports as the weather characteristics in Iowa for March that it was considerably warmer than the normal, but that the rain-fall and cloudiness were about the average. The rain-fall amounted in a part of the State to two inches; in the remainder to about one inch. Thunder-storms were quite frequent, accompanied by hail. The sun was observed on nineteen days, and was entirely free from spots visible with the telescope.

The International Congress of Americanists has issued its circular of invitations to a third session, to be held at Brussels from the 23d to the 26th of September, under the patronage of the King of Belgians and the presidency of the Count of Flanders. The city of Brussels will take charge of the congress, and see to the proper accommodations and convenience of the members.

The object of this organization is the development of a knowledge of the early history of discovery and settlement in the Americas, as also all such facts in their prehistory as can be gathered by an inspection of the remaining monuments. The volumes of Proceedings contain a great deal of interesting and important matter, although the society is rather open to the charge of credulity in accepting, apparently without question, many statements repudiated by American archæologists. This, however, would be remedied by a larger representation from North America; and it is much to be hoped that some of our more accomplished American historians and ethnologists may take part in the proceedings of the coming session.

A membership costs twelve francs, in return for which the volume of Proceedings is furnished gratuitously. Tickets for this purpose have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution, which has agreed to act as agent of the society, and to distribute its Proceedings.

Professor BASTIAN, the eminent head of the Anthropological Museum of Berlin, of whose activity as an explorer repeated mention has been made in our columns, has been seriously ill at Calcutta on one of his journeys. He has, however, nearly recovered, and expects soon to start for Batavia.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers of Westminster, London, has lately projected a scheme for experimental research, in proposing annually one or more subjects for investigation, and asking information of results in this direction, as also records of any unpublished experiments, references to authorities, copies of books or papers where treated, etc. All these returns will be collected by the subcommittees, and embodied in a series of elaborate reports, in which due credit will be given to all contributors.

The subjects announced for present consideration are: first, the hardening, tempering, and annealing of steel; second, the best form of riveted joints to resist strain in steel or iron, or in combination; third, friction at high velocities, especially with reference to the friction of bearings of pivots, friction of brakes, etc.

Dr. FRIEDRICH WILHELM VOGLER, a well-known German geographer, died recently in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

For some years past a French Government Board has been in existence, charged with the duty of designating portions of the globe in which special geographical search is desirable, and in the exploration of which government funds could be advantageously used. As the result a large number of valuable reports have been published, occupying a very important place in the history of geographical discovery. It appears, however, that at present, in the view of this board, all the most interesting points of research yet remaining are so fully provided for, by either public or private enterprise, that there is no further occasion for the intervention of the French government.

Mr. CHARNAY announces the result of recent explorations in the east and west portions of Java, and claims to have discovered a close affinity between the remains of the civilization introduced by the Hindoo Buddhists and that of the ancient Mexican Empire.

It appears, from a communication by Mr. ALBERT MERLE, that a large tract of country between the Senegal and the Gambia, extending from 14° to 16° north latitude, and marked on the late maps "desert country, no water," is, on the contrary, covered with thick forests of valuable trees, and that tobacco and indigo grow there in abundance. Mr. MERLE urgently demands a thorough exploration of that region.

The death of the Belgian explorer M. WAUTHIER is just announced.

Professor SHALER, of Harvard, announces the fifth session of his Summer School of Geology, affording thereby an excellent opportunity to acquire practical information in regard to geological researches in the field.

Two divisions of the school will be organized: one with its head-quarters at Cambridge, to include a course of lectures during ten weeks, with instruction and daily excursions to interesting points in the vicinity; after which the work will be transferred to the Catskills, on the Hudson, where out-door work will be more continuous, and probably always on foot. No student should apply who is unable to walk ten miles a day for five days in a week. Ladies are admitted to this course.

The second course will be given in connection with the work of the Kentucky Geological Survey, in Eastern Kentucky. The object of this will be to provide systematic field training for men who have some knowledge of elementary geology. It will cover a large area in Kentucky, Virginia, and perhaps other States.

At present the most munificent patron of science in Europe appears to be M. BISCHOFFSHEIM, an eminent French banker. This gentleman has lately placed his winter residence at Mentone at the command of the National Observatory of France, as a branch establishment, and is about expending the sum of $180,000 for instruments and other equipments.

The death of Dr. LAURENCE EDMONDSTONE, a Scottish naturalist, is announced as having taken place in March last.

Reference has already been made to the successful crossing of the continent of Africa by Major SERPA PINTO. The text of his dispatch of the 16th of March from Pretoria, Transvaal, sent via Aden, to the Geographical Society of Lisbon, under the auspices of which he made his journey, is as follows: "I am six days' journey from the Indian Ocean, having just finished my traverse over Africa from the western coast. I have contended against hunger, thirst, wild beasts, savages, inundations, and drouth. I have happily surmounted all obstacles. I have saved three maps, three volumes of my observations of meteorological notes, three volumes of drawings, and a voluminous journal. I have lost a great part of my force. I have completed all the Upper Zambesi, seventy-two plans of the rapids and cataracts; have found the natives ferocious, and had constant wars. I write by post."

This telegram has been communicated to the principal correspondents of the Geographical Society of Lisbon, with a note that the explorer left Bihé in May, 1878.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE appeared to be some irresistible force endeavoring to impede his progress, as he would shakily advance a step or two, and then execute a retrograde movement, bringing up at the starting-point. He was undoubtedly as drunk as a lord, and the ground appeared to roll beneath him like unto the ocean's restless waves. All at once he was seen to reel, endeavor to catch himself, and then sink heavily into a heap on the pavement, and when the by-standers ran to his assistance, he said: "Alsh sh'verest shock fun earthquake ever sperienshed, 'n' I've bin on ish coast shince '50. B'much damage done, y' reckon?"

A young man went into a florist's store the other day to buy a rose-bud for his affianced. Seventy-five cents was the price asked. "Will it keep?" inquired the young man. "Oh yes, a long while." "Then you may keep it."

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint, and bought tickets for two.

"Good-day, Moses. How you vas changed! Vouldn't never hafe know'd you!" "But my name is not Moses, Sir." "Vhat! your name changed too?"

"My dear," said a grocer, "we have all been converted, and can't sell milk on Sunday; but if you happen to want a little, just come to by the back gate, please."

The ancient Egyptians did not use tobacco, and, mark you, the ancient Egyptians are dead.

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the breed; for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

"Dearest, let us in this café refresh ourselves for a brief period," said a swell young man to a spirituelle creature. "What'll you have?" said the waiter, handing the lady a bill of fare. "Oh, never mind the bill of fare," she replied; "give me a plate of cod-fish cakes with plenty of butter." The young man fainted.

THE AMERICAN WINNER "PAROLE."

"The fact is, England is so small, and your High Horses have such Long Legs."

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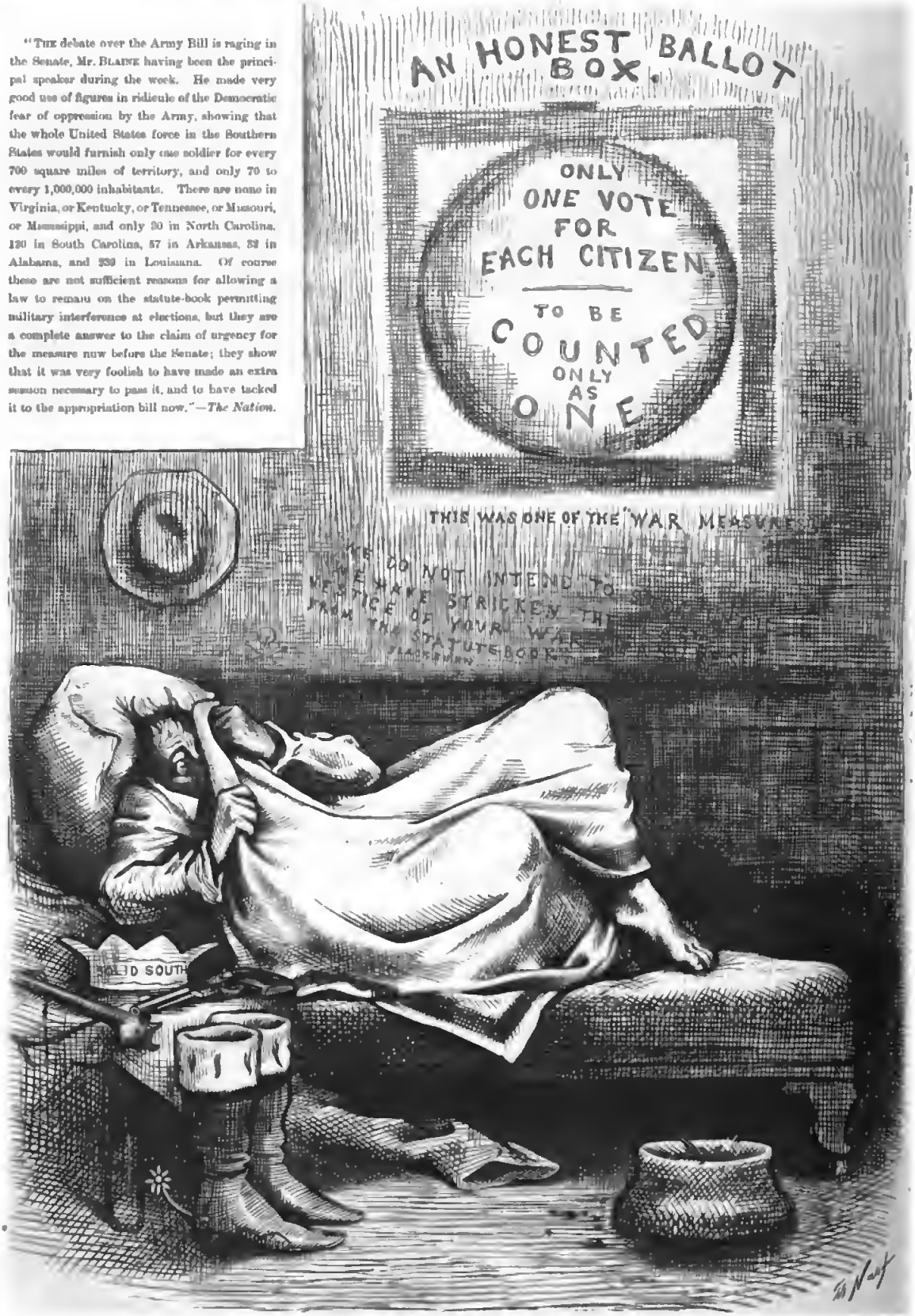
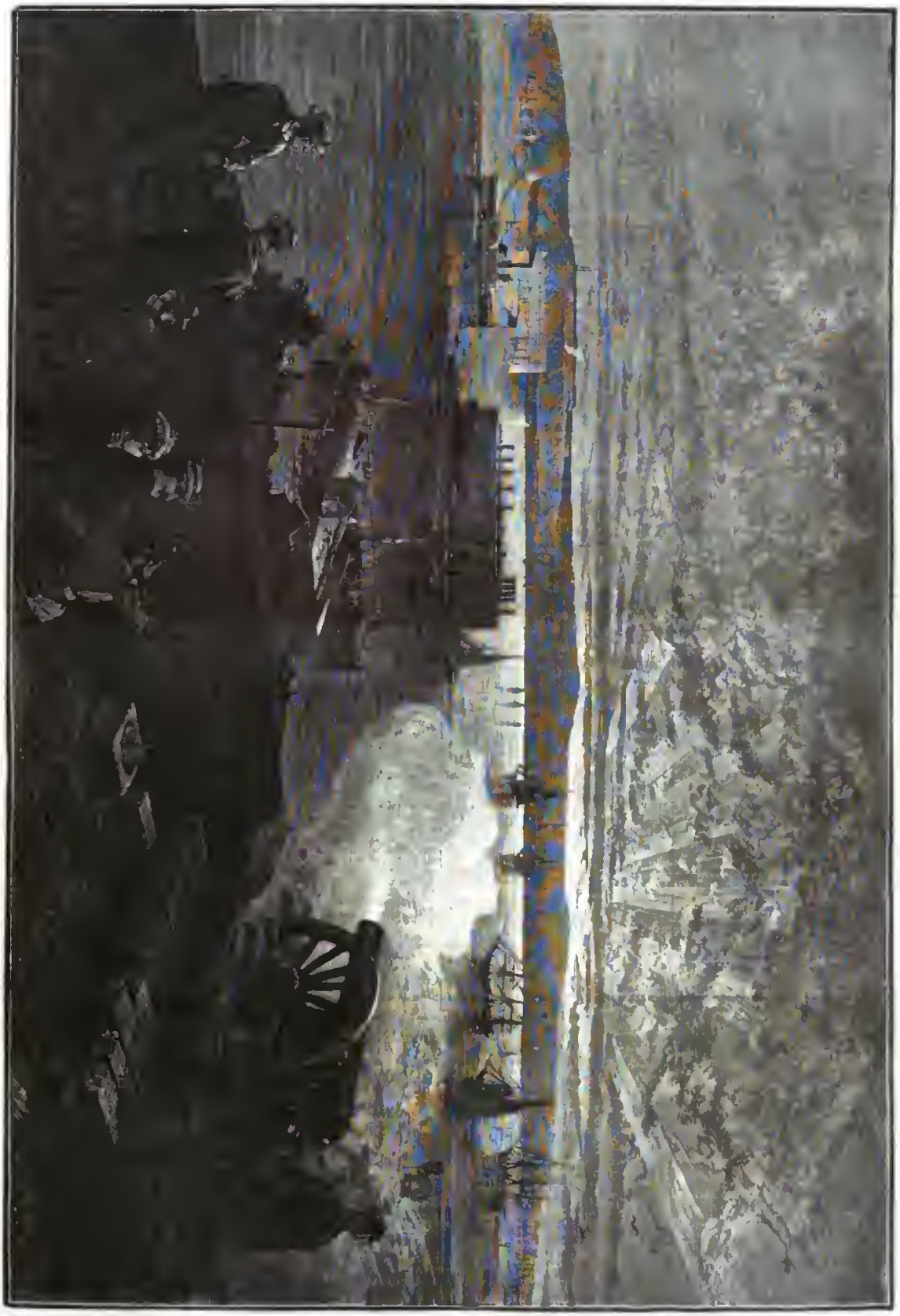
"The debate over the Army Bill is raging in the Senate, Mr. Blaine having been the principal speaker during the week. He made very good use of figures in ridicule of the Democratic fear of oppression by the Army, showing that the whole United States force in the Southern States would furnish only one soldier for every 700 square miles of territory, and only 70 to every 1,000,000 inhabitants. There are none in Virginia, or Kentucky, or Tennessee, or Missouri, or Mississippi, and only 20 in North Carolina, 120 in South Carolina, 57 in Arkansas, 33 in Alabama, and 239 in Louisiana. Of course these are not sufficient reasons for allowing a law to remain on the statute-book permitting military interference at elections, but they are a complete answer to the claim of urgency for the measure now before the Senate; they show that it was very foolish to have made an extra session necessary to pass it, and to have tacked it to the appropriation bill now."—*The Nation.*



THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers."—Shakespeare.



VIEW FROM FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR—THE SUNSET GUN.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 371.]

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THE DYING POET TO THE WALL-FLOWER.

Wergeland, a Norwegian poet of great excellence, who died at the early age of thirty-eight, was observed on his death-bed to watch with intensity a wall-flower blossoming in the window. To this plant he addressed an exquisite little lyric, of which we subjoin Mr. Gosse's masterly translation:

O wall-flower, or ever thy bright leaves fade,
My limbs will be that of which all are made;
Before ever thou loosest thy crown of gold,
My flesh will be mould.

And yet open the casement; till I am dead,
Let my last look rest on thy golden head!
My soul would kiss thee before it flies
To the open skies.

Twice I am kissing thy fragrant mouth,
And the first kiss wholly is thine in truth;
But the second, remember, dear love, to close
On my fair white rose.

I shall not be living its spring to see,
But bring it my greeting when that shall be,
And say that I wished that upon my grave
It should bloom and wave.

Yes, say that I wished that against my breast
The rose should lie that my lips caressed,
And, wall-flower, do thou into Death's dark porch
Be its bridal torch.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1157.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

The duchess looked provokingly cool and comfortable in her morning room, which was an airy apartment on the first floor, with a wide window opening upon a rustic balcony, verandaed and trellised, garlanded with passion-flowers and Australian clematis, and altogether sheltered from sun and wind. The most reposeful sofas, the roomiest arm-chairs, in all the house were to be found here, covered with a cool shining chintz of the good old-fashioned sort, apple blossoms and spring flowers on a white ground.

A second window in a corner opened into a small fernery, in which there was a miniature water-fall that trickled with a slumberous sound over moss-grown rock-work. There could hardly have been a better room for afternoon tea on a sultry summer day; and afternoon tea at Ashbourne included iced coffee, and the finest peaches and nectarines that were grown in the county; and when the duke happened to drop in for a chat with his wife and daughter, sometimes went as far as sherry and Angostura bitters.

The duchess received her daughter with her usual delighted air, as if the ethereal-looking young lady in India muslin had verily been a goddess.

"I hope you have not been fatiguing yourself in the orchid-houses on such an afternoon as this, my pet?" she said, anxiously.

"No, indeed, mamma; it is much too warm for the orchid-houses. I have been in the shrubbery reading, or trying to read, but it is dreadfully sleepy weather. We shall all be glad to get some tea. Oh, here it comes."

A match pair of footmen brought a pair of silver trays: caddy, kettle, tea-pot, and cups and saucers on one; and a lavish pile of fruit, such as Lance would have loved to paint, on the other.

Lady Mabel took up the quaint little silver caddy and made the tea. Roderick began to eat peaches. Lord Mallow, true to his nationality, seated himself by the duchess, and paid her a compliment.

"There are some more parcels for you, Mabel," said the fond mother presently, glancing at a side table, where sundry neatly papered packets suggested jewelry.

"More presents, I suppose," the young lady murmured, languidly. "Now I do hope people have not sent me any more jewelry. I wear so little, and I—"

"Have so much," she was going to say, but checked herself on the verge of a remark that savored of vulgar arrogance.

She went on with the tea-making, uncurious as to the inside of those dainty-looking parcels. She had been surfeited with presents before she left her nursery. A bracelet or a locket more or less could not make the slightest difference in her feelings. She entertained a condescending pity for the foolish people who squandered their money in buying her such things, when they ought to know that she had a superfluity of much finer jewels than any they could give her.

"Don't you want to see your presents?" asked Rorie, looking at her in half-stupid wonder at such calm superiority.

"They will keep till we have done tea. I can guess pretty well what they are like. How many Church Services have people sent me, mamma?"

"I think the last made fourteen," murmured the duchess, trifling with her tea-spoon.

"And how many 'Christian Years?'"

"Nine."

"And how many copies of Doré's 'Idyls of the King?'"

"One came this morning from Mrs. Scobel. I think it was the fifth."

"How many lockets inscribed with 'A. E. I.' or 'Mizpah?'"

"My darling, I could not possibly count those. There were three more by post this morning."

"You see there is rather a sameness in these things," said Lady Mabel; "and you can understand why I am not rabidly curious about the contents of those parcels. I feel sure there will be another 'Mizpah' among them."

She had received Lord Mallow's tribute, an Irish jaunting-car, built upon the newest lines, and altogether a most perfect vehicle for driving to a meet in, so light and perfectly balanced as to travel safely through the ruttiest glade in Mark Ash.

Rorie's gifts had all been given, so Lady Mabel could afford to make light of the unopened parcels without fear of wounding the feelings of any one present.

They were opened by-and-by, when the duke came in from his farm, sorely disturbed in his mind at the serious indisposition of a six-hundred-guinea cart-horse, which hapless prize animal had been fatted to such an inflammatory condition that in his case the commonest ailment might prove deadly. Depressed by this calamity, the duke required to be propped up with sherry and Angostura bitters, which tonic mixture was presently brought to him by one of the match footmen, who looked very much as if he were suffering from the same plethoric state that was likely to prove fatal to the cart-horse. Happily, the footman's death would be but a temporary inconvenience. The duke had not given six hundred guineas for him.

Lady Mabel opened her parcels, in the hope of distracting her father from the contemplation of his trouble.

"From whom can this be," she asked, wonderingly, "with the Jersey postmark? Do I know any one in Jersey?"

Roderick grew suddenly crimson, and became deeply absorbed in the business of peeling a nectarine.

"I surely can not know any one in Jersey," said Lady Mabel, in languid wonderment. "It is an altogether impossible place. Nobody in society goes there. It sounds almost as disreputable as Boulogne."

"You'd better open the packet," said Rorie, with a quiver in his voice.

"Perhaps it is from some of your friends," speculated Mabel.

She broke the seal, and tore the cover off a small morocco case.

"What a lovely pair of ear-rings!" she exclaimed.

Each ear-drop was a single turquoise, almost as large, and quite as clear in color, as a hedge-sparrow's egg. The setting was Roman, exquisitely artistic.

"Now I can forgive any one for sending me such jewelry as that," said Lady Mabel. "It is not the sort of thing one sees in every jeweller's shop."

Rorie looked at the blue stones with rueful eyes. He knew them well. He had seen them contrasted with ruddy chestnut hair, and the whitest skin in Christendom—or, at any rate, the whitest he had ever seen; and a man's world can be but the world he knows.

"There is a letter," said Lady Mabel. "Now I shall find out all about my mysterious Jersey friend."

She read the letter aloud.

"Les Tourelles, Jersey, July 28.

"Dear Lady Mabel,—I can not bear that your wedding day should go by without bringing you some small token of regard from your husband's old friend. Will you wear these ear-rings now and then, and believe that they came from one who has nothing but good wishes for Rorie's wife?

"Yours very truly, Violet Tempest."

"Why, they are actually from your old playfellow!" cried Mabel, with a laugh that had not quite a genuine ring in its mirth. "The young lady who used to follow the stag-hounds, in a green habit and brass buttons, ever so many years ago, and who insisted on calling you Rorie. She does it still, you see. How very sweet of her to send me a wedding present! I ought to have remembered. I heard something about her being sent off to Jersey by her people, because she had grown rather incorrigible at home."

"She was not incorrigible, and she was not sent off to Jersey," said Roderick, grimly. "She left home of her own free-will, because she could not hit it with her step-father."

"That is another way of expressing it, but I think we both mean pretty much the same thing," retorted Mabel. "But I don't want to know why she went to Jersey. She has behaved very sweetly in sending me such a pretty letter; and when she is at home again I shall be very happy to see her at my garden parties."

Lord Mallow had no share in this conversation, for the duke had button-holed him, and was giving him a detailed account of the cart-horse's symptoms.

The little party dispersed soon after this, and did not foregather again until just before dinner, when the people who had been to see the ruins were all assembled, full of their day's enjoyment, and of sundry conversational encounters which they had had with the natives of the district. They gave themselves the usual airs which people who have been laboriously amusing themselves inflict upon those wiser individuals who prefer the passive pleasures of repose, and made a merit of having exposed themselves to the meridian sun in the pursuit of archæological knowledge.

Lady Mabel looked pale and weary all that evening. Roderick was so evidently distrait that the good-natured duke thought that he must be worrying himself about the cart-horse, and begged him to make his mind easy, as it was possible the animal might even yet recover.

Later on in the evening Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow sat in the conservatory and talked Irish politics, while Rorie and the younger members of the house party played Nap. The conservatory was deliciously cool on this summer evening, dimly lighted by lamps that were half hidden among the palms and orange-trees. Lady Mabel and her companion could see the stars shining through the open doorway, and the mystical darkness of remote woods. Their voices were hushed; there were pauses of silence in their talk. Never had the stirring question of Home Rule been more interesting.

Lady Mabel did not go back to the drawing-room that evening. There was a door leading from the conservatory to the hall, and while Rorie and the young people were still somewhat noisily engaged in the game of Napoleon, Lady Mabel went out to the hall, with Lord Mallow in attendance upon her. When he had taken her candle from the table and lighted it, he paused for a moment or so before he handed it to her, looking at her very earnestly all the while, as she stood at the foot of the staircase, with saddened face and downcast eyes, gravely contemplative of the stair carpet.

"Is it—positively—too late?" he asked.

"You must feel and know that it is so," she answered.

"But it might have been?"

"Yes," she murmured, with a faint sigh, "it might have been."

He gave her the candlestick, and she went slowly up stairs, without a word of good-night. He stood in the hall, watching the slim figure as it ascended, aerial and elegant in its palely tinted drapery.

"It might have been," he repeated to himself; and then he lighted his candle and went slowly up the staircase. He was in no humor for billiards, cigars, or noisy masculine talk to-night. Still less was he inclined to be at ease and to make merry with Roderick Vawdrey.

CHAPTER XL.

WEDDING BELLS.

Vixen had been more than a year in the island of Jersey. She had lived her lonely and monotonous existence, and made no moan. It was a dreary exile; but it seemed to her that there was little else for her to do in life but dawdle through the long slow days, and bear the burden of living—at least until she came of age, and was independent, and could go where she pleased. Then there would be the wide world for her to wander over, instead of this sea-girdled garden of Jersey. She had reasons of her own for so quietly submitting to this joyless life. Mrs. Carmichael kept her informed of all that was doing in Hampshire, and even at the Queen Anne house in Kensington. She knew that Roderick Vawdrey's wedding day was fixed for the 1st of August. Was it not better that she should be far away, hidden from her small world, while those marriage bells were ringing across the darkening beech woods?

Her sacrifice had not been vain. Her lover had speedily forgotten that brief madness of last midsummer, and had returned to his allegiance. There had been no cloud upon the loves of the plighted cousins—no passing gust of dissension. If there had been, Mrs. Carmichael would have known all about it. Her letters told only of harmonious feeling and perpetual sunshine.

"Lady Mabel is looking prettier than ever," she wrote, in the last week of July—"that ethereal loveliness which I so much admire. Her waist can not be more than eighteen inches. I can not find out who makes her dresses, but they are exquisitely becoming to her; though, for my own part, I do not think the style equal to Theodore's. But then I always supplemented Theodore's ideas with my own suggestions.

"I hear that the *trousseau* is something wonderful. The *lingerie* is in quite a new style; a special make of linen has been introduced at Bruges on purpose for the occasion, and I have heard that the loom is to be broken and no more made. But this is perhaps exaggeration. The lace has all been made in Buckinghamshire, from patterns a hundred years old—very quaint and pretty. There is an elegant simplicity about every thing, Mrs. Scobel tells me, which is very charming. The costumes for the Norwegian tour are heather-colored water-proof cloth, with stitched borders, plain to the last degree, but with a chic that redeems their plainness.

"Conrad and I received an early invitation to the wedding. He will go; but I have refused, on the ground of ill health. And indeed, my dear Violet, this is no idle excuse. My health has been declining ever since you left us. I was always a fragile creature, as you know, even in your dear papa's time; but of late the least exertion has made me tremble like a leaf. I bear up, for Conrad's sake. He is so anxious and unhappy when he sees me suffer, and I am glad to spare him anxiety.

"Your old friend Mr. Vawdrey looks well and happy, but I do not see much of him. Believe me, dear, you acted well and wisely in leaving home when you did. It would have been a dreadful thing if Lady Mabel's engagement had been broken off on account of an idle flirtation between you and Rorie. It would have left a stain upon your name for life. Girls do not think of these things. I'm afraid I flirted a little myself when I was first out, and admiration was new to me; but I married so young that I escaped some of the dangers you have had to pass through.

"Roderick is making considerable improvements and alterations at Briarwood. He is trying to make the house pretty—I fear an impossible task. There is a commonplace tone about the building that defies improvement. The orchid-houses at Ashbourne are to be taken down and removed to Briarwood. The collection has been increasing ever since Lady Jane Vawdrey's death, and is now one of the finest in England. But to my mind the taste is a most foolish one. Dear Conrad thinks me extravagant for giving sixty guineas for a dress—what might he not think if I gave as much for a single plant? Lord Mallow is staying at Ashbourne for the wedding. His success in the House of Commons has made him quite a lion. He called and took tea with me the other day. He is very nice. Ah, my dearest Violet, what a pity you could not like him! It would have been such a splendid match for you, and would have made Conrad and me so proud and happy."

Vixen folded the letter with a sigh. She was sitting in her favorite spot in the neglected garden, the figs ripening above her among their broad ragged leaves, and the green slopes and valleys lying beneath her—orchards and meadows and pink homesteads—under a sultry summer haze.

The daughter was not particularly alarmed by her mother's complaint of declining health. It was that old cry of "wolf," which Violet had heard ever since she could remember.

"Poor mamma!" she said to herself, with a half pitying tenderness, "it has always been her particular vanity to fancy herself an invalid, and yet no doctor has ever been able to find out any thing amiss. She ought to be very happy now, poor dear: she has the husband of her choice, and no rebellious daughter to make the atmosphere stormy. I must write to Mrs. Scobel, and ask if mamma is really not quite so well as when I left home."

And then Vixen's thoughts wandered away to Rorie, and the alterations that were being made at Briarwood. He was preparing a bright home for his young wife, and they would be very happy together, and it would be as if Violet had never crossed his path.

"But he was fond of me last midsummer twelvemonth," thought Vixen, half seated, half reclining against a grassy bank, with her hands clasped above her head, and her open book flung aside upon the long grass, where the daisies and dandelions grew in such wild abundance. "Yes, he loved me dearly then, and would have sacrificed interest, honor, all the world, for my sake. Can he forget those days, when they are thus ever present to my mind? He seemed more in love than I; yet a little year, and he is going to be married. Have men no memories? I do not believe that he loves Lady Mabel any better than he did a year ago, when he asked me to be his wife. But he has learned wisdom; and he is going to keep his word, and to be owner of Briarwood and Ashbourne, and a great man in the county. I suppose it is a glorious destiny."

In these last days of July a strange restlessness had taken possession of Violet Tempest. She could not read or occupy herself in any way. Those long rambles about the island, to wild precipices looking down on peaceful bays, to furzy hills where a few scattered sheep were her sole companions, to heathery steeps that were craggy and precipitous and dangerous to climb, and so had a certain fascination for the lonely wanderer—these rambles, which had been her chief resource and solace until now, had suddenly lost their charm. She dawdled in the garden, or roamed restlessly from the garden to the orchard, from the orchard to the sloping meadow, where Miss Skipwith's solitary cow, last representative of a once well-stocked farm, browsed in a dignified seclusion. The days were slow, and oh, how lengthy! and yet there was a fever in Vixen's blood which made it seem to her as if time were hurrying on at a breathless, break-neck pace.

"The day after to-morrow he will be married," she said to herself on the morning of the 30th. "By this time on the day after to-morrow the bride will be putting on her wreath of orange blossoms, and the church will be decorated with flowers, and there will be a flutter of expectation in all the little villages from one end of the Forest to the other. A duke's daughter is not married every day in the year. Ah me! there will not be an earthquake, or any thing to prevent the wedding, I dare say. No, I feel sure that all things are going smoothly. If there had been a hitch of any kind, mamma would have written to tell me about it."

Miss Skipwith was not a bad person to live with in a time of secret trouble such as this. She was so completely wrapped up in her grand scheme of reconciliation for all the creeds, that she was utterly blind to any small individual tragedy that might be enacted under her nose. Those worn cheeks and haggard eyes of Vixen's attracted no attention from her as they sat opposite to each other at the sparely furnished breakfast table, in the searching summer light.

She had allowed Violet perfect liberty, and had been too apathetic to be unkind. Having tried her hardest to interest the girl in Swedenborg, or Luther, or Calvin, or Mohammed, or Brahma, or Confucius, and having failed ignominiously in each attempt, she had dismissed all idea of companionship with Violet from her mind, and had given her over to her own devices.

"Poor child," she said to herself, "she is not unamiable, but she is utterly mindless. What advantages she might have derived from intercourse with me if she had possessed a receptive nature! But my highest gifts are thrown away upon her. She will go through life in lamentable ignorance of all that is of deepest import in man's past and future. She has no more intellect than Babe."

Babe was the Persian cat, the silent companion of Miss Skipwith's studious hours.

So Violet roamed in and out of the house in this languid weather, and took up a book only to throw it down again, and went out to the court-yard to pat Argus, and strolled into the orchard and leaned listlessly against an ancient apple-tree, with her loose hair glistening in the sunshine—just as if she were posing herself for a pre-Raphaelite picture—and no one took any heed of her goings and comings.

She was supremely lonely. Even looking forward to the future—when she would be of age, and well off, and free to do what she liked with her life—she could see no star of hope. Nobody wanted her. She stood quite alone, amidst a strange, unfriendly world.

"Except poor old M'Croke, I don't think there is a creature who cares for me; and even her love is tepid," she said to herself.

She had kept up a regular correspondence with

her old governess since she had been in Jersey, and had developed to Miss M'Croke the scheme of her future travels. They were to see every thing strange and rare and beautiful that was to be seen in the world.

"I wonder if you would much mind going to Africa?" she wrote, in one of her frank, girlish letters. "There must be something new in Africa. One would get away from the beaten ways of cockney tourists, and one would escape the dreary monotony of a *table d'hôte*. There is Egypt for us to do; and you, who are a walking encyclopedia, will be able to tell me all about the Pyramids, and Pompey's Pillar, and the Nile. If we got tired of Africa, we might go to India. We shall be thoroughly independent. I know you are a good sailor; you are not like poor mamma, who used to suffer tortures in crossing the Channel."

There was a relief in writing such letters as these, foolish though they might be. That idea of distant wanderings with Miss M'Croke was the one faint ray of hope offered by the future—not a star, assuredly, but at least a farthing candle. The governess answered in her friendly matter-of-fact way. She would like much to travel with her dearest Violet. The life would be like heaven, after her present drudgery in finishing the Misses Pontifex, who were stupid and supercilious. But Miss M'Croke was doubtful about Africa. Such a journey would be a fearful undertaking for two unprotected females. To have a peep at Algiers and Tunis, and even to see Cairo and Alexandria, might be practicable; but any thing beyond that Miss M'Croke thought wild and adventurous. Had her dear Violet considered the climate, and the possibility of being taken prisoners by black people, or even devoured by lions? Miss M'Croke begged her dear pupil to read Livingstone's travels, and the latest reports of the Royal Geographical Society, before she gave any further thought to Africa.

The slowest hours, days the most wearisome, long nights that know not sleep, must end at last. The 1st of August dawned, a long streak of red light in the clear gray east. Vixen saw the first glimmer as she lay wide awake in her big old bed, staring through the curtainless window to the far sea-line, above which the morning sky grew red.

"Hail, Rorie's wedding day!" she cried, with a little hysterical laugh; and then she buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud—sobbed as she had not done, till now, through all her weary exile.

There had been no earthquake; this planet we live on had not rolled backward in space; all things in life pursued their accustomed course, and time had ripened into Roderick Vawdrey's wedding day.

"I did think *something* would happen," said Vixen, piteously. "It was foolish, weak, mad, to think so. But I could not believe he would marry any one but me. I did my duty, and I tried to be brave and steadfast. But I thought something would happen."

A weak lament from the weak soul of an undisciplined girl. The red light grew and glowed redder in the east, and then the yellow sun shone through gray drifting clouds, and the new day was born. Slumber and Violet had parted company for the last week. Her mind had been too full of images; the curtain of sleep would not hide them. Frame and mind were both alike worn out, as she lay in the broadening light, lonely, forsaken, unpitied, bearing her great sorrow, just as she must have borne the toothache, or any other corporal pain.

She rose at seven, feeling unspeakably tired, dressed herself slowly and dawdlingly, thinking of Lady Mabel. What an event her rising and dressing would be this morning! the flurried maids; the indulgent mother; the pure white garments, glistening in the tempered sunlight; the luxurious room, with its subdued coloring, its perfume of freshly cut flowers; the dainty breakfast tray, on a table by an open window; the shower of congratulatory letters, and the last delivery of wedding gifts. Vixen could imagine the scene, with its every detail.

And Roderick, what of him? She could not so easily picture the companion of her childhood on this fateful morning of his life. She could not imagine him happy; she dared not fancy him miserable. It was safer to make a great effort, and shut that familiar figure out of her mind altogether.

Oh, what a dismal ceremony the eight-o'clock breakfast, *tête-à-tête* with Miss Skipwith, seemed on this particular morning! Even that preoccupied lady was constrained to notice Violet's exceeding pallor.

"My dear, you are ill!" she exclaimed. "Your face is as white as a sheet of paper, and your eyes have dark rings round them."

"I am not ill, but I have been sleeping badly of late."

"My dear child, you need occupation; you want an aim. The purposeless life you are leading must result badly. Why can you not devise some pursuit to fill your idle hours? Far be it from me to interfere with your liberty; but I confess that it grieves me to see youth, and no doubt some measure of ability, so wasted. Why do you not strive to continue your education? Self-culture is the highest form of improvement. My books are at your disposal."

"Dear Miss Skipwith, your books are all theological," said Vixen, wearily, "and I don't care for theology. As for my education, I am not utterly neglecting it. I read Schiller till my eyes ache."

"One shallow German poet is but the beginning and end of education," replied Miss Skipwith. "I should like you to take larger views of woman's work in the world."

"My work in the world is to live quietly, and not to trouble any one," said Vixen, with a sigh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM FORT HAMILTON.

ONE of the most beautiful views about New York Harbor may be obtained at sunset from the ramparts of Fort Hamilton. As depicted in our engraving on page 369, the spectator looks across the narrow channel, over the dismantled fort which bears the name of the illustrious Frenchman who was our firm ally and the most intimate friend of WASHINGTON, to the fortified heights of Staten Island. Once an important defense of the harbor, Fort Lafayette is now nothing but a picturesque relic of the early days of the republic. A single broadside from a modern ship's battery would make it crumble to the ground. The strong forts and long lines of earth-works on either side of the narrow channel, armed with guns of heavy calibre, have long since superseded the necessity of maintaining the antiquated structure except as a military store-house. But it has been for so many years a prominent feature in the channel, that any suggestion for its removal would be received with great disfavor.

THOMAS COUTURE.

THIS prominent artist, whose long career was closed by death on March 31, belonged to the most successful of all modern schools of painting, that of French genre art. THOMAS COUTURE was born at Senlis, Department of the Oise, on the 21st of December, 1815, and died in his sixty-fourth year. He was first a pupil of Baron Gros, and afterward of PAUL DELAROCHE, his range including historical as well as genre painting. In 1837 he was accorded a second prize at the exhibition held by the French Institute, and he made his début in the Salon of 1840 with a picture entitled "A Young Venetian after an Orgy." Afterward there followed "The Prodigal Son," "A Widow," and "The Return from the Fields" (1841), "A Troubadour" and two portraits (1843), "Una Joconde" and "The Love of Gold" (1844). These last, now in the Museum of Toulouse, revealed in the artist a decidedly original manner, and gained for him a third-class medal, together with considerable reputation as a colorist.

The first work that won the attention of the world to COUTURE as an artist of unusual talent was his remarkable painting entitled "The Romans of the Decadence," inspired by the lines of JUVENAL:

> "Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior armis
> Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem."

This may read in translation as follows: "We suffer the ills of a long peace; luxury, more cruel than arms, weighs upon Rome, and avenges the vanquished universe." This work, exhibited in 1847, won for the artist a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor. In regard to its merits, critics have differed. JULES CLARETIE says that it is one of the brightest pages of modern art, that though it contains commonplace work in parts, the whole constitutes an admirable picture, in which many of the figures are masterpieces; among others those of the two celebrated Stoics to the right, who observe, the one with sorrow and the other with disgust, the end of the grandeur of the Roman world. Another writer speaks of the picture in terms of the most enthusiastic eulogy, describing it and the effect produced by its exhibition in the following terms:

"His colossal picture 'A Roman Orgy,' better known even to Americans and Englishmen as the 'Décadence des Romains,' was exhibited in the last Salon of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE. The moment and the atmosphere in politics and in social life were propitious. Men looked upon its marvellous splendors, and saw in them a lurid significance which intensified their effect upon the eye as well as upon the imagination. A grand couch draped in superb confusion with the most precious stuffs of the antique East, and crowded with revellers, stretches through a grand hall, the high ceiling of which is borne up by three rows of marble columns. The white dawn steals in upon the scene, giving ghastly tints to the faces of the guests, and bringing out strange lights upon the jewelry, the draperies, the vessels of silver and of gold, the tessellated marbles, the grouped statues of heroes and of gods. High over the scene dominates the matchless and heroic image of Germanicus. One youth crowned with ivy, and with the tiger-skin of Bacchus about his waist, offers up a drunken libation to his deity, while another, more impious in his cups, holds a brimming goblet up with unsteady hand to the disdainful lips of a marble statue of BRUTUS. Drunken ones from the edge of childhood to the verge of the grave reel in their places amid women more ignoble and more odious than themselves. In an angle of one of the colonnades stand two stern and austere figures, one of them a portrait of the painter himself in the character of JUVENAL gazing upon the spectacle with eyes like those of VIRGIL and DANTE making their sad review of the *città dolente*. The composition is as bold as vigorous, as well sustained in all its parts as the conception was complete and masterful. It was the picture, not of a Salon nor of a year, but of an epoch and of a school."

After this *chef-d'œuvre*, which won him renown almost upon the first moment of its appearance, COUTURE allowed several seasons to pass without any great contribution to art from his brush. In 1852 he exhibited "The Bohemians," with two portraits, and three years later "The Page with the Falcon." This picture showed all the powers of his pencil and his palette in their perfection. It was exhibited in this country, as many of our readers will remember, and replicas and copies of it are not uncommon both here and in England. Two other pictures of COUTURE'S that attracted considerable attention were "Damocles" and "Voluntary Enlistments." His "Return of the Crimean Troops" and "The Baptism of the Prince Imperial" were executed in compliance with orders received from the French government. COUTURE'S historical pictures are not, however, the best expressions of his power. One critic, in speaking of the work that first established his fame, says: "But COUTURE'S greatest picture is, after all, his least interesting. Its moral had really little meaning; it was mere rhetoric, and it is fortunate for his reputation that he made no more ventures of importance into the domain of painted literature, where so many good painters have been lost. He will live by his true pictures, those in which with equal vigor of drawing and of color he translated nature as he saw her revealed in the human face and form."

COUTURE was himself an art critic of no little discrimination and judgment. One of the minor monuments left to his fame is a thoughtful essay entitled "Entretiens d'Atelier," published in 1867. His writing was always full of a weird and vigorous personality, and in the two volumes of criticism which he produced he was by no means too modest to introduce narratives indicating his own talent in the way of art. Here we learn that one day the celebrated Gros, while COUTURE was in his studio, said to him, "My little friend, you draw like an old Academician;" and on another, "You will be the TITIAN of France."

One painting of COUTURE'S, of which mention should have been made above, is the "Decoration of the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Eustache." This is one of his latest works, and on its appearance added no little to his already brilliant reputation. Perhaps the most important work by him owned in this country is the "Day-Dream," which will be remembered as having formed one of the chief ornaments at the New York Loan Collection of 1878. For several years COUTURE had done but little worthy of special attention, compared with his earlier achievements. He was, however, an important representative of modern French art, and his death will cause a great gap in certain art circles.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN Wilhelmj, the violinist, was in Washington recently, he was the guest of Secretary Schurz, who is, as is well-known, a musical amateur of note and skill. Mr. Schurz regards Wilhelmj as one of the greatest masters of the violin the world has seen. Wilhelmj told him the curious fact that the best violins now made any where are made in this country; and it seems that the masters of this noble instrument will hereafter send to New York or Brooklyn when they need a first-class violin. Three men, it appears, have by their skill mastered this branch of art; two of them are Germans—the brothers Schmiede; the third is an American, Walter Colton, himself a musician of decided skill, and from his eighth year an amateur of the violin. Mr. Colton is the son of the Rev. Walter Colton, a well-known author, chaplain in the navy, and the first Alcalde of Monterey, in California, after the Americans took possession, whose *Deck and Port*, *Ship and Shore*, and *Three Years' Life in California* were popular books in their day. The elder Colton died many years ago, and young Colton was educated under the care of his mother, now the wife of Representative Chittenden, of the Brooklyn district. He was graduated from Columbia College, studied for the medical profession, married Miss Litchfield, of Brooklyn, and travelled in Europe, where his fondness for the violin developed into a passion. He spent much time in hunting up the most celebrated old violins, and on his return began to make instruments, at first only for his amusement, and to give away to his friends; but presently there arose a demand which has of late kept him busy. Ole Bull, Remenyi, Wilhelmj, and all the noted professional players come to his house, and send him their instruments when they need repairing. He employs no workmen, but makes all parts of the instrument himself, having contrived many of the tools he uses, and he aims to make but a small number of violins in the year. Many valuable violins are sent him from different parts of the country to be repaired; not long since one was received which was insured during transmission from a Western city for $600, and the owner presented Mr. Colton with a bow valued at $100 for repairing the instrument. It is certainly odd that America should be so famous for violins that the great players of the world acknowledge the superior merits of American instruments.

The *Court Journal* informs us that the household of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitz, aged four months, is limited to fifteen people, of whom the English nurse alone receives 1143 rubles, and 16,126 rubles are allowed for his Imperial Highness's table.

Statistics indicate that not far from 40,000 live animals are annually sent through the German post-office, and this number does not include frogs, bees, and insects. Such creatures as are deemed dangerous or disagreeable the Post-office authorities have the power of excluding; and an alligator, done up in a fragile box, a lot of dogs whose persistent barking could not be quieted, and a number of pigeons loosely tied in a sack, were consequently rejected. On the other hand, a crocodile—properly done up, we suppose—a leopard, four living bear cubs, as well as monkeys, serpents, etc., have been transmitted by the German post within the past six months—at least so says an exchange, which must take the responsibility of such a strange story.

Walterborough, South Carolina, has experienced a great disaster. A terrible tornado swept across the town on April 16, utterly destroying a large number of buildings, rendering many others uninhabitable, and causing the death of six persons. Others were seriously injured. More than half the village is in ruins.

There was a time, to which the memory of many of our readers may revert, when in quiet country towns and villages the 1st of May brought mirth and jollity—at least to lads and lasses. At break of day the old school-house bell sent forth a lively peal, and quickly from all quarters there gathered at the appointed meeting-place rosy-cheeked children, young men, and maidens. There was no long waiting for laggards; the gay company soon separated into little parties, and penetrated the surrounding forests. What though capricious April had left banks of snow here and there beneath the spreading evergreens? Was it not all the more delightful to find, half hidden under the melting snow, the fragrant trailing arbutus, the delicate snow-drop, the bright, soft mosses, and the fresh green vines? And when, after a merry plucking, laden with the first-fruits of spring and the harbingers of early summer, what a chattering throng trooped back to the village, rousing lazy sleepers with their gay laughter, and carrying into scores of homes an inspiring breath from budding nature!

No greater contrast to such a merry May-day in the country can be imagined than May-day in New York. In the whole circle of the year there is no day when the general aspect of the city is so dirty, dismal, altogether uncomfortable. The condition of things in house and street is not easily described, but continually recalls, so exceedingly apropos, the familiar song beginning:

> "First of May, clear the way,
> Baskets, barrows, trundles;
> Take good care, mind the ware—
> Betty, where's the bundles?
> Pots and kettles, broken victuals,
> Feather-beds, plaster heads,
> Looking-glasses, tow mattresses,
> Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,
> Caps and saucers, salts and castors,
> Hurry-scurry, grave and gay,
> All must trudge the First of May."

Refined petroleum has been largely exported from this country to Europe; but recently the United States consul at Antwerp has called the attention of the Department of State to the serious dissatisfaction now felt in Europe in regard to the quality of the petroleum lately sent thither. It is said by those who are attempting to investigate the matter that the difficulty does not arise from imperfect refinement of the oil, but from a difference in the characteristics of the oil now obtained, and that different wicks and burners are needed. Whatever may be the cause of the trouble, unless the present dissatisfaction is removed there is danger that American refiners and exporters will lose a part of their present European trade.

Parrots are beginning to indicate their use, and pretty soon every householder will be anxious to have one in each room. The other night a burglar broke into a house in Brooklyn, and was just commencing operations, when a sharp voice shouted, "Get out of there!" The burglar dropped his "jimmy" and fled. "Poor Poll" knew how to apply his learning.

The Northern (Michigan) *Tribune* tells a story of a brave little hero. An Indian had been left in charge of a house belonging to Captain Bennett, of Mackinac, but one night the Indian and his wife went a-visiting, leaving locked in the house three children, the eldest a boy of eight. The house took fire in the night, and the boy, not being able to open the doors, and the windows being securely fastened, was only able to escape by taking an axe and breaking a window. He then took out the younger children. They remained about the house till morning, wrapping their feet up in blankets to keep from freezing. They waited until noon the next day, and then, their parents not having come, the little fellow put the two smaller ones on a hand-sled, and hauled them to their grandfather's, four miles distant.

It is feared that the long-continued floods in Hungary will seriously affect the next wheat crop in that country.

A project has been suggested of constructing a steel refrigerating ship to disinfect the holds and cargoes of vessels coming from ports where yellow fever prevails. It is claimed that thorough refrigeration will kill the germs of yellow fever; and yet some facts make this statement doubtful. For example: yellow fever broke out on the United States steamer *Plymouth* soon after the vessel had spent the winter in Boston Harbor, where it had been subjected to freezing and fumigation—it having previously brought the disease from the West Indies. The fact is that the mysterious disease known as yellow fever is not yet understood.

Next June the Emperor William expects to celebrate his golden wedding. At that time the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Spain will probably be the guests of his Majesty.

According to the report of the Children's Aid Society, 418 persons were provided with homes and employment during March last, and two companies were sent to Western homes. The daily average attendance at the industrial schools was 2080. At the six lodging-houses for boys and girls the nightly average number of lodgers was 509; 15,842 lodgings and 20,000 meals were furnished; 167 boys and girls were provided with homes and employment; 36 boys were started in business, and 27 girls taught in the sewing-machine school. Efforts are being made to continue the Sea-side Home, provided the necessary funds are raised. It is also hoped, if sufficient funds can be obtained, to open a "Sick Infants' Retreat," near the sea-side, for mothers with children who have been attacked with cholera infantum and summer diseases.

The spring exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association—the thirty-eighth—displayed over five hundred pictures, many of which are of unusual excellence.

Now the question arises, What is to be done with the Trocadéro Palace? The city of Paris declines to give the 3,000,000 francs which the state asks for it.

Boston papers are commenting upon the melodious song of the New England frog. We are pleased to know that Boston weather admits of any kind of out-door concerts.

Some excellent ideas in regard to the preparation of food may be gathered from the series of articles appearing in the *Christian Union* entitled "French Cooking of To-day." In these articles, L. Delmonico, whose name carries authority with his words, explains the economy, the healthfulness, and the attractiveness of the French methods of cooking. From general statements he enters into detailed directions, which must prove helpful to housekeepers, whether they adopt French methods to a limited or to a greater degree. We quote one paragraph only:

"No dinner can be complete without a soup. It is designedly placed first upon the table to moderate the appetite for more solid and less digestible animal food. It is wholesome, economical, and delicious. Almost every living thing and fruit of the earth may be employed in its manufacture, and almost all kinds of fragments and remnants may enter into its economy. It is easily made, will not spoil readily, and may be flavored to suit an endless variety of tastes. Instead of being the most palatable nourishment for the poorer classes, and an attractive adjunct to the tables of the well-to-do, soup in little used in this country, and most of that used is so poor as to be unappreciated and uncared for. This is simply the result of ignorance or indifference."

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THE AFGHAN WAR—STORMING OF THE SPINGAWAI STOCKADE.

STORMING A STOCKADE.

For the above picture of one of the most spirited engagements of the Afghan war our readers are indebted to a sketch by Lieutenant NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, aide-de-camp to General ROBERTS, in the Kurram Valley. A full account of this engagement, together with a striking double-page engraving of the scene, was given in *Harper's Weekly* for March 8; but this picture possesses additional interest from the view it affords of the character of the region in which the British troops are operating against their Afghan foes. In spite of the difficulties presented by the ground, the stockade was carried by a gallant rush, and the defenders were compelled in haste a rapid and disorderly retreat, leaving many dead in the trenches.

HOW SURNAMES GROW.

In many countries surnames have grown out of personal names, baptismal or otherwise, in a manner that can be pretty clearly traced. If John's father be George, then John the son of George becomes a distinct name, cumbrous when thus expressed, but succinct and compact in many languages. For instances of analogous character, as Russian we find Witz or Witch, or Vitch or Vich, meaning "son of"—such as Czarevitch and Paskiewitch; in Polish, Ski or Sky—such as Petrowski and Sobieski; in Highland Scotch, Mac; in Irish, both Mac and O'—the latter implying descendant generally, rather than merely son; in English, Son, melted down to the final syllable of a word; the "son of John" becomes "John's son," and then "Johnson;" the "son of William," in like manner, becomes "William's son," and then "Williamson." Lastly, in Welsh, Ap, by which "Morgan Ap Shenkin" comes to mean Morgan the son of Shenkin.

We have said that Mac in Scotch, implies "son of," but the point here more particularly dwelt upon is that this Mac becomes a surname when combined with the clan or family name, *e. g.*, MacDougal, McDougal, or M'Dougal, becomes Macdougal, and so on. Something nearly, though not exactly, equivalent to this occurs in Irish surnames, many of which run in couples—such as Connell and O'Connell, Connor and O'Connor, Donovan and O'Donovan, Ferrall and O'Ferrall, Flanagan and O'Flanagan, Leary and O'Leary, Shea and O'Shea, Meagher and O'Meagher, Sullivan and O'Sullivan. Thus the name of the father, Connor, and the name of the son, O'Connor, or Connor's son, become by degrees recognized as two distinct surnames.

But the Welsh afford more curious examples of the growth of surnames than any of the other nationalities of the United Kingdom. As already implied, John, Thomas, William, Richard, Robert, etc., being abundantly used as Christian names, if the son of any one of them he called Ap John, or the son of John, or John's son, a natural process soon melts it down to Johnson and so Jones; and so in other instances. Moreover, a similar clipping gives origin to Williams, Richards, Roberts, Davis, Lewis, and the like. There is from these causes, comparatively to the small total number of inhabitants in Wales, a peculiarly large percentage of each particular surname, because the surnames themselves are limited in variety. True, some of the forms are disguised by difference of

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY A. GREE.

spelling, such as Powell for Ap Howell, Price for Ap Rhys, Pritchard for Ap Richard, and the like; but this does not affect the truth of the statement that Welsh surnames are few in kind, with a necessarily large number of each kind.

Besides the derivation of surnames from Christian or baptismal names, worked out in the various forms and modes we have described, there is a large group arising from local associations with the country of birth or of residence, such as Ireland, France, Gascoigne, Scott, England; or the town of birth, exemplified in Rochester, Middleton, Bolton, Bury, Windsor; or such names of counties or Durham, Kent, Cornwall, Lincoln, Bedford, while a large supply is obtained from such topographical distinctions as Hill, Forest, Wood, Copse, Dale, Vale, Gore, Lynch, Foss, Fenn, Marsh, Peat, Slade, Pond, River, Mead, Dyke, Lake, Down, Mountain, Combe.

Much more extensive are the derivations from the numerous occupations and pursuits of men John the smith and James the weaver readily became abbreviated to John Smith and James Weaver; such a designation at once includes baptismal name and surname It would not be difficult in this way to make up a couple of hundred surnames of the kind exemplified by Carpenter, Glover, Butcher, Baker, Farmer, Cartwright, Wheelwright, Wainwright, Slater, Tyler, Saddler, Salter, Spicer, Brazier, Wheeler, Farrier, Draper, Mercer. Smith—the all-pervading Smith—gives rise to a distinct group of its own, according to the kind of smith's work denoted: Brownsmith, Naismyth (nailsmith), Spearsmith, Shoesmith, Shearsmith, Arrowsmith, Goldsmith. Dignities, offices, and functions, as well as handicraft employments, are very prolific In this direction witness such surnames as King, Prince, Princess, Duke, Marquis, Earl, Lord, Baron or Barron, Count, Chevalier, Knight, Squire, Gentleman, and such as Pope, Pontifex, Bishop, Priest, Deacon, Dean, Abbot, Prior, Monk, Nun or Nunn, Clerk, Chaplain or Chaplin, Parsons; and such as Mayor, Alderman, Burgess, Chamberlain, Constable, Ser-

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geant, Warden, Steward, Marshall, Provost, Proctor.

Personal and moral qualities, good and bad, might be mentioned as sometimes occurring among surnames; but the point here held in view is that the quality or attribute, as possessed by some one individual among many, was the special cause of the naming process. Is it the color of complexion? We have Fair, Ruddiman, etc. Or the color of the hair? Blacklock, Redhead. Or the form of the head? Broadhead, Greathead. Or the stature? Long, Short, Small. Moral qualities are shown in Merry, Wild, Coward, Thoroughgood, and the like. Domestic relationship gives us Brother, Cousin, Bachelor, Lover, Bride, Husband, Younghusband, Baby. In this matter a queer incongruity sometimes arises when the person is a female. "Died, Miss Bridget Younghusband." "Birth, Mrs. Batchelor, of a son."

Periods of time, such as Spring, March, May, Early, Quarterly, occur to our researches. It is not surprising that we find virtues and abstract ideas, such as Hope, Joy, Pride, Love, Wisdom. Terms of contempt or censure are naturally exemplified in Lawless, Scamp, and Hussey. Oaths and exclamations, such as Godhelp, Truly, Fudge, Heighe, are not wanting. Natural objects, including the names of multitudes of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, vegetables, flowers, fruits, and minerals—all have been concerned in the origination of surnames, and all supply testimony to the fact that every or nearly every such name had a definite meaning at the outset. Almost endless is the variety, nevertheless order runs through the apparent chaos.

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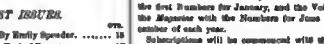

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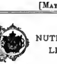

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(*From the Indianapolis Journal, October 1, 1878.*)

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Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Gentlemen,—We regret very much that we unwittingly interfered with your edition of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" in selling the few copies of the Canada edition sent to us without orders. We have no intention of selling more copies of that edition, believing that yours is the only authorized edition, and the only one deserving of American patronage.

Yours truly, ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

(*From the Boston Daily Advertiser, December 19, 1878.*)

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, DECEMBER 18.—LOWELL, J.

Philip J. A. Harper et al. vs. Albert W. Lovering.—This was a bill in equity brought by the plaintiffs, Harper Brothers of New York, to restrain the sale or exposing for sale by the defendant of an edition of Stanley's recent book, entitled "Through the Dark Continent," published in Toronto, Canada, and imported here. The plaintiffs claim to have purchased of Stanley the sole and exclusive right to publish and sell said work, having procured a copyright for it; and that the above edition is an infringement. By consent of parties, Judge Lowell this morning ordered a decree for the plaintiffs for one dollar, and an injunction to issue as prayed for. C. T. & T. H. Russell for plaintiffs; and Brooks, Ball, & Story for defendant.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS.

Saturday, January 4th, A.D. 1879.

Present: Hon. HENRY W. BLODGETT, District Judge.

Philip J. A. Harper et al. vs. J. Appleton Wilson—In Chancery.

This day come the complainants, by their solicitor B. D. Magruder, and the defendant, by his solicitor, and it appearing to the Court from the bill of complaint filed in this cause taken for confessed by the defendant, the Court finds that the book hereinafter mentioned was copyrighted by the complainants during the year A.D. 1878 under the copyright laws of the United States; and that the complainants were entitled to the sole and exclusive right to print, publish, and vend the said book in and throughout the United States, and that the said defendant has infringed the rights and privileges secured by the aforesaid copyright, contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided. Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged, and decreed that the defendant, his clerks, attorneys, agents, servants, and workmen, any or either of them, be and they are hereby perpetually enjoined and restrained from publishing, printing, selling, delivering, or otherwise disposing of, or causing or knowingly permitting to be published, printed, sold, delivered, or otherwise disposed of, any copy or copies of their said book, in the complainants' bill mentioned, called and known as "Through the Dark Continent: or, The Sources of the Nile, Around the Great Lakes, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean," by Henry M. Stanley, author; and that all further proceedings herein be stayed.

NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ILLINOIS, ss.

I, WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for said Northern District of Illinois, do hereby certify the above and foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the order entered of record in said Court on the 4th day of January, A.D. 1879, in the cause wherein Philip J. A. Harper *et al.* are the complainants, and J. Appleton Wilson is the defendant, as the same appears from the original records of said Court now remaining in my custody and control.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at my office in Chicago, in said district, this 6th day of January, A.D. 1879.

(Signed) WM. H. BRADLEY, Clerk.

LETTER FROM THE "UNION NEWS COMPANY" TO THE MESSRS. BANGS, COUNSEL FOR HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, *March* 22, 1879.

Messrs. F. N. & C. W. BANGS:

Gentlemen,—In reply to your favor of the 10th inst., we would say that, as we have a branch in Canada, we have been selling there Magurn's edition of "Through the Dark Continent;" and not being aware that the copyright was owned in the United States, we imported a few copies for sale here. Now that we know the condition of affairs, we shall, of course, withdraw from sale on this side the Canada edition of the book.

Respectfully yours,
UNION NEWS COMPANY,
T. J. KEARNEY, *Secretary.*

(*From the Detroit Free Press, April 8, 1879.*)

Judge Brown rendered a decree in the United States Circuit Court yesterday for Harper & Brothers, the New York book publishers, against D. P. Work, of this city, for an infringement upon the Harpers' copyright of the book entitled "Through the Dark Continent," in selling a "pirated" edition of the same. The book sold by Mr. Work was printed in Toronto, and the decree permits the Harper Brothers to recover all profits that have arisen from the sale of said work, and enjoins the defendant from purchasing or selling any more copies of the Canadian edition.

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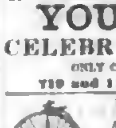

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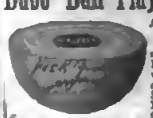

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THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA VISITING SZEGEDIN DURING THE INUNDATION.

THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO SZEGEDIN

OUR readers will remember that we have already published an illustration of Szegedin, showing that town as it appeared before the terrible inundation which overwhelmed it on the 12th of March. This great calamity and its causes were also fully described, so that in connection with the above engraving we may proceed at once to give an account of the visit made by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria to the scene of the calamity.

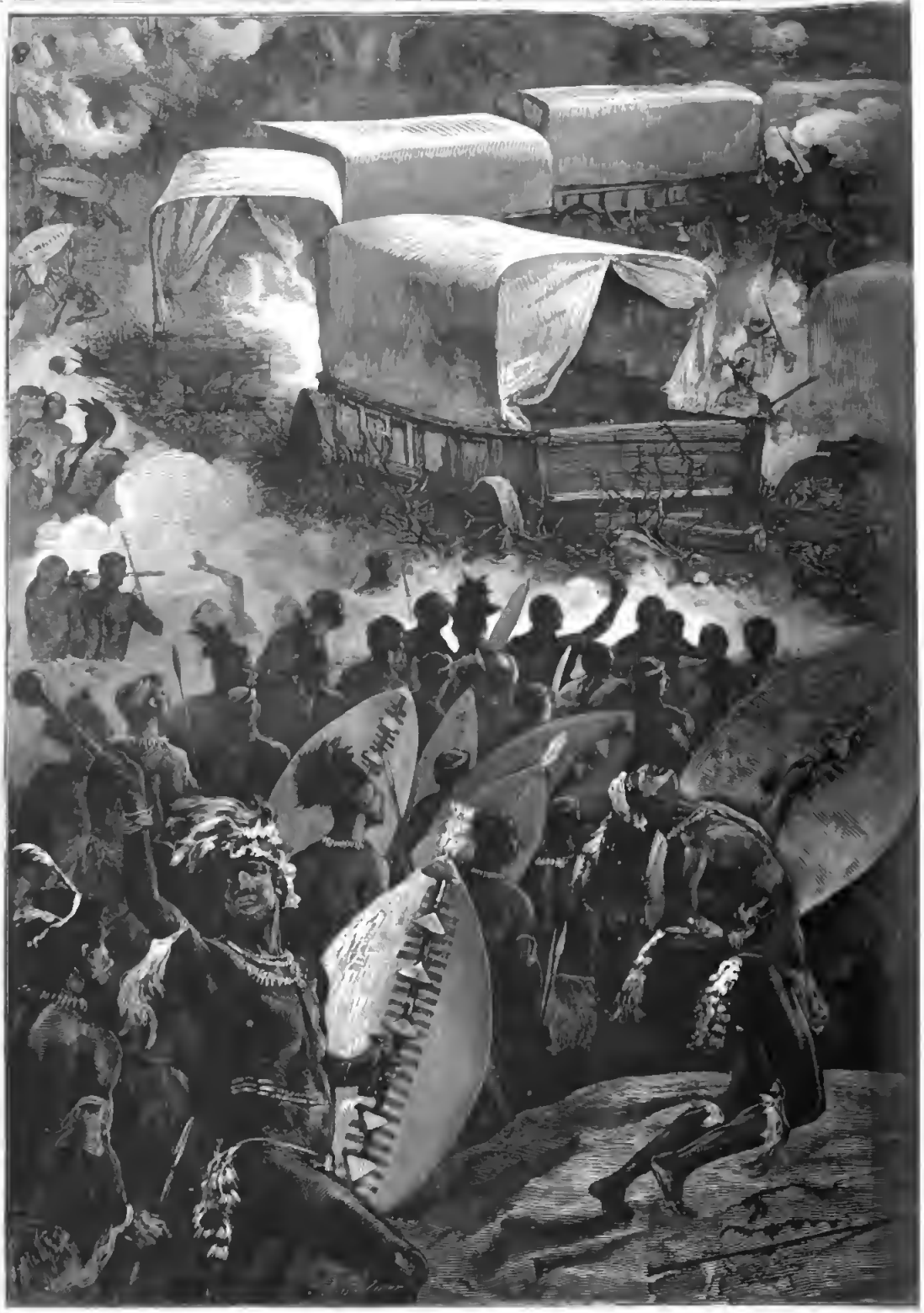
The Emperor, accompanied by the Minister-President of Hungary, arrived at the neighboring town of Temes-var at four in the morning of March 17. All demonstrations had been strictly forbidden, and only the Mayor of the town, the Lord-Lieutenant of the army, and General PELZ, who so bravely directed the work of rescue, were ready to receive him. His Majesty expressed his thanks for the activity and readiness to make sacrifices which the people of Temesvar had shown. He also expressed himself in similar terms to the authorities at Kikinda, when the train stopped on its way to Szegedin, where it arrived at seven in the evening. The Mayor of the town expressed the thanks of the inhabitants for the sympathy the Emperor manifested by his visit, and the hope that his solicitude for the afflicted would continue. The Emperor replied: "I come to see with my own eyes how the unfortunate town has fared, and deep sorrow fills my heart at the sight of the great misfortune. I hope, however, that better times are in store for you, and that the town will revive. Do not be downcast, your town shall yet flourish." His Majesty then inquired of the Mayor as to the cause of the catastrophe. The latter explained that it was the storm, and added that though the misery was great, the sympathy with them was also great, and said that all the fugitives had hitherto been housed and fed by the kindness of various societies and people. The royal party embarked in pontoons and boats, and sailed all over the town, cheered by the inmates of the small craft busy in transporting goods and furniture. The Emperor then visited the large refuge in the school-house, speaking to the people words of comfort. He next alighted at the town-house, and inspected the place where the railway embankment had given way. The colonel of the Engineers, who accompanied him, expressed his confidence in being able to close this gap of about thirty to forty meters, as also that of the upper dike. At noon his Majesty

left for Temesvar on his way to Vienna.

The Emperor's visit is said to have had a most excellent effect upon the people, rousing them out of the torpor and despondency into which they were sinking. This state was, however, but a natural reaction after the great excitement they had passed through, more particularly among a people rather prone to extremes, capable of almost superhuman exertion as long as there is any hope to animate them, but relapsing into apathy when ruin seems inevitable. In addition to this salutary effect on the spirits of the population, the visit had practical results as well. Short as was the time spent there, the plans for draining off the water were examined and discussed. The first idea of closing the gap in the upper dike of Fenemen was, indeed, after repeated inspection, found for the moment impracticable, the chasm being some 160 yards wide and thirty feet deep. Both civil and military engineers, however, considered it possible to heal the gap, only some thirty yards wide and not so deep, in the railway embankment, where, also, the rush of the waters was not so impetuous as at the upper dike, at which the water flowed in immediately from the river. That same evening a conference was held, at which resolutions for carrying out this temporary work were adopted, and measures discussed for saving the town in future from a similar catastrophe, it being proposed to raise the low railway embankments on the west side of the town, and the dike leading from these embankments to the river. This work, it was believed, could be proceeded with and accomplished as soon as the gap in the railway embankment was stopped. The waters, when the breach was closed, would be diverted into the river, those covering the parts of the town where the level of the river being pumped out.

Despite the weight of the blow which has struck the population of Szegedin, they bear up against it bravely. In all the mass of fugitives and homeless refugees scarcely a beggar is visible, and it is said that words of complaint are rarely heard. They thankfully accept provisions, but they do not ask for relief in money, and in many instances refuse it when it is offered. In the school-house, just after the flood, many hundreds of them were crowded together. The Minister of Finance came and asked them whether they wanted any thing, and the answer was that they had brought with them provisions for several days, and wanted nothing more. An explanation of this feeling of independence may be found in the circumstance that the great bulk of the population is in easy circumstances, and, in consequence, possessed with a strong feeling of self-reliance. Martial law was proclaimed several days before the catastrophe occurred, but hitherto only twelve cases of robbery, theft, and other excesses have been reported before the magistrates. Provisions are sent to them in such quantities, that the authorities of Szegedin have telegraphed to stop further supply, there being enough to last for several days to come.

A general evacuation of the town necessarily followed upon the disaster, and it was estimated, according to the official statement of the Minister of Public Works, that within the first week 23,000 people were removed in railway trains, by the six steamers employed, and in carts by road. Nothing could surpass the kindness manifested by the inhabitants of all the surrounding country. High and low contended with each other which should be first to assist in relieving distress. At present there are many signs of returning life in the unfortunate town. In three or four streets the shops are being again opened, while on the Theiss embankment and at New Szegedin, on the opposite bank of the river, a number of provision dealers have set up their stands. A considerable proportion of the population of Szegedin are small landed proprietors, who will suffer less than the others. They have lost their houses, and in most cases a large part of their household property, but both are of the simplest description, and their means of gaining a livelihood remain more or less intact, their fields for the most part lying at a distance from the town, safe from the inundation. Luckily there, too, they keep most of their stock implements, and whatever source they may have. It is otherwise with the artisan and commercial class, to whom shops and offices were their sole means of livelihood.



THE ZULU WAR—THE I

FIGHTING THE ZULUS.

It has been so frequently urged by the unfortunate commander-in-chief of the English forces in South Africa that if the little body of troops at Isandula had acted solely on the defensive, and their wagons been disposed "in laager," the terrific massacre of the 22d of January would not have occurred, that an illustration, like the accompanying one, showing the laager method of defense, will not fail to have a great interest for our readers. In Dutch, as in German, the word "laager" signifies a camp, but in the colonial acceptation of the term, essentially a defensible camp, that is, any description of fortification, from a work accurately traced on the principles of Vauban to a simple barricade of wagons, would be so called by the Dutch settlers of South Africa.

The ordinary wagon of the colonists in that part of the world measures eighteen feet in length of body, the average height, not including the "dik," being five feet; there are "outspans" drawn up together, each "disselboom" the wagon in fro the rear and rear touching. In thi circle of about formed, and with men, some 25 in in case of attack

SIR METHOD OF DEFENSE.

n arrival in camp the wagons are unyoked, and the wagon in rear of the others, resting underneath at the front wheels of the front wagon are r with fifty wagons o n in circumference is ren the whole of the ed every night, as that n the safest place and at the same time out of the way of the defenders. An outer circle of rather more than 100 wagons forms the actual defensible line of the laager, the intervening space between the inner and outer circles containing the hospital, cavalry camp, and all horses belonging to the column. The tents of the artillery and infantry are arranged as close as possible outside the laager. In front of the centre are the guns of the artillery, a line of shelter trenches covering the front of the infantry tents. In case of alarm or a night attack the tents are immediately struck, the infantry occupying the shelter trenches, the gunners standing to their guns, all mounted men to their horses. Should it be found necessary to retreat within the laager, every man at once repairs to that wagon to which he has already been detailed, the guns being run back through a temporary opening at the outer circle of wagons. The strength of such a position is obvious. A correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, in describing the advantages gained by this arrangement, says: "By distributing the men so that half of them lie under the remainder in the wagons, a double line of fire is brought to bear upon the enemy. We have already learned by bitter experience what the Zulus can do. We know how, on January 22, they hurled themselves in masses against the defenders of Isandhlwana, heedless of the murderous fire of our Martinis or the shrapnel which ploughed lanes through the columns. Yet we doubt, say, more, we believe, it to be absolutely impossible for the same enemy in equal numbers to force a position of such strength as we have endeavored to describe. It is from the Boers that we have adopted the system of laagers. In 1840, during the war waged by DINGAAN, the then ruling Zulu king, against the Dutch settlers, 15,000 Zulus attacked 400 Boers in laager; the latter, without losing a single man, inflicted fearful losses on the enemy, though it should be stated that at this time the only weapon carried by the Zulus was the assegai, the Boers being armed with flint-locks."

Defensive arrangements of all kinds, and especially those that can be put in operation suddenly, are necessary in a country like South Africa, where a few white colonists are surrounded by hordes of savages liable to descend upon them at any moment. The Zulus are a military people, and, as we have seen from the Isandula affair, skilled in all strategic details. The force which the Zulu king can put in the field numbers between 40,000 and 50,000 men; it is, in fact, composed of the entire nation capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of fifteen is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently posted to a military kraal, of which there are twelve in the country. There are thirty-three regiments in the Zulu army, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. Of these eighteen are composed of married, and fifteen of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band of the skin of some beast, and they carry white shields. The unmarried regiments wear their hair entirely and carry black shields. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided into eight or ten companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Drill, in our sense of the word, is unknown, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is most severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offenses. All officers have their appointed duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, help to drive a herd of cattle, and occasionally act as scouts or spies. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy, on whom they pour a ceaseless fusillade directly he is surrounded.

Until recently the Zulus were armed exclusively with the usual Caffre weapons, Birmingham muskets, and such like. Of late, however, the king, whose power is despotic, has insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech loading weapon. Thousands of these arms in the course of a few months were landed in Delagoa Bay, and passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic, their small detachments of fifty men being scarcely a sufficient defense for the town. A correspondence on the subject which passed between Sir BARTLE FRERE and the Portuguese Governor resulted in the latter pledging himself to stop the trade. There is little doubt, however, that it is not the Portuguese authorities who are to blame for this nefarious traffic. The real offenders are unscrupulous English traders, whose greed of gain easily overcomes their patriotism. Thus the Zulus are provided with weapons which, coupled with their natural talent for warfare, makes them formidable enemies. A resident of Zululand, whose experience of this people as warriors is long and intimate, speaks of their military genius in very high terms, and affirms that the only effective way of fighting them is to use Gatling guns or mitrailleuses. To send small bodies of men, however brave, against them is simply inviting disaster.

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[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1160.]

The Distracted Young Preacher.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A PAIR OF BLUE EYES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

TO LULWORTH AND BACK.

THERE was a sousing in the water, as of a brood of ducks plunging in, showing that the men had not been particular about keeping their legs, or even their waists, dry from the brine; but it was impossible to see what they were doing, and in a few minutes the shingle was trampled again. The iron bar sustaining the rope, on which Stockdale's hand rested, began to swerve a little, and the carriers one by one appeared climbing up the sloping cliff, dripping audibly as they came, and sustaining themselves by the guide-rope. Each man on reaching the top was seen to be carrying a pair of tubs, one on his back and one on his chest, the two being slung together by cords passing round the chine hoops, and resting on the carrier's shoulders. Some of the stronger men carried three, by putting an extra one on the top behind, but the customary load was a pair, these being quite sufficient to give each of their bearers the sensation of having his chest and backbone pressed in contact after a walk of four or five miles.

"Where is Owlett?" said Lizzy to one of them.

"He will not come up this way," said the carrier. "He's to bide on shore till we be safe off."

Then, without waiting for the rest, the foremost men plunged across the down; and when the last had ascended, Lizzy pulled up the rope, wound it round her arm, wriggled the bar from the sod, and turned to follow the carriers.

"You are very anxious about Owlett's safety," said the minister.

"Was there ever such a man as you?" said Lizzy. "Why, isn't he my cousin?"

"Yes.... Well, it is a bad night's work," said Stockdale. "But I'll carry the bar and rope for you."

"Thank God, the tubs have got so far all right!" said she.

Stockdale shook his head, and taking the bar, walked by her side toward the downs, and the moan of the sea was heard no more.

"Is this what you meant the other day when you spoke of having business with Owlett?" the young man asked.

"This is it," she replied. "I never see him on any other matter."

"A partnership of that kind with a young man is very odd."

"It was begun by my father and his, who were brothers-in-law."

Her companion could not blind himself to the fact that where tastes and pursuits were so akin as Lizzy's and Owlett's, and where risks were shared, as with them, in every undertaking, there would be a peculiar appropriateness in her answering Owlett's standing question on matrimony in the affirmative. This did not soothe Stockdale, its tendency being rather to stimulate in him an effort to make them as inappropriate as possible, and win her away from this nocturnal crew to correctness of conduct and a minister's parlor in some far-removed county.

They had been walking near enough to the file of carriers for Stockdale to perceive that when they got into the road to the village they split up into companies of eight or ten men, each of which made off in a direction of its own. One little company went toward the church, and by the time that Lizzy and Stockdale reached their own house these men had scaled the church-yard wall, and were proceeding noiselessly over the grass within.

"I see that Owlett has arranged for one batch to be put in the church again," observed Lizzy. "Do you remember my taking you there the first night you came?"

"Yes, of course," said Stockdale. "No wonder you had permission to broach the tubs—they were his, I suppose?"

"No, they were not; they were mine," she said. "I had permission from myself. The day after that they went several miles inland in a wagon-load of manure, and sold very well."

At this moment the group of men who had made off to the left some time before began leaping one by one from the hedge opposite Lizzy's house, and the first man, who had no tubs upon his shoulders, came forward.

"Mrs. Newberry, isn't it?" he said, hastily.

"Yes, Jim," said she. "What's the matter?"

"I find that we can't put any in Badger's Clump to-night," said Owlett. "The place is watched. We must sling the apple-tree in the orchet if there's time. We can't put any more under the church lumber than I have sent on there, and my mixen hev already more in en than is safe."

"Very well," she said. "Be quick about it, that's all. What can I do?"

"Nothing at all, please. Ah, it is the minister. You two had better get in-doors, and not be seed."

While Owlett conversed in a tone so full of contraband anxiety, and so free from lover's jealousy, the men who followed him had been descending one by one from the hedge; and it unfortunately happened that when the hindmost took his leap, the cord slipped which sustained the tubs. The result was that they both fell into the road, one of them being stove in by the blow.

"'Od drown it all!" said Owlett, rushing back.

"It is worth a good deal, I suppose?" said Stockdale.

"Oh no—about two guineas and a half to us now," said Lizzy, excitedly. "It isn't that—it is the smell. It is so blazing strong before it has been lowered, that it smells dreadfully when spilt in the road like that. I do hope Latimer won't pass by till it is gone off."

Owlett and one or two others picked up the burst tub, and began to scrape and trample over the spot to disperse the liquor as much as possible, and then they all entered the gate of Owlett's orchard, which adjoined Lizzy's garden on the right. Stockdale did not care to follow them, for several, on recognizing him, had looked wonderingly at his presence, though they said nothing. Lizzy left his side, and went to the bottom of the garden, looking over the hedge into the orchard, where the men could be dimly seen bustling about, and apparently hiding the tubs. All was done noiselessly and without a light; and when it was over, they dispersed in different directions, those who had taken their cargoes to the church having already gone off to their homes.

Lizzy returned to the garden gate, over which Stockdale was still abstractedly leaning. "It is all finished. I am going in-doors now," she said, gently. "I will leave the door ajar for you."

"Oh no, you needn't," said Stockdale; "I am coming too."

But before either of them had moved, the faint clatter of horses' hoofs broke upon the ear, and it seemed to come from the point where the track across the down joined the hard road.

"They are just too late," cried Lizzy, exultingly.

"Who?" said Stockdale.

"Latimer, the riding officer, and some assistant of his. We had better go in-doors."

They entered the house and bolted the door.

"Please don't get a light, Mr. Stockdale," she said.

"Of course I will not," said he.

"I thought you might be on the side of the king," said Lizzy, with faintest sarcasm.

"I am," said Stockdale. "But, Lizzy Newberry, I love you, and you know it perfectly well, and you ought to know, if you do not, what I have suffered in my conscience on your account these last few days."

"I guess very well," she said, hurriedly. "Yet I don't see why. Ah! you are better than I."

The trotting of the horses seemed to have again died away, and the pair of listeners touched each other's fingers in the cold "good-night" of those whom something seriously divided. They were on the landing, but before they had taken three steps apart, the tramp of the horsemen suddenly revived almost close to the house. Lizzy turned to the staircase window, opened it about an inch, and put her face close to the aperture. "Yes, one of 'em is Latimer," she whispered. "He always rides a white horse. One would think it was the last color for a man in that line."

Stockdale looked, and saw the white shape of the animal as it passed by; but before the riders had gone another ten yards, Latimer reined in his horse, and said something to his companion which neither Stockdale nor Lizzy could hear. Its drift was, however, soon made evident, for the other man stopped also, and sharply turning the horses' heads, they cautiously retraced their steps. When they were again opposite Lizzy Newberry's garden, Latimer dismounted, and the man on the dark horse did the same.

Lizzy and Stockdale, intently listening and observing the proceedings, naturally put their heads as close to the window-slit as possible, and thus it occurred that at last their cheeks came positively into contact. They went on listening, as if they did not know of the singular circumstance which had happened to their faces, and the pressure of each to each rather increased than lessened with the lapse of time.

They could hear the excisemen sniffing the air like hounds as they paced slowly along. When they reached the spot where the tub had burst, both stopped on the instant.

"Ay, ay; 'tis quite strong here," said the second officer. "Shall we knock at the door?"

"Well, no," said Latimer. "Maybe 'tis only a trick to put us off the scent. They wouldn't kick up this stink any where near their hiding-place. I have known such things before."

"Anyhow, the tubs, or some of 'em, must have been brought this way," said the other.

"Yes," said Latimer, musingly. "Unless 'tis all done to tole us the wrong way. What we will do is, go home to-night without saying a word, and come the first thing in the morning with more hands. I know they have stowages about here, but we can do nothing by this owl's light. We will look round the parish and see if every body is in bed, John; and if all is quiet, we will do as I say."

They went on, and the two inside the window could hear them passing leisurely through the whole village, the street of which curved round at the bottom and entered the turnpike-road at another junction. That way the excisemen followed, and the amble of their horses died quite away.

"What will you do?" said Stockdale.

She knew that he alluded to the coming search by the officers; that he wished their own tender incident to be passed over as a thing rather dreamed of than done. "Oh, nothing," she replied, with as much coolness as she could command under her disappointment at his manner. "We often have such storms as this. You would not be frightened if you knew what fools they are. Fancy riding o' horseback through the place! Of course they will hear and see nobody while they make that noise; but they are always afraid to get off, in case some of our fellows should burst out upon 'em and tie them up to the gate post, as they have done before now. Good-night, Mr. Stockdale."

She closed the window and went to her room, where a tear fell from her eyes; and that not because of the alertness of the riding-officers.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE VILLAGE WAS SEARCHED.

STOCKDALE was so excited by the events of the evening, and the dilemma he was placed in between conscience and passion, that he did not sleep, or even doze, but remained as broadly awake as at noonday. As soon as the gray light began to touch ever so faintly the whiter objects in his bedroom he arose, dressed himself, and went down stairs into the road.

The village was already astir. Several of the carriers had heard the well-known tramp of Latimer's horse while they were undressing in the dark that night, and had already communicated with each other and Owlett on the subject. The only doubt seemed to be about the safety of those tubs which had been left under the church gallery stairs; and after a short discussion at the corner of the mill it was agreed that these should be removed before it got lighter, and hidden in the middle of a double hedge bordering the adjoining field. However, before any thing could be carried into effect, the footsteps of many men were heard coming down the lane from the highway.

"Dang it, here they be," said Owlett, who, having already drawn the hatch and started his mill for the day, stood stolidly at the mill door, covered with flour, as if the interest of his whole soul was bounded by the shaking walls around him.

The two or three with whom he had been talking dispersed to their usual work, and when the excise officers and the men whom they had hired reached the village cross, between the mill and Lizzy Newberry's house, the village wore the natural aspect of a place beginning its morning labors.

"Now," said Latimer to his associates, who numbered thirteen men in all, "what I know is that the things are somewhere in this here place. We have got the day before us, and 'tis hard if we can't light upon 'em, and get 'em to Weymouth Custom-house before night. First we will try the fuel-houses, and then we'll work our way into the chimmers, and then to the ricks and stables, and so creep round. You have nothing but your noses to guide ye, mind, so use 'em to-day if you never did in your lives before."

Then the search commenced. Owlett during the early part watched from his mill window, Lizzy from the door of her house, with the greatest self-possession. A farmer down below, who had also a share in the run, rode about with one eye on his fields, and the other on Latimer and his myrmidons, prepared to put them off the scent if he should be asked a question. Stockdale, who was no smuggler at all, felt more uneasiness than the worst of them, and went about his studies with a heavy heart, coming frequently to the door to ask Lizzy some question or other on the consequences to her of the tubs being found.

"The consequences," she said, "are simply that I shall lose 'em. As I have none in the house or garden, they can't touch me personally."

"But you have some in the orchard?"

"Owlett rents that of me, and he lends it to others. So it will be hard to say who put any tubs there, if they should be found."

There was never such a tremendous sniffing known as that which took place in Nether Mynton parish and its vicinity this day. All was done methodically, and mostly on hands and knees. From daybreak to breakfast-time the officers used their sense of smell in a direct and straightforward manner, only pausing at such places as the tubs might be supposed to be secreted in at that very moment, pending their removal on the following night. Among the places tested and examined were hollow trees, potato graves, fuel-houses, bedrooms, apple lofts, cupboards, clock-cases, chimney flues, rain-water butts, pig-sties, culverts, hedge-rows, fagot ricks, hay-stacks, coppers, and ovens.

After breakfast they recommenced with renewed vigor, taking a new line; that is to say, articles that might be supposed to have come in contact with the tubs in their removal from the shore. They now sniffed at smock frocks, old shirts and shawls, coats and hats, breeches and leggings, smiths' and shoe-makers' aprons, knee naps and hedging gloves, tarpaulins, market cloaks, and women's gowns. And as soon as the mid-day meal was over they pushed their noses into places where the spirits might have been thrown away in alarm: horse-ponds, stable drains, pump troughs, mixens, leafy ditches, cess-pools, sinks in yards, new-turned garden soil, and road-side gutters. But still these indefatigable excisemen discovered nothing more than the original tell-tale smell in the road opposite Lizzy's house, which even yet had not passed off.

"I'll tell ye what it is, men," said Latimer, about three o'clock in the afternoon, "we must begin over again. Find them tubs I will."

The men, who had been hired for the day, looked at their hands and knees, muddy with creeping on all fours so long, and rubbed their noses as if they had almost had enough of it; for the quantity of bad air which had passed into each one's nostril had rendered it as insensible as a flue. However, after a moment's hesitation, they prepared to start anew, except three, whose powers of smell had quite succumbed under the excessive wear and tear of the day.

By this time not a male villager was to be seen in the parish. Owlett was not at his mill, the farmers were not in their fields, the parson was not in his garden, the smith had left his forge, and the wheelwright's shop was silent.

"Where the devil are the folk gone?" said Latimer, waking up to the fact, and looking round. "I'll have 'em up for this. Why don't they come and help us? There's not a man about the place but the Methodist parson, and he's a old woman. I'll demand assistance in the king's name."

"We must find 'em afore we can demand that," said his lieutenant.

"Well, well, we shall do better without 'em," said Latimer, who changed his moods at a moment's notice. "But there's great cause of suspicion in this silence and this invisibleness, and I'll bear it in mind. Now we will go across to Owlett's orchard, and see what we can find there."

Stockdale, who heard this discussion from the garden gate, over which he had been leaning, was rather alarmed, and thought it a mistake of the villagers to keep so completely out of the way. He himself, like the excisemen, had been wondering for the last half hour what could have become of them. Some laborers were of necessity engaged in distant fields, but the master-workmen should have been at home; yet one and all, after just showing themselves at their shops, had apparently gone off for the day. He went in to Lizzy, who sat at a back window sewing, and said, "Lizzy, where are all the men?"

Lizzy laughed. "Where they mostly are when they be run so close as this." And casting her eyes to heaven, "Up there," she said.

Stockdale looked up. "What! on the top of the church tower?" he asked, seeing the direction of her glance.

"Yes."

"Well, I expect they will soon have to come down," said he, gravely. "I have been listening to the officers, and they are going to search the orchard over again, and then every nook in the church."

Lizzy looked alarmed for the first time. "Will you go and tell our folk?" she said. "They ought to be let know." Seeing his conscience struggling within him like a boiling pot, she added: "No, never mind. I'll go myself."

She went out, descended the garden, and climbed over the church-yard wall at the same time that the preventive men were ascending the road to the orchard. Stockdale could do no less than follow her. By the time that she reached the tower entrance he was at her side, and they entered together. Nether Mynton church tower was, as in many villages, without a turret; and the only way to the top was by the singers' gallery, and thence by a ladder to a square trap-door in the floor of the bell loft, above which a permanent ladder was fixed, passing through the bells to a hole in the roof. When Lizzy and Stockdale reached the gallery and looked up, nothing but the five holes for the bell-ropes, and the trap, appeared. The ladder was gone.

"There's no getting up," said Stockdale.

"Oh yes, there is," said she. "There's an eye looking at us at this moment through a knot-hole in that trap-door."

And as she spoke, the trap opened, and the dark line of the ladder was seen descending against the whitewashed wall. When it touched the bottom, Lizzy dragged it to its place, and said, "If you'll go up, I'll follow."

The young man ascended, and presently found himself among consecrated bells for the first time in his life, Nonconformity having been in the Stockdale blood for some generations. He eyed them uneasily, and looked round for Lizzy. Owlett stood here, holding the top of the ladder.

"What! be you really one of us?" said the miller.

"It seems so," said Stockdale, sadly.

"He's not," said Lizzy, who overheard. "He's neither for nor against us. He'll do us no harm."

She stepped up beside them, and then they went on to the next stage, which, when they had clambered over the dusty bell-carriages, was of easy ascent, leading toward the hole through which the white sky appeared, and into the open air. Owlett remained behind for a moment to pull up the lower ladder.

"Keep down your heads," said a voice, as soon as they set foot on the leads.

Stockdale here beheld all the missing parishioners lying on their stomachs on the tower roof, except a few, who, elevated on their hands and knees, were peeping through the embrasures of the parapet. Stockdale did the same, and saw the village lying like a map below him, over which moved the figures of the excisemen, each foreshortened to a crab-like object, the crown of his hat forming a circular disk in the centre of him. Some of the men turned their heads when the young preacher's figure arose among them.

"What! Mr. Stockdale?" said Matt Grey, in a tone of surprise.

"I'd as lief that it hadn't been," said Jim Clarke. "If the passon should see him a-trespassing here in his tower, 'twould be none the better for we, seeing how a do hate chapel members. He'd never buy a tub of us again, and he's as good a customer as we have."

"Where is the passon?" said Lizzy.

"In his house, to be sure, that he may see nothing of what's going on, where this young man ought to be likewise."

"Well, I have some news," said Lizzy. "They are going to search the orchet and church. Can we do any thing if they should find?"

"Yes," said her cousin Owlett. "That's what we've been talking o', and we have settled our line.—Well, be dazed!"

The exclamation was caused by his perceiving that some of the searchers, having got into the orchard, and begun stooping and creeping hither and thither, were pausing in the middle, where a tree, smaller than the rest, was growing. They drew closer, and bent lower than ever upon the ground.

"Oh, my tubs!" said Lizzy, faintly, as she peered through the parapet at them.

"They have got 'em, a b'lieve," said Owlett.

The interest in the movements of the officers was so keen that not a single eye was looking in any other direction; but at that moment a shout from the church beneath them attracted the attention of the smugglers, as it did also of the party in the orchard, who sprang to their feet, and went toward the church-yard wall. At the same time those of the government men who had entered the church unperceived by the smugglers cried aloud, "Here be some of 'em at last!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME.

Over the eaves where the sunbeams fall
Twitters the swallow;
I hear from the mountains the cataract call:
Follow, oh, follow!

Buds on the bushes and blooms on the mead
Swiftly are swelling;
Hark! the Spring whispereth: "Make ye with speed
Ready my dwelling."

Out of the tremulous blue of the air
Calling before her,
Who was it bade me "Awake and prepare,
Thou, mine adorer!"

"Leave me," I said; "I have known thee of old,
Love, the annoyer,
Arming, at last, with thine arrows of gold,
Time, the Destroyer."

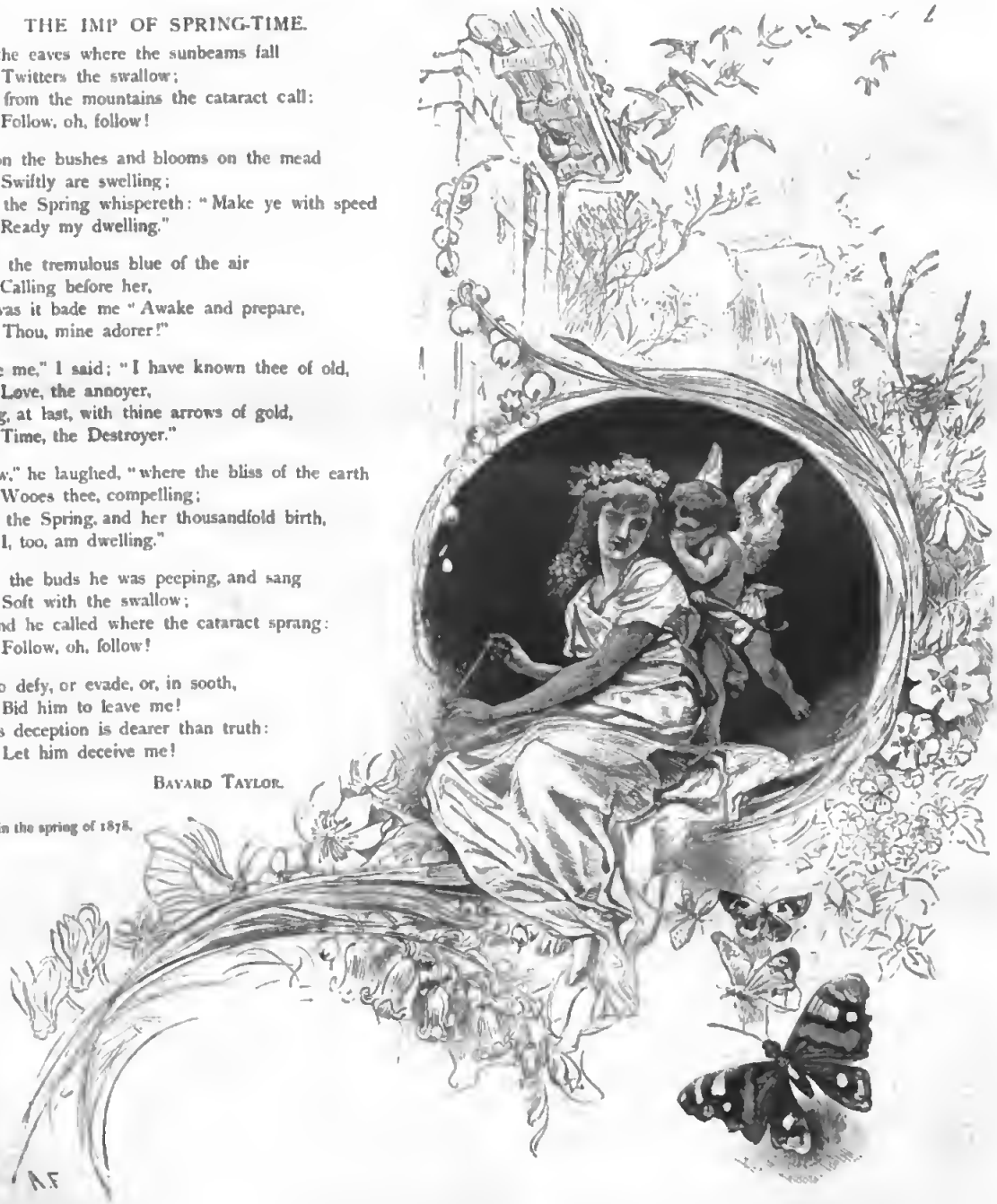
"Follow," he laughed, "where the bliss of the earth
Wooes thee, compelling;
Yet in the Spring, and her thousandfold birth,
I, too, am dwelling."

Out of the buds he was peeping, and sang
Soft with the swallow;
Yea, and he called where the cataract sprang:
Follow, oh, follow!

Vain to defy, or evade, or, in sooth,
Bid him to leave me!
But his deception is dearer than truth:
Let him deceive me!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Written in the spring of 1878.



"THE IMP OF SPRING-TIME."—ILLUSTRATED BY A. FREDERICKS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two spirited pictures relating to the war in Zululand, and the conclusion of* "THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE Democratic party lost control of Congress and of the government nearly twenty years ago. Its strongest element withdrew, and attempted the forcible dissolution of the Union in the interest of slavery and under the plea of State sovereignty. The rebellion which grew naturally out of the conflict between national and State authority was suppressed after a long and terrible contest. Happily the national victory was absolute; and happily, also, the settlement that followed involved no death or confiscation, nothing vindictive or unfair. It provided simply for the equal rights of all citizens of the United States. With the present extra session the Democratic party has regained control of Congress, and its first act is the renewal of the old question, and the re-assertion of State sovereignty as against the national supremacy, with a loud demand from a large portion of the party that the government shall be left without support because the Executive exercises an unquestionable constitutional function in a way which the people of the United States have appointed, but which the Democratic majority in Congress does not like. This is a most significant fact, but it is not the only one. The last Congressional elections in many districts were carried for the Democrats by notorious fraud. In New York and other great cities similar Democratic frauds had been long familiar, but national supervision of national elections has done much to make them free and fair. It is now plain that the issue of the next general election will depend largely upon the result in the city of New York, and upon the "solidity" of the Southern States. The chances that that result may be Democratic, and that solidity secured for the Democrats, would be largely increased by abolishing all national supervision; and it is under these circumstances that the Democratic party denies the constitutional authority of the national Union to protect its own elections in the States.

This is the central and vital question of the late debate, and it explains the profound and unusual feeling which has attended it. The country has been brought face to face with the proposition that the national government has no authority whatever to defend the citizens of the United States when voting in a State at a United States election, and that such citizens must look for the remedy of grievances to the States alone. It was this doctrine of State supremacy upon which it was attempted to justify secession, and the first moment of Democratic control in Congress is signalized by its re-assertion. It will be interesting to remark whether Democratic platforms will begin again to commend the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, and whether the party really proposes to treat the amendments to the Constitution as if they did not exist. The debate or to the nature and direct efficacy of the national authority began with the formation of the Constitution in 1787, and continued until the civil war, which ended in 1865. The results of the war were embodied in the three latest amendments to the Constitution, which were intended to establish beyond doubt as civil the supremacy of the national power in every thing which is necessary to its existence. It is significant that this supremacy was questioned before in the interest of slavery, and that it is questioned now in the interest of fraudulent elections. The principle of State sovereignty, indefeasible in itself, has been defeated by the objects for which it was asserted. What was called the sacred right of local self-government was invoked in 1861 to maintain the slave-pen and the slave-market. It is invoked in 1879 to defend fraud and violence at the polls. There is not an unnaturalized repeater in New York, nor a bulldozer in Louisiana, nor a "red-shirt" in South Carolina, who is not sure that nothing is so unconstitutional as the national defense of the rights of the national citizen at a national election.

The just rights of the States, "the sacred right of local self-government," are quite or precious to the loyal and intelligent people of this country known as Republicans, or they are to the ancient defenders of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. The laws of the United States are uniform in their operation. Does any good citizen of Maine or Iowa feel that his individual rights or the rights of his State are touched or threatened by any law of the United States now upon the statute-book? Does he as does his State stand in need of defense against the national power? Has there ever been a time in our history when the danger to the Union did not spring from the unjust assertion of State sovereignty? The rebellion itself did not allege any unconstitutional invasion of State right by national authority; it was the naked assertion of the "right" of any sovereign State to dissolve the Union at its pleasure. Local government is the basis of a free system, and it is out and curse has been questioned by Republicans. The Republican party has no desire to touch the just rights of the States. It gave the most conclusive evidence of its spirit before the war when it held that slavery was sectional, owing its existence wholly to State law, and therefore could not be touched within the State. But it held, also, that its State title vanished at the State line, and therefore that it could constitutionally be confined to the State, and not suffered to pollute the national territory. Whoever may endeavor to treat the Constitution as a treaty between sovereign States, and to represent the Union as a "confederacy," the Republican party does not forget that the Constitution was made, not by the States, but by the people of the United States, and that those people, not the States, reserved to the States such powers as they did not confer upon their new government. The Democratic theory, that the United States government can enter a State only upon the summons of the State, is a declaration that the national government is constitutionally at the mercy of any State. This is the doctrine, we repeat, with which the Democratic party disappeared from Congress at the beginning of the rebellion, and under cover of which war was waged against the government; and it is with this doctrine that the Democratic party resumes control of Congress.

THE VETO.

THE veto message is now familiar to our readers. It is a vigorous and conclusive paper, exposing thoroughly the absurdity of the cry that there is any wish or purpose to use the army at the polls, showing also the crudity and haste of the method of amendment proposed, and completely unmasking the consequences of an attempted coercion of the Executive by a rider of this kind. The message effectually disposes of the stupid party "gag" about "bayonets at the polls," "threatening the liberties of the people," "voting in a file of soldiers," all of which phrases the few statutes cited in the message show to be simply silly. The *Herald* will calls this ridiculous talk about tyranny and coercion "a feigned and foolish issue." The Democrats assert that the Republicans wish the ballot-box to be surrounded by bayonets. The fact is that the law prohibits military interference at the polls, and neither the President nor the Republican party wishes to change the law.

We will first quote the sections of the laws which it is proposed to amend. They are these:

"SEC. 2002. No military or naval officer, or other person engaged in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States, shall order, bring, keep, or have under his authority or control any troops or armed men at the place where any general or special election is held in any State, unless it be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls."

"SEC. 5526. Every officer of the army or navy, or other person in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States, who orders, brings, keeps, or has under his authority or control any troops or armed men at any place where a general or special election is held in any State, unless such force be necessary to repel armed enemies of the United States, or to keep the peace at the polls, shall be fined not more than $5000, and suffer imprisonment at hard labor not less than three months nor more than five years."

The amendment strikes out the words "or to keep the peace at the polls" in both sections. This, standing by itself, or we have said during the discussion, is a large and vague power, and, did the sections stand alone, might well be modified. But they do not stand alone, and they are modified completely by other statutes, as that arbitrary military interference is made impossible. Here are the statutes:

"SEC. 2003. No officer of the army or navy of the United States shall prescribe or fix, or attempt to prescribe or fix, by proclamation, order, or otherwise, the qualifications of voters in any State, or in any manner interfere with the freedom of any election in any State, or with the exercise of the free right of suffrage in any State."

"SEC. 5520. Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who, by force, threat, intimidation, order, advice, or otherwise, prevents or attempts to prevent any qualified voter of any State from freely exercising the right of suffrage at any general or special election in such State, shall be fined not more than $5000, and be imprisoned at hard labor not more than five years."

"SEC. 5521. Every officer of the army or navy who prescribes, or fixes, or attempts to prescribe or fix, whether by proclamation, order, or otherwise, the qualifications of voters at any election in any State, shall be punished as provided in the preceding section."

"SEC. 5522. Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who, by force, threat, intimidation, order, or otherwise, compels or attempts to compel any officer holding an election in any State to receive a vote from a person not legally qualified to vote, or who imposes or attempts to impose any regulation for conducting any general or special election in a State different from those prescribed by law, or who interferes in any manner with any officer of an election in the discharge of his duty, shall be punished as prescribed in Section 5520.

"SEC. 5523. Every person convicted of any of the offenses specified in the five preceding sections shall, in addition to the punishments therein severally prescribed, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust under the United States; but nothing in those sections shall be construed to prevent any officer, soldier, sailor, or marine from exercising the right of suffrage in any election district to which he may belong, if otherwise qualified according to the laws of the State in which he offers to vote."

These, as the President says, would seem to be sufficient; but that all doubt and apprehension may be removed, he signed last year a bill which provides as follows:

"SEC. 15. From and after the passage of this act it shall not be lawful to employ any part of the army of the United States as a posse comitatus or otherwise for the purpose of executing the laws, except in such cases and under such circumstances as such employment of said force may be expressly authorized by the Constitution or by act of Congress; and no money appropriated by this act shall be used to pay any of the expenses incurred in the employment of any troops in violation of this section, and any person willfully violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $10,000, or imprisonment not exceeding two years, or both such fine and imprisonment."

In the face of these peremptory prohibitions the Democratic effort to arouse the country with the cry that liberty of voting is threatened by the army, and that the state of things revealed in these statutes constitutes a "grievance" to be redressed by starving the government, is inexpressibly ridiculous.

But it is asked, if the law already forbids military interference at the polls, why should not the President sign a simple repeal of an apparent authority for such interference? He has not had the opportunity. No such simple repeal has been presented to him. The amendment which was presented prohibited the civil authorities of the United States, under heavy penalties, from keeping the peace at national elections, although other laws make it their duty to do so; that is to say, the President was asked to sign a bill for punishing civil officers for doing their duty. This he has, of course, declined to do; and his argument is unanswerable, his position impregnable. The President is well known to disapprove any other resort to the military power than such as is made necessary in the execution of civil duty to enforce the laws. Any bill which requires him to renounce the right of the United States to enforce its laws by the whole power of the country, we presume he will veto, and the country would unquestionably sustain him. It is this renunciation which these riders seek, and this no Republican Administration can make without renouncing the just constitutional rights of the people of the United States. The President, in conclusion, discusses with great force and clearness the principle which the Democratic policy, as shown by the words and acts of its leading representatives, seeks to smuggle into the Constitution. What he says upon this point is so well said that we quote his own words:

"That principle is that the House of Representatives has the sole right to originate bills for raising revenue, and therefore has the right to withhold appropriations upon which the existence of the government may depend, unless the Senate and the President shall give their assent to any legislation which the House may see fit to attach to appropriation bills.

"To establish this principle is to make a radical, dangerous, and unconstitutional change in the character of our institutions. The various departments of the government and the army and navy are established by the Constitution, or by laws passed in pursuance thereof. Their duties are clearly defined, and their support is carefully provided for by law. The money required for this purpose has been collected from the people, and is now in the Treasury ready to be paid out as soon as the appropriation bills are passed. Whether appropriations are made or not, the collection of the taxes will go on. The public money will accumulate in the Treasury.

"It was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution that any single branch of the government should have the power to dictate conditions upon which this treasure should be applied to the purposes for which it was collected. Any such intention, if it had been entertained, would have been plainly expressed in the Constitution. That a majority of the Senate now concurs in the claim of the House adds to the gravity of the situation, but does not alter the question at issue.

"The new doctrine, if maintained, will result in a consolidation of unchecked and despotic power in the House of Representatives. A bare majority of the House will become the government. The Executive will no longer be what the framers of the Constitution intended, an equal and independent branch of the government. It is clearly the constitutional duty of the President to exercise his discretion and judgment upon all bills presented to him without constraint or duress from any other branch of the government. To say that a majority of either or both Houses of Congress may insist on its approval of a bill, under the penalty of stopping all of the operations of the government for want of the necessary supplies, is to deny to the Executive that share of the legislative power which is plainly conferred by the second section of the seventh article of the Constitution.

"It strikes from the Constitution its qualified negative of the President. It is said that this should be done because it is the peculiar function of the House of Representatives to represent the will of the people. But no single branch or department of the government has exclusive authority to speak for the American people. The most authentic and solemn expression of their will is contained in the Constitution of the United States. By that Constitution they have ordained and established a government, whose powers are distributed among coordinate branches, which, so far as possible consistently with a harmonious cooperation, are absolutely independent of each other. The people of the country are unwilling to see the supremacy of the Constitution replaced by the omnipotence of any department of the government.

"The enactment of this bill into a law will establish a precedent which will tend to destroy the equal independence of the several branches of the government. Its principle places not merely the Senate and the Executive, but the Judiciary also, under the coercive dictation of the House. The House alone will be the judge of what constitutes a grievance, and also of the means and measure of redress. An act of Congress to protect elections is now the grievance complained of. But the House may on the same principle determine that any other act of Congress, a treaty made by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, a nomination or appointment to office, or even a decision or opinion of the Supreme Court is a grievance, and that the measure of redress is to withhold the appropriations required for the support of the offending branch of the government."

The veto comes from a patriotic and truly conservative President, who is surrounded by a cabinet of concededly great ability. It shows that the alleged "grievance" does not exist; and that if it did, the remedy proposed would punish civil officers of the United States for doing their lawful duty. Meanwhile, whatever Congress may decide to do, there is no doubt of the opinion and action of the country, which does not mean to be thrown into disorder and confusion upon pretense of redressing a grievance which every body knows does not exist.

BULLDOZING.

IT is convenient for the Democrats who, under the lead of Messrs. BECK and THURMAN, made so huge a blunder in the opening of their "extra" campaign to say that the President has been bulldozed into a veto by the "stalwarts." This is a statement amazingly without foundation; and its implication that he has yielded something to a sense of disappointment in Southern action is equally baseless. There has been a great deal of objurgation of what is called the Executive "betrayal" and "abandonment" of colored citizens, but the veto indicates no change whatever of Executive conviction or purpose. The President's course to regard to the South has been perfectly consistent with the principles first declared by him upon accepting the nomination, and it certainly has not been, and we presume will not be, abandoned. With all sensible men, he has held, and we presume holds, that the patriotic duty of good citizens in the circumstances of this country is to promote a common friendly feeling in all the States, to repress sectionalism as far as practicable, and not to be afraid to show confidence, while executing every law faithfully, and maintaining within the Union the just national authority every where. His official conduct in Louisiana and in South Carolina was not "a policy;" it was simply obedience to his view of constitutional duty. Neither his view of that duty nor that of those who agreed with him has undergone any change whatever. General GRANT, who is especially cherished by the Republican opponents of this administration, approved it at the time, and probably approves it now. It was not a discretionary course adopted to placate any body, but it was not improbable that, as such action showed plainly that Republican administration was not inimical to the Southern States, a more kindly feeling might disclose itself in those States. It might, or it might not. Such a result might have been fairly anticipated, but it was not the purpose as the condition of the Executive action. That purpose was to discharge official duty constitutionally, and it would have been precisely the same, and should have been precisely the same, whether better feeling was or was not likely to ensue.

It is simply untrue, therefore, that there has been any failure of "policy," as any Executive "repentance," or that there is any Executive desire of "revenge," as feeling of chagrin. Under General GRANT's administrations nearly every Southern State was recovered by the Democrats, but we are not aware that he nourished any chagrin, as sense of wounded pride, or humiliation, in consequence. All the "war legislation" that Senator DAVID DAVIS deprecates did not retain those States. The President

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holds opinions upon the subject of the proper authority of the Union within the States which he did not learn from "stalwarts," nor from "Confederates," and which are not in the least affected by the conduct of Northern or Southern Democratic leaders. He made no bargain in the South, and he has no favors to ask from the North. Consequently he has no grudge to gratify, nor any personal object to serve. If he would not propitiate the "stalwarts" when they ruled the Senate, why should he surrender to them now when they have lost their power? It was not any thing done by him which destroyed Republican ascendency in the Senate, while, on the other hand, the great Democratic majority in the House has been nearly annihilated under his administration.

If, therefore, the whole Republican party, including those who have been hostile to the Administration, sustains it now, it is not because there has been any change whatever of Executive opinion or conduct. The Republican Administration and the Republican party are united in opposition to the Democratic programme because it calls in question the fundamental Republican principle of just national authority every where within the Union. The Democratic drift under the Southern leadership, which was trained by CALHOUN, is to consider the national government, in JEFFERSON's phrase, "a department of foreign affairs." The Republican doctrine is that it is also a national government. This debate has sprung from that difference of opinion. The President is a Republican, and he holds the Republican view, and he expresses it with great cogency and power. Those who think that there has been surrender are not familiar with the facts. There may have been bulldozing, but as the early traveller quietly said to the porter who was swearing and thundering at the wrong door, "My friend, I am afraid that's the wrong passenger—the right passenger has been up and dressed since daybreak."

BIENNIAL SESSIONS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

IN support of his proposition for biennial sessions of the Legislature in New York, the Hon. CHARLES R. SKINNER, of Jefferson, made a very interesting speech, in the course of which he cited the experience of other great States in the Union. His proposition is in the form of a constitutional amendment that the sessions shall be biennial, and that Senators shall be chosen for four years instead of two, and Members of Assembly for two years instead of one year. Mr. SKINNER rests his case upon five points—economy, better legislation, less legislation, proved advantage, and popular desire. The direct and indirect saving is computed at millions of dollars. There can be no question of the great economical benefit of such a provision. That biennial sessions would lead to more careful legislation may be assumed from reason and from experience elsewhere. The haste of our present law-making is one of the notorious defects of our system. Mr. SKINNER mentions a law passed last year in January, amended in February, again amended in March, and now ready for repeal; and he quotes the wit of a Tennesseean who defended the biennial system by the argument that it gave the laws a chance of trial before they were repealed.

Mr. SIMON STERNE, in his discourse before the New York Municipal Society upon "Our Methods of Legislation, and their Defects"—which might be profitably pondered by honorable members—confirms Mr. SKINNER's statements. Mr. STERNE says of the laws regarding New York and Brooklyn, which affect one-half the taxable property of the State and about a third of its population, that the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals remarked in 1875 that these laws were so often and so much modified, superseded, and repealed that it is difficult to know what they actually are. Mr. STERNE enters elaborately into the defects of our present methods, and proposes remedies involving the greater care which biennial sessions would encourage. Mr. SKINNER says that of the four hundred and seventy-five laws passed in 1877, as the four hundred and eighteen passed in 1878, scarcely twoscore are of vital interest to the State. In the first two months of the present session the Governor had signed eighty-four laws, but barely half a dozen are of general interest to the State. Each law may be of local importance, but it could easily wait a year, as have been presented last year; and Mr. SKINNER states the significant fact, in illustration of our overlegislation, that the British Parliament, uniting the powers of our national and State legislatures, and controlling half a hundred colonies, does not pass so many laws annually as the State of New Jersey.

He cites further the fact that annual legislative sessions are now held in but ten of the thirty-eight States, and in three of these—Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—the annual is about yielding to the biennial system. From twenty States which have adopted the biennial system Mr. SKINNER quotes conclusive evidence of its popularity and excellence. The proposition has passed the Assembly virtually without opposition, and the Senate has it under consideration. We hope that the Senate will not delay the passage of the bill to submit the question to the people of the State. We have as yet seen but one argument against the proposition, and that is that the State of New York is so large that an annual session is probably a necessity. New York is certainly a large State, but so is Ohio, and the biennial system has been the law in Ohio for twenty-seven years, to the great saving of the public money, and to the great satisfaction of the people. Pennsylvania, also a great State, begins the biennial system this year, with the expected saving of one-half of the legislative expenses, and there is no reason to doubt that if Ohio has found no reason to regret the plan, its neighbor will be satisfied. There is nothing essentially different in the legislative necessities of New York from those of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and since biennial sessions are satisfactory to one and have been adopted by the other of those States, they can not be prejudicial to New York.

MR. ROBESON'S SPEECH.

IN the Congressional debate which has just closed, Mr. ROBESON's speech was, and will remain, well worthy of careful consideration. It was a very clear and conclusive constitutional argument, wholly free from partisan heat, or political clap-trap, or sectional appeal, while in tone it was a model of courteous parliamentary discussion. When his hour expired, his time was indefinitely extended, upon the motion of Mr. CARLISLE, of Kentucky, his ablest constitutional opponent on the Democratic side, who, throughout the speech, paid it the closest attention, and showed by his questions how conscious he was of a dangerously logical and able opponent, who to every question returned a direct and ample and unanswerable reply. Mr. ROBESON's speech was a vindication of the constitutional right of national supervision of national elections. This point had been very plausibly contested by Mr. CARLISLE, and in the same excellent spirit. The two speeches were, in fact, the culmination and exhaustion of the constitutional debate, and will have an interest and value long after the immediate question at issue shall be decided.

Mr. ROBESON began by stating that the difference between the Republican and the Democratic views arose from a difference of principle, of fundamental premise. He held the Constitution to be the organic law of a government acting directly upon the people, and not the bond of a confederacy of sovereign States. This he showed plainly from the terms of the instrument. He conceded that all the powers of the government must be found within the written Constitution; but for the purposes for which those powers are granted, the government is sovereign and supreme. It is limited in the number, not in the quality, of its powers. This position has been distinctly affirmed, also, by the Supreme Court, and the government has, without contest, exercised the supreme powers of sovereignty. This government, sovereign for certain purposes, has citizens of its own. The citizens of the United States are such in virtue of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and they are citizens of the States because they are citizens of the United States. Now if the government can not enforce the exercise of a right which is an essential function of the government itself, it is no government. The laws made in pursuance of the Constitution are declared by it to be "the supreme law of the land." But supreme law has the power to execute itself, and members of Congress swear to sustain the Constitution and laws, not of any State, but of the United States. From these general but incontrovertible principles, closely watched and at times challenged by Messrs. CARLISLE and TUCKER, who saw the resistless coil of logic that was closing around them, Mr. ROBESON proceeded to the particular question. His argument was that the Constitution in the clause "the electors of each State," etc., while conferring no right of suffrage, adopts to its suffrage a certain class of designated voters. The electors so adopted are citizens of the United States, independent of the States and above them. The election is a United States election for members of the national government to discharge national duties, and it is a right guaranteed to these electors that the election shall be fair. The Constitution which gives to these electors the right of electing Representatives also gives Congress authority to regulate the time, place, and manner of holding the election. This is the authority to make the laws in question. But it is said that the words "times, places, and manner" are not broad enough. Why not? There is a national Representative to be elected. The Constitution declares his qualifications and the qualifications of the electors, and the power by which the election, the qualifications, and the returns shall be decided. What remains?—"Time, place, and manner." But these, with those already mentioned, comprehend all the categories of an election, and the power to regulate is the broadest power given to a legislative body. Mr. CARLISLE interrupted to say that it was not a power to regulate the elective franchise itself, but only the manner and time of holding the election. Mr. ROBESON replied that he granted it, but the power is that of regulating the election, and it is exercised fully only when the man who has the franchise is protected in its full, free, and fair exercise—not the right to vote merely, but the right of voting, and that implies that it is not to be nullified by fraud, and that the vote shall be properly counted and registered.

Mr. CARLISLE asked if the same reasoning would not authorize the application of the laws in question to the Legislature of a State when electing a United States Senator. Mr. ROBESON's reply was direct and conclusive. In the election of Representatives, Congress may, if it chooses, take the whole subject into its own hands, but the Constitution adopts the organized Legislature of a State as the voters for Senator. The United States has no power to appoint members or officers of the Legislature; but if the Legislature, as a body of United States voters discharging a United States duty, is obstructed by riot, the United States has the right to send its marshals and officers to protect the Legislature in the discharge of that national duty. Mr. ROBESON then answered the objection that there is no legal "peace of the United States" within a State by showing clearly that such an assertion destroys the national government by declaring a law to be unconstitutional because it may be resisted. On the contrary, every constitutional law of the United States is to be enforced by the President against every resistance and over every obstruction. Mr. ROBESON ended his admirable speech with an earnest and fraternal patriotic appeal to the Southern leaders not to make the fatal mistake of forcing upon the country the question which war has settled, and with a concise statement of his proposition, which no Democratic champion of any weight thought fit to assail, and which can not be assailed successfully except upon grounds which would question the authority of the government to maintain its own existence.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., a favorite and very popular contributor to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS, and a writer whose miscellaneous and scientific books have secured a wide and deserved popularity, is the subject of a long and commendatory article in a recent number of the *Agricultural Gazette*, the leading farmers' newspaper in England. In 1857 Colonel WARING became the draining engineer of Central Park, and there did valuable service. In 1861 he entered the military service as a cavalryman, and the record of the regiment he commanded in the West is described in *Whip and Spur*, one of the most charming and interesting works produced by the war. He is the author, also, of valuable practical works on the *Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns*, *Village Improvements*, *The Sanitary Condition of Cities*, *Earth Closets and Sewage*, and has received the prize of the Rhode Island Medical Society for his essay on *The Causation of Typhoid Fever*. His *The Bride of the Rhine* is a charming account of a journey down the Moselle in a row boat; and for his report on the exhibit made at the Centennial by Holland of its great canals and drainage works Colonel WARING was made one of the five honorary members of the Royal Institute of Engineers of the Netherlands. Add to all this high science business that Colonel W. is one of the most genial and companionable of men, and one of the most witty and entertaining of *raconteurs*, and you have a character very delightful to know.

—Dr. LOVICK PIERCE is one of the oldest preachers in the United States, having been ordained by Bishop ASBURY in 1804. On the 24th of March last, being his ninety-fourth birthday, he baptized five of his great-grandchildren and one great-great grandchild, at his home in Sparta, Georgia, where he resides with his son, Bishop PIERCE, of the Methodist Church South.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD is as quick at repartee as ever. Not long since a lady, in talking with him, spoke of the Zulus as savages. "Savages, madam!" said the Prime Minister; "how can you call savages men who have defeated our general" (CHELMSFORD) "and converted our bishop?" (COLENSO).

—General GRANT is to be received with high ceremonial on his arrival in Japan, the government having appropriated $100,000 for the expenses of his entertainment.

—Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON writes that he is "not in a condition to make visits or to take any part in conversation. Old age has rushed upon me in the last year, and tied my tongue and hid my memory, and thus made it a duty to stay at home."

—Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, who died a few days since in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-two, was the first man in the United States who had the enterprise and pluck to make a shipment of wheat from the West to England. This he did in 1817, by boat down the Ohio and Mississippi to a vessel at New Orleans, and thence to Liverpool. In 1837 he was engaged to purchase gold and silver for the United States Bank, and within two years bought $5,000,000 in specie and $1,000,000 in Southern bank notes. At that time it was regarded as a very large transaction. To-day it would not exceed the ordinary transaction of a day's business on the New York Stock Exchange.

—The House of Commons now has among its members several journalists. Among them are Mr. COURTNEY, a leader writer for the *Times*; Mr. O'DONNELL, a leader-writer for the *Morning Post*; Dr. CAMERON, editor and proprietor of the Glasgow *Mail*; Mr. GRAY, editor and owner of the *Freeman's Journal*; and lastly, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who writes leaders, magazine stories, novels, history, and all sorts of articles, and gets high pay for every thing he writes.

—A Frenchman residing at No. 16 Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, is the subject of much interest at present. The hôtel, a characteristic structure of the seventeenth century, once belonged to the celebrated LALON; the occupant is M. ERNEST RENAN. The author dwells here, with his wife and children, in the domestic tranquillity promised by those years of earlier sympathy, in the seclusion of study, shared by his sister Mlle. HENRIETTE. Madame RENAN is a niece of ARY SCHEFFER. The friends of the author of the *Life of Jesus*, once a scholar of St. Sulpice and Monseigneur DUPANLOUP, claim that he is not only a master of the French language in its grace and purity, but still a divinist, retaining no earlier reverence for the Church and the saints. His opponents, on the contrary, find him a mischievous student, a dangerous leader, a priest who had already submitted to the tonsure.

—The death of the young Prince WALDEMAR of Prussia does not lack the sinister element belonging to the race, in the apparition of the White Lady of Hohenzollern. The night before the boy ceased to breathe, a soldier on duty in one of the corridors of the imperial palace beheld, or imagined that he saw, the terrible Countess AGNES approaching, as she has not failed to appear on similar occasions for 200 years, with her two dead children in her arms, slain that she might espouse her lover. The soldier quitted his post, and sought his comrades with the tale, which did not fail to produce the usual lugubrious impression of superstitious awe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Army Appropriation Bill passed the Senate on the 25th ult., just as it came from the House, by a vote of 41 to 30.—On the 28th, the House passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, by a vote of 108 to 116, after rejecting an amendment to strike out the political sections.—On the 29th, the President sent to the House a message vetoing the Army Bill. Both Houses held very short sessions, and adjourned upon the announcement of the death of Representative Clark.—On the 30th, the House passed the bill to pay Captain Eads $250,000.—The House, on the 1st inst., took up the veto message. Under a call for the previous question, there was no debate, and the effort to pass the Army Bill over the veto failed. The vote was 120 to 110, or less than the required two-thirds in the affirmative.

Senator Sessions's fire-insurance bill was passed to a third reading in the New York Assembly on the 1st inst. It provides that "the amount of insurance hereafter written in a policy of insurance on all buildings insured shall be taken and deemed the true value of the property at the time of the loss, and the amount of the loss sustained, and shall be the measure of damages, unless the loss was caused by the criminal act of the insured."

FOREIGN NEWS.

DISPATCHES from St. Petersburg report that the police are openly arresting people by batches at all hours of the day, whereas apprehensions used to be made only at night. On the slightest suspicion against any person his whole family is arrested, and domiciliary visits are paid to all his acquaintances, which lead to further arrests on the most frivolous grounds. The *Golos* says it is intended to send 12,000 prisoners, with their families, from Novgorod to Siberia during the summer. The most remarkable precautions were taken during the Czar's recent journey to Livadia. Sentinels were placed the whole length of the line, traffic was stopped, and all access to the line prohibited for twenty-four hours before the departure of the royal train.

The city of Orenburg, on the Ural River, in Russia, was nearly all destroyed by a fire which began on the 30th ult., and lasted two or three days. The best quarters of the town are in ashes. Nine hundred and forty-nine dwellings were burned. Several persons were killed and many wounded. The fire is attributed to carelessness.

The Bulgarian Assembly of Notables, on the 29th ult., unanimously elected Prince Alexander of Battenberg to the throne of Bulgaria, with the title of Alexander I. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated.

The Marquis of Salisbury said at a banquet, on the 30th ult., that the British government was determined not to depart in any way from the Treaty of Berlin. They had already given up a great deal for the sake of peace, but could give up no more. So far as he knew, the great powers, without exception, were firmly resolved to execute the treaty. If the Eastern Roumelians accepted the autonomy which was guaranteed them, their position would be an enviable one. If they refused it, repression must follow, and their blood would be upon their own heads. But he did not believe they would choose the latter alternative.

The British House of Commons, on the 29th ult., by a vote of 303 to 230, rejected Mr. Rylands's resolution censuring the government for increasing the national expenditure.

A telegram from Constantinople reports that the Khedive's representative has informed the Porte that the Khedive has refused to assent to the appointment of foreigners as Ministers of Finance and Public Works, but would make other concessions to meet the wishes of France and England.

The South American war has been begun by the bombardment of the town of Pisagua, in Peru. The guano-loading appliances at Huanillos and Pabellon de Pica have been destroyed. Iquique is still blockaded, and all sailing vessels have left. Business in the interior is entirely disorganized.

Cape Town advices of the 8th ult. are to the effect that Colonel Pearson and the Ekowe garrison reached Tugela the day before. It was said that the Zulus had occupied Ekowe, but that King Cetywayo himself had retired beyond the Black Umvolosi River. The rumor that the Boers intended to detain Sir Bartle Frere, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, was unfounded.

The chief object of the Chinese mission to St. Petersburg has failed, Russia having refused to surrender Kuldja, and negotiations have been broken off.

A large hill at Vera, in the province of Jaen, in Spain, has caved in, demolishing five houses. Thirty persons were killed and fourteen injured.

An official report to the Persian government of the earthquake in Miana, on the 2d of March, says that 21 villages were totally destroyed, and 922 persons, 3600 sheep, 1128 oxen, 150 horses, and 88 camels were killed.

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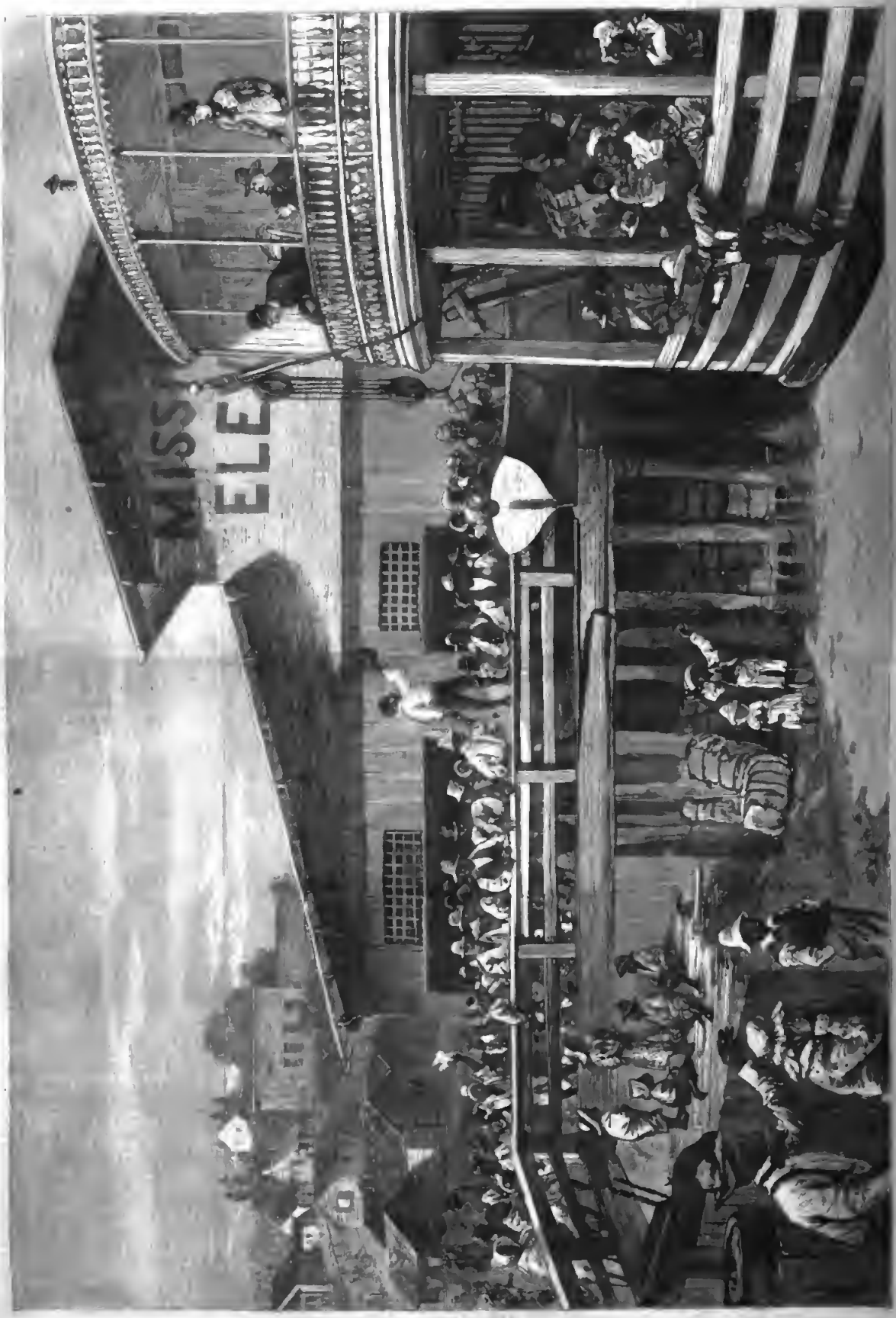

THE NEGRO EXODUS—SCENES ON THE WHARVES AT VICKSBURG.—From a Sketch by Jules H. Rossi.—[See Page 387.]

THE LATE BISHOP AMES.—(See Page 384.)

THE HON. MILES BEACH.

THE HON. MILES BEACH.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait is given on this page, was born in the year 1803, at Saratoga Springs. His father was a native of that locality, engaged at the birth of his son in the practice of the law. The subject of this sketch was a pupil at the then celebrated College Hill School, at Poughkeepsie. He afterward pursued his studies at the Halleton Institute, then a leading educational institution. In 1821 he entered the Sophomore Class of Union College, over which the renowned Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT presided. Mr. BEACH graduated with honor in 1824, delivering

BOYTON'S LONG FLOAT—PASSING VICKSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES H. MOORE.—(See Page 390.)

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an oration at the Commencement exercises which excited among his friends hopeful anticipations of his future. He qualified himself for his profession under the tuition of his father, and at the Albany Law School. On his graduation from that institution, and his admission to the bar, he became a member of the firm to which his father was attached, in the city of Troy. Since then father and son have been united in professional labor, removing in 1870 to this city. While a resident of Troy, young Mr. Beach was the recipient of repeated municipal honors. After serving one term as Mayor, he was re-elected without opposition. Unobtrusive and affable in deportment, genial and gentlemanly in manners, he became a favorite with his associates. The cordial and generous zeal with which his friends have borne him to his new honors best attests his merits. It is not the least pleasant of the incidents connected with his elevation to the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in New York, as successor to the late Judge Robinson, that his brethren of the bar warmly accept him as qualified in learning and in manners for his responsible position. If we may predict from what we know of Mr. Beach, he will be an upright and independent judge, recognizing the equal rights of brethren, and rendering them the common courtesies to which they are entitled, and upholding justice with a firm and steady will.

THE GREAT NEGRO EXODUS.

Our illustration on page 384 has reference to the great movement now being made by the negro race from their accustomed homes in the South to the more tranquil region west of the Mississippi. Fugitives from injustice and oppression, these people are fleeing northward and westward, as others of their race formerly fled from the horrors of slavery. Deprived of their civil rights, they are now in their own section of our country nearly as far from the enjoyment of the privileges granted them by the Constitution as they were in their days of bondage. Apparently with one accord they have arrived at the conclusion that the only remedy for the ills from which they suffer lies in their removal to some region where no prejudice exists against their race, and thus a hegira is in progress which threatens to flood certain States of our Union with a population for which they can not provide, and to leave others without laborers wherewith to develop their resources.

The objective point of the negroes in almost every case is Kansas, few having turned their faces in any other direction. The reason probably is that this State has been more thoroughly advertised than any other, on account of the early struggles which established freedom in it when a Territory, and as having been the scene of the exploits of John Brown and other martyrs of freedom. Kansas is also the ground which finally became the field of operations of the society known as the Tennessee Real Estate and Homestead Association. The original objects of this society, which was formed in Nashville as early as 1869, were the purchase of small farms in Tennessee, and the encouragement of the freedmen to the farming districts to become owners of the land they should cultivate. It was soon found that no headway could be made in the undertaking, and, after holding a State Convention over the subject, a committee was appointed to visit Kansas, to see if cheaper homes could not be found among a more friendly people than in the land of their former bondage. The report brought back was favorable to the scheme, but on a second delegation being sent out, accounts were given of recent disasters affecting the prosperity of the State; and as most of the freedmen preferred remaining in the land of their birth, little progress was made in the scheme. Finally, however, a few families went to Kansas, and the letters sent back encouraged others to make the experiment. In 1873, Benjamin Singleton, the president of the association, went out to take a look at Kansas. His report was so favorable that a company of two or three hundred gathered, and Singleton brought them out that year, locating them in Cherokee County, in the southeast corner of the State. From that time the railroad agents over various routes have been stimulating the emigration by offers of low fares. They bring companies from Nashville to Topeka at $10 a head. The association has continued to keep up active operations. Emigrants desiring to come are by its agency thrown into companies, placed under competent leaders, and cheap rates of transportation are secured. Some half dozen different parties, numbering from one hundred to three hundred each, have come out under the auspices of this association. Most of the parties have come to Topeka, and from thence have gone to different parts of the State. Several hundred of them have gone to Barton County, to the Arkansas Valley, and some to other frontier counties.

With Mr. Singleton was associated Columbus M. Johnson—an intelligent colored man, and agent at Topeka of the association in question. In 1877 these two spent much time in obtaining information from government and other land officers, and in investigating the properties of the soil in different districts. Mr. Johnson remains permanently at Topeka, while Mr. Singleton conducts the affairs of the association at Nashville. Among other colonies which they have established is one in Morris and Lyon counties, called the Singleton Colony. This is upon some lands purchased by the government from the Kansas tribe of Indians, and which were to be sold to the settlers at a low price—at from one to five dollars per acre, it is said—and on long time. Other companies have also gone out besides those organized by this society, some from Tennessee and some from Kentucky, and many of the emigrants have scattered through the older counties, where they rent land, farm on shares, or work for wages. In some instances they are able to buy improved farms or small unimproved tracts at from five to ten dollars an acre. These emigrants are nearly all agricultural laborers, and few have any thing save their own hands to enable them to gain a living in a strange country. Many of those who have gone out to the frontier upon homestead or cheap railroad lands in the first instance subsist by working for wages on the farms of the more prosperous white emigrants, afterward doing something for themselves.

This comparatively successful start made by their brethren naturally turned the attention of the negroes of the South toward Kansas. Unfortunately, however, what should have taken the form of well-considered emigration has assumed the character of a vast exodus. At the time of writing it is estimated that nearly 9000 emigrants have arrived at St. Louis, only 2400 of that number having been possessed of sufficient means to pay their fare to Kansas. The others have been furnished with free transportation by the Colored Immigrant Relief Committee. Nearly every day there are fresh arrivals, and at all times groups of colored people can be seen upon the levee. About two weeks ago the Relief Committee entered into a contract with the Missouri River Packet Company, the terms of which were that when immigrants arrive they shall be proffered the use of the company's wharf boat until they depart for Kansas, and that the charges for transportation shall be $3 for each adult, $1 50 for each person between the ages of twelve and twenty-one years, and nothing for children less than twelve years old, from St. Louis to Wyandotte. In accordance with this agreement, the immigrants are landed on the company's wharf boat by the lower river packets on which they come. Their "plunder," as they call their household goods, is piled up by the roustabouts in the middle of the wharf boat. Wood and provisions are given them. They build fires with this wood on the levee and cook their food, using for the purpose such utensils as they can get possession of. After a boat has arrived the levee presents an animated appearance, the dusky people moving to and fro in the fire-light singing, or dancing, or prophesying, and the 'longshoremen rushing from the boat with goods of various descriptions. When tired, they wrap themselves up in their rags and lie down to sleep upon the cold hard deck. The women are shown great respect by the men, who allow them to choose the best places for sleeping.

Naturally an exodus of such proportions as this is a cause of great alarm both to the section receiving such a rapid and unexpected increase in its population, and to that which through the same cause finds itself deprived of a large part of its laboring class. On the one hand efforts are being made to persuade the negroes to return, and on the other the most severe measures are being taken to prevent their departure. At St. Louis the Anchor Line of steamers has offered free transportation to all who are willing to go back, but in most cases the offer is rejected with indignation. In the mean time the alarm at the South is provoking the most terrible outrages. It appears that already the planters are becoming alarmed at the loss of the laborers by whom alone their fields can be cultivated, and are employing all kinds of repression and restriction. The steamboat companies have three or four times raised their rates of fare, in the expectation that the negroes could not obtain the means of transportation. Armed bands have assembled on the shores of the river to prevent the emigrants from embarking, and not less than twenty cases of deliberate murder have been reported. In one instance the wife of a man who had departed was visited by an armed mob in the night-time, who asked her where her husband was, and she replied that he had gone to Kansas. They asked her if it was her intention to follow him, and upon her reply in the affirmative, they took her out and hanged her to a neighboring tree. These statements appear to be well authenticated, and many of them have been published in the newspapers of Missouri and Kansas. They seem to establish the fact that the worst revelations that have hitherto been made have fallen far short of the truth in regard to the relations between the whites of the South and the enfranchised slaves. The movement, therefore, toward the North is simply an effort of this suffering people to escape from the grossest wrong and oppression. There is also one curious fact about this movement of the negroes. The people are of all ages, sizes, sexes, colors, and degrees. It is confined to no particular class. All Southern negroes have evinced a desire to leave their homes, and all who could have done so. The others are deterred from leaving by their want of means and their fear of the white planters, who threaten to kill them if they attempt to quit the South.

In the mean time there is great suffering among the negroes, who, accustomed to pass their days in one spot, know nothing of the difficulties of travel or of making new homes for themselves in a strange country. The cities of Kansas see a pauper population about to be thrust upon them, and, although desirous of emigrants in reasonable numbers, know not how to dispose of this overwhelming tide. Appeals are going forth on all sides for assistance, while the cities that have suffered most from the inundation are casting about for means wherewith to give food and shelter to the unfortunate visitors they are forced to entertain. On the 25th of April the Relief Committee of Wyandotte, Kansas, met with a similar board in the city of St. Louis, to consider the problem of providing for the negroes. The result was a thorough consideration of the situation, and the following touching appeal from what is called the "Committee of Twenty-five:"

"Emigrants from the South continue to arrive. They all tell the same story of extortion, oppression, and murder. They bring with them their wives and children, destitute and panic-stricken. They seek lands and homes where laws are administered with impartiality.

"Our committee has sheltered, fed, clothed, and transported 3000 colored emigrants to Kansas, but on account of their destitution they became burdens upon the infant and struggling communities of the young commonwealth. They need clothing, food, transportation, lands, and implements of husbandry.

"Kansas extends her liberal hand, and we throw ourselves upon the sympathies of the charitable and liberty-loving throughout the republic, believing that loyal men will not forget that these men who are now refugees from grinding extortion and a bloody terrorism were the companions in arms of soldiers, piloted the Union armies, and fed and clothed escaping Union prisoners in the great war for Union and liberty, and by centuries of unrequited toil planted and gathered the great Southern staples of our foreign and domestic commerce, built up great States, and by their labor poured untold millions into the Federal and individual purse of the nation.

"It would be some return, some substantial token of appreciation for their long-suffering and forbearance, to help them now in the hour of their dire distress."

We trust that this appeal will meet with a hearty and immediate response, and that something practical may be done to relieve the sufferings of these poor and deserving people.

THE LATE BISHOP AMES.

The venerable Bishop Edward Raymond Ames, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died in Baltimore on the 25th ult., was a man with a remarkable history. He belonged to an old Puritan family that left Massachusetts toward the close of the last century, and settled in Amesville, Ohio, where Edward was born in 1806. His grandfather, the Rev. Sylvanus Ames, a graduate of Harvard, died at Valley Forge while acting as chaplain of General Washington's army. At the age of twenty he left the farm and entered as a student in the Ohio State University, at Athens, where he spent two years, supporting himself chiefly by his own exertions. In 1828 he opened a High School in Lebanon, Illinois, which subsequently became M'Kendree College, in which institution he was a tutor. He remained there until 1830, when he became a Methodist preacher, first joining the Illinois Conference. Upon the organization of the Indiana Conference in 1832, he joined that body, remaining there until he became a Bishop, with the exception of two years spent in Illinois. He was often appointed Presiding Elder, and filled various other offices of trust in the Church. He was chosen a Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodists held in Baltimore in 1840, and was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society for the South and West. When the rupture occurred between the Church North and South on the slavery question, in 1844, he did what he could to heal the breach and promote good-fellowship, but the effort was unavailing, and he remained with the Church North. In 1848 he officiated as chaplain to a Council of Choctaws, being the first chaplain ever chosen by an Indian Assembly. He travelled as Presiding Elder from 1844 to 1852, through various districts of Indiana, and was then elected a Bishop. He had been chosen, in 1848, President of the Indiana Asbury University, but declined the position, preferring more active duties. He was also elected a Fraternal Delegate to the British and Irish Conferences in 1868, but declined the duty. He was the first Methodist Bishop to visit the Pacific Coast. When the United States government seized the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, on account of disloyalty, Bishop Ames was commissioned by President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton to take charge of all such confiscated property for the benefit of loyal Methodists in the South.

Besides his ecclesiastical abilities, Bishop Ames exhibited an unusual capacity for public affairs; and it was often said of him that he would have made a statesman if he had not been a preacher. He was particularly admired as a presiding officer, showing excellent judgment, and a tact and knowledge which are uncommon. As a preacher he was highly regarded. His manner was quiet but impressive, and his discourses were often marked by sharp humor, although he was a man of great gravity and dignity. He was a man of indomitable will and of rigid conscientiousness.

THE FRENCH EDUCATIONAL STRUGGLE.

The educational struggle that seems active in all civilized races has recently assumed a new phase in France. The French schools have heretofore been in great part under the control of the clerical leaders, and the greater number of the teachers are the members of some religious fraternity. The Jesuits, always active and intelligent, control many of the most important schools. Even the primary schools have fallen into the hands of the priesthood. The schools of the Sacred Heart and other Jesuit sisterhoods engross the education of the daughters of the wealthier classes. The process by which the Jesuits, according to M. Jules Simon, had already under Louis Napoleon filled the secondary colleges with their own teachers has been slowly extended to all the other branches of education. But France is a republic, and in all these clerical schools republicanism is secretly or openly denounced, and the Bourbon lilies or the Napoleonic tri-color flaunted before the eyes of the children of the state. A foreign power intervenes in France to destroy the republic. It begins by tainting with Italian dogmas the minds of the young. Three centuries ago the intervention of the Pope destroyed the progress of French reform, and once more the Pope of to-day interferes to sap the sources of patriotism, and restore to France the old reign of despotism and ignorance.

French statesmen, therefore, anxious for the welfare of the republic, have brought in a bill to exclude the priests from the control of the schools. They are resolved to make education republican, and to found upon public instruction the welfare of the state. M. Waddington or M. Ferry, Gambetta and Grévy, are united in their purpose to educate all the people; to educate them in republican principles, and drive the foreign clergy from the position they have usurped in the schools. Some of the provisions of the French educational bill seem harsh: the unlicensed religious orders are forbidden to teach. The Jesuits are excluded from the protection of the law, their schools and colleges broken up, and their affiliated societies placed under a stern supervision. Yet it is remembered in France that a year has not passed since these foreign societies were pressing upon M'Mahon a *coup d'état*, since every ultramontane paper clamored for civil war, and Jesuit colleges were eager to enforce upon the people their own favorite doctrine of implicit obedience. Had their advice been followed, Paris would once more have run red with blood, and the nobility, the army, the clergy, flung themselves into a deadly, hopeless contest with the republic and the people. The peril was put aside by the calm sagacity of the republican leaders. Knowledge triumphed in the contest with implicit obedience and brutal force. The republican leaders, a year ago threatened with imprisonment, exile, death, the scoff of the Jesuitical and ultramontane press, stand to-day at the head of a vast majority of the French nation, the founders of a true republic. Their discretion seems equal to their firmness. They have discovered that knowledge is the only sure support of free institutions, the public school the best friend of freedom. They are resolved to have their revenge upon the foreign clergy; but it is not imprisonment, exile, death, the fate that awaited their own defeat. They have shown a Christian moderation; they have proved to angry priests and prelates that they can forgive. The real Christians of to-day in France are the republicans; the only penalty they impose upon the foreign clergy is to drive them from the schools. They will have teachers less cruel, more truly Christian.

It may well be supposed that the ultramontane clergy will not remain silent even under so light a penalty. Gratitude they have none; patriotism they have long laid aside for an abject obedience to the Vatican. The grossest superstitions rule in the Jesuit colleges, the fiercest impulses; the fiery zeal of Loyola, his barbarous instincts, govern his disciples. The rage of the priesthood and the secret hatred of the Vatican are roused anew against a republic that is resolute in defense of knowledge. The papal prelates have protested against the passage of M. Ferry's bill. It is an extraordinary assault, they think, upon one of the acknowledged rights of the "Church." The Church, they assert, has alone the right to teach; all secular education is godless, and worse than none. The Vatican, the Pope, should govern every school, from Calabria to Japan; the sisterhoods, the fraternities, of France can alone provide an education worthy of Frenchmen. The remarkable assumptions of the foreign clergy have naturally called out the zeal of the republicans. They point to the fact that a year ago these guardians of the young had nearly plunged France in all the pains of civil war, that they are enemies of the nation, almost of mankind. They ask in what country has the "Church" ever proved its capacity for teaching? Not, certainly, in Rome or Italy, where, under its rigid sway, two-thirds of the people were left in barbarous ignorance, where education has only begun since the destruction of the papal power. Nor in Spain, where the educational condition of the people was lower under the Roman Catholic rule than even in Italy. They point to South America, to Canada, to the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, and states of Germany. They deny that the Roman priesthood were ever capable or worthy of educating nations. Wherever they have held the supreme control knowledge has perished, human energy declined, and all the vices of ignorance and mental decay ripened into wonderful strength.

To these arguments for secular instruction the French priests and prelates reply by complaints, threats, and a denunciation of the republic. They proclaim war upon freedom. They demand the control of the schools or a change of government, revolution, disorder. Their clamor against the republic seems to shake its firm foundations. Many moderate Frenchmen are intimidated, and willing to give up the schools rather than excite the enmity of the great majority of the clergy, to abandon the children to their monarchical instructors, and allow every university and college to be made a seminary of sedition. Such is the sacrifice of the young that can alone satisfy the priesthood. The Carthaginian mothers were forced to fling their infants into the blazing furnace of Moloch without a tear, and papal Rome exacts from French republicans a tribute more terrible: it claims the intellects of their children. But happily the majority of the French are republican in reality, and treat with disdain the clamor of the Roman priesthood. It is no longer possible for Pope or prelate to destroy the free institutions of France, enslave its intellect, control its schools. Its liberal people are nearly united in their scorn of the intrigues of the Vatican, and it seems probable that the bill of M. Ferry will pass by a large majority, and education in France be made forever free. This at least is the aim of Gambetta, Waddington, and the various leaders of republican thought. But while France is making this rapid advance, the reactionary forces are more than usually active. The Pope, in his recent letter on education, condemns all Protestant teaching as heretical, and places himself at the head of the extreme clerical party. He claims the right to banish all secular teaching from Rome, and demands once more the throne of the Imperial City.

It is plain that the contest between civil and religious liberty, humanity and intolerance, republicanism and despotism, is far from approaching its

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close, and that the struggle over the public schools in France represents a wide conflict that is going on in every land. The ultramontanes are less noisy than they were under the former Pope, but no less active, and more dangerous. They have definite aims, are bound together in a strong organization, and will be heard of in all future elections. It is said that they have strong hopes of winning the control of Austria; that they menace the peace of Italy; that they are laboring to overthrow the German Empire by the aid of the extreme Socialists; that they hope even to throw France into disorder. But it is in the educational affairs of the New World that the Vatican faction will have the most important field of action in the future. The long line of free or nominally free states, reaching from Canada to Patagonia, lies open to the constant agitations of the priesthood. Nowhere do they suffer any part of it to remain long at rest. In New Mexico ultramontane politicians have recently covered that secluded Territory with the bitterness of a sectarian contest. Bishop Gilmour, in Ohio, charges all the faithful to avoid the heretical schools. In New York and Boston the ultramontanes are laboring silently. It is not possible to point out a single town in the various free States that has not witnessed some active assault upon the common schools. At Cincinnati, the newspaper founded and carried on by the archbishop and his coterie has been the standard-bearer in the assault upon knowledge, the teacher of sedition and disorder. In Canada and Brazil the same unwise policy has marked the advance of the Roman priesthood. They have chosen to be politicians; they must expect to be treated as political agitators. The decrees of the Vatican have disturbed the repose of every American community; there will necessarily arise a union of all Americans against the Vatican.

But no doubt the strongest defense of the secular system of education is the practical one. Its schools are always, or should always be, so much better than the clerical as to deserve the support of the people; the common-school system should be made so complete, so effective, and refined as to cultivate the moral and mental powers with unequalled force. France and America must unite in raising the standard of their schools if they would meet with the most unassailable arguments the claims of the ultramontanes, and hence in the future the study of the finer principles of education must form the leading subject of thought with our wisest politicians. Governments are transforming themselves into schoolmasters; even England has become within ten years the firmest advocate of compulsory instruction. France has followed in its path, impeded by its Bourbons and Bonapartes; but it seems the duty of America to devise a scheme of education so complete and so vigorous as to cover the distant settlement and the crowded city with an equality of knowledge, and forever insure the safety of freedom by winning over its enemies with the gentle hand of public instruction.[1]

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY

Sunday, 18.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 22.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

All France is deeply stirred by the prospect of a revolution in the system of public education, which must follow the adoption of the bill of M. Ferry, now before the legislature. The Chambers have adjourned, the Lower House until the 15th of May, and for the present the excitement has subsided. Episcopal protests have fallen on the head of the Minister of Education in a continuous shower; even moderate republicans condemn the reactionary features of the new measure. The radicals contend that the Roman Catholic Church is hostile to the republic, and should therefore be deprived, as far as practicable, of all control of education. The moderates answer that the Church party has been fairly defeated, and has no immediate prospect of returning to power. The principal changes contemplated are: (1) The restoration to the state of the exclusive right of conferring university degrees. This reverses the legislation of 1875, out of which sprang the five free Catholic universities. It must be borne in mind that in France a university degree opens the way to public office. (2) The exclusion of all clergymen—Protestant and Catholic—from the directing councils of the state universities, including the Chief Council of Public Instruction. (3) The exclusion from all teaching, public or private, of the religious orders not recognized by the state. This provision will especially affect the Jesuits, whose colleges are somehow popular in France. The bill of M. Ferry may be modified, but in most of its features will undoubtedly be accepted by the Assembly.

American Presbyterians have for some years been importing from England distinguished ministers of their faith, and now English Presbyterians are returning the compliment. At a recent meeting of the Presbytery of London the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Chicago, was chosen to fill the vacant chair of theology in their London college. The emoluments of the position are £500 yearly. The nomination was made by Dr. Donald Fraser.

Dr. J. H. Vincent will hold a Sunday-school Congress next month in the Yosemite Valley, California. The place chosen has all the charms of scenery, at least; but it is the practice of the managers of Sunday-school conventions to select beautiful spots for the assembling of their fellow-laborers. The Round Lake Sunday-school Convention will begin this year July 8, and continue ten days. It will be directed by the Rev. J. S. Ostrander, who will be assisted in the primary department by Miss Merrill, of New York. The course of study will consist of forty-two lessons in all, divided into three departments. The Clear Lake Sunday-school Assembly will be held at Clear Lake, Iowa, from July 15 to July 29. The Chautauqua Normal Course will be followed in three classes—Preparatory, Junior, and Senior.

It has been determined to celebrate, next autumn, the completion of twenty-five years of episcopal service given by Bishop Potter to the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York. Bishop Potter was consecrated November 22, 1854. A committee of the clergy and laity of the diocese has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The Mexican Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is composed of seven bishops, met in New York April 15, and adjourned April 18. The members had before them the constitution, canons, and liturgy of the Church of Jesus, of Mexico, and also two of the bishops elect, the Rev. H. C. Riley, D.D., and the Rev. Thomas Valdespino. The Commission suggested some changes in the liturgy, and approved the testimonials of the Rev. Dr. Riley. The liturgical forms are not exact copies of those of the Anglican body, but agree therewith in principle. This young Protestant Church in Mexico has fifty congregations, orphanages, and schools, in which more than five hundred children are trained, a weekly paper, and three thousand members. The documents submitted have been referred to the absent members of the Commission for examination. It is expected that in due time episcopal consecration will be given to Dr. Riley.

According to the London *Tablet*, the new cardinals will be created on the 21st of May. The Archbishop of Toulouse, the Bishop of Poitiers, Dr. Newman, Dr. Hergenröther, and the Pope's brother, Father Giuseppe Pecci, have certainly been determined on. Father Pecci has for the year past been the Pope's household manager.

The English papers are calling attention to the fact that the expense of the American revision of the Bible is borne by private means. One of them says: "Bible revision would appear to have princely patrons in the United States. During the six years in which the revisers have been at work the expenses have been heavy. They spend three half days in each month in the Bible House at New York, and the outlay for travelling and entertainment has to be defrayed. Yet no appeal has been made to the general public. All the expenses have thus far been defrayed quietly by a few munificent and modest friends." These munificent supporters are mostly gentlemen of New York.

Pope Leo XIII. has again given expression to his dislike of the Protestant schools in the city of Rome. In a letter to the Cardinal Vicar, dated March 26, he discusses the best means of counteracting their influence. He says, with much feeling: "These schools are increased in number year by year by the work of strangers and by the aid of foreign gold, and that in a city where no teaching was set forth, or, in other words, permitted, but that pure doctrine willed by the Church. That these things exist affords proof how little the dignity and liberty of the Roman pontiff are provided for since the dominion of his states was taken from him." Leo has, therefore, appointed a commission of prelates and members of the Roman nobility, who are to assume the direction of Catholic primary schools in the city of Rome, and give unity to Catholic education there. The Pope contributes for this purpose 100,000 francs from his own revenues.

Father Hyacinthe has told his Paris congregation that he will administer the communion in both kinds. He admits to the sacrament both those who have confessed according to the Catholic rite and those who present themselves on their own responsibility.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Rust, the secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Freedmen's Aid Society, reports that he has held frequent personal interviews with the freedmen who have reached Kansas from the South, and has found them determined to take no backward steps. They said to him "that death in almost any form would be preferable to their return." About seven or eight thousand have left; several thousand more are on the banks of the Mississippi waiting for transportation. Very foolishly, the white people at some points on the river are trying to detain the blacks by threats and the show of force. The meetings for relief are becoming more numerous every week, but the relief measures are as yet very imperfectly organized.

The movement toward Christianity in the Tinnevelly district, India, increases in its proportions. There are said to be over 20,000 new inquirers for baptism in South India, under the instruction of the Church of England missionaries. Reference has been made before in this column to the chief cause of this awakening of interest in the native mind—the outflow of Christian charity during the India famine.

Among the persons who have recently united with the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Italy is a reputed son of the late Cardinal Antonelli, and brother of the Countess Lambertini, whose suit against Antonelli's executors is well known. The Methodist Episcopal Italian Conference was lately held at Terni, near Rome. Seven hundred communicants were reported.

The School Board elections in the cities of Scotland, which have recently taken place, show a decided ascendency of the advocates of religious education over the Secularists. In Edinburgh the Secularists failed to elect a single member of the board. In the two cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow the majority of the boards are members of evangelical Churches.

The *Echo*, of England, tells a strange story. It is "that the great banking house of the Rothschilds has lent Turkey the sum of two thousand million francs, and has received in turn a deed of mortgage on the entire land of Palestine." As the Sultan is frightfully impecunious, the Rothschilds may be expected in time to foreclose and take the property. Periodically this story of the acquisition of Palestine by the great Jewish banking house revives. There must be in the hearts of Israelites a strong wish, which is father to the thought. Meanwhile Christian colonies are taking root in the Holy Land, and may become a noticeable feature of its population.

The Marpingen miracle case is not yet ended. The parties who were accused before the court of Saarbruck of fraud, in alleging an apparition of the Virgin Mary, have been acquitted of criminal intent, though the deceit was exposed. The public prosecutor has appealed from this decision, and the case will go to a higher court. The story is that the Virgin appeared to three little children near Marpingen. Invested thereby with a peculiar sacredness, they made the sign of a cross over a fountain near which the appearance occurred, and blessed images for devout Catholics. Marpingen water became at once a rival to that of Lourdes, and the demand for images brought a handsome revenue to the local priest. It ought to be said that this imposture has been offensive to many Catholics. The miracle-mongers will hardly flourish under Leo XIII. as they did under Pius IX.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the present year three fires have occurred in Fulton Market, the last only a short time ago; and that portion of the dingy old structure which was then consumed is now being patched up by the city. Doubtless some day—or night—the whole market will burn up, or tumble down; and then, although numerous dealers would suffer severely, there would be no public mourning for the unwholesome, shabby, rickety old building. New York is altogether behind the times; one of its greatest necessities is a respectable, convenient new market, where our citizens may go with pleasure, not with shrinking, for the purchase of supplies for their tables.

Some interesting statistics respecting Fulton Market are given in the New York *Times*. It was built in 1821, and has 256 stands and 31 cellars. For these the city will receive next year a rental of about $86,000. Meat, fish, vegetables, game, poultry, butter, eggs, fruit, oysters, groceries, books, boots and shoes, and innumerable other things may be found in Fulton Market. There are also liquor saloons, coffee and oyster stands, and eating-houses therein. It is really one of the most important markets in the city, in spite of its unsightly appearance, and its annual business is estimated at about $6,000,000. The market is swept, it is said, twice a day, and dealers do the best they can to make such portions as they rent inviting to the public; but all efforts are comparatively unavailing, for the radical difficulty lies in the decaying old structure itself, within which purchasers linger as brief a time as possible.

Danger of collision on the elevated railroads can not be too strictly guarded against. The bare escape from a frightful disaster is not a pleasant consideration for passengers in colliding trains, nor for those who ride thereon afterward. The recent accident—can it be called an *accident?*—upon the Metropolitan road seems to have been due to inattention to duty; but the public will not leniently regard the neglect of any possible safeguards against danger. It will be better contented to "make haste slowly" until the subject of rapid transit is thoroughly understood.

At a recent exhibition of a school for colored children, held in the court-house of Edenton, North Carolina, the stage gave way, and the building took fire from the overturned lamps. A frightful panic followed; the house was densely packed, and there was a rush for the doors. Many children were crushed, had limbs broken, or were severely burned—some so badly that they can not survive. By the efforts of a few brave, self-possessed persons the building was saved, and hundreds rescued from a terrible death.

"William Tell's Chapel," said to have been erected in 1388, and situated on the shore of Lake Lucerne, has been demolished, and another structure is to be built on its site. Whether all the traditions concerning the chapel and William Tell are true or not, it was a very old and interesting building, the loss of which tourists, at least, will regret.

A call is made for a "Philanthropic Convention," to be held at Science Hall, 141 Eighth Street, in this city, on May 21 and 22. The general purpose of the Convention is the organization of a "Mutual Employment Society," whose business shall be to carry into execution some plan by which worthy working-people may be furnished with constant employment. The details of a plan for accomplishing this result will be considered at the Convention, and improved, modified, and perfected if possible, then adopted, with the purpose of executing it unitedly.

Large numbers of the police in Moscow have been transported to Siberia for supposed complicity in conspiracies. In many of the chief cities the police force is being continually changed, to prevent any tampering with these officials, who in Russia are peculiarly open to the temptation of a bribe.

A bright little fellow of four, who attends infant class in Sunday-school, received one Sunday morning a card on which were the words, "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text, he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

The following incident is related of the late Judge Barnard, who, though sometimes irritable on the bench, regretted more than any one else his hasty words and deeds at such times. A young lawyer, since then elected to Congress, when a young man, just arrived in the city, once laid some papers before the judge. He glanced at them, and tossed them back to the young lawyer.

"Your honor, what is the matter with these papers?" asked the lawyer.

"They're not properly drawn up," said the judge.

"What is wrong about them?" the young lawyer inquired.

"If you don't know, I can't tell," the judge responded. "If I had a tyro in my office who couldn't draw up better papers than those, I'd kick him out to the sidewalk."

The words were heard by a crowded court-room. Much mortified, the lawyer took his leave. A week afterward he was sitting in the same court-room, and the judge said, "Mr. ——, will you step to the bench for a moment, if you please?" The gentleman did so, and the spectators wondered what was coming. "Last Monday," the judge began, "you laid some papers before me, which I erroneously pronounced incorrect, and I acted like a scoundrel. I am ashamed of it, and as I grossly insulted you in open court, I want to tender you an apology in open court. I beg your pardon."

The Emperor of Austria's silver wedding was the occasion of a series of festivities in Vienna, not the least among which was the grand procession of the guilds. Hans Makart, the great Viennese artist, had the general supervision of the procession, and was busy for months previously in designing costumes and groups. The procession consisted of something like 10,000 persons, divided into thirty groups, the centre of each group being an allegorical car representing some one of the various guilds of the empire.

The steam-ship *City of Richmond*, from Liverpool, recently landed at Castle Garden 780 immigrants. This is the largest number arriving by any one steamer since 1867, excepting on the steam-ship *Wieland*, from Hamburg, on June 6, last year, when 908 arrived. It is expected that there will be a large increase in the immigration to the United States this year.

Every body seems to want some of the ten-dollar certificates; the long line of intending purchasers at the New York Post-office indicates their popularity, and shows that, on the whole, people prefer to trust the government rather than private parties in savings-banks.

It is expected that a catalogue of printed books in the British Museum Library will be published, if orders are received for one thousand copies from the libraries of the world. It would include English printed books from 1450 to 1878, representing about 1,250,000 volumes, and comprising between two and three millions of entries, that is, main titles and cross references. The whole work would require about forty-five volumes, and may be printed at a cost as low as four dollars a volume, foolscap folio, of 1000 pages. Such a catalogue would be invaluable.

Kossuth sent 200 francs for the relief of the people of Szegedin, accompanying the gift with a letter written with characteristic eloquence and encouraging sympathy.

"The Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation"—the latest temperance movement—furnishes three separate forms of pledges: a total abstinence pledge, for a term not to exceed one year, renewable at expiration, if desired; a moderation pledge, not to drink intoxicating beverages during business hours for a specified term; and a pledge not to partake of intoxicating liquors at the expense of any other person whomsoever, nor to invite another to partake, during a specified term.

Umkwe Cashala is the sonorous name of a Zulu prince, a cousin of King Cetywayo. By the labors of a Swedish missionary he has been led to embrace Christianity, and recently visited Sweden with this missionary. On his arrival at Helsingborg, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, one of his first remarks was: "I never knew before that there were so many white men in the world. From their war with my cousin, I thought that they were rather a small tribe."

It is folly to attempt to make an intelligent community like that in New York city believe that "the recent rains hindered the cleaning of the streets," when every body knows that except for the blessed washing our streets occasionally receive from a good long rain-storm or a smart shower, ours would be, of all cities, the most miserable.

Most singular is the form which, according to reports, Garibaldi's illness has assumed. The attack comes on every forty days, and lasts for eight. Pain thrills through every muscle and joint, especially at night, when, as he is falling asleep, a series of shocks passes through his whole frame. Even the weight of a sheet is too heavy to be borne, and the coverings have to be suspended on hooks. When once the attack is over, the general is himself again.

Innocence is not unfrequently proved when too late to benefit the wrongly accused. Foreign papers mention the death of a man a short time ago at Cayenne, who was transported for life from France twenty-eight years ago for setting fire to farm-houses at Longepierre. He left a wife and five children behind him. The late news of his death led to a confession by his accuser, who admitted that he himself had committed the crime for which another had been punished. He was arrested and committed to prison, where he contrived to take his own life.

An exchange states that the poet Longfellow has received a gift of a pen made from the iron fetters of Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon. The socket is made of gold, set with three rare gems, and the handle is a piece of oak from the old frigate *Constitution*.

Russian life can scarcely be pleasant nowadays. A few weeks ago, as a young nobleman was entertaining a few friends at his home, the door suddenly opened, a handsome young lady came in, politely saluted the visitors, and then, drawing a pistol from her pocket, shot the host through the head. The fair assassin made no attempt to escape, and was, of course, arrested. It is said that the victim had two days previously received a threatening letter from the Executive Committee of the Revolutionary Society, which he had given to the police.

Pea-nuts are an important article of commerce in our country. During the past five years the Virginia crop has varied from 300,000 bushels annually to 750,000 bushels. The largest crop in Tennessee during the same time was 300,000 bushels, and in North Carolina 125,000. The season of 1876-77 was the most favorable, the amount raised in the whole country being 1,465,000 bushels. Virginia pea-nuts are the largest, and have the finest flavor.

Saturday seems to be the fatal day in the royal family of England. William III. died Saturday, March 18, 1702; Queen Anne died Saturday, August 1, 1714; George I. died Saturday, June 10, 1727; George II. died Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III. died Saturday, January 29, 1820; George IV. died Saturday, June 26, 1830; the Duchess of Kent died Saturday, March 16, 1861; the Prince Consort died Saturday, December 14, 1861; the Princess Alice died Saturday, December 14, 1878; and the Princess of Hesse recently died on the same day of the week as the Princess Alice.

[1] Says the *Voce della Verità*: "Why need this republic exist any longer? Let us look to the young gentleman at the Cape."

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NOW LET HIM COME.

U. S. "Stop your cry of '*Wolf!*' I am ready."

SLAVERY
SOUTHERN STATE SOVEREIGNTY
SOLID
SPEECHES AGAINST SECESSION
REPUBLIC

A POLITICIAN'S WAYS.

When I was a lad upon the town,
I hadn't a chum that I didn't "do brown;"
I cried the papers up and down Wall Street,
And I polished up the boots on the big bags' feet—
I polished them up so carefulee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

As a boot-black bold I made such a mark
That I soon got a place—near City Hall Park;
I knew what to do, and I knew when to say,
And I learned how to count in a new new way—
I learned how to count so cleverlee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

Of politics soon I got such a hold
That I easily turned them into gold;
And the gold bought railways and other things,
And put me inside of a score of "rings;"
And I managed affairs so skillfullee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

I grew so rich that my party said
I must go into Congress as its head;
And it's hard to say where I may be sent,
For I've managed things here to my heart's content—
I've managed things here so splendidlee
That now I am the ruler of a great partee.

Now young men all, if you want to be great,
If you want to have power and a rich estate,
Just follow my footsteps, and, fifty to one
(If you don't stop at Sing Sing), the thing is done—
If you don't stop at Sing Sing, then, like me,
You all may be rulers of a great partee.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

WEDDING BELLS.

Fox was glad to leave Miss Skipwith to her books, and to wander out into the sunny garden, where the figs were ripening or dropping half ripened amongst the neglected grass, and the clustering bloom of the hydrangeas was as blue as the summer sky. There had been an unbroken interval of sultry weather—no rain, no wind, no clouds—only endless sunshine.

"If it would hail, or blow, or thunder," sighed Vixen, with her hands clasped above her head, "the change might be some small relief to my feelings; but this everlasting brightness is too dreadful. What a lying world it is, and how Nature mocks us at when our hearts are aching! Well, I suppose I ought to wish the sunshine to last till after Rorie's wedding; but I don't! I don't! I don't! If the heavens were to darken, and forked lightnings to cleave the black vault, I should dance for joy. I should hail the storm, and cry, 'This is sympathy!'"

And then she flung herself face downward on the grass, and sobbed as she had sobbed on her pillow that morning.

"It rends my heart to know we are parted forever," she said. "Oh, why did I not my Yes that night in the fir plantation? The chance of lifelong bliss was in my hand, and I let it go. It would have been less wicked to give way then, and accept my happy fate, than to suffer these evil feelings that are gnawing at my heart to-day—vain rage, cruel hatred of the innocent."

The wedding bells must be ringing by this time. She fancied she could hear them. Yes, the summer air seemed alive with bells. North, south, east, west, all round the island, they were ringing madly, with tuneful marriage peal. They beat upon her brain. They would drive her mad. She tried to stop her ears, but then those wedding chimes seemed ringing inside her head. She could not shut them out. She remembered how the joy-bells had heralded her care no Rorie's twenty-first birthday—that day which had ended so bitterly, to the consummation of the engagement between the cousins. Yes, that had been her first real trouble. How well she remembered her despair and desolation that night, the rage that possessed her young soul!

"And I was little more than a child then," she said to herself. "Surely I must have been born wicked. My dear father was living then, and even the thought of his love did not comfort me. I felt myself abandoned and alone in the world. How idiotically fond I must have been of Rorie! Ever so many years have come and gone, and I have not cured myself of this folly. What is there in him that I should care for him?"

She got up from the grass, plucked herself out of that paroxysm of mental pain which came too near lunacy, and began to walk slowly round the garden paths, reasoning with herself, calling womanly pride to the rescue.

"I hate myself for this weakness," she protested, dumbly. "I did not think I was capable of it. When I was a child, and was taken to the dentist, did I ever whine and howl like vulgar-minded children? No; I braced myself for the ordeal, and bore the pain, as my father's child ought."

She walked quickly to the house, burst into the parlor, where Miss Skipwith was sitting at her desk, the table covered with open volumes, ever which flowers of literature the student roved, bee-like, collecting honey for her intellectual hive.

"Please, Miss Skipwith, will you give me some books about Buddha?" said Vixen, with an alarming suddenness. "I am quite of your opinion: I ought to study. I think I shall go in for theology."

"My dearest child!" cried the ancient dameel, enraptured. "Thank Heaven! the seed I have sown has germinated at last. If you are once inspired with the desire to enter that vast field of knowledge, the rest will follow. The flowers you will find by the way side will lure you onward, even when the path is stony and difficult."

"I suppose I had better begin with Buddha," said Vixen, with a hard and resolute manner that scarcely seemed like the burning desire for knowledge newly kindled in the breast of a youthful student. "That is beginning at the beginning, is it not?"

"No, my dear. In comparison with the priesthood of Egypt, Buddha is contemptibly modern. If we want the beginning of things, we must revert to Egypt, that cradle of learning and civilization."

"Then let me begin with Egypt!" cried Vixen, impatiently. "I don't care a bit how I begin. I want occupation for my mind."

"Did I not say so?" exclaimed Miss Skipwith, full of ardent welcome for the neophyte whose steps had been so tardy in approaching the shrine. "That pallor, those haggard eyes, are indications of a troubled mind; and on mind can be free from trouble when it lacks an object. We create our own sorrows."

"Yes, we are wretched creatures!" cried Vixen, passionately, "the poorest examples of machinery in all this varied universe. Look at that cow in your orchard, her dull placid life, inoffensive, useful, asking nothing but a fertile meadow and a sunny day to fill her cup of happiness. Why did the great Creator make the lower animals exempt from sorrow, and give as such an infinite capacity for grief and pain? It seems hardly fair."

"My dear, our Creator gave us minds, and the power of working out our own salvation," replied Miss Skipwith. "Here are half a dozen volumes. In these you will find the history of Egyptian theology, from the golden age of the god Ra to the dark and troubled period of Persian invasion. Some of these works are purely philosophical. I should recommend you to read the historical volumes first. Make copious notes of what you read, and do not hesitate to refer to me when you are puzzled."

"I am afraid that will be very often," said Vixen, piling up the books in her arms with a somewhat hopeless air. "I am not at all clever; but I want to employ my mind."

She carried the books up to her bedroom, and arranged them on a stout old oak table, which Mrs. Doddery had found for her accommodation. She opened her desk, and put a quire of paper ready for any notes she might be tempted to make, and then she began, steadily and laboriously, with a dry as-dust history of ancient Egypt.

Oh, how her poor head ached as the summer noontide wore on, and the bees hummed in the garden below, and the distant waves danced gayly in the sunlight! and the knowledge that the bells were really ringing at Ashbourne could not be driven from her mind. Ra the Shepherd Kings, and the Pharaohs, and the comparatively modern days of Joseph and his brethren, and the ridiculously recent era of Moses, passed, like dim shifting shadows, before her mental vision! She retraced her steps in that dreary book, again and again, patiently, forcing her mind to the uncongenial task.

"I will not be such a slave as to think of him all this long summer day," she said to herself. "I will think of the god Ra, and the lotus flowers, and the Red Nile, and the Green Nile, and all this wonderful land where I am going to take dear old M'Croke by-and-by."

She read on till dinner-time, only pausing to scribble rapid notes of the dates and names and facts which would not stand steadily in her whirling brain; and then she went down to the parlor, on longer pale, but with two hectic spots on her cheeks, and her eyes unnaturally bright.

"Ah," ejaculated Miss Skipwith, delightedly. "You look better already. There is nothing like severe study for bracing the nerves."

Violet talked about Egypt all dinner-time, but she ate hardly any thing, and that hectic flush upon her cheeks grew more vivid as she talked.

"To think that after she seed lying dormant all this time, it should have germinated at last with such sudden vigor," mused Miss Skipwith. "The poor girl is talking a good deal of nonsense; but that is only the exuberance of a newly awakened intellect."

Vixen went back to the Egyptians directly after dinner. She toiled along the arid road with an indomitable patience. Her ideas of Egypt had hitherto been of the vaguest. Vast plains of barren sand, a pyramid or two, Memnon's head breathing wild music in the morning sunshine, crocodiles, copper-colored natives, and Antony and Cleopatra. These things were about as much as Miss M'Croke's painstaking tuition had implanted in her pupil's mind. And here, without a shadow of vocation, this poor ignorant girl was poring over the driest details that ever interested the scholar. The mysteries of the triple language, the Rosetta stone, Champollion—*tout le long de la carrière*. Was it any wonder that her head ached almost in agony, and that the ringing of imaginary wedding bells sounded distractingly in her ears?

She worked on till tea-time, and was too engrossed to hear the bell, which clanged hastily for every meal in the orderly household; a bell whose clamor was somewhat too much for the repast it heralded.

This evening Vixen did not hear the bell, inviting her to weak tea and bread and butter. The ringing of those other bells obscured the sound. She sat sitting with her book before her, but her eyes fixed on vacancy, when Miss Skipwith, newly interested in her charge, came to inquire the cause of her delay. The girl looked at her languidly, and seemed slow to understand what she said.

"I don't care for any tea," she replied at last. "I would rather go on with the history. It is tremendously interesting, especially the hieroglyphics. I have been trying to make them out. It is an idea to know that a figure like a chopper means a god, and that a goose with a black ball above his back means Pharaoh, son of the sun. And then the tables of dynasties: can any thing be more interesting than those? It makes one's head go round just a little at first, when one has to grope backward through so many centuries, but that's nothing."

"My dear, you are working too hard. It is foolish to begin with such impetuosity. A fire that burns so fiercely will soon exhaust itself. *Festina lente.* We must hasten slowly, if we want to make solid progress. Why, my poor child, your forehead is burning. You will read yourself into a fever."

"I think I am in a fever already," said Vixen. Miss Skipwith was unusually kind. She insisted upon helping her charge to undress, and would not leave her till she was lying quietly in bed. She was going to draw down the blinds, but against this Vixen protested vehemently.

"Pray leave me the sky," she cried; "it is something to look at through the long blank night. The stars come and go, and the clouds are always changing. I believe I should go mad if it were not for the sky."

Poor Miss Skipwith felt seriously uneasy. The first draught from the fountain of knowledge had evidently exercised an intoxicating effect upon Violet Tempest. It was as if the bad been taking opium or hashish. The girl's brain was affected.

"You have studied too long," she said. "This must not occur again. I feel myself responsible to your parents for your health."

"To my parents!" echoed Vixen, with a sudden sigh. "I have only one, and she is happier in my absence than when I was with her. You need not be uneasy about me if I fall ill. No one will care. If I were to die, no one would be sorry. I have no place in the world. No one would miss me."

"My dear, it is absolutely wicked to talk in this strain—just as you are developing new powers, an intellect which may make you a pillar and a landmark in your age."

"I don't want to be a pillar or a landmark," said Vixen, impatiently. "I don't want to have my name associated with 'movements,' or to write letters to *The Times*. I should like to have been happy my own way."

She turned her back upon Miss Skipwith, and lay on still that the excellent lady supposed she was dropping off to sleep.

"A good night's rest will restore her, and she will awake with renewed appetite for knowledge," she murmured, benevolently, as she went back to her Swedenborgian studies.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE NEAREST WAY GO NOWHAY.

No such blessing as a good night's rest was in store for Violet Tempest on that night of the 1st of August. She lay in a state of half consciousness that was near akin to delirium. When the closed her eyes for a little while the demon of evil dreams took hold of her. She was in the old familiar home scenes with her dear dead father. She acted over again that awful tragedy of sudden death. She was upbraiding her mother about Captain Carmichael. Bitter words were on her lips—words more bitter than even she had ever spoken in all her intensity of adverse feeling. She was in the woody hollow by Rufus's Stone, blindfold, with arms stretched helplessly out, seeking for Rorie among the smooth beech boles, with a dreadful sense of loneliness, and a fear that he was far away, and that she would perish, lost and alone, in that dismal wood.

So the slow night wore on to morning. Sometimes she lay staring idly at the stars, shining so serenely in that calm summer sky. She wondered what life was like, yonder, in those remote worlds. Was humanity's portion so sad, fate so adverse, there as here? Then she thought of Egypt, and Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra—that story of a wild, undisciplined love, grand in its lawless passion, its awful doom. To have loved thus, and died thus, seemed a higher destiny than to do right, and patiently conquer sorrow, and live on somehow to the dismal end of the dull blameless chapter.

At last, with what laggard steps, with what oppressive tardiness, came the dawn, in long streaks of lurid light above the edge of the distant waters.

"'Red sky at morning is the shepherd's warning!'" cried Vixen, with dry lips. "Thank God, there will be rain to-day! Welcome change after the hot arid skies, and the cruel brazen sun, mocking all the miseries of this troubled earth."

She felt almost as wildly glad as the Ancient Mariner at the idea of that blessed relief; and then, by-and-by, with the changeful light shining on her face, she fell into a deep sleep.

Perhaps that morning sleep saved Vixen from an impending fever. It was the first refreshing slumber she had had for a week—a sweet dreamless sleep. The breakfast bell rang unheeded. The rain, forecast by that red sky, fell in soft showers upon the verdant isle, and the grateful earth gave back its sweetest perfumes to the cool moist air.

Miss Skipwith came softly in to look at her charge, saw her sleeping peacefully, and as softly retired.

"Poor child! the initiation has been too much for her unformed mind," she murmured, complacently, pleased with herself for having secured a disciple. "The path is narrow and rugged as the beginning, but it will broaden out before her as she goes on."

Violet awoke, and found that it was mid-day. Oh, what a blessed relief that long morning sleep had been! She woke like a creature cured of mortal pain. She fell on her knees beside the bed, and prayed as she had not often prayed in her brief careless life.

"What am I, that I should question Thy justice?" she cried. "Lord, teach me to submit, teach me to bear my burden patiently, and to do some good in the world."

Her mood and temper were wonderously softened after a long interval of thought and prayer. She was ashamed of her waywardness of yesterday—her foolish, unreasonable passion.

"Poor Rorie; I told him to keep his promise, and he has obeyed me," she said to herself. "Can I be angry with him for that? I ought to feel proud and glad that we were both strong enough to do our duty."

She dressed slowly, languid after the excitement of yesterday, and then went slowly down the broad bare staircase to Miss Skipwith's parlor.

The lady of the manor received her with affectionate greeting, and had a special pot of tea brewed for her, and insisted upon her eating some dry toast—a form of nourishment which this temperate lady deemed a panacea in illness.

"I was positively alarmed about you last night, my dear," she said; "you were so feverish and excited. You read too much for the first day."

"I'm afraid I did," assented Vixen, with a faint smile; "and the worst of it is, I believe I have forgotten every word I read."

"Surely not?" cried Miss Skipwith, horrified at this admission. "You seemed so impressed, so interested. You were so full of your subject."

"I have a faint recollection of the little men in the hieroglyphics," said Vixen; "but all the rest is gone. The images of Antony and Cleopatra, in Shakspeare's play, bring Egypt more vividly before me than all the history I read yesterday."

Miss Skipwith looked shocked, just as if some impeoper character in real life had been brought before her. "Cleopatra was very disreputable, and she was not Egyptian," she remarked, severely. "I am sorry you should waste your thoughts upon such a person."

"I think she is the most interesting woman in ancient history," said Vixen, wilfully, "as Mary Queen of Scots is in modern history. It is not the good people whose images take hold of one's fancy. What a faint idea one has of Lady Jane Grey! And in Schiller's 'Don Carlos' I confess the Marquis of Posa never interested me half so keenly as Philip of Spain."

"My dear, you are made up of fancies and caprices. Your mind wants balance," said Miss Skipwith, affronted at this frivolity. "Had you not better go for a walk with your dog? Doddery tells me that poor Argus has not had a good run since last week."

"How wicked of me!" cried Vixen. "Poor old fellow! I had almost forgotten his existence. Yes, I should like a long walk, if you will not think me idle."

"You studied too many hours yesterday, my dear. It will do you good to raise the bow to-day. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo.*"

"I'll go for my favorite walk to Mount Orgueil. I don't think there'll be any more rain. Please excuse me if I am not home in time for dinner. I can have a little cold meat, or an egg, for my tea."

"You had better take a sandwich with you," said Miss Skipwith, with unusual thoughtfulness. "You have been eating hardly any thing lately."

Vixen did not care about the sandwich, but submitted, to please her hostess, and a neat little paper parcel, containing about three ounces of nutriment, was made up for her by Mrs. Doddery. Never had the island looked fairer on its summer beauty than it looked to-day, after the morning's rain. These showers had been in Jersey what sleep had been to Vixen. The air was soft and cool; sparkling rain-drops fell like diamonds from the leaves of ash and elm. The hedge-row ferns had taken a new green, as if the spirit of spring had revisited the island. The blue bright sea was dimpled with wavelets.

What a bright, glad world it was, and how great must be the sin of a rebellious spirit, cavilling at the dealings of its Creator! The happy dog bounced and bounded round his mistress, the birds twittered in the hedges, the passing farm laborer with his cart-load of seaweed mocked her whip cheerily as he urged his patient horses along the narrow lane. A huge van-load of cockney tourists, singing a boisterous chorus to the last music-hall song, passed Vixen at a turn of the road, and made a hint on the serene beauty of the scene. They were going to eat lobsters and drink bottled beer and play skittles at Le Tac. Vixen rejoiced when their raucous voices died away on the summer breeze.

"Why it Jersey the peculiar haunt of the vulgar?" she wondered. "It is such a lovely place that it deserves to be visited by something better than the refuse of Margate and Ramsgate."

There was a meadow path which lessened the distance between Les Tourelles and Mount Orgueil. Vixen had just left the road and entered the meadow, when Argus set up a joyous bark, and ran back to salute a passing vehicle. It was a St. Helier's fly, driving at a tremendous pace in the direction from which she had come. A young man lay back in the carriage, smoking a cigar, with his hat slouched over his eyes. Vixen could just see the strong unburned hand flung up above his head. It was a foolish fancy, doubtless, but that broad brown hand reminded her of Rorie's. Argus leaped the stile, rushed after the vehicle, and saluted it clamorously. The poor brute had been moped up for a week in a dull court-yard, and was rejoiced at having something to bark at.

Vixen walked on to the sea-shore, and the smiling little harbor, and the brave old castle. There was the usual party of tourists following the guide through narrow passages and echoing chambers, and peering into the rooms where Charles Stuart endured his exile, and making those lively remarks and speculations whereby the average tourist is prone to reveal his hazy notions of history. Happily Vixen knew of quiet corners upon the upward walls whither tourists rarely penetrated; nooks in which she had sat through many an hour of sun and shade, reading, musing, or sketching with free untutored pencil, for the mere idle delight of the moment. Here in this loneliness, between land and sea, she had nursed her sorrow and made much of her grief. She liked the place. No obtrusive sympathy had ever made it odious to her. Here she was mistress of herself and of her own thoughts. To-day she went to her favorite corner, a seat in an angle of the battlemented wall, and sat there with her arms folded on the stone parapet, looking dreamily seaward, across the blue Channel to the still bluer coast of Normandy, where the towers of Coutance showed dimly in the distance.

Resignation. Yes, that was to be her portion

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henceforward. She must live out her life, in isolation almost as complete as Miss Skipwith's, without the innocent delusions which gave substance and color to that lonely lady's existence.

"If I could only have a craze," she thought, hopelessly—"some harmless monomania which would fill my mind! The maniacs in Bedlam, who fancy themselves popes or queens, are happy in their foolish way. If I could only imagine myself something which I am not—any thing except poor aimless Violet Tempest, who has no place in the world!"

The sun was gaining power, the air was drowsy, the soft ripple of the tide upon the golden sand was like a lullaby. Even that long sleep of the morning had not cured Vixen's weariness. There were long arrears of slumber yet to be made up. Her eyelids drooped, then closed altogether, the ocean lullaby took a still softer sound, the distant voices of the tourists grew infinitely soothing, and Vixen sank quietly to sleep, her head leaning on her folded arms, the gentle west wind faintly stirring her loose hair.

"'Oh, happy kiss that woke thy sleep!'" cried a familiar voice close in the slumberer's ear, and then a warm breath, which was not the summer wind, fanned the cheek that lay upmost upon her arm, two warm lips were pressed against that glowing cheek in ardent greeting. The girl started to her feet, every vein tingling with the thrilling recognition of her assailant. There was no one else—none other than he—in this wide world who would do such a thing! She sprang up and faced him, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Then it was you I saw in the fly? Pray is this the nearest way to Norway?"

Yes, it was Rorie; looking exactly like the familiar Rorie of old, not one whit altered by marriage with a duke's only daughter; a stalwart young fellow in a rough gray suit, a dark face sunburned to deepest bronze, eyes with a happy smile in them, firmly cut lips half hidden by the thick brown beard—a face that would have looked well under a lifted helmet; such a face as the scared Saxons must have seen among the bold followers of William the Norman, when those hardy Norse warriors ran amuck in Dover town.

"Not to my knowledge," answered this audacious villain, in his lightest tone. "I am not very geographical, but I should think it was rather out of the way."

"Then you and Lady Mabel have changed your plans?" said Vixen, trembling very much, but trying desperately to be as calmly commonplace as a young lady talking to an ineligible partner at a ball. "You are not going to the north of Europe?"

"Lady Mabel and I have changed our plans. We are not going to the north of Europe."

"Oh!"

"In point of fact, we are not going any where."

"But you have come to Jersey. That is part of your tour, I suppose?"

"Do not be too hasty in your suppositions, Miss Tempest. *I* have come to Jersey—I am quite willing to admit as much as that."

"And Lady Mabel? She is with you, of course?"

"Not the least bit in the world. To the best of my knowledge, Lady Mabel—I beg her pardon—Lady Mallow—is now on her way to the fishing grounds of Connemara with her husband."

"Rorie!"

What a glad, happy cry that was! It was like a gush of sudden music from a young blackbird's throat on a sunny spring morning. The crimson dye had faded from Violet's cheeks a minute ago, and left her deadly pale. Now the bright color rushed back again, the happy brown eyes, the sweet blush-rose lips, broke into the gladdest smile that ever Rorie had seen upon her face. He held out his arms, he clasped her to his breast, where she rested unresistingly, infinitely happy. Great Heaven! how the whole world and herself had become transformed in this moment of unspeakable bliss! Rorie, the lost, the surrendered, was her own true lover after all!

"Yes, dear, I obeyed you. You were hard and cruel to me that night in the fir plantation; but I knew in my heart of hearts that you were wise, and honest, and true; and I made up my mind that I would keep the engagement entered upon beside my mother's death-bed. Loving or unloving, I would marry Mabel Ashbourne, and do my duty to her, and go down to my grave with the character of a good and faithful husband, as many a man has done who never loved his wife. So I held on, Vixen—yes, I will call you by the old pet name now: henceforward you are mine, and I shall call you what I like—I held on, and was altogether an exemplary lover; went whereever I was ordered to go, and always came when they whistled for me; rode at my lady's jog-trot pace in the Row, stood behind her chair at the opera, endured more classical music than ever man heard before and lived, listened to my sweetheart's manuscript verses, and, in a word, did my duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call me: and my reward has been to be jilted with every circumstance of ignominy on my wedding morning."

"Jilted!" cried Vixen, her big brown eyes shining in pleasantest mockery. "Why, I thought Lady Mabel adored you?"

"So did I," answered Roderick, naively, "and I pitied the poor dear thing for her infatuation. Had I not thought that, I should have broken my bonds long ago. It was not the love of the duke's acres that held me. I still believe that Mabel was fond of me once, but Lord Mallow bowled me out. His eloquence, his Parliamentary success, and, above all, his flattery, proved irresistible. The scoundrel brought a marriage certificate in his pocket when he came to stay at Ashbourne, and had the art to engage rooms at Southampton, and sleep there a night en passant. He left a portmanteau and a hat-box there, and that constituted legal occupancy; so when he won Lady Mabel's consent to an elopement—which I believe he did not succeed in doing till the night before our intended wedding day—he had only to ride over to Southampton and give notice to the parson and clerk. The whole thing was done splendidly. Lady Mabel went out at eight o'clock, under the pretense of going to early church. Mallow was waiting for her with a fly half a mile from Ashbourne. They drove to Southampton together, and were married at nine o'clock in the old church of St. Michael. While the distracted duchess and her women were hunting every where for the bride, and all the visitors at Ashbourne were arraying themselves in their wedding finery, and the village children were filling their baskets with flowers to strew upon the pathway of the happy pair, emblematical of the flowers which do *not* blossom in the highway of life, the lady was over the border with Jock o' Hazeldean. Wasn't it fun, Vixen?"

And the jilted one flung back his handsome head and laughed long and loud. It was too good a joke, the welcome release coming at the last moment.

"At half past ten there came a telegram from my runaway bride:

"'Ask Roderick to forgive me, dear mamma. I found at the last that my heart was not mine to give, and I am married to Lord Mallow. I do not think my cousin will grieve very much.'

"That last clause was sensible, anyhow, was it not, Vixen?"

"I think the whole business was very sensible," said Vixen, with a sweet grave smile. "Lord Mallow wanted a clever wife, and you did not. It was very wise of Lady Mabel to find that out before it was too late."

"She will be very happy as Lady Mallow," said Roderick. "Mallow will legislate for Ireland, and she will rule him. He will have quite enough of Home Rule, poor beggar. Hibernia will be Mabelized. She is a dear good little thing. I quite love her, now she has jilted me."

"But how did you come here?" asked Vixen, looking up at her lover in simple wonder. "All this happened only yesterday morning."

"Is there not a steamer that leaves Southampton nightly? Had there not been one, I would have chartered a boat for myself. I would have come in a cockle-shell—I would have come with a swimming-belt—I would have done any thing wild and adventurous to hasten to my love. I started for Southampton the minute I had seen that too blessed telegram; went to St. Michael's; saw the register with its entry of Lord Mallow's marriage, hardly dry; and then went down to the docks and booked my berth. Oh, what a long day yesterday was!—the longest day of my life."

"And of mine," sighed Vixen, between tears and laughter, "in spite of the Shepherd Kings."

"Are those Jersey people you have picked up?" Rorie asked, innocently.

This turned the scale, and Vixen burst into a joyous peal of laughter.

"How did you find me here?" she asked.

"Very easily. Your custodian—what a grim-looking personage she is, by-the-way!—told me where you were gone, and directed me how to follow you. I told her I had a most important message to deliver to you from your mother. You don't mind that artless device, I hope?"

"Not much. How is dear mamma? She complains in her letters of not feeling very well."

"I have not seen her lately. When I did, I thought her looking ill and worn. She will get well when you go back to her, Vixen. Your presence will be like sunshine."

"I shall never go back to the Abbey House."

"Yes, you will—for one fortnight at least. After that your home will be at Briarwood. You must be married from your father's house."

"Who said I was going to be married, Sir?" asked Vixen, with delicious coquetry.

"I said it—I say it. Do you think I am too bold, darling? Ought I to go on my knees, love, and make you a formal offer? Why, I have loved you all my life; and I think you have loved me as long."

"So I have, Rorie," she answered, softly, shyly, sweetly. "I forswore myself that night in the fir wood. I always loved you; there was no stage of my life when you were not dearer to me than any one on earth, except my father."

"Dear love, I am ashamed of my happiness," said Roderick, tenderly. "I have been so weak and unworthy. I gave away my hopes of bliss in one foolishly soft moment, to gratify my mother's dying wish—a wish that had been dinned into my ear for the last years of her life—and I have done nothing but repent my folly ever since. Can you forgive me, Violet? I shall never forgive myself."

"Let the past be like a dream that we have dreamed. It will make the future seem so much the brighter."

"Yes."

And then under the blue August sky, fearless and unabashed, these happy lovers gave each other the kiss of betrothal.

"What am I to do with you?" Vixen asked, laughingly. "I ought to go home to Les Tourelles."

"Don't you think you might take me with you? I am your young man now, you know. I hope it is not a case of 'no followers allowed.'"

"I'm afraid Miss Skipwith will feel disappointed in me. She thought I was going to have a mission."

"A mission!"

"Yes; that I was going in for theology. And for it all to end in my being engaged to be married! It seems such a commonplace ending, does it not?"

"Decidedly. As commonplace as the destiny of Adam and Eve, whom God joined together in Eden. Take me back to Les Tourelles, Vixen. I think I shall be able to manage Miss Skipwith."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The American Metrological Society has lately published a Bulletin containing an account of the organization and objects of the society. Its officers are Professor F. A. P. Barnard, president; Professor J. E. Hilgard, vice-president; Professor T. Egleston, secretary and treasurer; Professor A. M. Mayer, corresponding secretary.

The primary object of the association is the improvement of the system of weights, measures, and moneys at present existing among men, and to bring the same as far as practicable into relations of simple commensurability with each other. A further object is to secure the universal adoption of common units of measure, which require to be stated in presenting the results of physical observations, such as the divisions of the barometer and thermometer, the amount of work done by machines, etc. As to the denominations of weight, measure, and money derived from the unit bases, the association will endeavor to secure the acceptance of a system of decimal derivation, but not necessarily to the exclusion, for practical purposes, of the old method.

The Boston *Fish Bureau* of April 15 announces that the first fresh mackerel were brought into New York by the schooner *Sarah M. Jacobs* on the night of the 14th, having a catch of 120 barrels on board. Another vessel, the *Ellen M. Adams*, followed later with 100 barrels. These were all caught on the 13th, about sixty miles south of Cape Henry. They were said, however, to be of very poor quality, although the large ones brought twelve cents. Two other vessels arrived at Philadelphia on the 15th. Some thirty vessels have already left Gloucester in search of this fish.

The name of Professor Karmarsch is to be added to the list of recent deaths among scientific veterans. Born in 1803, he commenced his scientific career at the age of twenty as a writer, but he is best known in connection with his *Dictionary and History of Technology*, his position as director of the Hanover Polytechnic School giving him special facilities for this work.

A rival to the Edison electric pen has lately been introduced in England by Messrs. Newton, Wilson, & Co., under the name of the "horograph." Its action is precisely like that of the Edison pen, but instead of being moved by electricity, it acts by clock-work. The needle point is driven by gear, and works by a main-spring, which is wound up by a key in the ordinary manner. It is said to do its work equally well with the electric pen, and to have some advantages in comparison.

The sum of 41,000 francs ($8200), at last advices, had been collected for the statue of Gauss, the well-known German mathematician and astronomer.

The United States Fish Commission is in receipt of a letter, dated April 12, from the Rev. Thomas May Thorpe, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, in which he states that about 500 full-grown, mature, genuine shad had been brought into that village within the few days previous. The head sent with the letter is incontestably that of the true shad, and does not belong to the hickory shad, which is quite common in the Western waters, and has been so frequently confounded with it.

The London journals announce the death of Sir Walter Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe, in March, at the age of eighty-two. Of late years he has been best known as an advocate of the temperance movement as regards tobacco and liquor, and his claim to mention in these columns is his having been one of the oldest fellows of the Geological Society, entering it in 1817, and one who did much to advance geological science when in its infancy. His researches related more particularly to Northumberland and the Faroe Islands, of which he was one of the earliest explorers.

The telegraphic columns announce the death, on the 5th of April, at Berlin, of Professor H. W. Dove, the most eminent of meteorologists. He was born in Silesia in 1803, and became a professor in Berlin in 1829, being elected to membership in the Academy of Sciences in 1837, and a full professor of physics in 1845. His researches covered all departments of meteorology and terrestrial physics, and he also acquired much distinction in other branches of physical science.

Since the first adoption of weather forecasts by the United States Signal Office, various government establishments in Europe have followed the example, and it is stated that those published since 1877 by the German Nautical Observatory at Hamburg have been exceptionally accurate, the percentage of fulfillments being about eighty.

According to Professor Jäger, of Leipsic, the proportion of water in the tissues and the liquids of the body is one of the chief factors in liability to illness. Any treatment, therefore, that aids the discharge of water from the system by the lungs, skin, etc., is considered favorable. The promotion of perspiration, both sensible and insensible, by keeping the skin perfectly clean, the wearing of woolen clothing, vigorous gymnastic exercise, the use of hot drinks, thorough ventilation of sitting and bed rooms for the elimination of moist air, are all of much importance. According to the professor, the specific gravity of a living being is a good criterion of his strength of constitution, power of resistance to causes of illness, and power of work.

The ozokerite, or mineral wax, which has of late years been used in such quantities in Vienna, and excited so much interest among chemists and geologists, has now a great many applications in addition to that of illumination. Wax pencils of this material are now sold in Vienna for marking and writing on all kinds of wood, linen, cloth, and paper, and as a substitute for chalk for the blackboard. The marks produced by these pencils are not obliterated by moisture, acid, or friction. They are made of different sizes and colors.

The recent discovery in Utah, in large quantity, of a substance similar to ozokerite, but perhaps of a different species, will doubtless have interest in the same connection.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young man from the country went to have a tooth plugged. The dentist advised him to have the tooth out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he inhaled laughing-gas. "But what is the effect of the gas?" asked the youth. "It simply makes you totally insensible," answered the dentist; "you don't know any thing that takes place." The rustic assented, but, just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money. "Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking that he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had, before the gas took effect."

He was kneeling at her feet and saying, "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as petunia, streaked with glorious golden frettings of a soul which knoweth no love so—" "Oh, Henry!" said she, "that's the correct card."

A painter's apprentice fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand. He was taken up insensible, but as soon as restored to consciousness he murmured, "I went down with flying colors, anyhow."

"You have played the deuce with my heart," said a gentleman to a lady partner during a game of whist. "Well," replied the lady, with an arch smile, "it was simply because you played the knave."

"I wish I were you about two hours," she said, with great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked, with considerable interest. "Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain—"because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

A few days ago, at the breakfast table, his mother said she dreamed a man had shot her in the arm, and then she woke up. Master Five-year-old listened with becoming gravity until the story was done, and then he said, "It's a pity, mamma, you didn't keep on sleeping; you'd have hung that man before you woke up."

MORE TROUBLE BRUIN—SOMETHING THE MATTER INSIDE NOW.

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"A GOAT PASTURE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 393.]

"IN THE ADIRONDACKS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.—[SEE PAGE 393.]

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"A PLEASANT MEETING"—FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS GUY

THE ACADEMY.

On the opposite page we give engravings from two vigorous and interesting landscapes, respectively from the studios of JAMES D and GEORGE H SMILLIE, both of whom have attained high position as landscape painters. The picture called "A Goat Pasture" hangs in the South Room at the Academy, and is numbered 389 in the catalogue It is a striking example of how much can be made of simple material The scene is rather dreary, and yet the artist endows it with a fascination which many a prettier composition does not possess Mr JAMES D SMILLIE's picture, which hangs in the North Room, and is numbered 214, has the advantage of picturesque beauty in subject, and it is treated in a masterly style.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S LONG FLOAT.

CAPTAIN BOYTON's voyage in his marvellous life-saving suit from Oil City, on the Allegheny River, through the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down this river to New Orleans—a distance of 2342 miles—is the latest and one of the most remarkable feats of human endurance on record. The captain's ingenious contrivance, namely, the rubber suit and paddle, which made this miracle possible, has already been described in the *Weekly*, and needs no further reference here After eighty days upon the waters, the gallant swimmer arrived at New Orleans on the 27th of April, and received the ovation that appears to be always ready for those who succeed in any great athletic achievement.

In our engraving on page 395 the gallant captain appears off Vicksburg, a sketch having been made of him and his singular little craft from the deck of the steam-yacht *Pearsons*, which put out from that city for the express purpose of accompanying the famous swimmer a few miles down the river The last run was the longest period passed by Captain BOYTON in the water during his whole trip. He started from Baton Rouge at eight o'clock on the morning of April 26, a large crowd having gathered to witness his departure The day was rough, and the river full of whirlpools. His exhausted condition forbade

his making rapid progress, and after a few hours out he had a most terrible experience. Owing to the roughness of the day, the volunteer guard boats were afraid to venture out; and as the captain wearily plied his paddle, water-spouts began to form on the river surface and surge by at a tremendous speed. The horror of the situation can not be described. Boyton exerted himself manfully to save himself from being drawn from the water by the suck, and had two or three narrow escapes. Finally his little provision boat *Baby Mine* was caught in a whirlpool and drawn under water. It was only after a fight that the famous craft was rescued, minus half her contents.

Captain Boyton is one of those enthusiasts whose zeal in his own peculiar line knows no bounds. His history is the record of one long effort on the part of a man to emulate the qualifications of a fish. In his boyhood, which was by no means that of a contented, home-loving youth, a contemporary tells us, "his wildness took the not undesirable direction of water, and his swimming scrapes, or rather his stealing from home-to-swim scrapes, were countless." At ten years of age he saved a lad named Thomas M'Cafferty from drowning under the St. Clair Bridge. After a good education at Loretto, Pennsylvania, he drifted to Cape May, life-saving having become a mania with him. Here, barefooted and often hungry, he lived a sort of gypsy life along the shore, and during his stay there saved seventy bathers who had gotten beyond the danger line. In 1874, aided by the money and advice of Merriman, after whom his suit is named, he completed and patented his present life-saving armor. Determined to test it thoroughly, he conceived the idea of going two hundred and forty miles out to sea, springing from the vessel, and making his way back to the American shore. But he could find no captain willing to let him essay the feat. Then he went aboard the *Queen*, of the National Steamship Line, without making known his object, his only baggage being his suit and his paddle.

The story of Captain Boyton's arguments with the commander of that vessel, who absolutely refused to let him leave the ship in his rubber suit, contending that no man should commit suicide under his eyes, might be extended to several columns. Not till he neared the English coast was the desired permission granted, and the suit, which had been taken away from him as a lunatic, restored. Then Boyton leaped into the sea. As he struck the water, he lost a signal light which he was to have set off to show that he was all right. He called back, however, "All right, captain; go ahead." The great fans of the steamer turned, and she steamed away, leaving Boyton "to do or die." He stood up in the water until he could feel the wind upon his cheek, then knew his course, and paddled away for land and life. The storm did come, and was a memorable one. That night, as the British records show, fifty-five vessels were lost. Boyton's story of his night-long experience in it, and his almost Providential landing on the Irish coast, would make eloquent chapters.

The gallant captain's next important feat was his crossing the English Channel, accompanied by the press boat *Rambler*. When nearing the French coast in a fog, the pilot of the *Rambler* lost his bearings, and Captain Boyton was induced to come on board for the safety of the craft. Soon after he left Gris-nez, France, and after seventeen hours' hard paddling, landed under the South Foreland Lights of England. Voyages down the Rhine, the Danube, the Saône, the Garonne, the Po, and Tiber followed, and on the 31st of January, 1878, he started from Toledo, in Spain, down the river Tagus, and in eighteen days and nights reached Lisbon—a distance of 850 miles, and the longest voyage until the present one that he had ever attempted. He was received by the King and Queen of Portugal, and subsequently knighted by King Alfonso of Spain. Next he entered the French service to drill the sailors in the use of the suit, which the navy had adopted, and he is now on leave in the United States. After exhibiting before President Hayes, the cabinet, Congress, and the legations, he reached his home in Pittsburgh, leaving it in the early part of this year to make arrangements for his latest and most remarkable voyage.

Captain Boyton's feat has been spoken of with much acrimony in several journals, some regarding it as a useless and reprehensible trifling with human life, and others denouncing it as an advertising scheme intended to further a bill at present before Congress, the provisions of which are that every ship-owner shall purchase one of these suits, at about $30 each, for each vessel of 50 tons, and one for each additional 200 tons, until seven suits are put on board vessels of a tonnage specified by Mr Merriman, the inventor. It must be admitted that there is much truth in the criticisms advanced. Captain Boyton certainly did reach New Orleans in a deplorable condition. He was fearfully emaciated, and so exhausted as to be immediately ordered to bed by his physicians. Again, there is certainly much absurdity in suggesting that vessels which carry several hundred passengers should be provided with seven of these suits. As one writer insists, "Seven suits among 300 or 400 passengers in a time of peril will be a small number, and there will be some wrangling to get possession of the coveted seven, and the stronger would certainly have them, even if they have to commit murder to obtain them." At the same time Captain Boyton's aquatic feats are not more unworthy than the other dangerous athletic enterprises which are constantly being undertaken. His dress is by no means a useless invention, though we would suggest that it is more reasonable to look upon it as an expensive luxury suited to a timid and wealthy man rather than as a necessary part of a vessel's outfit, considering that in case of disaster the fiftieth part of such a suit would be all that any one among the ship's company could justly claim.

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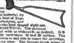

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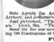

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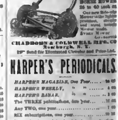

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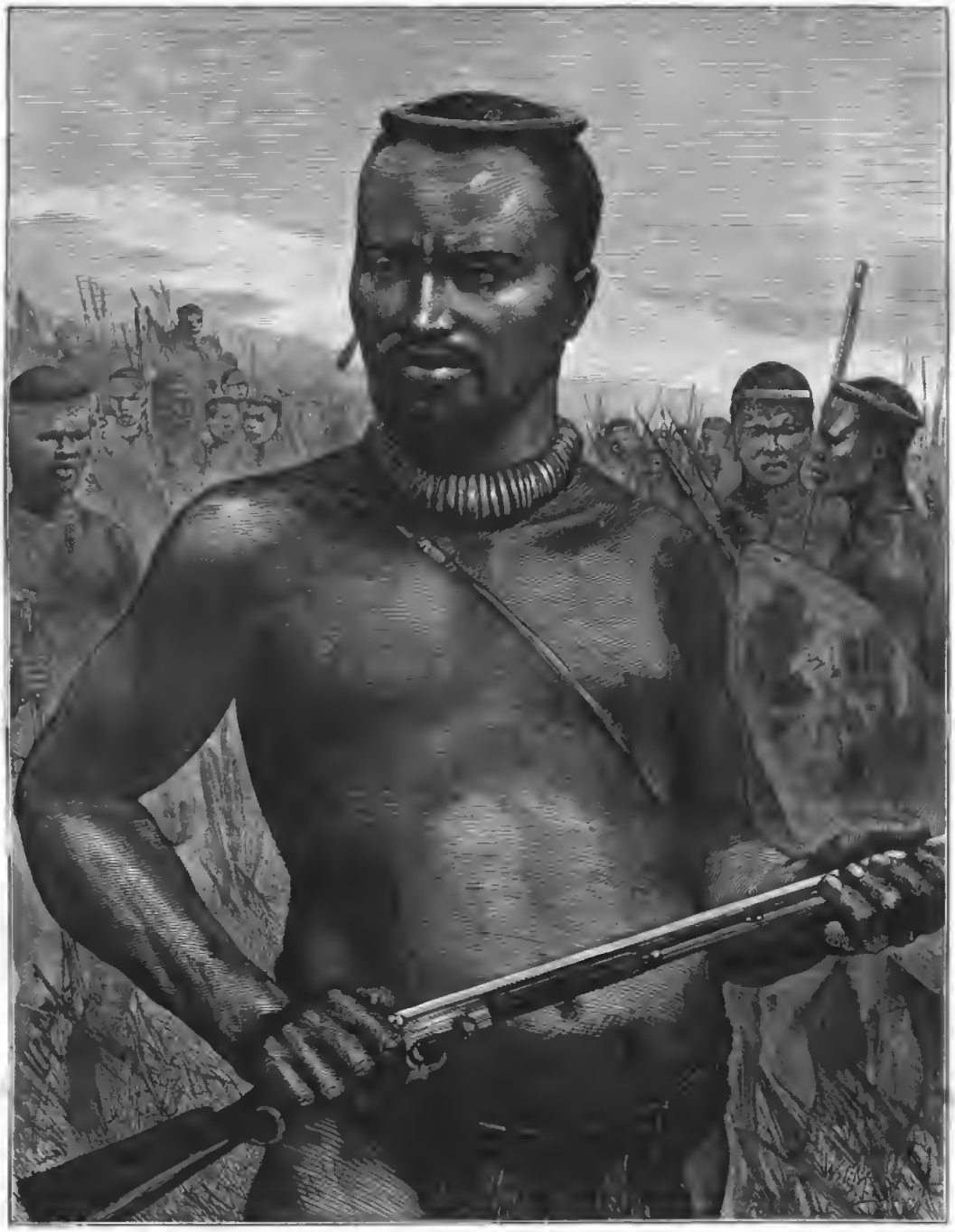

THE ZULU WAR—DABULAMANZI, BROTHER OF KING CETYWAYO, COMMANDER OF THE ZULU ARMY AT ISANDULA.

THE ZULUS AS WARRIORS.

THE succession of desperate battles fought by the warriors of Zululand ever since the beginning of their present struggle with the English has awakened considerable interest in them as a military people, and especially in the leaders whose sagacity and skillful generalship have produced such remarkable results. We have already given a likeness of CETYWAYO, and the above engraving shows the far from attractive lineaments of DABULAMANZI, brother of the Zulu king, and the supposed leader of the force that wrought such awful havoc upon the defenseless little camp at Isandula. Although it is impossible to vouch for the exact accuracy of this last statement, there is, however, every probability of its truth, for it comes from UCANJANA, a native of Zululand and a member of CETYWAYO's own tribe, who appeared at the English camp shortly after the date of the terrible massacre. His statements were looked upon as veracious, and were incorporated in a letter furnished to the London *Daily News* by its correspondent at Pietermaritzburg, who says, on the authority of UCANJANA: "The other two commanders were MAVUMENGWANA and TUNGWAYO, and the whole action was superintended by USUTUWA, as 'the king's ears,' watching its progress from a neighboring high ground. The evidence of a Zulu deserter taken by Mr. DRUMMOND, of the Head-quarters Staff, mentions both MAVUMENGWANA and TUNGWAYO as commanding these regiments which formed a circle to inclose the small body of our troops; while other regiments, the Umcityu, Nokenke, and Nodwengu, to the right, and the Nkobamkhosi and Umbonambi on the left hand, probably led by this brother of the king, DABULAMANZI, made their terrible final charge. The other statements of natives furnished by Mr. DRUMMOND, and by Mr. LONGMAN, interpreter, to the court-martial at Helpmakaar, do not say who was in command of the Zulu forces; but it may be concluded that the most active part in leading their direct attack was taken by DABULAMANZI." So far as the *personnel* of the famous savage is concerned, we learn that he is a handsome man, well-featured, with most beautiful teeth, tall, graceful, and stately, while, as some of his admirers assert, he is decidedly aristocratic in manner. One who to more peaceful days had made his way into the Zulu country, and visited both the king and his brother, remarks: "He does not display any plebeian curiosity at the unusual sight of white men, but receives us with the grave courtesy of royal blood. His dress, though limited in extent, is of finer quality than that of the other Caffres, the few strips of skin and tails which compose it having belonged originally to the tigers and tiger-cats which had fallen a victim to his skill with the rifle—a skill which he afterward displayed remarkably with a rifle I lent him. Round his neck was a necklace of teeth from the most dangerous animals he had killed—a species of ornament highly prized in Caffraria, denoting the prowess which belongs to royal blood. His name, DABULAMANZI, signifies 'to divide waters,' denoting his skill as a swimmer."

Fighting being the chief occupation of all who dwell in Zululand, and the one to which all other interests are subordinated, we have not to look far for details concerning their military system. Their warriors include the whole male population, and the method of recruiting them is as follows: At short intervals, varying from two to five years, all the young men who during that time have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen are formed into a regiment, which after a year's probation is formed into a military kraal, or head-quarters. In some cases they are sent to an already existing kraal, which is the head-quarters of a regiment as corps, of which they then become part. When, however, the young regiment is numerous, a new kraal is always built. As the regiment grows older, it generally has one or more regiments embodied with it, so that the young men may have the benefit of their elders' experience, and, when the latter gradually die out, may take their place and keep up the name and prestige of their military kraal. In this manner corps are formed, often many thousands strong—such, for instance, as the Undi. The chief distinction is between married and unmarried men. No one in Zululand, male or female, is permitted to marry without the direct permission of the king, and when he allows a regiment to do so, which is not before the men are forty years of age, they have to shave the crown of the head and to put a ring round it, and then they become one of the "white" regiments, carrying white shields, etc., in contradistinction

to the "black" or unmarried regiments, who wear their hair naturally, and have colored shields.

According to the papers published in last November by Lord CHELMSFORD for the information of those under his command, and which contain the most accurate statements in regard to these matters which can possibly be arrived at, the total number of regiments in the Zulu army is thirty-three, of which eighteen are formed of men with rings on their heads, and fifteen of unmarried men. Seven of the former are composed of men over sixty years of age, so that for practical purposes there are not more than twenty-six Zulu regiments able to take the field, numbering altogether 40,400. Of these, 22,500 are between twenty and thirty years of age, 10,000 between thirty and forty, 3400 between forty and fifty, and 4500 between fifty and sixty years of age. Drill, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is unknown among the Zulus, the few simple movements which they perform with any method—such as forming a circle of companies or regiments, breaking into companies or regiments from the circle, forming a line of march in order of companies or in close order of regiments—not being deserving of the name. As might be expected, a savage army like that of Zululand neither has nor requires much commissariat or transport, the former consists of three or four days' provisions in the shape of maize or millet, and a herd of cattle, proportioned to the distance to be traversed, accompanies each regiment; the latter consists of a number of lads who follow each regiment, carrying the sleeping mats, blankets, and provisions, and assisting to drive the cattle. When a Zulu army on the line of march comes to a river in flood, and the breadth of the stream which is not of their depth does not exceed from ten to fifteen yards, they plunge in in a dense mass, holding on to one another, those behind forcing them forward, and thus succeed in crossing with the loss of a few of their number. An instance of this is given in our double-page engraving.

Of the savagery of the Zulu warriors when upon the field of battle much has been written, but the manner in which they have in so many instances overwhelmed their English foes distinctly proves both their military skill and the dauntless courage with which they fight. A gentleman named Dr. E. HALEN, for many years a resident of the interior, and fully acquainted with the distinctive characteristics of Zulu warfare, describes it in the following hyperbolical language:

"Their style is not to be contrasted for a moment with that of the colonial natives, or those with whom our forces have been engaged in Griqualand West, or in the Transvaal. The Zulus prefer and strive to throw themselves in overwhelming numbers on the weakest point of the enemy. With dauntless courage and the fury of tigers they rush on, without the least concern for the hundreds falling in their ranks, or the bodies barring their way, they press on to get to close quarters as speedily as possible, looking neither to the left nor right, nor dreaming of hiding for a moment behind stones or bushes. They charge forward, for this reason preferring the open field. Naturally courageous and vain of their prowess, they firmly believe that they need only follow the above-mentioned tactics and they must win the day. As for the loss they suffer in thus advancing in great numbers, they are indifferent to it, for the simple reason that they are so accustomed to wholesale slaughter as one of their daily images that the sight of their comrades falling in all directions has no effect upon them. When ranged in order of battle each man holds a gun in his right hand, a small shield is strung round his left arm, and in his left hand he holds a long and a short assegai. Their skill with the gun being any thing but great, they content themselves by beginning the attack with a couple of volleys. The gun is then thrown down, and they rush upon their opponents in a dense mass, taking the long assegai in the right hand. At about forty to sixty paces they pause in their headlong career, and hundreds and thousands of spears are hurled at the enemy. Then the short assegai is taken in the right hand, and the charge is resumed. When within a few yards of the enemy they make one last momentary pause, only to snap the assegai short off across the left knee, and then their favorite hand-to-hand conflict ensues. Then the fight becomes a slaughter, generally ending in the complete success of the Zulus. The best plan to adopt with these people is to meet them with more artillery. Numerous well-served batteries of artillery, Gatling guns, or mitrailleuses are the only way to meet the Zulus while they continue their present style of fighting, for small bodies of our men, however brave, will otherwise be simply sent to destruction."

THE ZULU WAR—ZULU

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1164.]

The Distracted Young Preacher.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

HOW THE VILLAGE WAS SEARCHED.

THE smugglers remained in a blank silence, uncertain whether "some of 'em" meant tubs or men; but, peeping cautiously out, they soon learned the secret, and the faint sun by one into the middle of their hiding under the pulpit.

"They are going to pu... till they find the rest," said

The excisemen had, in fact, taken on a large stone tub and when all were bound two or three of the men

ROSSING A RIVER.

edge of the tow- ere the things de- ere brought one church-yard from wirs. m Hinton's vault y, hopelessly gun to pile up the t was fixed there, from the tower, standing by them, the rest of the party again proceeding to the orchard.

The interest of the smugglers in the next manœuvre of their enemies became painfully intense. Only about forty tubs had been secreted in the lumber of the tower, but eighty were hidden in the orchard, making up all that they had brought ashore as yet, the remainder of the cargo having been tied to a sinker, and dropped overboard for another night's operation. The excisemen, having re-entered the orchard, acted as if they were positive that here lay hidden the rest of the tubs, which they were determined to find before night-fall. They spread themselves out round the field, and advancing on all fours as before, went anew round every apple-tree in the inclosure. The young tree in the middle again led them to pause, and at length the whole company gathered there in a way which signified that a second chain of reasoning had led to the same results as the first.

When they had examined the sod hereabout for some minutes, one of the men rose, ran to a disused porch of the church, and returned with the sexton's pickaxe and shovel, with which they set to work.

"Are they really buried there?" said the minister, for the grass was so green and uninjured that it was difficult to believe it had been disturbed. The smugglers were too interested to reply; and presently they saw, to their chagrin, the officers place themselves two on each side of the tree, and stooping and applying their hands to the soil, they lustily lifted the tree and the turf around it, which now showed itself to be growing in a shallow box, with handles for lifting at each of the four sides. Under the site of the tree a square hole was revealed, and an excisemen went and looked down.

"It is all up now," said Owlett, quietly. "And now, all of ye, get down before they notice we are here; and be ready for our next move. I had better hide here till dark, or they may take me on suspicion, as 'tis on my ground. I'll be with ye as soon as daylight begins to pink in."

"And I?" said Lizzy.

"You please look to the linch pins and screws; then go in-doors, and know nothing at all, Mrs. Newberry. The chaps will do the rest."

The ladder was replaced, and all but Owlett descended, the men passing off one by one at the back of the church, and vanishing on their respective arrands. Lizzy walked boldly along the street, followed closely by the minister.

"You are going in-doors, Mrs Newberry?" he said.

She knew from the words, "Mrs. Newberry," that the division between them had widened yet another degree.

"I am not going home," she said, "I have a little thing to do before I go in. Marther Sarer will get yeur tea."

"Oh, I don't mean on that account," said Stockdale. "What can you have to do further in this unhallowed affair?"

"Only a little," she said.

"What is that? I'll go with you."

"No, I shall go by myself. Will you please go in-doors? I shall be there in less than an hour."

"You are not about to run any danger, Lizzy?" said the young man.

"None whatever—worth mentioning," answered she, and went down toward the cross.

Stockdale entered the garden gate, and stood behind it, as usual, looking on. The excisemen were still busy in the orchard, and at last he was tempted to walk thither and watch their proceedings. When he came closer he found that the secret cellar, of whose existence he had been totally unaware, was formed by timbers placed across from side to side about a foot under the ground, and grassed over. The excisemen looked up at Stockdale's fair and downy countenance, and evidently thinking him beyond suspicion, went on with their work again. As soon as all the tubs were taken out, they began tearing up the turf, pulling out the timbers, and breaking in the sides, till the cellar was wholly dismantled and shapeless, and the apple-tree lying with its roots dry to the air. But the hole which had in its time held so much contraband merchandise as an never completely filled up, either then or afterward, a depression in the greensward marking the spot to this day.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT HE SAW AT WARNWELL CROSS, AND THE EFFECTS ON THE NAME.

As the goods had all to be carried to Weymouth that night, the excisemen's next object was to find horses and carts for the journey, and they went about the village for that purpose. Stockdale, who had had enough of the scene, turned in-doors, thoughtful and depressed. Lizzy was already there, though she had not yet taken off her bonnet. She looked tired, and her mood was not much brighter than his own. When the minister was alone he attempted to read, but at this he could not succeed, and he shook the little bell for tea.

Lizzy herself brought in the tray, the girl having run off into the village during the afternoon, full of excitement at the proceedings. But almost before they had said any thing to each other,

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Marther came in, in a steaming state. "Oh, there's such a stoor, Mrs. Newberry! The king's excisemen can't get the carts ready nobor at all! They pulled Thomas Ballam's, and William Rogers's, and Stephen Speake's carts into the road, and found there was no linch-pins in the wheels; and then they tried Samuel Stano's wagon, and found that the screws were gone from he; and at lost they looked to the dairyman's cart, and he's got none nether. They have gone now to the blacksmith's to get some made, but he's nowhere to be found."

Stockdale looked at Lizzy, who blushed very slightly, and went out of the room, followed by Marther Saner. But before they had got through the passage there was a rap at the front-door, and Stockdale recognized Latimer's voice addressing Mrs. Newberry, who had turned back.

"For God's sake, Mrs. Newberry, have you seen Hardman, the blacksmith, up this way? If we could get hold of him, we'd e'en a'most drag him by the hair of his head to his anvil, where he ought to be."

"He's no idle man, Mr. Latimer," said Lizzy, archly. "What do you want him for?"

"Why, there isn't a horse in the place that has got more than three shoes no, and some have only two. The wagon wheels be without straiks, and there's no linch-pins in the carts. What with thet, and the bother about every set of harness being not of order, we sha'n't be off till eight-fall—upon my soul, we sha'n't. 'Tis a rough lot, Mrs. Newberry, that you've got about you here, but they'll play at this game once too often—mark my words, they will. There's not a man in the parish that don't deserve to be whipped."

It happened that Hardcton was to that moment a little further up the lane, smoking his pipe behind a holly bush. When Latimer had done speaking, he went on in this direction, and Hardman hearing his steps, found his curiosity too strong for his prudence. He peeped out from the bush to the very moment that Latimer's eye was on it. There was nothing left for him to do but to come forward with concern.

"I've been looking for you the last hour," said Latimer.

"Sorry to hear that," said Hardman. "I have been out for a stroll, to look for mere hid tobe to deliver 'me up to goove'ment."

"Oh yes, Hardman, we know it," said Latimer, with withering sarcasm. "We know that all the parish are helping us, and here been all day. Now you please walk along with me down to you shop, and kindly let me hire ye in the king's name."

They went down the lane together; and presently there resounded from the smithy the ring of a hammer not very briskly swung. However, the carts and horses were got into some sort of travelling condition; but it was not until after the clock had struck six, when the muddy roads were glistening under the horizontal light of the fading day. The smuggled tubs were soon packed into the vehicles, and Latimer, with three of his assistants, took the horses' heads, and drove slowly out of the village in the direction of the port of Weymouth, which lay at a distance of about ten or a dozen miles; the other excisemen being left to watch for the remainder of the cargo, which they knew had been sunk somewhere between Ringstead and Lulworth Cove, and to discover Owlett, the only person clearly implicated by the discovery of the cave.

Women and children stood at the doors or the carts passed in the increasing twilight, looking to the confiscated property with a melancholy expression which told too plainly the relation in which they stood to the trade.

"Well, Lizzy," said Stockdale, when the crackle of the wheels had nearly departed, "this is a fit finish to your adventure. I am truly thankful that you have got off without suspicion, and with the loss only of the liquor. Will you sit down and let me talk to you?"

"By-and-by," she said, sadly; "but I must go not now."

"Not to that horrid shore again?" he said, blankly.

"No, not there. I am only going to see the end of this day's business."

He did not answer to this, and she moved toward the door slowly, as if waiting for him to say something more.

"You don't offer to come with me," she added at last. "I suppose that's because you hate me, after all this?"

"Can you say it, Lizzy, when you know I only want to save you from such practices? Come with you?—of course I will, if it is only to take care of you. But why will you go not again?"

"Because I can not rest in-doors. Something is happening, and I must know what. Now come." And they went into the dark together.

When they got into the turnpike-road she turned to the right, and he soon perceived that they were following the direction of the excisemen and their load. He had given her his arm, and every now and then she gently pressed it back, as signify that he was to pause with her and listen. They had walked rather quickly along the first quarter of a mile, and on the second or third time of standing still she said, "I hear them ahead; don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I hear the wheels; but what of that?"

"I only want to know if they get clear away from the neighborhood."

"Ah," said he, a light breaking upon him, "something is to be attempted? And, now I remember, there was not a man about the village when we left."

The noise of the cart wheels had stopped, and given place to another sort of sound.

"'Tis a scuffle," said Stockdale. "There'll be murder. Lizzy, leave go my arm; I am going on, tho my conscience, I must not stay here and do nothing."

"There'll be no murder, and not even a broken head," she said. "Our men are thirty, to four of them; no harm will be done at all."

"Then there is no attack?" exclaimed Stockdale, "and you knew it was so be. Why should you side with men who break the laws like this?"

"Why should you side with men who take from country traders what they have honestly bought with their own money in France?" said she, firmly.

"They are not honestly bought," said he.

"They are," she contradicted. "I and Owlett and the others paid thirty shillings for every one of the tubs before they were put on board at Cherbourg, and if a king, who is nothing to us, sends his people to steal our property, we're a right to steal it back again."

Stockdale did not stop to argue on this matter, but went quickly in the direction of the noise, Lizzy keeping at his side.

"Don't you interfere, will you, dear Richard?" she said, anxiously, as they drew near. "Don't let's go any closer. 'Tis at Warmwell Cross where they are seizing 'em. You can do no good, and you may meet with a severe blow."

"Let's see first what's going on," he said, but before they had got much farther the noise of the cart wheels began again, and Stockdale soon found that they were coming toward him. In another minute the three carts came up, and Lizzy and Stockdale stood in the ditch to let them pass.

Instead of being conducted by four men, as they had been when they went out of the village, the horses and carts were now accompanied by a body of from twenty to thirty, all of whom, as Stockdale perceived to his astonishment, had blackened faces. As soon as these men discerned Lizzy and Stockdale, four or five fell back, and when the carts had passed some close to the pair.

"There is no walking up this way for the present," said one of these men, whose voice was quite strange to Stockdale.

"Why not?" said Stockdale. "This is the public highway."

"Now look here, youngster— Oh! 'tis the Methodist parson—what, and Mrs. Newberry? Well, you'd better not go up that way, Mrs Newberry. They've all run off, and lobs have got their own again." The speaker then hurried on and joined his comrades.

Stockdale and Lizzy also turned back. "I wish all this hadn't been forced upon us," she said, regretfully. "But if those excisemen had got off with the tubs, half the people in the parish would have been in want for the next month or two."

Stockdale was not paying much attention to her words, and he said, "I don't think I can go back like this; those four poor excisemen may be murdered, for all I know."

"Murdered!" said Lizzy, impatiently; "we don't do murder here."

"Well, I shall go as far as Warmwell Cross, to see," said Stockdale, decisively, and without wishing her safe home, or say thing else, he turned back. Lizzy stood blinking at him till his form was absorbed in the shades, and then, with a sigh, she moved in the direction of Nether-Mynton.

The road was lonely, and after night-fall, this time of the year, there was not a passer sometimes for hours. Stockdale paced along without hearing a sound beyond that of his own footsteps, and in due time passed beneath the trees of the plantation which surrounded the Warmwell cross-road. Before he had reached the point of intersection he heard voices from the thicket.

"Hol-loi-hol! Help! help! help!"

The voices were not at all feeble or despairing, but they were unmistakably anxious. Stockdale had no weapon, and before plunging into the pitchy darkness of the plantation he pulled a stake from the hedge to use in case of need. When he had got among the trees, he shouted, "What's the matter? where are you?"

"Here, here," said the voices; and pushing through the brambles in that direction, he some near the objects of his search.

"Why don't you come forward?" said Stockdale.

"Because we be tied to the trees."

"Who are you?" said Stockdale.

"Latimer, the excisemen," said one. "Just come and cut these cords, there's a good man, so were afraid nobody would pass to-night."

Stockdale soon loosened them, upon which they stretched their limbs and stood at their ease.

"The rascals!" said Latimer, getting now into a rage, though he seemed quite meek when Stockdale first came up. "'Tis the same set I follows, I know; they were Nether-Mynton chaps so w man."

"But we can't swear to them," said another; "not one of them spoke."

"But what are you going to do?" said Stockdale.

"I'd fain go back to Nether-Mynton, and have at 'em again," said Latimer.

"So would we," said his comrades.

"Fight till we die," said Latimer.

"We will, we will," said his men.

"But," said Latimer, more frigidly, as they came out of the plantation, "we don't know that these chaps with black faces were Nether-Mynton men, and proof is a hard thing."

"So 'tis," said the rest.

"And therefore we won't do nothing to all," said Latimer, with complete dispassionateness. "For my part, I'd sooner be them than. The clitches of my arms be burning like fire from them cords. My opinion is, now I've had time to think o't, that you may serve your government at too high a price. For those two nights and days I've not had on hour's rest, and, please God, here's for home."

The other officers agreed heartily to this course, and thanking Stockdale for his timely assistance, they parted at the cross, the former taking the western road, and Stockdale going back to Nether-Mynton.

During that walk he was plunged in reverie of the most painful kind. As soon as he got into the house, and before entering his own room, he went on to the door of the little back parlor, in which Lizzy usually sat with her mother. He found her alone. Stockdale came forward like a man in a dream, and looked upon the table, beside which she sat with her bonnet and shawl still on. As he did not speak, she looked up at him with timid misgiving in her eye.

"Where are they gone?" he said, listlessly.

"Who?" asked Lizzy. "I don't know; I have seen nothing of them. I came straight in here."

"If your men can manage to get off with the tubs, it will be so much profit to you, I suppose."

"A share will be mine, a share my cousin Owlett's, and a share divided amongst the men who helped us."

"And you still think," he went on, slowly, "that you will not give this business up?"

Lizzy rose and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Don't ask that," she whispered. "You don't know what you are asking. I must tell you, though I meant not so to do. What I make by that trade is all I have to keep my mother and myself."

He was astonished. "I did not dream of such a thing," he said. "I would rather have swept the streets, had I been you. What is money, compared with a clear conscience?"

"My conscience is clear. I know my mother; the king I have never seen. He does are nothing to me. But it is a great deal to me that my mother and I should live."

"Marry me, and promise to give it up. I will keep your mother."

"It is good of you," she said, trembling a little. "Let me think of it by myself. I would rather not answer now."

She received her answer till the next day, and some into his room with a solemn face.

"I can not do what you wished," she said, passionately; "it is too much to ask. My whole life has been passed this way." Her words and manner showed that before entering she had been struggling with herself in private, and that the contention had been strong.

Stockdale turned pale, but he spoke quietly. "Then, Lizzy, we must part. I can not go against my conscience in this matter, and I can not make my profession a mockery. You know how I love you, and what I would do for you; but this one thing I can not do."

"But why should you belong to that profession?" she burst out. "I and my mother have got this large house. Why can't you marry me, and live here with us, and not be a Methodist preacher any more? I assure you, Richard, it is no harm, and I wish you could only see it as I do. We only carry it on in winter. In summer it is never done at all. It stirs up one's dull life so this time of the year, and gives excitement, which I have got so used to now that I should hardly know how to do without it. At night when the wind blows, instead of being dull and stupid, and never thinking whether it blows or not, your mind is abroad, even if you are not abroad yourself, and you are wondering how the chaps are getting on, and you walk up and down the room, and look out of the window, and then you go not yourself, and know your way about so well by night as by day, and have hair-breadth escapes from old Latimer and his company, who is too stupid ever to really frighten us, and only makes us a bit nimble."

"He frightened you a little last night, anyhow, and I would advise you to drop it before it at a case."

She shook her head. "No; I must go no to I have begun. I was born to it. 'Tis in my blood, and it can't be cured. Oh, Richard, you can't think what a hard thing you have asked, and how sharply you try me when you put me between this and my love for you!"

Stockdale was leaning with his elbow on the mantel-piece, his hands over his eyes. "We ought never to have met, Lizzy," he said. "It was no ill day for us. I little thought there was any thing or hopelessly impossible to our engagement or this. Well, it is too late now to regret consequences in this way. I have had the happiness of seeing you and knowing you at least."

"You dissent from the Church, and I dissent from the state," she said; "and I don't see why we are not well matched." He smiled sadly, while she remained looking down, her eyes beginning to overflow.

That was an unhappy evening for both of them, and the days that followed were unhappy days. Both he and she went mechanically about their employments, and his depression was marked by more than one of his denomination in the village with whom he came in contact. But Lizzy, who passed these days in-doors, was unsuspected of being the cause, for it was becoming generally understood that a dim family arrangement to marry some day existed between her and her cousin Owlett.

Thus uncertainly the time went on, till one morning Stockdale said to her, "I have had a letter, Lizzy. I must call you that till I am gone."

"Gone?" said she, blankly.

"Yes," he said. "I—I am going from this place. I felt it would be better for us both that I should not stay after what has happened; in fact, I couldn't stay here and look on you from day to day without becoming weak and faltering in my course. I have just heard of an arrangement which will enable me to leave in about a week, and give you an older minister in my place."

That he had all this time continued so firmly fixed in his resolution came upon her as a grievous surprise. "You never loved me," she said, bitterly.

"I might say the same," he returned, "but I will not. Grant me one favor. Come and hear my last sermon on the day before I go."

Lizzy, who went to church on Sunday mornings, frequently went to chapel in the evening, as did so many other inhabitant of the village, and she promised.

It became known that Stockdale was going to leave, and a good many people were sorry to hear it. The intervening days flew rapidly away. On the evening of the Sunday which preceded the Monday of his departure, Lizzy sat in the chapel as hear him for the last time. His sermon was a discourse on contraband trading, or the bad expected; but none of his hearers perceived that it was particularly directed to Lizzy Newberry. Stockdale could not get on with it at all well in the face of her, and to one time nearly broke down.

When he reached home that night she invited him to supper. He found her there alone, her mother having, as was usual with her latterly, gone to bed early.

"We will part friends, aren't we?" said she, with forced gayety, and never alluding to the sermon, a reticence which rather disappointed him.

"We will," he said, with a forced laugh on his side; and then they sat down.

It was the first meal that they had ever shared together in their lives, and probably the last that they would so share. When it was over, and the indifferent conversation could no longer be continued, he arose and took her hand. "Lizzy," he said, "do you say we must part?—do you?"

"You do," she said, solemnly. "I can say no more."

"Nor I," said he. "If that's your answer, good-by." He bent over her and kissed her, and she involuntarily returned his kiss. "I shall go early," he said, hurriedly; "I shall not see you again."

And he did leave early. He fancied, when stepping into the gray morning light, before mounting the van which was to carry him away, that he saw a face between the parted curtains of her window; but the light was faint, and the panes glistened with wet, so that he could not be sure. Stockdale mounted the vehicle, and was gone, and on the following Sunday the new minister preached in his stead.

Did they ever meet again?

One day, two years after the parting, Stockdale, now settled in a midland town, came into Nether-Mynton, by carrier, in the original way. As he jogged along in the van that afternoon he had put questions to the carrier, and the answers that the carrier gave interested the young minister deeply. The result of them was that he went without the least hesitation to the door of his former lodging. It was about the same time of year as when he had left; now, too, the ground was damp and glistening, the west was bright, and Lizzy's snow-drops were raising their heads in the border under the wall.

Lizzy must have caught sight of him, for by the time that he reached the door, she was there holding it open; and then, as if she had not sufficiently considered her act of coming out, she drew back, saying, with some restraint, "Mr. Stockdale!"

"You knew it was I," said Mr Stockdale, taking her hand. "I wrote so my I should call."

"Yes, but you did not say when," she answered.

"I did not; I was not quite sure when I—my business would lead me to this part."

"Or you only came because business brought you near?"

"Well, that is the fact, though I have often thought I should like to come on purpose to see you. But what's all this that has happened? I told you how it would be, Lizzy, and you would not listen to me."

"I would not," she said, sadly, "but I had been brought up to that life; and it was second nature to me. However, it is all over now. The officers have blood-money for taking a man, dead or alive, and the trade's gone as nothing. We were hunted down like rats."

"Owlett is quite gone, I hear?"

"Yes, he's in America. We had a dreadful struggle, that last time, when they tried to take him. It is a perfect miracle that he lived through it, and it is a wonder that I was not killed. I was shot in the hand; it was not by him. The shot was really meant for my cousin, but I was behind, looking on as usual, and the bullet came to me. It bled terribly, but I got home without fainting; and it healed after a time. You know how dreadfully Owlett suffered?"

"No," said Stockdale; "I only heard that he just escaped with his life."

"He was shot in the back, but a rib turned the ball. He was badly hurt. We would not let him be taken; the men carried him all night across to Bere, and hid him in a barn, dressing his wound as well as they could till he was so far recovered as to be able to get about. He had given up his mill for some time, and he at last got to Bristol, and took a passage to America, where he is settled in Wisconsin."

"What do you think of smuggling now?" said the minister, gravely.

"I own that we were wrong," said she. "But I have suffered for it. I am very poor now, and my mother has been dead these twelve months. But won't you come in?"

Stockdale went in; and it is to be presumed that they came to an understanding; for a fortnight later there was a sale of Lizzy's furniture, and after that a wedding at a registry office in a neighboring town.

Stockdale took her away from her old haunts to the home that he had made for himself in his native county, where she studied her duties as a minister's wife with praiseworthy assiduity. It at said that in after years she wrote an excellent tract, called "Render unto Cæsar, or, the Repentant Villagers," to which her own experience was enormously used as the introductory story. Stockdale got it printed, after making some corrections, and putting in a few powerful sentences of his own; and many hundred copies were distributed by that couple to the course of their married life.

THE END.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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WARD'S STATUE OF GENERAL THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAGE.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two very interesting engravings, and an attractive story entitled "How I Feel About It."*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A POLICY OF BLUNDERS.

IF the Democrats in Congress know with what contempt their proceedings are regarded by the intelligent opinion of all parties in the country, they certainly would not prolong them. The position of the President is evident, and it is both impregnable and patriotic. It was plainly stated in the veto message, and it has been shown by all that he has officially said and done. If the Democratic object be simply to prevent wanton and arbitrary military interference at the polls, it is already secured by existing laws, as the President has proved. But if that object be to prevent the people of the United States from enforcing their own laws, when necessary, every where in the Union, and by all the military, naval, and civil power of the country, it is an object which will not be accomplished with the consent of a Republican Administration. No military interference with elections is now legally possible. Under the law the army can neither influence nor intimidate a single voter. There are and can be no bayonets at the polls. The only thing that threatens freedom of elections is Democratic bulldozing and fraud. What, then, is the significance of the outcry about the army at the polls? What is the meaning of this extraordinary jealousy of the government of the people of the United States? It is simply, as we have heretofore shown, an attempt to establish the fundamental doctrine of the rebellion, that the United States can not enter a State except upon the invitation of the State. This was JEFFERSON DAVIS's contention: "All that we ask is to be let alone."

No ingenuity of phrase, no buncombe allusions to English precedents which are wholly inapplicable, as affected apprehensions of "bayonets" and "oppression" and "tyranny," which every sensible American treats with the contempt they merit, can obscure the object of this Democratic performance. In the total lack of any policy or principle with which to appeal to the country for the election next year, with the extinction in overwhelming ridicule, in cipher dispatches and in the proceedings of Congress, of the pretense of "reform," the Democratic managers, at their wits' end, have undertaken to raise a wholly feigned and factitious issue about the army at the polls. Bulldozers and repeaters and fraudulent voters suddenly and solemnly demand "free elections" against the Republicans, who have assured greater freedom of elections than has been known for half a century. And this fine cry is meant to give immunity to the fraud and violence at the polls which are now the chief menace of the public peace. With a genius for blundering, which is the sole surviving characteristic of Democratic ability, the managers have invited the attention of the country to the facts and the arguments against them; they have given the President an opportunity to expose conclusively their malice and their folly; and they have themselves dissipated the force of their cry by compelling every body to know that it is utterly baseless. It is plain to the dullest sense that the result of their policy as originally proposed would be to facilitate cheating and violence, to protect issue ballots and repeating, under the plea of freeing the ballot-box from bayonets. It is soothing the kid in its mother's milk; it is stabbing liberty in the name of liberty; and this is the party which hopes to commend itself to support as especially patriotic and especially jealous of popular rights and liberties.

In the pursuit of this scheme the blunder has developed every moment. The Democrats forced an extra session. They declared, through Messrs. BACK and THURMAN and BLACKBURN, that if they could not accomplish their purpose constitutionally, they would disorganize the government. This threat aroused the country thoroughly, and the veto was sustained by an overwhelming public opinion. Instead of keeping the word given by their leaders, the Democrats decided to yield, and to try to call it victory instead of surrender. As we write, they are proposing to do what they should have done during the late session, and so have prevented an extra session, namely, offer the President a separate bill, and if he vetoes that, swear that he is an true man and let him go. The whole proceeding has been, upon the part of the Democrats, a huge and ridiculous blunder. But it has had the good effect of showing all patriotic and intelligent citizens the impregnable grounds of the national election laws, and the vital necessity of their maintenance. Portywise, the Democratic tactics have united the Republican party, and made it more than ever the national organization for the maintenance of free elections, of popular rights, and of the legitimate national authority over every inch of the Union.

STEPS FORWARD.

THERE has been as much derision and incredulity about civil service examinations in the New York Custom-house, that it is the duty of those who are interested in the subject, and who have personal knowledge of these examinations, to give their evidence for the benefit of that great and intelligent public which sees more and more clearly that an reform is more indispensable than that of the method of appointment and promotion and removal in the minor civil service. The chief value of the method now honestly enforced in the two chief public offices of the kind in the country, the New York Custom-house and the New York Post-office, is the proof that it affords of the practicability of obtaining competent and efficient incumbents without "influence," or "pressure," or intreaty, or intercession of any kind. The Post-office has been long managed on a sound system, which experience has now completed by introducing competition, and it is confessedly, in point of efficiency and satisfaction to the public, the best large post-office in the country. The method is of very recent introduction at the Custom-house, but it has been observed there with perfect integrity. There has been no kind of evasion or collusion. The examinations have been conducted with the utmost care and intelligence; the papers have been prepared with great good sense, involving mainly knowledge which would be immediately required in the discharge of official duty; the attendance of conspicuous and impartial citizens has been sought as witnesses of the good faith of the proceeding; and the result has been in every case thus far, to our personal knowledge, the selection and appointment of the competitor who had shown himself to be most competent.

There has been sharp criticism of some changes in certain superior customs offices as inconsistent with an honest regard for the principles of a sound service. But it can not fairly be expected that in every case and at every point the practices of fifty years are to be changed, and every form and degree of abuse removed in a twinkling. Reforms, as far as we have observed, do not proceed with perfect consistency in every detail. The history of this reform in England, admirably sketched in a late article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, shows how slowly and incompletely such a movement advances. The particular criticism of which we speak assumes that removals have been wantonly made for mere political and illicit reasons, and that the assertion of an actual change of system is therefore ridiculous. We speak, however, of what we know when we say that the change in the method of appointment to vacancies in clerkships and inspectorships is actual, and not merely pretended. There have been some removals which are alleged to be without just cause. That, however, will be alleged in the case of every removal which is not made for a declared reason, such as dishonesty, or proved neglect, or similar offense. But obviously there may be legitimate reasons for removal which the superior officer, under any system, is not bound to disclose. It does not follow that they involve the character of the person removed, nor ought it to be part of a sound system that no one shall be removed without charges, arraignment, and evidence. Much must be left to a wise discretion of removal, if it be provided that all inducements to its illicit exercise shall be destroyed. That, we grant, is impossible as long as an appointment to the vacancy may be made at will; and although action in such a case may be entirely honest and free from illicit motive, it will be necessarily as open to abuse that it should not be permitted. There are very few positions in the Custom-house that might not be filled adequately by promotion, and promotion upon fair principles would effectually prevent arbitrary removal.

Among the places to be filled by proved proficiency are the weigherships, which have been regarded as among the best prizes. An examination for promotion to such a post has been lately held, and with the same fairness as all the others. As it becomes generally understood that the letters of politicians and men of influence, and of political associations and committees, will not secure an appointment, and that despite piles of such recommendations the man who shows upon examination that he lacks the knowledge necessary to do the duty of the place will be set aside for him who, without the least influence, shows that he has the knowledge—as the becomes known, the chief officers at the Custom-house will be relieved of the endless and annoying importunity of place-hunters and place-brokers, whether members of Congress or other high dignitaries. Besides this, the ordinary office-seeker will disappear, and intelligent young men, seeing that an honorable career is opened to talent and capacity, will compete for places in the public service. One of the most commonplace sneers at a sensible system is that the places would be filled by clergymen and school-masters, as if such persons would probably be more inefficient than bummers and boozers, or as if intelligent and educated men were less likely to show the special faculty required in a public office than the ignorant and shiftless. A fair examination often shows that men who apply for office, and who are fortified with recommendations that, under a system of patronage, would secure their appointment, are absolutely ignorant of the simplest requirements of desks to which they ask to be appointed; and such an examination will also often show, on the other hand, that those who are most competent for their places have been peremptorily and wantonly removed. The friends of a real reform throughout the country may be assured that in the two great public offices in New York, the Post-office, and the Collector's and Surveyor's offices and that of the Naval Officer in the Custom-house, the system of appointment by merit to the places to which the system is applied—and they are the vast mass of them—is thoroughly and honestly enforced.

"HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

THE June number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, which will be issued, as usual, by the middle of May, begins the fifty-ninth volume of a periodical which has had an unparalleled popularity and prosperity for more than a generation, and which, amid all changes, still maintains its extraordinary precedence. It was the pioneer of great illustrated magazines in this country. It addressed itself directly to the mass of intelligent people, and sought to entertain and instruct by laying under contribution all the genius of the English-speaking race, and by avoiding topics of contention, which had their especial and adequate organs of every kind. It added to this attraction a profusion of various illustrations in the highest style of wood-engraving, and with this it has so kept pace that the series of volumes of *Harper* is an amply illustrated history of the astonishing progress of the delightful art of wood-engraving in America. This progress is one of the striking phenomena of the last half century, and the enthusiast might fancy BEWICK looking at the June number of *Harper* with seraphic admiration.

The secret of the continuous prosperity of the *Magazine* is its flexibility and constant adaptation to the advancing popular taste. It has not permitted itself to become old-fashioned, or to despise the newer taste and the more modern feeling, but it has, in fact, rather anticipated than followed the popular demand, without renouncing in the least degree the principles which originally secured its first great success. It is as more polemical now than at first. It appeals to no special class, or interest, or aliquot. Its constant tone of urbanity and declination of partisan or sectarian discussion secure it a universal welcome, which it has retained not by a want of character, but by a character both positive in itself and attractive to every taste. During its long career it has more than once renewed its general appearance in type and form, without violence, so to speak, with no revolutionary emphasis, but in a way still to keep its place and its hold, and to assure its friends that whatever any of the fine or mechanical arts in book manufacture can accomplish shall be turned to their advantage.

The June number of the *Magazine*, in pursuance of this purpose, will be the handsomest number of a popular magazine ever issued in this country, and therefore in the world, for neither in England nor in France, nor elsewhere in Europe, is there a popular magazine at all comparable with *Harper*. A new, enlarged, and legible type, with a somewhat broader page, and a wealth of exquisite illustration, with articles fresh, racy, timely, and of valuable instruction, will together compose what the French would call a "monumental number." Old friends will find nothing painfully new and strange in the aspect of the familiar visitor, whose general characteristics are part of its charm, but all those characteristics, and all that has made the familiarity so attractive, will be only enhanced and adorned. Much has happened since the airy sprites upon the well-known cover began to blow their bubbles and to scatter their flowers. But through every change, within and without, personal and national and universal, they have still touched the heart of the reader with the rainbow tints of hope and romance, still strewn his path with the sweet blossoms of memory and experience. They are of immortal youth. With every month they are as unworn and unwearied as when, sweet little cherubs that sit up aloft, they were first behold by the readers of other days. They are the emblems of the perpetual youth of *Harper*, which is but renewed in the forth-coming number.

THE TRUE SOUTHERN POLICY.

WE have received a letter from a Democratic planter in the Red River Parish, Louisiana, commenting upon some of our remarks upon the negro exodus. He denies that the movement is due to ill treatment, and attributes it to childish superstition and credulity. "It would be enough for one of their trusted leaders to dream of Kansas as a land flowing with milk and honey, to start a neighborhood; and having been freed without effort of their own, they have always looked for the forty acres and a mule to come in the same way." Our correspondent was an eye-witness of the Conshatta and Caledonia riots, which he thinks sprang from the same credulity and superstition, and he insists that the negroes were the aggressors in both instances. He attributes the misery of the situation to the reconstruction acts. But he apparently forgets what necessitated reconstruction. Admitting that a Kansas stampede would be a terrible industrial blow, he yet asserts that he and his neighbors would prefer it ten thousand times to a return to the rule of barbarism. He is planting with more than two hundred colored hands, who are happy and prosperous, and he has no wish to change from colored to white labor. Speaking for "the Southern people"—by which he evidently means the whites—he says that they want no more revolutions, but that they need recuperation. In his neighborhood the majority of the colored voters now vote with "us," honestly and without intimidation. But there is a large number "who will at any time go to Kansas" if excited, and by excitement of that kind, "if you choose, you can reduce the cotton supply, and bring misery and suffering to thousands of new happy homes."

The letter is the expression of a truly sincere conviction. Of that we have no doubt. But the writer, and those who think with him, have a very mistaken idea of the real Republican feeling of this part of the country, which desires harmony and good understanding quite as heartily as they, and which therefore views with disgust the Democratic antics in Congress. We shall not enter upon the historical question of responsibility for "the misery of negro rule" and of reconstruction, for that is a perfectly useless crimination and recrimination. The question for our correspondent to consider is how he and his friends can recover and maintain the leadership of the new colored citizens whose industrial co-operation is essential to the prosperity of the Southern States and to the common welfare. This can be done, undoubtedly, but not as easily as formerly. It can be done, however, in one way only, and that is by active, positive, careful proof to the colored people that all their rights shall be secure, and that white offenders against them shall be promptly arrested and tried and punished by white action and authority. Had this been done at first, honestly and fully, there would have been no color line of politics in the Southern States; but now that such an exodus has begun, such a policy is indispensable.

If the action of the Mississippi Valley Labor Convention, which recently sat at Vicksburg, shall be practically and generally sustained in the Southern States, it will be by far the most significant and beneficent event since the war. Men like our correspondent hold the key of the Southern situation. The dissolution of the solid adverse colored vote depends wholly upon them. It can not be dissolved by rifles and whips, by issue ballots and unfair election laws. These only bind it more closely together, and arouse the just indignation of decent men of all parties every where. It can be dissolved only by the consciousness of the colored people that they are fairly treated. That is the only adequate "Southern policy." There has not been since the war an event as important in the Southern States as the resolutions of the Vicksburg Convention. Let "the war come up to the manifesto," and every patriotic man in the country will rejoice. Our correspondent and all of his friends could not do themselves nor the country a greater service than in practically carrying out this platform, our could

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they do any thing so sure to put an end to mischievous sectional agitation. Let them put these words into deeds, and the "Southern Question" will disappear.

"*Resolved*, That the interests of planters, laborers, landlords, and tenants are identical; that they must prosper and suffer together; that it is the duty of planters and landlords of the States here represented to devise and adopt some contract system with laborers and tenants by which both parties will receive the full benefit of labor governed by intelligence and economy.

"*Resolved*, That this Convention does affirm that the colored race has been placed by the Constitution of the United States and the States here represented and the laws thereof on a plane of absolute legal equality with the white race, and does declare that the colored race shall be accorded the practical enjoyment of all rights, civil and political, guaranteed by said Constitution and laws.

"*Resolved*, That to this end the members of this Convention pledge themselves to use whatever power and influence they possess to protect the colored race against all dangers in respect to the fair expression of their wills at the polls which they apprehend may result from fraud, intimidation, or bulldozing on the part of the whites. And as there can be no liberty of action without freedom of thought, demand that all elections shall be free and fair, and that no repressive measures shall be employed by colored people to deprive their own race of the fullest freedom in the exercise of the highest right of citizenship.

"*Resolved*, That the unrestricted credit system pervading the States here represented, based upon heavy mortgages on stock and crops to be grown in the future, followed by short crops, has provoked distrust, created unrest, and disturbed their entire laboring population. All laws authorizing liens on crops for advances of articles—other than those of prime necessity at moderate profits—whether such advances are made by landlord, planter, or merchant, should be discountenanced and repealed.

"*Resolved*, That this Convention calls upon colored people here present to contradict false reports circulated among and impressed upon the more ignorant and credulous, to instruct them that no lands, mules, or money await them in Kansas or elsewhere without labor or price, and to report to the civil authorities all persons disseminating such reports.

"*Resolved*, That it is the constitutional right of colored people to emigrate when they please to whatever State they may select for residence; but the Convention urges them to proceed in their movements toward emigration as reasonable human beings, providing in advance by economy means for transportation and settlement, and sustaining their reputation for honesty and fair dealing by preserving it intact until the completion of such contracts for labor-leasing as have already been made. If, when they have done this, they still desire to leave, all obstacles to their departure will be removed, all practicable assistance will be afforded to them, and their places will be supplied with other contented labor.

"Your committee believe that if the views expressed in the foregoing resolutions are practically carried out by the people of both races in good faith, the disquiet of our people will subside. We appeal to the people of both races to aid us in carrying these resolutions into effect, to report to the authorities all violations of laws and all interference with private rights."

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The substitute offered in the House by Mr Robeson for the modified bill of the Democratic majority was defeated by a strict party vote, but it contains the true principle, which is that of the Republican party. Let any honest citizen ponder these words, and then say whether they do not state a wise and just and constitutional position:

"A bill to further protect the freedom of elections:

"*Whereas*, The unnecessary presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and would tend to destroy the freedom of elections; and

"*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls has heretofore been, and may hereafter be, necessary and proper for the suppression of illegal and powerful combinations of armed men in military array, engaged in obstructing by force the due execution of the laws of the United States, and in destroying the freedom and peace of elections; and

"*Whereas*, Experience has shown that the existence of the republic, the supremacy of its laws, and the liberty of its people can only be maintained against the military and other powerful combinations of their enemies by the exertion of the military power of the government, in subordination to the civil power, in support of the law; and

"*Whereas*, The injunctions of the Constitution that the President shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed are equally binding in respect to laws relating to elections, the course of justice, and all other laws of the United States, without distinction of days, places, or occasions; therefore,

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such employment be necessary to carry out the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, or to overcome forcible obstruction to the execution of the laws made in pursuance thereof.

"Sec. 2. Every person who violates the provisions of this act shall be subject to the penalties named in Section 5528 of the Revised Statutes."

If the Democrats mean only this fair and reasonable provision, why did they oppose the substitute? If they mean something else, what is it? This is the bill as passed by the House:

"*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections; therefore,

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce Section 4, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed."

If by "armed enemies of the United States" be meant those who in the words of the Republican substitute offer "forcible obstruction to the execution of the laws" of the United States, the bill authorizes the only use of military force for which good citizens contend. But if it means that the United States are *not* to enter a State to defend their own rights and protect their own citizens when engaged in discharging a national duty, except upon the invitation of a State which may be itself conniving at the overthrow of those rights, then it means to re-assert the doctrine of secession pure and simple. It is a doctrine to which this generation of Americans, at least, will never assent, and upon which the Republicans will most gladly appeal to the country.

It is reported from Washington that action will be taken upon the bill in the Senate, perhaps before this paper is issued. It is further reported that the President will sign the bill as passed. The President's views have been plainly stated in the veto message. He holds that under existing laws no military interference at elections is possible, and he says: "It is the right and duty of the national government to enact and enforce laws which will secure free and fair Congressional elections." The fundamental Republican and sound constitutional principle upon the subject could not be more clearly stated. If the President should sign the bill, therefore, he would do so because in his judgment it does not embarrass the maintenance of this right. It would not prevent the United States from opposing with arms if necessary, under the direction of the civil power, "rifle clubs," "red-shirts," and all other armed enemies of the United States at the polls, by whatever names they might be called. The essential point has been indicated by the President, and that he will maintain. Fortunately there is no man in the party, probably, who is less likely to be bulldozed by caucus dictation or individual bullying and insult, and in the hands of no Republican could the vital principle at stake in this controversy be safer than in his.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The good work of wise and efficient charity requires a constant appeal to public sympathy and aid, and a perpetual generous refusal upon the part of good citizens to be annoyed. Here is the beautiful Flower Mission, which renews its work with the opening of the blossoms, carrying, in the form of flowers and fruit, inexpressible blessing and refreshment into hospitals and hovels, cheering the souls of the sick and suffering and dying, restoring their faith, and quickening their humanity. Last year contributions came from nearly one hundred and fifty towns within a hundred miles of the city; more than a hundred and fifty thousand bouquets were distributed among the hospitals, asylums, homes, industrial schools, and factories, and there were twenty-six thousand distributions of fruit and fresh vegetables among tenement-houses. Also—and, we are proud to say, in consequence of some notice of ours of this good work—the same mission receives pictures for soldiers at the frontier posts in hospital and barracks; and four hundred and seventy-five bright chromos and colored lithographs have been received and forwarded to twenty-three forts west of the Mississippi. The Flower Mission will not cut off the army supplies, whatever Congress may do. The secretary suggests that every well-disposed person should select one frontier fort, and mail one of his weekly newspapers to the steward every week. Meanwhile fresh flowers, fruits, and vegetables may be sent to the rooms, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, every Monday and Thursday, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

But another claim of another and most important kind is that of the State Charities Aid Association. This is also largely conducted by ladies, and it is one of the most efficient and admirable of charitable organizations. It was established seven years ago, to promote active public interest in the administration of the institutions of public charities, and to reduce pauperism and help the poor by reforming the present poor-law system. In a word, the object was to rescue the community from the combined evils of mechanical and perfunctory public charity, and from ignorant and indiscriminate private almsgiving. Most of the money which is given in charity by private persons at their doors and on the street increases crime, poverty, and misery, and fosters a serious danger to society. There is nothing which requires more detailed knowledge, more constant care and sagacity, than the relief of the poor, and to give money without this indispensable care and knowledge is worse than to throw it away, because it breeds great evils. The Association, therefore, has sought to bring the subject of practical charity in the counties of the State to the notice of those who are willing to give it personal attention at the cost of much time, incessant trouble, repugnance, and disagreeable opposition. The results have been most encouraging, and a very marked improvement is observable in quarters hitherto without hope. Indeed, the whole subject of poor relief is generally so repulsive that not only cruelty and suffering in the treatment of the poor and the prisoners, but corruption and fraud in the management of the public poor money, have been made very possible. The moment it is understood that the poor and the penal institutions of every county are under the constant and close inspection of the most respectable, responsible, and courageous citizens and neighbors, that consciousness alone will make improvement easier.

Under the auspices of the Association, twenty-nine visiting committees are now in active operation in twenty-four counties. The inquiries and action of the Association have resulted in the founding of the training school for nurses at Bellevue Hospital, the influence of which is felt throughout the hospitals of the country, and in the movement for the reform of the tenement-house system. The Association also did much to procure the passage of the Children's Law, which removes children of a certain age from the poor-houses. But the chief result of its labors is the signally improved condition of every public institution which it has taken under its observation, and the effective attention which it has aroused to the subject of charity and prison treatment. It is, indeed, one of the most practically Christian institutions conceivable. Its object is to visit those who are sick and in prison, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, in that way which shall be most helpful to the needy and most beneficial to society. Its work is one of the finest forms of our modern civilization, and it deserves not only the sympathy but the practical assistance of those who understand its value. There are more than five hundred men and women giving their time and labor to the work of the Charities Aid Association. But there are expenses necessary for rent of a central office, for a secretary's salary and travelling expenses, for printing, stationery, postage, and other similar outlays. Those who see the great economy and moral benefit to every community of such a work so conducted, and who are so situated that they can do no more, can yet send such sums of money as they will to John Crosby Brown, treasurer, 6 East Fourteenth Street.

PERSONAL.

The treatment by General Logan of the proposition recently made to him by Congressman Lowe, that he should go to some quiet place and allow himself to be perforated, recalls to Colonel Forney the reply of John Van Buren to some irate person whose honor had been assailed to that extent that it could only be satisfied with Mr Van Buren's gore. Mr Van Buren, after reading the challenge of the man whose feelings had been hurt, handed it back to the second, saying, with a cool smile, "Take it back, my dear friend, to Mr. ——, and say to him that I would do any thing for him that is in my power; I would give him any thing I have to soothe him; I would freely give him this ugly sore on my leg if I could get rid of it. Good morning, Sir!"

—Fifty-six young men and women have just graduated from the High School of Hartford, Connecticut, among whom were two Chinese students, both of whom delivered orations, while valedictory and salutatory were given by Mary C. Wells and Lilian M. Bogert.

—Mr. John Watt, who died in Springfield, Ohio, on the 25th of April, at the age of seventy-four, was one of the oldest printers in the United States, having worked sixty-two years continuously at "the case" as a compositor. He was a native of New York, and in boyhood was a companion and afterward a fellow-workman of the founders of the house of Harper & Brothers. The Springfield *Republic*, in which he was employed up to his last illness, speaks of him as "a consistent Christian man, a good citizen, and a pleasant companion"—three qualities that make an estimable and attractive character.

—The friends of Mr Paul H. Hayne, the well-known Southern poet, will be glad to learn that the completion of his fiftieth year, January 1, 1880, will be celebrated by the publication of an elegant edition of his poetical works in one quarto volume. Besides portraits on steel and wood, the volume will be richly illustrated with engravings from original designs by some of our best artists. The work will be issued to subscribers only, and is to be paid for on delivery. Colonel John G. James, superintendent of the Military Institute at Austin, Texas, will act as general supervisor of the subscription list, and will supply subscription cards on application. The entire profits of the work will go to the poet, and we trust that it will have the large and ready sale which it deserves.

—The mechanical legend that "the best motive is a locomotive" was successfully illustrated by the late Matthew Baird, of Philadelphia, who by the making of locomotives amassed a fortune of $4,156,000, which passes into the hands of his widow, ten children, and two grandchildren.

—Colonel Drake, the petroleum pioneer, who put down the first oil well in the United States twenty years ago, is to have a monument at Titusville, Pennsylvania. He died poor, reaping scarcely any advantage from his discovery.

—The young King of Italy paid "the legendary hero" Garibaldi a visit in Rome a few days ago, and had a conversation alone with him. Afterward Garibaldi, who was out driving, stopped at the Quirinal Palace to inquire when the King would receive him. His Majesty, who happened to be at home, said he would receive him then, and added that he would go down into the garden so as to save the General the pain of being carried up stairs. When the carriage came in, the King entered it, and chatted with Garibaldi for half an hour. It is no secret in Rome that Garibaldi admits that the house of Savoy must rule better and more economically, or give place to a government that can.

—Mr Justin McCarthy's last literary work, *A History of Our Own Times*, is having an extraordinary success. Already seven editions have been disposed of, and the demand continues. It has been republished in this country by Harper & Brothers in the "Franklin Square Library."

—The two youngest and most eloquent preachers in the Roman Catholic Church, Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, are to be the preachers at the dedication of the new cathedral in this city on the 25th of this month.

—Henry Russell, the best ballad-singer ever heard in America, and who forty years ago, when living in Rochester, New York, composed "The Old English Gentleman," "The Maniac," etc., and sang these in his own brilliant accompaniment to the principal cities of the country, appeared on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, London, a few days ago, and sang at Mr Laman Blanchard's benefit. Mr Russell, when he first came to this country, found a warm and most useful friend in the late Dr Frederick F. Backus, of Rochester, the father of Mr Charles Backus, of the San Francisco Minstrels. He was on intimate terms, also, with Leonard W. and Lawrence R. Jerome, ex-Congressman Roswell Hart, ex-Mayor Hamlet Scrantom, and other lively gentlemen of Rochester, Batavia, and "towns 'round," all of whom were then fine amateur vocalists, and who retain the knack now, when frosty pows have succeeded to what the boy of the Bowery described as "a lofty forward and a curling head of hair." No one who heard Russell sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Ivy Green," "The Cork Leg," or "Wind of the Winter Night" will ever forget his wonderful barytone voice and his extraordinary dramatic power. Mr Russell's son Harry is an artist of much merit, and a contributor to *Punch*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the House, on the 5th inst., Mr. Ladd (Greenbacker), of Maine, introduced a bill to prevent military interference at elections. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The text is as follows: "*Whereas*, The presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the traditions of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections; therefore, *Be it enacted, etc.*, That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce Section 4, Article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed." A similar bill was introduced in the Senate, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. On the 6th, the new bill was reported to the House, without amendment, and passed, by 151 to 98. No debate was allowed, and a substitute offered by Mr Robeson was voted down.—On the 7th, the Senate resolved to re-open the question of Mr. Kellogg's title to his seat in that body.—On the 9th, the House laid the bill to enforce the eight-hour law on the table.

The Kentucky Democratic State Convention met at Louisville on the 1st inst., and nominated Dr. Luke P. Blackburn for Governor and James E. Cantrill for Lieutenant-Governor. The platform approves the conduct of the Democrats in Congress in relation to the Army Bill.

An explosion of blasting powder in the Grand Trunk freight yard at Stratford, Canada, on the 8th inst., wrecked fifty cars, killed three workmen, and injured three others.

California voted, on the 7th inst., by a majority of from 6000 to 10,000, to adopt the new Constitution.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported from Cape Town, by a prisoner who escaped from the Zulus, that Umbalini and his brother were both killed in the attack on Colonel Wood's camp. Dabulamanzi, who led the attack on Ginginhlovu on the 2d ult., and other chiefs, with large armies following, have proffered submission. Lord Chelmsford promised them personal safety and possession of their cattle, but said, pending the termination of the war, they should be located on British territory. John Dunn, formerly Cetywayo's adviser, having pledged his word for their safety, the chiefs are expected in at once.

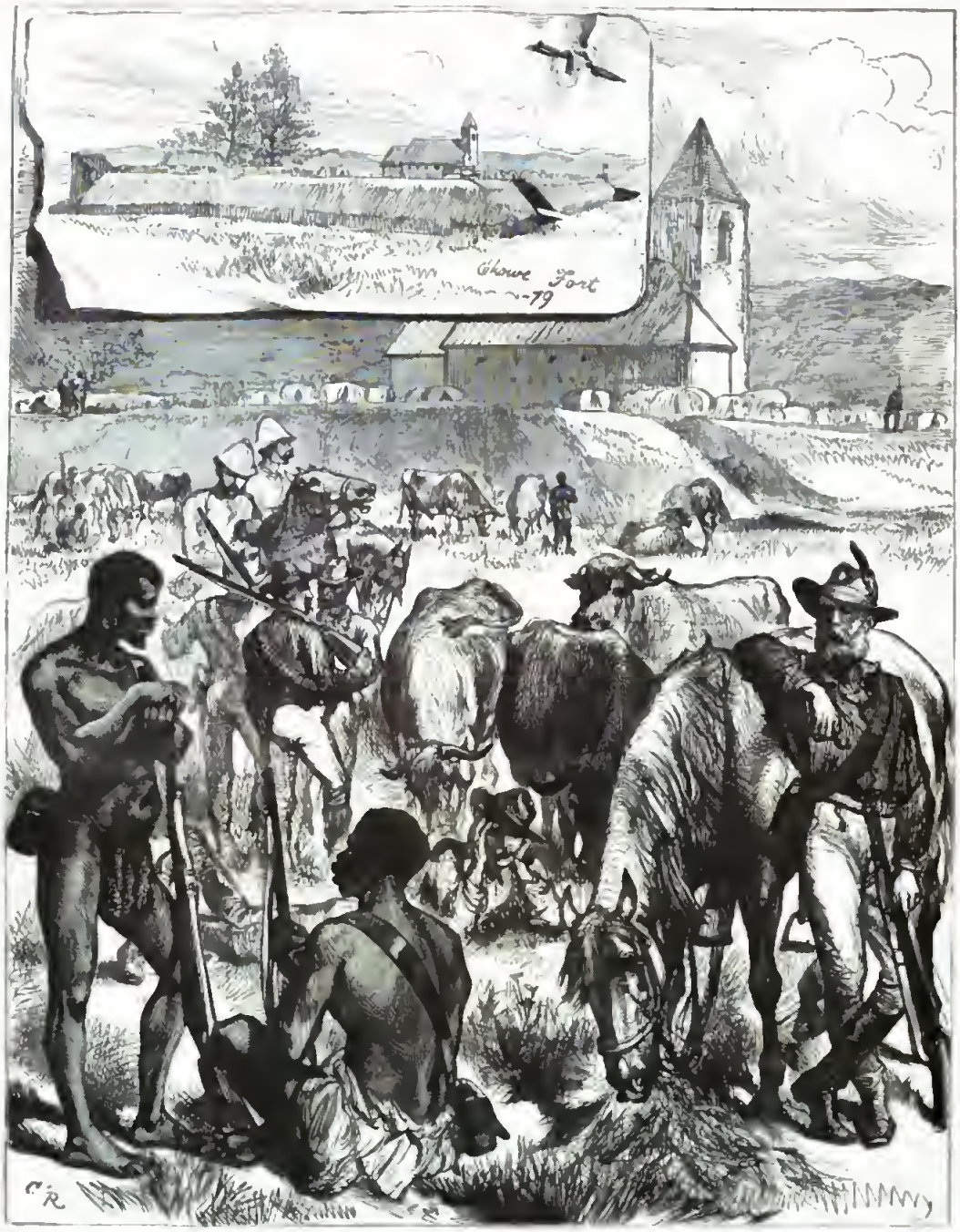
The Afghan war is believed to have been virtually ended. Yakoob Khan came into the British camp at Gundamuk on the 8th. He was met at the frontier by Major Cavagnari and a detachment of the Tenth Hussars and guides. British troops of all arms lined the route to the camp—a distance of two and a half miles. General Browne and staff received the Ameer on his arrival at the end of the line, when a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The Ameer has announced his arrival to the Viceroy of India, and expressed a desire for the establishment of friendly relations between India and Afghanistan.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to Berlin says it is officially announced that Russia has agreed to surrender Kuldja to China in return for a revision of the treaties relative to the frontier and other concessions.

The cholera is raging in parts of India. Nearly a million pilgrims who assembled at Hurdwar Fair have carried the disease in various directions. Outbreaks are reported from Delhi, Wuzeerabad, Rawul-Pindee, and elsewhere. Some cases have occurred among European troops. It is asserted that of 30,000 persons who went to the fair from Cashmere, a quarter are missing.

In the British House of Lords, on the 6th inst., the Prince of Wales presented the petition of 3264 Norfolk farmers in favor of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He said he believed the measure would be of great advantage to the community at large, and he would support it. Lord Houghton (Liberal) moved the second reading of the bill. The government, represented by Lord Cranbrook, Secretary of State for India, strongly opposed it, and the second reading was defeated by a vote of 101 to 81. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Bishop of Ripon voted with the minority, and fourteen of the bishops with the majority.—In the House of Commons, on the 2d, Sir Stafford Northcote, in reply to Sir Robert Peel's question as to whether the government intended to take any action with reference to the repressive measures recently adopted in Russia, said, in effect, that England has nothing to do with the internal affairs of that country.—In the House, on the 6th, a declaratory resolution in favor of abolishing action for a breach of promise of marriage, except in cases where actual pecuniary loss has been incurred by reason of the promise, was carried by a vote of 106 yeas to 65 nays.

The British and French notes have been presented to the Khedive. They express deep regret at recent events, and declare that the Khedive will be held responsible for the consequences. They urge the re-appointment of European ministers, *vice* Messrs. Wilson and De Blignières, but do not insist upon it. The Khedive has not yet replied.



THE ZULU WAR—FORT EKOWE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. T. PEARSON, OF VERULAM, NATAL.

COLONEL PEARSON AT EKOWE.

THE experiences of Colonel PEARSON and his gallant little garrison at Ekowe form one of the most interesting chapters of the Zulu war. This unimportant little town was originally a Norwegian mission station in Zululand, abandoned by its occupants, and more or less wrecked by the natives when the present troubles began. The mission had made few converts, and has of late only been tolerated by CETSWAYO. It consisted of three houses of sun-dried brick, thatched with straw, and a church of the same material, the latter, however, being roofed with galvanized iron. All these are still standing, and at the time of Colonel PEARSON's occupation were inclosed within the fort, the houses forming stores, the church a hospital, and the small tower a look-out place. Besides these there were also three other houses, which were pulled down by the troops to avoid giving cover. The water is obtained from a spring which supplies a stream running through thick woods.

Colonel PEARSON, as is well known, commanded one of the four columns into which the English army was divided upon entering Zululand. He crossed the Tugela in the second week of January, and reached Ekowe on the 23d of the same month; that is, on the day succeeding the disaster at Isandula. After that affair Lord CHELMSFORD communicated with each of the different columns, ordering them to disregard all former directions, and to act strictly on the defensive, it being left to the discretion of Colonel PEARSON whether he would retire from Ekowe or remain there intrenched. The latter course was decided upon, and the troops set to work fortifying the position. The fort at Ekowe when complete was an irregular hexagon, surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep and ten feet wide. It had all sorts of military disadvantages, however, on the outside, being commanded on almost all faces, in spite of its elevated position—two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The church was loop-holed for defense, and there were four hundred and fifty yards of parapet for the use of musketry, and batteries for one Gatling gun, two twelve-pounders, two seven-pounders, and two rocket tubes. On those faces of the fort which were unflanked there were caponieres, and the salients were rendered impracticable to a sudden rush by all sorts of cunning obstacles. Altogether the fort at Ekowe, when finally completed and equipped, was no mean defense against the Zulus; neither was it entirely unattractive quarters to the English troops, for one member of the garrison writes:

"To the southeast, fourteen hundred yards off, is a hill about five hundred feet higher than this, from which, as, indeed, from all the high points round here, magnificent views can be obtained. The sea glitters on one side, about twenty miles off, and all round we overlook green rolling ground, dotted here and there with Caffre kraals, the slopes covered with a dark bush, which stretches in green waves till they merge into a chain of hills some three hundred feet high, only to drop again into a common valley. Nevertheless, at sunrise or sunset, with a clear sky, the charm of the view does tend to alleviate one's repugnance to being planted out here. Outside the houses were two magnificent groves of orange-trees, a coffee garden, some banana patches, two or three fine clumps of bamboo, and several timber trees; all these have been levelled to the ground by the ruthless fortifiers, with the exception of a few fine specimens of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum, which are still within the fort."

Colonel PEARSON's sojourn at Ekowe lasted from the latter part of January until the beginning of April. During much of this time the garrison was entirely cut off, the only means of communication being the heliograph, or sun-flashing telegraph. By one of this instrument information was obtained of the condition of affairs at the fort. So long as Colonel PEARSON's supplies continued to hold out, but little anxiety was felt. When, however, it became certain that these were on the point of exhaustion, it was determined to send out a relief column, the commander-in-chief leading. Lord CHELMSFORD succeeded in fighting his way through the enemy from the Lower Tugela to Ekowe, defeating an attack made on his camp by 11,000 Zulus on the morning of the 3d of April, under the leadership of DABULAMANZI, the Zulu general who commanded at Isandula, and whose portrait we gave some time ago. The column under Lord CHELMSFORD's immediate command numbered about 6700 fighting men, of whom 3400 were Europeans and 2300 natives. It consisted of the Ninety-ninth, Ninety-first, Fifty-seventh, Third-Sixtieth regiments, a portion of the Buffs, and the Naval Brigade, with 200 cavalry, and two battalions, each 800 strong, of the native contingent. The force was divided into two columns, the advance commanded by Colonel LAW, the rear commanded by Major PEMBERTON. The column, when in motion, extended over a considerable distance.

On the 4th of April Ekowe was relieved, Lord

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BRUTE FORCE.

THE RUSSIAN COSSACK CARRYING OFF THE BRIDE OF CIVILIZATION—LIBERTY.

CHELMSFORD entering the town with three regiments and a body of marines during the night. The camp was found to be very strong, only thirty having died during the investment, though a hundred men were in the hospital. A full history of the events of the expedition has not yet reached us, although enough is known of the difficulties of the enterprise to show that its successful accomplishment can have been no mean feat of arms. The mere task of conveying the 113 wagons which were to have accompanied the slender relieving force is one of which few persons can form an adequate conception. Those only will appreciate its arduous and perilous character who are aware that the length of such a train, allowing sufficient intervals for its orderly management, would extend over a distance of some six miles. To have conducted it safely to its destination, through a series of hard-fought even though petty engagements with the enemy, reflects credit alike on officers and men. Lord CHELMSFORD's success in reaching Ekowe has been made a reason for great congratulation in England, the newspapers even suggesting that it may be looked upon in a measure as compensating for the great disaster at Isandula.

NIHILISM IN RUSSIA.

THE Nihilist movement in Russia, culminating in the recent attempt upon the life of the Czar, indicates a condition of affairs in that empire which may well give rise to the most serious apprehensions, resembling as it does the terrible agitation which preceded the French revolution of 1793. As in France the plans of the discontented populace did not extend beyond a wholesale destruction of the existing order of things, so in Russia the present revolutionists aim at nothing beyond the subversion of the government and the abrogation of all laws now standing, leaving the chaos that must ensue as a matter too unimportant for consideration. As generally understood in this country, and as the etymology of the name indicates, Nihilism means simply the annihilation of all social distinctions. It means no family or domestic relations, no social restrictions, no laws, no wealth, no prosperity. It also includes the abrogation of all religious principle, until there shall be no faith, no morals, no Christianity, and no God. In this vast and comprehensive scheme the single thought seems to be that whatever is is bad, and that the duty of those connected with the organization is to compass, if possible, the ruin of all existing institutions.

The name by which the Nihilist organization is known among those suspected of having sympathy with its aims and intentions is, "The Russian National Secret Society." It is said to have no central authority and no recognized leaders, the greatest mystery existing in regard to its members, who, so far as possible, remain strangers to each other. The number of Nihilists is not large, if the millions of people of various nationalities in the Russian Empire are taken into consideration, but it includes a very large proportion of the intellectual and what are commonly known as the higher classes. The strongholds of Nihilism are unquestionably the universities, where the youth of the best families in the land are congregated. One gentleman, known to be in sympathy with the Nihilist movement, and recently in communication with the New York *Sun*, expresses himself as follows: "We have seven universities in seven different cities—St. Petersburg, Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, Kazan, Warsaw, and Dorpat. To these youths, and to other members, male and female, of the educated classes, Nihilism is chiefly confined. But a small proportion of the peasants are sufficiently educated to be able to comprehend the principles of Nihilism. Nevertheless, while the peasantry are, as a rule, incapable of clearly understanding the aims and objects of the Nihilists, yet many of them, especially dissenters from the orthodox or state Church, sympathize with our movement, and entertain purposes corresponding in a general way to the objects of Nihilism."

The great Russian secret society is said to be administered under the following rules. Six members can form a separate lodge, or "circle," with full power to act and receive new members, but only with the greatest precaution. A candidate for admission must be recommended as a trustworthy man upon whom reliance can be placed under any circumstances. After satisfactory investigation, the circle in full meeting votes on the new member. Two votes against him are sufficient cause for rejection. One may also be, provided the opposing member can support his opposition by undoubted evidences of disqualification. A newly chosen member is invited to a

meeting of the circle, where he must take the following solemn obligation or oath:

"I, A. B., do solemnly, before the altar of my mother country, promise and swear that I will never disclose, under penalty of death, any of the secrets of the 'Russian National Secret Society' before any agent of the tyrannical Russian government having the Czar at its head, or any one whom I do not actually know to be a member of this society; that I will sacrifice my life and all that is sacred to me in the struggle against the blood-thirsty tyrants and oppressors of the Russian people; that I will obey and execute every unanimous decision of the circle without hesitation, being ready to sacrifice my life, and regardless of any personal danger I may encounter in so doing. I know that I must be ready to fight in the name of the liberty of the Russian people when the moment of rising shall arrive, and the grand sign be given calling all to arms. I do solemnly swear that I will resist, in case of an attempt to arrest me or any other member of the society by the government agents, with whatever weapon is at my disposal at the moment, without fear or regard for personal consequences; that I will not recommend any new member without the knowledge that he is a true friend of the oppressed Russian people; that from the moment I become a member of this 'Secret National Russian Society' I regard myself as a sworn enemy of the Russian despotical government, and begin to act against it by every means I can command."

The great agency of the Nihilists is, of course, the printing press. Within the past twelve months, bills, pamphlets, and placards have been multiplied in an almost miraculous manner, appearing at the doors of nobles and at the cottages of laborers in a way that challenges respect for the courage of those who deliver them. During the night, bills are posted in all parts of the capital and other large cities, and when torn down by the authorities, re-appear almost before their emissaries have left the scene. At the corners of the streets of St. Petersburg, on three successive days—the 31st of March and the 1st and 2d of April—there was found posted up a proclamation containing for the first time words of menace to the Czar personally. The proclamation is headed, "To Herr Alexander Nicolaievitch"—"an evident imitation," says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, "of the French Jacobins, who deprived their king of his title before depriving him of his throne and life." The following is the text of the proclamation:

"*To Mr. Alexander Nicolaievitch:*

"The warning and threatening letters as well as the sentences which we the invisible delegates of the murderously oppressed Russian people have sent to the various dignitaries of the present despotic government in Russia belong as a rule to the preparative work, and for that reason neither yourself nor any member of your family appears in the slightest degree menaced by our executive organs. In the first instance we wish to clean out in its lowest and filthiest corners the Augean stables of despotism, to free the people from administrative persecution which throws them guiltless into prison, and there, without compassion, chastises them and allows them to suffer from hunger and thirst, and then leads them as insurgents to the gallows, or sends them to the polar regions to work in the mines. We sit in judgment, and shall be compassionless in the exercise of our office, and shall recoil from the use of no means which may lead us to our object, which is the eradication of the brutish bestiality of despotism through fire and sword. The victims cry out to their executioners, 'Morituri te salutant,' and if you, Alexander Nicolaievitch, refuse to hear our warning voice to put an end to this tyranny, we hereby declare to you that tyranny will be beaten in the end. Your system in Russia is rotten to the core. Our almost boundless resources are ruined. Your army of functionaries is a gang of cruel and insatiable thieves. Your judges are a shame to justice. Your governors, police masters, and generals are so many satraps worthy of Xerxes or Darius. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see naught but stupidity mingled with cruelty, wanton waste combined with the most merciless spoliation of the people. For the army alone you reserve your fatherly care. You are getting into dangerously deep waters, Alexander Nicolaievitch. Therefore we warn you, but spare your life.   The Executive Committee."

Naturally the repressive measures of the Russian government are at present keeping pace with the audacity of the Nihilists. Since the attempt on the life of the Czar, troops have been held in readiness day and night. In every regiment two companies, equipped with ball-cartridge and all accessories ready for active operations, are kept constantly under arms, while batteries stand ready horsed and mounted in the barrack-yards. A squadron of every cavalry regiment also stands in constant readiness to mount, and night divisions of Cossacks patrol the streets. On the 16th of April a peasant was arrested in whose pockets were found dispositions for revolutionary troops. According to this document, active operations were to commence at the capital on the night between the 16th and 17th. Instantly the government made the most extensive preparations for defense. The Grand Duke Nicholas took up his quarters, with his entire staff, in the offices of the General Staff, opposite the Winter Palace. In the riding-school of the Guards the regiment of hussars of the Guards was quartered, while the barracks of the Pavloff and Preobrajenski regiments were crammed full of troops, and the whole artillery of the Guards received orders to hold itself in readiness for immediate action. The troops continued several days and nights in the places assigned them, but the revolution did not break out.

Apparently the Nihilist movement has so permeated every stratum of Russian society that little headway can be made against it. Arrests are being made on every side, and the agents of revolution dealt with in the severest manner; but the former terrorism exercised by an autocratic government seems to have become powerless. Recently five Nihilists concerned in the printing of seditious publications at St. Petersburg were banished to the island of Saghalin, in the Pacific, which seems destined to become the New Caledonia of Russia. All of these were officers in the Imperial Guards, and one only was below the rank of captain. The prisoners were removed from the fortress of St. Peter and Paul at midnight, each having a covered vehicle to himself, and each being guarded by three gens-d'armes armed with sabres and revolvers. It will take the party about four months to reach Nikolaievsk, on the Amoor, where a man of war will be in readiness to convey the exiles across the Gulf of Tartary to Saghalin. All the way to the Pacific the convoy will be guarded by Cossacks. It is believed that before long other batches of Nihilists will be treated in the same manner, as the number in custody is so large that the government does not know what to do with them. In the two prisons at Kharkov, the Borissoglebsk and the Central Criminal, the actual number of inmates is 1320, besides 200 more in a private dwelling recently fitted up as a house of detention. Of this number a very large proportion are stated to be offenders suffering for political crimes. What to do with them is the question which is seriously perplexing the imperial government. It does not care to try them in public. If it sends them to Ural Siberia, they constantly evade their guards and return home, or else disseminate Nihilist notions among the other exiles. In the mean while the authorities are bringing them every where to court-martial, and officials affirm that very large batches will be shortly dispatched to Saghalin, as the simplest way out of the dilemma.

Unfortunately, however, the disease that has attacked the body-politic of Russia is too deeply seated to be removed by repressive measures on the part of the government. All indications point to the conclusion that bloodshed and riot in their most terrible form may be expected at any moment in the great cities of the Russian Empire. The strength of the movement it is, of course, impossible to estimate, but that the effects will not be disastrous to the true progress which for many years the present Czar has been endeavoring to foster in all parts of his dominions, it is impossible to doubt.

SOUTHERN REFORM.

The Southern political leaders who call an extra session of Congress excite public attention of no favorable character, force themselves into an unpleasant publicity, can have no just cause of complaint if they find their own conduct and the affairs of the section of the country they profess to represent become subjects of severe criticism. And what an unfortunate retrospect do they bring up before the people! The twenty or thirty Confederate generals who would shake anew the whole fabric of government, the whole prosperity of the nation, are as unlucky in the present as in the past. They are destined to be beaten. Their careers are only the forerunners of misfortune to their own people and to themselves. The Southern States have been badly led in war and peace. They have sunk rapidly even in relative importance. They are surrounded by an immense chain of more liberal communities, full of vigorous life and progress, but the whole section of country from the Potomac to the Rio Grande has been condemned by its political leaders to a hopeless decay. Its reformers in 1865–66 forced upon it a system of free schools that might well have given it a new life; the Democrats from 1870 have left their schools to languish, and only out of shame suffer some of them to flourish imperfectly; they begin to fear even their own depressed people, and sometimes dole out a scanty subsistence to the common-school teacher. From 1865 to 1870 the Republicans gave to the Southern States a system of railways that might well have enriched and cultivated their waste or neglected lands; they have built Atlanta, revived Charleston. When the Democrats came in power again, they kept the railways, sometimes refused to pay for them, and checked the progress of the system. Under the Republican rule immigration had begun; the people of the North and of Europe formed colonies in Alabama or Louisiana; even Kentucky was invaded by some ardent Republicans, and Virginia showed some trace of advance. Massacre, insecurity, death, drove away the honest settlers, and after Coushatta, Vicksburg, the dark deeds in Kentucky, no stream of immigration has been turned toward the South. Labor and capital fly from the unquiet land. Since 1873 the only kind of emigration known there has been a destructive one. Texas has drawn in a swarm of Southern whites, who have gone thither from the more eastern States, only to find want, starvation, disappointment; and the Mississippi is covered with its gangs of workmen escaping Northward, as they declare, from a new slavery.

The reformers introduced to the Southern States the conception of a free press, free speech, a free suffrage. It need not be told how perfectly the Democratic leaders have eradicated even the ideas. The period from 1865 to 1870 brought with it lessons that have never been wholly forgotten, taught to Charleston and New Orleans the sanctity of human life, the necessity of reform, the barbarity of the duellist, the odious cruelty of the street fight, the supremacy of the law. For a time Republicanism and reform softened the manners of the people, checked the progress of crime. Street fights became rare in Louisiana and Mississippi, and duelling was discountenanced even in New Orleans. But since 1870, and wherever the Democratic leaders have renewed their rule, the savage practices of the past have been revived. The duellist once more lifts his murderous front even in the halls of Congress, and escapes unpunished. Murder once more stalks abroad in Atlanta and Vicksburg. The barbarous contempt for human life that marked the days of slavery and isolation has nearly returned, and a united South seems resolved to repel every trace of progress. There is not a liberal newspaper in all Georgia—a State as populous as Switzerland. There is no one in Alabama who dares to denounce the secret or open tyranny of its reactionary chiefs. South Carolina has fallen into the hands of its old oppressors, and the men who fired upon Sumter rule in its decaying borders. The reactionary party has seized upon the control of the South. Knowledge perishes, civilization retrogrades, the manners of the community become barbarous. A surveillance more rigid than that of Russia over its Nihilists represses the progress of the reformer. Free speech is forbidden. In dreadful silence men watch the advance of the party of revolution and disorder. It is the silence before the storm.

This is the picture the Southern leaders have brought before the nation, this the strange revolution they have caused. They flaunt their crimes even in Washington. The duellist sends his challenge, and is not expelled, not even rebuked—nay, is applauded. To argument they reply by threats of violence; to reason they oppose the scorn of brutal insolence. We are to be ruled at the North, it seems, as they are ruled in South Carolina, and the laws of a great nation enacted at the pistol's mouth. "Your money or your life!" is the highwayman's cry. It is the burden of almost every Southern harangue in Congress. This peculiar mode of ruling will, no doubt, produce a united opposition in all the Free States. No large section of the people will consent to accept the Confederate politicians as their leaders, or go to the polls side by side with the noisy autocrats of South Carolina. But a still more important question arises as to the effect of the reactionary rule upon the people of the Southern States themselves. Will they suffer their best interests to be disregarded, their lands laid waste by emigration, see their trade decay, their population even decline, while the savage politician rules them by force, checks free speech, free thought, the press, the school, and exercises an espionage over the opinions of men more severe than that of Russia in its mortal terror, France under its Bourbons and Napoleons? There is one agent the Francias of the South have to fear—they are environed by a free and active press; they are exposed every where to a keen scrutiny; they are pursued, even to the most secret retreats of violence and crime—to Kemper County and to Caddo Parish. Their conduct can no longer, as in the time of slavery before 1860, be hidden in darkness. The accomplished correspondent tracks them where he can not punish. The telegraph relates the latest encounter on the streets, or paints the flight of the pilgrims of the Mississippi. Knowledge is slowly encircling the Southern section. Reform is already invading it. Is it possible that it can always be ruled by terror?

The measures of the reformers of 1865–70 have not been without their lasting effect. The railroads they built, the school systems they founded, the freedom they gave to labor and intelligence, are the elements of a progress that are indestructible. They have borne already a vigorous fruit. It is stated that the number of small farmers, white and colored, in the Southern States has greatly increased, that intelligence has made considerable advances, that there is a large party of thoughtful merchants, laborers, mechanics, all the industrious and frugal, who see in the politics of Messrs. Butler and Blackburn only a presage of their own ruin, who would gladly enter into any projects of reform. This class of the people naturally demands education and free speech, the liberal newspaper, the advocates of progress. They are not satisfied with the dead past of reaction and decay; they still hope to see their native land filled with the highest results of modern cultivation. It is said that in Texas there is a large German population often capable of checking the action of extremists, insisting upon the preservation of good order and the supremacy of the law. Eastern Tennessee stands like a beacon of loyalty, unconquerable and unintimidated, the land of free speech, free newspapers, honesty, and reform. It is destined probably to have a large share in the regeneration of all its section. It is said that in Virginia there are honorable men who are ready at a moment to take the lead in the cause of popular progress; that in all parts of the South the men of blood and violence may soon be supplanted by a generation of the tolerant and humane.

It is, in fact, quite time for the industrial and mercantile classes of the South to compute how much they have already lost by the needless agitation of an extraordinary Congress, and the disloyal, threatening harangues of the politicians who profess to represent them. It is safe to say that every valuable interest has suffered by the violence of their self-chosen Representatives. The sum the Southern States have already paid within a few years for the folly of their political leaders must reach hundreds of millions of dollars. How many contracts have been laid aside! how many business engagements revoked! how carefully the foreign capitalists avoid investments in Southern lands! how rigidly the tide of immigration turns away from Charleston and Savannah because Messrs. Blackburn and Chalmers are thought to represent the people of the South, and the party of violence and agitation have seen fit to force themselves into power! Under a tolerable administration of their affairs, the Southern States would long ago have been covered with railways and filled with busy life; under a Democratic rule of oppression, land is almost valueless, and nearly every project of internal communication fails. In the price of their lands the Southern States have paid for the savage cruelty of their politicians in millions of money, in a general decay. The industry of its colored laborers has alone saved the South from the utter ruin invoked by the madness of its white oppressors. To the honest labor of its colored population the Union and the Southern States owe a ceaseless debt of praise. Colored farmers already thrive in the outskirts of Savannah, and substantial colored men in the neighborhood of Charleston have been the favorite objects of the cruelty and fraud of Democratic politicians.

It is the hope of every humane and intelligent thinker that the reign of political violence at the South will end at last. It seems plain that it can not forever resist the power of the press, the example of the free and progressive States, the discontent of its own people. The Confederate generals who have summoned an extra session of Congress, and rule over their Democratic slaves of the North with no gentle hand, can not forever be permitted to destroy the material welfare of a great nation, the hopes of their own section, the peace of an advancing country. The welfare of the working classes demands their complete overthrow; the hopes of the capitalist must rest upon their utter destruction. We may well look forward to the time when the whole South shall proclaim its adhesion to free speech, free thought, a free press, and, when relieved from political agitation, the Southern States shall become rich in prosperity and ease.

Eugene Lawrence.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

A Social Innovation.—Veritable Gravy.—The Revival of *Ruy Blas*.—A fair Cuban.—Russian Women.—Parisian Pickpockets.

Paris, *April 26, 1879.*

The Parisian is becoming jealous of a dangerous innovation which threatens to curtail his gift of conversation. This is the introduction of an orchestra at dinner, adopted by certain fashionable hosts. Certainly the melodious strains wafted from an adjoining room would seem a delightful novelty in the wearisome platitudes and dullness of many dinner parties. The ladies would be required only to look beautiful and the gentlemen wise, in that case, while the fish would acquire additional delicacy of flavor for the warbling of a flageolet, the discussion of game, salad, ices, be aided by the overture to the *Gazza Ladra*, and wine become more sparkling for a fantaisie from *Fatinitza*. The Parisian thinks otherwise. He wishes to speak and be heard at the dinner table. Is he to be doomed to dumb gesticulation and shrugging of the shoulders? Must he shout to his neighbor, in order that his voice may not be drowned by the orchestra? The vivacity of the Latin races is developed in a din of laughter and rapid speech at table. A *table d'hôte* of the watering-places is often deserted by the Anglo-Saxon in sheer desperation in consequence of the uproar. Therefore to add music to a dinner party is like forbidding a canary to sing, in emulation of a piano, to the Parisian. With his customary drollness, the indignant Frenchman prophesies that the future will develop the restaurant concert, where beefsteak and music will be served together. The *carte* of the day and the programme will be artistically blended:

Navarin aux pommes de terre.
Ouverture de Guillaume Tell.
Vol-au-vent financière.
Fantaisie sur le Petit-Duc.
Gigot bretonne.
Polka de Faubach.

Behold the complications which will inevitably result. A dissatisfied customer will grumble:

"Garçon!"

"Monsieur?"

"This morceau is detestable."

"How, monsieur? It is from Rossini."

"I am not speaking of the orchestra. I speak of my calf's head; it is only gristle."

Paris adapts its public amusements to all tastes. In this facile adaptability the philosopher may read a perpetual renewal of forces in youthful strength, drawn from a variety of sources, or the decadence of a people, like that of Athens, according as the thinker is optimist or pessimist. Thus in the naturalism of the stage the steaming soap-suds of *L'Assommoir* have been followed by the real, practicable kitchen of the new play of *Non-non*. The Barmecide feast of bands of revellers in plumed hats and doublets, who pledge each other in empty gilded goblets, no longer can satisfy the exigencies of the occasion. The wooden fowls and painted fruits of the English boards are too palpable a mockery to the human appetite. A plump and middle-aged pair went to witness *Non-non*. The celebrated kitchen scene transpired, in which the clever actress who played the "cordon bleu" placed the duck and olives on a dish, then poured over the whole a brown liquid from a true saucepan. The wife and husband uttered a simultaneous exclamation of surprise and rapture. "Thou seest," exclaimed the former, "it is a veritable gravy. I can see the olives through my lorgnette." The real tears of a great tragedian would not have proved equally interesting to the worthy bourgeois.

In contrast with the new school of naturalism, *Ruy Blas* has been revived at the Comédie Française with extraordinary splendor, and under the direct supervision of Victor Hugo. Profound emotion moved the actors—all true artists—on the occasion of the first representation. Sarah Bernhardt not only visibly trembled before the foot-lights, but is reported to have wept when she retired to her *loge*, which was filled with flowers. Coquelin was nervous; and Mounet Sully, who had sacrificed his beard to his *rôle*, was feverish and agitated. Each feared not being able to do justice to *Ruy Blas*. There is talent left in the world. The *mise en scène* of *Ruy Blas* is worthy of the work. What sombre magnificence in the salle of the Escurial, with its sculptured window and ornamented doorways! What gorgeous historical costumes, from the black mutes in red and yellow, guarding a stairway, to the courtiers in velvet, rose-colored brocade, and gold. This setting of rich and appropriate surroundings renders the matchless toilets of Sarah Bernhardt the more charming. Her costumes in *Ruy Blas* would alone secure the success of a piece, and have been pronounced "the poetry of dress." In the second act she wears a queen's robe of white satin, embroidered with silver, and a train of brocade. A small crown adorns her hair. The robe of the fifth act, of white Sicilienne, is trimmed with fringes of little pearls, and is even more beautiful in its simplicity, while the mantle of violet velvet, garnished with old lace, must alone establish the reputation of the modiste.

A young Cuban lady has attracted attention in

Parisian society this winter from the peculiarity of her dress as much as by her beauty. She appears in the livery of St. Theresa, and renders her attire as conventional as possible. In the earlier hours of day, brown woolen garments can be rendered almost romantic, the velvet and satin of the afternoon have still the same sombre hue of the Carmelite order, while the tulle and silk of evening reproduce the uniform tint. The young Cuban is never seen in another color. Society stares, then whispers behind its fan that she has made a vow—a "promesa"—not unusual in the Spanish islands, never to lay aside the robe of St. Theresa until her guardian consents to her marriage with a penniless but brilliant cavalier of Madrid. The course of true love is rippled at present by the practical obstinacy of the guardian, but possibly the era of spring toilets in the Bois de Boulogne and on the race-course, like a parterre of fresh flowers, may move this obdurate heart to yield, and the beautiful Cuban emerge from her chrysalis in the white satin and orange flowers of the happy bride.

A future historian will discover a rich field in the part played by Russian women in the nineteenth century in the great events of their country. The study must inevitably be a startling and terrible one. Are Russian women of all ranks actuated by a lofty courage in patriotism, mere hysterical love of excitement, or a desire for melodramatic notoriety? The American strong-minded female, advocating suffrage, so much ridiculed abroad, is a mild humanitarian in comparison with the terrible Russian, who has taken the law into her own hands, and shoots government officials, and rejoices in being loaded with chains for the crime. Vera Sassulitch is not the sole heroine of this creed. When the Prince Krapotkin was receiving anonymous threats of death, it was a young girl who brought to the Kharkov journal the card, with black border, for insertion, intended for the Prince, stating that a merchant had died. In the riot of Kiev, between the authorities and the Nihilists, it will be remembered that the Countess Tarin—a student of the university, and famous for her beauty—whose step-mother belongs to the Empress's household, was mingled in the fray, as well as Mademoiselle Gerzfeld, whose father belongs to the Czar's Council, and Mademoiselle Olga Rassowska. These scholars averaged eighteen years, and are now in prison, subject to the cruel brutality of Russian law. The gendarme has since died who was shot by Olga Rassowska, and Mademoiselle Gerzfeld, after resistance, was wounded with a bayonet, and captured. In the month of March a gentleman of Moscow, dwelling in the quarter Basmannaia, gave a party. Among the guests was M. Bayraschevsky, a young man of twenty years. At nine o'clock arrived a young girl of nineteen, Mademoiselle Prascovie Katcha, just from St. Petersburg. This guest did not occupy herself with feminine coquetries or a dancing hat. Instead, she drew a revolver from her pocket, and shot M. Bayraschevsky, who fell with a ball in his temple. The murderess gave herself up to justice with perfect coolness, although it did not transpire at the time whether she was a Nihilist, or simply imitated that body. Secret societies and conspiracies have ever abounded among the Sclavic races, fostered by despotism. What new development of frenzy in the Russian woman may be anticipated in the future? The noble countess who hitherto has performed the pilgrimages, and joined in the barbaric worship of penitents, in religious fanaticism, or, having drank more tea than usual, has suddenly begun to tear her hair and shriek during a church ceremonial, then rushed out to found a new sect, now assumes this new phase: she mingles in student riots, and assassinates the Czar's officials.

The latest audacity of the Paris pickpocket is truly artistic. A choleric gentleman, several times robbed in the omnibus bureau, vowed vengeance on the light-fingered class. He placed an empty porte-monnaie in his pocket, in which he had inserted a slip of white paper with these words written on it: "This time, rascal, it is thyself who is robbed." Then he sought the same omnibus bureau, and awaited the nimble foe. Twenty minutes elapsed without adventure, and the choleric gentleman was about to withdraw, disappointed, when it occurred to him to assure himself of the safety of his purse. Mechanically he opened it. Instead of the slip of white paper, he found a morsel of blue, bearing the single word "Farceur!" (joker).

ANTEROS.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 25.—Sunday after Ascension.

AFTER a month of daily meetings, the Brooklyn Presbytery has closed the case of Dr. TALMAGE, on trial for falsehood. At a consultation held Monday, May 5, it was made clear that the majority of the triers were in favor of acquittal, eleven having so declared themselves to five against. This verdict has been anticipated by public opinion. It was perhaps unfortunate that this case was not given to a committee, with authority to counsel Dr. TALMAGE, and, if necessary, to admonish him. The exhibitions of feeling on both sides during the proceedings have not increased the public confidence in ecclesiastical investigations.

On the second day of the canvassing of opinions it became clear that about two-thirds of the Presbytery were prepared to vote an acquittal. Dr. CUYLER had not up to that time expressed himself; Dr. ROCKWELL's opinion was a powerful defense of Mr. TALMAGE; Dr. VAN DYKE read an equally strong paper on the other side.

Anniversary week began in the Broadway Tabernacle on Sunday, May 4, with the annual sermon before the American Home Missionary Society. The number of ministers in its service in thirty-four States and Territories was reported to be 940, and the number of churches and missionary stations 2136. Five thousand two hundred and thirty-two persons have been added during the year to the churches. The receipts were $273,601, and the expenditures $266,330; a balance of $6775 is still due to missionaries. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. L. WITHROW, of Boston.

On the same day the Rev. Dr. S. D. BURCHARD commemorated the fortieth anniversary of his pastoral charge of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church of this city. He stated in his discourse that during his pastorate forty-one pastors of the Presbyterian churches in New York had died, and that he was the only one left of the number occupying Presbyterian pulpits in the city forty years ago. Dr. BURCHARD and Dr. W. R. WILLIAMS are now the oldest living New York pastors.

On Monday evening, May 5, the American Seamen's Friend Society held its fifty-first anniversary. The singing was conducted by the boys of the United States training-ship *Minnesota*. During the year, 681 libraries have been sent out, on vessels whose crews number 9040 men; of these libraries, 272 were new. As many as 893 libraries have been shipped on vessels of the United States navy. Since 1842, 96,194 persons have been boarded at the Home in Cherry Street. The receipts for the year were $76,440; expenditures, $77,647.

A crazy Adventist at Pocasset, Massachusetts, has murdered his child, and has been arrested and imprisoned for the crime. Another Adventist, ALDEN DAVIS, is reported at the funeral of the child to have defended FREEMAN's act. The citizens present were much incensed, and violence was threatened. A minister present begged DAVIS to desist, but he still continued to rave. By time he was induced to keep quiet, and the burial was finished. The Adventists of New England have been very active of recent years, but have not been fanatical. They hold a camp-meeting every summer in Massachusetts, which is usually well attended. They are not all so demented as FREEMAN, and will not be likely to give him much sympathy.

Forty young men graduated at the forty-third anniversary of Union Theological Seminary, held on Monday, May 5. The address to the graduates was given by the Rev. Dr. BYRON SUNDERLAND, chaplain of the United States Senate. Dr. ADAMS's parting talk was full of startling good sense. "Do not," he said, "think that you are to solve all the problems that vex this world. Give little place to doubts. You must admit mysteries in and around you that can not be solved."

The Presbyterian overture on representation has been defeated. The total negative vote is 94 Presbyteries, the affirmative 56. It is thought that the negative vote will reach two-thirds of the whole number of Presbyteries—179. The new arrangement of boarding the Commissioners which has been made for the meeting of the Assembly at Saratoga obviates one of the objections to the present large representation. The difficulty of procuring entertainment has been a strong reason for the effort to reduce the size of the Assembly.

France is at present the centre of interest in the religious world. The problem whether in the recoil from ultramontanism the people will go over to blank unbelief or will accept Protestantism is in process of solution. The evidences of unrest multiply continually. It is a great gain that the issue between Protestantism and ultramontanism is fairly made, and is undergoing intelligent discussion. M. REVEILLAUD, who was once proposed as the editor of the anti-clerical daily to be published in Paris, has issued a pamphlet on the "Religious Question and its Protestant Solution." His solution is a revival of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Frenchmen are thorough-going republicans, and they see that Protestantism is in harmony with republican institutions.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN left England for Rome the latter part of April, to attend the Consistory at which he will be declared a cardinal. As he is without fortune, some English friends have provided the means of enabling him to maintain the dignity of his station.

The Rochester Theological Seminary has recently been the recipient of the large sum of $142,000, contributed by a small company of its friends. Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, of Cleveland, has given $38,000 of this total for a library building; Mr. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, of New York, $25,000 for books; Mr. CHARLES PRATT, of Brooklyn, $25,000 to endow a professorship of elocution; Mr. J. B. TREVOR, of Yonkers, $25,000 for the endowment of a corresponding secretaryship; and Mr. J. B. HOYT, of Stamford, $25,000 to endow the chair of Hebrew. Dr. NATHAN BISHOP, of New York, gave $2000; Mr. S. S. CONSTANT and Mr. WOLVERTON, also of New York, $1000 each.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of the American Sunday-school Union was held in the Broadway Tabernacle on the evening of May 8. In the afternoon there was a service of song, in which one thousand children took part. There were organized in 1878 by the Union 1037 new schools, with 4915 teachers and 36,709 scholars; 14,440 families have been visited. One of the speakers expressed the opinion that "if there is any thing wicked and damaging to-day, it is the great multiplicity of denominational churches," which is strong language.

Father HYACINTHE has recently written a letter to Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, of England, in which he defends the act of his life most condemned by Catholics—his marriage. He quotes the approval of two Roman Catholic bishops, who, so far as appears from the letter, are still in the communion of the Church. One of the two said to Father HYACINTHE: "You have not only fulfilled the supreme commandment of God, which holds good throughout all time, all circumstances, and all men, but you have by this act alone advanced the destruction of iniquitous papal oppression, and the ultimate purification of the Catholic Church, at least a century. We dare not speak, but you have spoken for us all. The innumerable books and petitions on this subject are committed to the flames by the Vatican, but this great act of yours will remain; the work of reform is begun." Father HYACINTHE adds to this testimony: "The great majority of Catholics not only approve of a married clergy, but, as in my case, take it as the only real guarantee of a thorough reform." He means, no doubt, the Catholics of France. Is he mistaken, or is he not, in this opinion?

The English Presbyterians held their annual Synod in London the last week of April. They report the entire income of the Church for 1878 to be £182,719. The stipends of the ministers have increased, being for the year £77,700. The communicants number 55,031, distributed among 270 congregations.

The idea has taken possession of many minds that the exodus of the freedmen from the South will help the solution of one of our most difficult political problems. The demonstration of the fact that the negroes, if ill treated, will migrate, it is thought, will insure hereafter their good treatment. It may be doubted if even that will secure in the South a tolerance of their political ascendency. On this side Southern prejudice is ineradicable. Meetings in behalf of the freedmen continue to be called. A large one has been held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Appeals to the churches are made, and should not be made in vain. A convention has been in session at Vicksburg, Mississippi, to devise means of arresting the exodus. It opened May 5, with an attendance of four hundred delegates. The resolutions adopted by the convention reveal the alarm created in the minds of the Southern planters. They declare that "errors have been committed by whites and blacks alike; that the interests of planters, laborers, landlords, and tenants are identical; that the colored race has been placed on a plane of absolute legal equality with the white race; that they shall be secured the practical enjoyment of all rights, civil and political, guaranteed by the Constitution and laws; and that the members of the convention pledge themselves to protect the colored race against all dangers in respect to the fair expression of their wills at the polls which they apprehend may result from fraud, intimidation, or bulldozing on the part of the whites." The colored men present spoke, but did not vote.

The National Conference of Colored Men, which has long been announced to be held at Nashville, was opened May 6 in the Hall of the House of Representatives. In Kansas a State Central Freedmen's Committee has been organized and incorporated by law. From all these facts the conclusion may be drawn that the strenuous efforts of the churches and religious societies to educate the freedman have already given him sufficient intelligence to protect himself. Philanthropy has here proved to be the highest statesmanship.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"SUDDENLY, of pneumonia." How often, since spring opened in name, have these three significant words caught the eye as it scanned the column of "Deaths" in the daily newspaper! Few except those who take special note of the record of "vital statistics" have any idea how many in our city fall victims to this fearful disease. We say *fearful*; for if the same number should die in a single week of cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, or even of scarlet fever or diphtheria, as die of pneumonia, there would be a panic in the community, and healthier localities would be sought. But every one thinks pneumonia may be avoided; and yet hundreds seem to deliberately invite its attacks. It often takes a lifetime to learn how to take care of health, and in our changeable climate ignorance often means nothing less than death. One warm spring day comes, and the thoughtless throw off flannels, and recklessly sit in the cooling breeze which is wafted from the yet snow-clad mountains far away; outside wraps are suddenly abandoned, not laid off for the mild mid-day, as safely they might be, but packed away, out of reach when the chilly evening comes on. We are a careless as well as a busy people, and it is "too much trouble" to make gradations in clothing or to give much thought to exposures of health while we feel comfortable for the time. It is not strange, therefore, but the natural consequence, that so often we see in connection with the death record the words, "Suddenly, of pneumonia."

At the May meeting of the National Board of Health, at Atlanta, Georgia, a long and animated discussion took place in regard to a national quarantine, most of the speakers favoring the general plan, but having varying opinions about the best methods of carrying it into operation. The good sanitary condition of cities was by some considered of paramount importance.

The falling of an immense pile of bricks in First Avenue, near Twelfth Street, and the narrow escape from instant death of workmen who were engaged near by in excavating for one of the pillars of the Metropolitan Elevated Railway, is a warning which should be heeded. Those who cause sidewalks or any thoroughfares to be dangerous to life and limb are liable in law for all damages.

Among the sites suggested for the proposed World's Fair in 1883 is one within the city limits of Brooklyn, on the east side of Prospect Park. This, it is urged, is well drained, healthful, and easily accessible. The plot contains 117 acres, and more available land lies adjacent. It belongs to the Park Commissioners, who have a fund for its improvement. Another site mentioned is in Washington Heights. The plot extends from One-Hundred-and-Thirty-fifth Street to One-Hundred-and-Forty-fifth Street, between Tenth and St. Nicholas avenues. It has an area of nearly one hundred acres, and is easily accessible. The land is owned by the Union Theological Seminary and the Emigrant Industrial Savings-Bank.

The Japanese government, says the *Tokio Times*, has appropriated 100,000 yen, or dollars, for the reception and entertainment of General Grant.

There is a dawning hope that the streets of New York city may be cleaned. Various plans have been from time to time suggested—very few seem to have been tried—and propositions have been recently made for the removal of all ashes, garbage, and street sweepings below Fifty-ninth Street, upon conditions which would seem to settle the long-vexed problem respecting the disposition of the debris. One thing is certain—the citizens of New York earnestly call for clean streets before the opening of the warm season, which doubtless, will burst upon us with unusual suddenness. The rumor that one of our Street Commissioners declared to a reporter that he "was not a thoughtful person," and therefore could not give any opinion upon the advantages of plans suggested, we regard as a mere subterfuge. The most thoughtless person in the world must of necessity grow serious and reflective with such a responsibility as street-cleaning upon his hands. To be "not thoughtful" in such a position would seem to be a moral impossibility.

One of the latest applications of vulcanized rubber in England is to render china, stone, and glass ware noiseless. It is applied in the form of narrow strips inserted in grooves.

Perhaps there may be a little more safety in crossing the streets, not only in carriages, but on foot, since the truck driver who dashed into the carriage of Mr. August Belmont has been made to pay a penalty for his recklessness. Ten days' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred dollars is not too much to pay for imperilling a man's life and actually injuring him. Drivers of carts, trucks, grocery wagons, and vehicles of various kinds seem to regard the lives of foot-passengers with the utmost indifference, and urge on their horses, expecting every one—even little children—to look out for himself. They need some lessons.

Elevated railway difficulties were apparently adjusted, or the adjustment clinched, at a luxurious dinner at Delmonico's.

A medal should be presented to the dog in Norwich, Connecticut, that rushed into a stable, not long ago, and drew a burning blanket from a horse and carried it into the street, burning himself severely while so doing.

It is necessary to be very particular nowadays if you wish to oblige your friends and neighbors. If somebody wants you to give him change for a $1 or a $5 bill, for your own protection you must examine it carefully, before witnesses, to make sure that it is not a $50 or a $500 bill.

There is a rumor from Paris that Gérôme is thinking of giving up painting and devoting himself to sculpture for the next few years, after which he proposes to retire altogether from work.

The spirit of *Poe-try* has descended upon some sleepless sufferer, who relieves himself as follows:

"Oh, ye feline brutes erotic,
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, hellebore,
Any thing to still the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous,
Nocturnal yell?

"Stirring wrath in souls pacific,
Blighting visions beatific,
Thwarting agents soporific
With horrid din;
Tempting even spirits saintly
To utter (almost), low and faintly,
Words divided very scantly
From words of sin!"

And so on, with expressions of intenser feeling.

Any one who wants a printing-press has now the chance of purchasing the one which Napoleon carried with him to Moscow, and which fell into the hands of the Russians during his retreat. It is now at St. Petersburg, and the owner offers to sell it for 1000 rubles—about $720.

The Rivington Street Flower Mission has already begun its work of distributing bouquets and young plants among the sick poor in tenement-houses and hospitals, and among the children of the industrial schools of the Children's Aid Society. During the past year 70,000 bouquets were distributed, and the manager solicits contributions of flowers again from the country friends whose gifts have been so highly valued heretofore.

The American Art Gallery, recently opened in the Kurtz Building on Madison Square, is a permanent addition to the art entertainments in our city. The collection of paintings—exclusively American, of course—is excellent, and well worthy of special attention from all lovers of pictures, particularly of those who are cordially interested in the progress of home art.

Children from Brooklyn, as well as from New York, are taken into the country by the *Evening Post* Fresh Air Fund. Last year a large number went from Brooklyn.

In the White Mountain region hotel-keepers are wearing overcoats and fur caps, and spend much of their leisure time in grumbling about the backward season.

Gorham, New Hampshire, a favorite resort of White Mountain tourists, has been visited by a very serious fire, which destroyed most of the business portion of the village, and made many families homeless.

A sensible and practical citizen of Boston offers to give property valued at $800,000 to the Massachusetts Public Health Association, for several sanitary uses, provided an additional sum—about one-half as large—is also obtained. The plan proposed includes the investigation of improvements in house drainage, ventilation, diet kitchens and cookery schools, and efforts to suppress the adulteration of food. The Massachusetts Health Association will doubtless accomplish much good in the execution of this project.

Farther acquaintance with prospective life-long companions is often desirable, but not every lady has the same opportunity as the Kentucky girl who had agreed to elope with a lover whom her parents refused to admit to the house. She descended the ladder in the night, and started with him on horseback. "Now you see how much I love you," she said. "You will be always a true and kind husband, won't you?" He answered, gruffly, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She rode in silence a few minutes, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and as he gently called, "Are you coming?" she looked out of the window and said, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not," and then shut the window.

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POLICENING IN BLACKVILLE—MRS. JOHNSON IS ENTITLED TO THE BRUSH.—Drawn at Sa. Street, Jr.

BY ALL MEANS "LET US HAVE PEACE" AT THE POLLS.

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THE ALBUM.

My photograph album? Certainly,
You can look, if you wish, my dear;
To me it is just like a grave-yard,
Though I go through it once a year.
Any new faces? No, indeed. No,
I stopped collecting some years ago.

And yet, Jennette, look well at the book:
It is full of histories strange;
The faces are just an index, dear,
To stories of pitiful change—
Drama and poem and tragedy,
Which I alone have the power to see.

Ah! I thought you would pause to that face;
She was fair as a poet's lay,
The sweetest rose of her English home,
Yet she perished far, far away:
In the black massacre at Cawnpore
She suffered and died—we know no more.

And that? Ah, yes, 'tis a noble head!
Soul sits on the clear, lofty brow;
She was my friend in the days gone by,
And she is my enemy now.
Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow—alas!
One of life's tragedies—let it pass.

This face? He was my lover, Jennette;
And perchance he remembers to-day
The passionate wrong that wrecked as both
When he sailed in his anger away.
Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years,
At length I forgot him—despite these tears.

That handsome fellow? He loved me too;
And he vowed he would die, my dear,
When I told him "No"—'tis long ago;
He married the very next year.
That one I liked a little, but he
Cared much for my gold, nothing for me.

Brides and bridegrooms together, dear,
And most of them parted to-day;
Some famous men that are quite forgot,
Some beauties faded and gray.
Close the book, for 'tis just so I said—
Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1281.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MAN'S SECRET," "HOSTAGE AS FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

THE SHORTEST WAY TO SORROW.

THEY left the battlements, and descended the narrow stairs, and went side by side, through sun-lit fields and lanes, to the old Carolian manor-house, happy with that unutterable, immeasurable joy which belongs to happy love, and so love only, whether it be the romantic passion of a Juliet leaning from her balcony, the holy bliss of a mother hanging over her child's cradle, or the sober affection of the wife who has seen the dawn and close of a silver wedding, and yet loves on with love unchangeable—a monument of constancy in an age of easy divorce.

The distance was long; but to these two the walk was of the shortest. It was as if they trod on flowers or airy cloud, so lightly fell their footsteps on the happy earth.

What would Miss Skipwith say? Vixen laughed merrily at the image of that cheated lady.

"To think that all my Egyptian researches should end in—Antony!" she said, with a joyous look at her lover, who required to be informed which Antony she meant.

"I remember him in Plutarch," he said. "He was a jolly fellow."

"And in Shakspeare."

"*Connais pas*," said Rorie. "I've read some of Shakspeare's plays, of course, but not all. He wrote too much."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when they arrived at Les Tourelles. They had loitered a little in those sunny lanes, stopping to look seaward through a gap in the hedge, or to examine a fern which was like the ferns of Hampshire. They had such a world of lovers' nonsense to say to each other, such confessions of past unhappiness, such schemes of future bliss.

"I'm afraid you'll never like Briarwood as well as the Abbey House," said Rorie, humbly. "I tried my best to patch it up for Lady Mabel; for you see, so I felt I fell short in the matter of affection, I wanted to do the right thing in furniture and decorations. But the house is lamentably modern and commonplace. I'm afraid you'll never be happy there."

"Rorie, I could be happy with you if our home were as better than the charcoal-burner's hut in Mark Ash," protested Vixen.

"It's very good of you to say that. Do you like sage-green?" Rorie asked, with a doubtful air.

"Pretty well. It reminds me of mamma's dress-maker, Madame Theodore."

"Because Mabel insisted upon having sage-green curtains, and chair-covers, and a sage-green wall with a chocolate dado—did you ever hear of a dado?—in the new morning-room I built for her. I'm rather afraid you won't like it; I should have preferred pink or blue myself, and an dado. It looks as much as if one had run short of wall-paper. But it can all be altered by-and-by, if you don't like it."

They found Miss Skipwith pacing the weedy gravel-walk in front of her parlor window, with a disturbed air, and a yellow envelope in her hand.

"My dear, this has been an eventful day," she exclaimed. "I have been very anxious for your return. Here is a telegram for you, and as it is the first you have had since you have been staying here, I conclude it is of some importance."

Vixen took the envelope eagerly from her hand.

"If you were not standing by my side, a telegram would frighten me," she whispered to Rodrick. "It might tell me you were dead."

The telegram was from Captain Carmichael to Miss Tempest:

"Come home by the next boat. Your mother is ill, and anxious to see you. The carriage will meet you at Southampton."

Poor Vixen looked at her lover with a conscience-stricken countenance.

"Oh, Rorie, and I have been so wickedly, wilfully happy!" she cried, as if it were a crime to have so rejoiced. "And I made so light of mamma's last letter, in which she complained of being ill. I hardly gave it a thought."

"I don't suppose there's any thing very wrong," said Rorie, in a comforting tone, after he had studied those few bald words in the telegram, trying to squeeze the utmost meaning out of the brief sentence. "You see, Captain Carmichael does not say that your mother is dangerously ill, or even very ill; he only says ill. That might mean something quite insignificant—hay fever, or neuralgia, or a nervous headache."

"But he tells me to go home—he who hates me, and who so glad to get me out of the house."

"It is your mother who summons you home, no doubt. She is mistress in her own house, of course."

"You would not say that if you knew Captain Carmichael."

They were alone together on the gravel-walk, Miss Skipwith having retired to make the tea in her dingy parlor. It had dawned upon her that this visitor of Miss Tempest's was an common friend; and she had judiciously left the lovers together. "Poor misguided child!" she murmured to herself, pityingly, "just as she was developing a vocation for serious things! But perhaps it is all for the best. I doubt if she would ever have had breadth of mind to grapple with the great problems of natural religion."

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Vixen, walking up and down with the telegram in her hand. "I shall have to endure hours of suspense before I can know how my poor mother is. There is no boat till to-morrow morning. It's no use talking, Rorie." Mr. Vawdrey was following her up and down the walk affectionately, but not saying a word. "I feel convinced that mamma must be seriously ill; I should not be sent for unless it were so. In all her letters there has not been a word about my going home. I was not wanted."

"But, dearest love, you know that your mother is apt to think seriously of trifles."

"Rorie, you told me an hour ago that she was looking ill when last you saw her."

Rodrick looked at his watch.

"There is one thing I might do," he said, musingly. "Has Miss Skipwith a horse and trap?"

"Not the least bit in the world."

"That's a pity; it would have saved time. I'll get down to St. Heller's somehow, telegraph to Captain Carmichael to inquire the exact state of your mother's health, and not come back till I bring you his answer."

"Oh, Rorie, that would be good of you!" exclaimed Vixen. "But it seems too cruel to send you away like that, you have been travelling so long. You have had nothing to eat. You must be dreadfully tired."

"Tired! Have I not been with you? There are some people whose presence makes one unconscious of humanity's weaknesses. Ma, darling, I am neither tired nor hungry; I am only ineffably happy. I'll go down and set the wires in motion, and then I'll find out all about the steamer for to-morrow morning, and we will go back to Hampshire together."

And again the rejoicing lover quoted the Laureate:

> "And as her lover's arm she leant,
> And round her waist she felt it fold,
> And far across the hills they went,
> In that new world which is the old."

Rorie had to walk all the way to St. Heller's. He dispatched an urgent message to Captain Carmichael, and then dined temperately at a French restaurant not far from the quay, where the fun crowds of Jersey are wont to assemble nightly. When he had dined he walked about the harbor, looking at the ships, and watching the lights beginning to glimmer from the barrack windows, and the straggling street along the shore, and the far-off beacons shining out, as the rosy sunset darkened to purple night.

He went to the office two or three times before the return message had come; but at last it was handed to him, and he read it by the office lamp:

Captain Carmichael, Abbey House, Hampshire, to Mr. Vawdrey, St. Heller's.

"My wife is seriously ill, but in no immediate danger. The doctors order extreme quiet, all agitation is to be carefully avoided. Let Miss Tempest bear this in mind when she comes home."

Rodrick drove back to Les Tourelles with this message, which was in some respects re-assuring, or at any rate afforded a certainty less appalling than Violet's measureless fears.

Vixen was sitting on the pilgrim's bench beside the manor-house gateway, watching for her lover's return. Oh, happy hour, to be thus watched for and thus welcomed, thrice, say, a thousand-fold happy, in the certainty that she was his own forever! He put his arm round her, and they wandered along the shadowy lane together, between dewy banks of tangled verdure, luminous with glow-worms. The stars were shining above the overarching roof of foliage, the harvest moon was rising over the distant sea.

"What a beautiful place Jersey is!" exclaimed Vixen, innocently, as she strolled lower down the lane, circled by her lover's arm. "I had no idea it was half so lovely. But then, of course, I was never allowed to roam about in the moonlight. And indeed, Rorie, I think we had better go in directly. Miss Skipworth will be wondering."

"Let her wonder, love. I can explain every thing when we go in. She was young herself once upon a time, though one would hardly give her credit for it; and you may depend she has walked in this lane by moonlight. Yes, by the light of that very same sober old moon, which has looked down with the same indulgent smile upon endless generations of lovers."

"From Adam and Eve to Antony and Cleopatra," suggested Vixen, who couldn't get Egypt out of her head.

"Antony and Cleopatra were middle-aged lovers," said Rorie. "The moon must have despised them. Youth is the only season when love is wisdom, Vixen. In later life it means folly and dribbling, wrinkles badly hidden under paint, pencilled eyebrows, and false hair. Aphrodite should be forever young."

"Perhaps that's why the poor thing puts on paint and false hair when she finds youth departed," said Vixen.

"Then she is an hanger Aphrodite, but Venus Pandemos, and a wicked old harridan," answered Rorie.

And then he began to sing, with a rich, full voice that rolled far upon the still air:

> "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
> Old Time is still a-flying;
> And this same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying.
>
> "Then to not coy, but use your time,
> And while ye may, go marry:
> For having lost but once your prime,
> You may forever tarry."

"What a fine voice you have, Rorie!" cried Vixen.

"Have I, really? I thought it was only Lord Mallow who could sing. Do you know that I was desperately jealous of that nobleman once—when I fancied he was singing himself into your affections. Little did I think that he was destined to become my greatest benefactor."

"I shall make you sing duets with me, Sir, by-and-by."

"You shall make me stand as my head, or play clown in an amateur pantomime, or do any thing supremely ridiculous, if you like. 'Being your slave, what can I do—'"

"Yes, you must sing Mendelssohn with me—'I would that my love,' and 'Greeting.'"

"I have only one idea of greeting, after a cruel year of parting and sadness," said Rorie, drawing the bright young face to his own, and covering it with kisses.

Again Vixen urged that Miss Skipwith would be wondering, and this time with such insistence that Rorie was obliged to turn back and ascend the hill.

"How cruel it is of you to snatch a soul out of Elysium!" he remonstrated. "I felt as if I was lost in some happy dream, wandering down this path, which leads I know not where, into a dim wooded vale, such as the fairies love to inhabit."

"The road leads down to the inn at Le Tac, where cockney excursionists go to eat lobsters and play skittles," said Vixen, laughing at her lover.

They went back to the manor-house, where they found Miss Skipwith annotating a tremendous manuscript as blue foolscap—a work whose outward semblance would have been enough to frighten and deter any publisher in his right mind.

"How late you are, Violet!" she said, looking up drowsily from her manuscript. "I have been rewriting and polishing portions of my essay on Buddha. The time has flown, and I had an idea of the hour till Doddery came in just now to ask if he could shut up the house. And then I remembered that you had gone out to the gate to watch for Mr. Vawdrey."

"I'm afraid you must think our goings an rather eccentric," Rorie began, shyly; "but perhaps Vix—Miss Tempest has told you what old friends we are; then, in fact, I am quite the oldest friend she has. I came to Jersey on purpose to ask her to marry me, and she has been good enough—" smiling blissfully as Vixen, who tried to look daggers at him—"to say yes."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Skipwith, looking much alarmed; "this is very embarrassing. I am an unversed in such matters. My life has been given up to study, far from the haunts of man. My nephew informed me that there was a kind of—in point of fact, a flirtation, between Miss Tempest and a gentleman in Hampshire, of which he highly disapproved, the gentleman being engaged to marry his cousin."

"It was I," cried Rorie; "but there was no flirtation between Miss Tempest and me. Whoever asserted such a thing was a slanderer, and—I won't offend you by saying what he was, Miss Skipwith. There was no flirtation. I was Miss Tempest's oldest friend, her old playfellow; and we like of to see each other, and were always friendly together. But it was an understood thing that I was to marry my cousin. It was Miss Tempest's particular desire that I should keep an engagement made beside my mother's death-bed. If Miss Tempest had thought otherwise, I should have been at her feet. I would have flung that engagement to the winds; for Violet Tempest is the only woman I ever loved. And now all the world may know it, for my cousin has jilted me, and I am a free man."

"Good gracious! Can I really believe this?" asked Miss Skipwith, appealing to Violet.

"Rorie never told a falsehood in his life," Vixen answered, proudly.

"I feel myself in a most critical position, my dear child," said Miss Skipwith, looking from Rodrick's frank, eager face to Vixen's downcast eyelids and mantling blushes. "I had hoped such a different fate for you. I thought the thirst for knowledge had arisen within you, that the aspiration to distinguish yourself from the rank of ignorant women would follow the arising of that thirst, in natural sequence. And here I find you willing to marry a gentleman who happens to have been the companion of your childhood, and to resign—for his sake—all hopes of distinction."

"My chances of distinction were as small, dear Miss Skipwith," faltered Vixen. "If I had possessed your talents!"

"True," sighed the reformer of all the theologies. "We have not all the same gifts. There was a day when I thought it would be my lot to marry and subside into the dead level of domesticity; but I am thankful to think I escaped the snare."

"And the gentleman who wanted to marry you, how thankful must he be!" thought Rorie, dumbly.

"Yet there have been moments of depression when I have been weak enough to regret those early days," sighed Miss Skipwith. "At best our strength is tempered with weakness. It is the fate of genius to be lonely. And now I suppose I am to lose you, Violet?"

"I am summoned home to poor mamma," said Vixen.

"And after poor mamma has recovered, so I hope she speedily may, Violet will be wanted by her poor husband," said Rorie. "You must come across the sea and dance at our wedding, Miss Skipwith."

"Ah," sighed Miss Skipwith, "if you could but have waited for the establishment of my universal Church, what a grand ceremonial your marriage might have been!"

Miss Skipwith, though regretful, and inclined to take a dismal view of the marriage state and its responsibilities under the existing dispensation, was altogether friendly. She had a frugal supper of cold meat and salad, bread and cheese and cider, served in honor of Mr. Vawdrey, and they three sat till midnight talking happily—Miss Skipwith of theology, the other two of themselves and the smiling future, and such an innocent forest life as Rosalind and Orlando may have promised themselves, when they were deep in love, and the banished duke's daughter sighed for an wider kingdom than a shepherd's hut in the woodland, with the lover of her choice.

There were plenty of spare bedrooms at the manor-house, but as bare and empty, so long abandoned of human occupants, as to be fit only for the habitation of mice and spiders, stray bat or wandering owl. So Rodrick had to walk down the hill again to St. Heller's, where he found hospitality at a hotel. He was up betimes, too happy to need much sleep, and at seven o'clock he and Vixen were walking in the dewy garden, planning the wonderful life they were to lead at Briarwood, and all the good they were to do. Happiness was to radiate from their home, as heat from the sun. The sick and the halt and the lame were to come to Briarwood, so they had come to the Abbey House before Captain Carmichael's barren rule of economy.

"God has been so good to us, Rorie!" said Vixen, nestling to her lover's side. "Can we ever be good enough to others?"

"We'll do our best, anyhow, little one," he answered, gently. "I am not like Mallow—I've an grand ideas about setting my native country in order, and doing away with the poor-laws; but I've always tried to make the people round me happy, and to keep them out of the work-house and the county jail."

They went to the court-yard where poor Argus lived his life of isolation, and they told him they were going to be married, and that his pathway henceforward would be strewn with roses, or at all events Spratt's biscuits. He was particularly noisy and demonstrative, and appeared to receive this news with a wild rapture that was eminently encouraging, doing his best to knock Rodrick down, in the tumult of his delight. The lovers and the dog were alike childish in their infinite happiness, unthinking beings of the present hour, too happy to look backward or forward, this little space of time called "now" holding all things needful for delight.

These are the rare moments of life, to which the heart of man cries: "Oh, stay, thou art as beautiful!" and could the death bell toll then, and doom come then, life would end in a glorious euthanasia.

Violet's portmanteaus were packed. All was ready. There would be just time for a hurried breakfast with Miss Skipwith, and then the fly from St. Heller's would be at the gate to carry the exile on the first stage of the journey home.

"Poor mamma!" sighed Vixen. "How wicked of me to feel so happy, when she is ill."

And then Rorie comforted her with kindly meant sophistries. Mrs. Carmichael's indisposition was doubtless more an affair of the nerves than a real illness. She would be cheered and revived immediately by her daughter's return.

"How could she suppose she would be able to live without you?" cried Rorie. "I know I found life hard to bear."

"Yet you bore it for more than a year with admirable patience," retorted Vixen, laughing at him; "and I do not find you particularly altered or emaciated."

"Oh, I used to eat and drink," said Rorie, with a look of self-contempt. "I'm afraid I'm a horribly low-minded brute. I used even to enjoy my dinner sometimes, after a long country ride; but I could never make you understand what a bore life was to me all last year, how the glory and enjoyment seemed to have gone out of existence. The dismal monotony of my days weighed upon me like a nightmare. Life had become a formula. I felt like a sick man who has to take so many doses of medicine, so many pills, so many basins of broth, in the twenty four hours. There was no possible resistance. The sick nurse was there, in the shape of Fate, ready to use brute force if I rebelled. I never did rebel. I assure you, Vixen, I was a model lover. Mabel and I had not a single quarrel. I think that is a proof that we did not care a straw for each other."

"You and I will have plenty of quarrels," said Vixen. "It will be so nice to make friends again."

Now came the hurried breakfast—a cup of tea

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drunk standing, not a crumb eaten; agitated adieus to Miss Skipwith, who wept very womanly tears over her departing charge, and uttered good wishes in a choking voice. Even the Dodderers seemed to Vixen more human than usual, now that she was going to leave them, in all likelihood forever. Miss Skipwith came to the gate to see the travellers off, and ascended the pilgrim's bench in order to have the latest view of the fly. From this eminence she waved her handkerchief as a farewell salutation.

"Poor soul!" sighed Vixen; "she has never been unkind to me; but, oh, what a dreary life I have led in that dismal old house!"

They had Argus in the fly with them, sitting up, with his mouth open, and his tail flapping against the bottom of the vehicle in perpetual motion. He kept giving his paw first to Vixen and then to Rorie, and exacted a great deal of attention, insomuch that Mr. Vawdrey exclaimed:

"Vixen, if you don't keep that dog within bounds, I shall think him as great a nuisance as a step-son. I offered to marry you, you know, not you and your dog."

"You are very rude!" cried Vixen.

"You don't expect me to be polite, I hope. What is the use of marrying one's old playfellow if one can not be uncivil to her now and then? To me you will always be the tawny haired little girl I used to tease."

"Who used to tease you, you mean. You were very meek in those days."

Oh, what a happy voyage that was, over the summer sea! They sat side by side upon the bridge, sheltered from wind and sun, and talked the happy nonsense lovers talk, but which can hardly be so sweet between lovers whose youth and childhood have been spent far apart, as between these two who had been reared amidst the same sylvan world, and had every desire and every thought in unison. How brief the voyage seemed! It was but an hour or so since Roderick had been buying peaches and grapes, as they lay at the end of the pier at Guernsey, and here were the Needles and the chalky cliffs and undulating downs of the Wight. The Wight! That meant Hampshire and home!

"How often those downs have been our weather-glass, Rorie, when we have been riding across the hills between Lyndhurst and Beaulieu!" said Vixen.

She had a world of questions to ask him about all that had happened during her exile. She almost expected to hear that Lyndhurst steeple had fallen; that the hounds had died of old age; that the Knightwood Oak had been struck by lightning; or that some among those calamities which time naturally brings had befallen the surroundings of her home. It was the strangest thing in the world to hear that nothing had happened, that every thing was exactly the same as it had been when she went away. That dreary year of exile had seemed long enough for earthquakes and destructions, or even for slow decay.

"Do you know what became of Arion?" asked Vixen, almost afraid to shape the question.

"Oh, I believe he was sold soon after you left home," Rorie answered, carelessly.

"Sold!" echoed Vixen, drearily. "Poor dear thing! Yes, I felt sure Captain Carmichael would sell him. But I hoped—"

"What?"

"That some one I knew might buy him. Lord Mallow, perhaps."

"Lord Mallow! Ah, you thought he would buy your horse for love of the rider. But, you see, constancy isn't one of that noble Irishman's virtues. He loves and he rides away—when the lady won't have him, *bien entendu*. No; Arion was sent up to Tattersall's, and disposed of in the usual way. Some fellow bought him for a covert hack."

"I hope the man wasn't a heavy weight!" exclaimed Vixen, almost in tears.

She thought Rorie was horribly unfeeling.

"What does it matter? A horse must earn his oats."

"I had rather my poor pet had been shot, and buried in one of the meadows at home," said Vixen, plaintively.

"Captain Carmichael was too wise to allow that. Your poor pet fetched a hundred and forty five guineas under the hammer."

"I don't think it is very kind of you to talk of him so lightly," said Vixen.

This was the only little cloud that came between them in all the voyage. Long before sunset they were steaming into Southampton Water, and the yellow light was still shining on the furzy levels when the brougham that contained Vixen and her fortunes drove along the road to Lyndhurst.

She had asked the coachman for news of his mistress, and had been told that Mrs. Carmichael was pretty much the same. The answer was in some measure re-assuring, yet Violet's spirits began to sink as she drew nearer home, and must so soon find herself face to face with the truth. There was a sadness, too, in that quiet evening hour; and the shadowy distances seemed full of gloom, after the dancing waves and the gay morning light.

The dusk was creeping slowly on as the carriage passed the lodge, and drove between green walls of rhododendron to the house. Captain Carmichael was smoking his cigar in the porch, leaning against the Gothic masonry in the attitude Vixen knew so well of old.

"If my mother were lying in her coffin, I dare say he would be just the same," she thought, bitterly.

The captain came down to open the carriage door. Vixen's first glance at his face showed her that he looked worn and anxious.

"Is mamma very ill?" she asked, tremulously.

"Very ill," he answered, in a low voice. "Mind, you are to do or say nothing that can agitate her. You must be quiet and cheerful. If you see a change, you must take care to say nothing about it."

"Why did you leave me so long in ignorance of her illness? Why did you not send for me sooner?"

"Your mother has only been seriously ill within the last few days. I sent for you directly I saw any occasion for your presence," the captain answered, coldly.

He now for the first time became aware of Mr. Vawdrey, who had got out of the brougham on the other side and came round to assist in the unshipment of Violet's belongings.

"Good-evening, Mr. Vawdrey. Where in Heaven's name did you spring from?" he inquired, with a vexed air.

"I have had the honor of escorting Miss Tempest from Jersey, where I happened to be when she received your telegram."

"Wasn't that rather an odd proceeding, and likely to cause scandal?"

"I think not; for before people can hear that Miss Tempest and I crossed in the same boat, I hope they will have heard that Miss Tempest and I are going to be married."

"I see," cried the captain, with a short laugh of exceeding bitterness; "being off with the old love, you have made haste to be on with the new."

"I beg your pardon. It is no new love, but a love as old as my boyhood," answered Rorie. "In one weak moment of my life I was foolish enough to let my mother choose a wife for me, though I had made my own choice, unconsciously, years before."

"May I go to mamma at once?" asked Vixen.

The captain said Yes, and she went up the staircase and along the corridor to Mrs. Carmichael's room. Oh, how dear and familiar the old house looked, how full of richness and color after the bareness and decay of Les Tourelles; brocaded curtains hanging in heavy folds against the carved oaken frame-work of a deep-set window; gleams of evening light stealing through old stained glass; every where a rich variety of form and hue that filled and satisfied the eye; a house worth living in, assuredly, with but a little love to sanctify and hallow all these things. But how worthless these things if discord and hatred found a habitation among them!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINING THOROUGH-BREDS.

The busy preparations for the spring racing meeting at Jerome Park form the subject of illustration on page 412. The first sight which strikes an early morning visitor to the track is the long "strings" of thorough-breds, hooded and blanketed, taking their walking exercise in the cool of the morning. After the requisite distance has been gone over at that pace, the gait is increased to a gallop, at such rate and for such distance as may, in the judgment of the trainer, be necessary. In case too much external fat has accumulated during the winter's rest, heavier clothing is adjusted, and the colt is galloped at a good rate for a couple of miles or so, when the heavy clothing is removed and the copious perspiration scraped off, when gentle walking is resumed until the colt is thoroughly dry. He is then taken to his stable, fed, and "done up" for the day. In the afternoon he is again taken out, and the same routine is gone through with as regards his exercise, varied, as the day of the race approaches, with what is termed a "trial run," in which he is raced at the distance he will be required to compete, carrying the weight assigned to him. These trials are kept as secret as possible from all except those immediately concerned. They are sometimes useful to an owner in estimating his horse's chances in his race, but frequently the public running reverses the "trials" in a most inexplicable manner, proving the truth of the old darky's sage observation, "Dis race-hoss business am mighty oncertin."

The spring meeting at Jerome, which opens on May 30 (Decoration-day), promises to be one of the most successful held there, and will doubtless be largely attended by the public, whose interest in racing has been thoroughly awakened by the brilliant triumphs of Mr. Lorillard's Parole, whose three victories in one week, also the winning of Pappoose (full sister to Parole) the first time of asking, over English horses "upon their native heath," were received with such demonstrations of delight upon this side of the Atlantic.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Hagen, in a paper lately published by the Boston Society of Natural History, gives an account of the various species of museum pests in the United States, which can not fail to interest those who have the care of birds, insects, etc., which require supervision. He finds that the greater number of injurious insects belong to the beetle family, or *Dermestes*, the largest of which is the *Dermestes lardarius*. It is especially abundant among badly cleaned skeletons, or the skins of large birds from which the flesh has not been thoroughly removed or poisoned. This species is easily recognized by the large, granulose, jet-black excrement of the larva, which, being very conspicuous objects, at once show the presence of the animal.

Much more dangerous than this, according to Dr. Hagen, is the larva of the *Attagenus megatoma*, this having half of the share in the destruction ascribed to carpet-bugs. It is very slender, and is recognized by the small globular excrement of the larva. This requires very careful watching to prevent a great amount of damage.

In the genus *Anthrenus* are three species of about the size and shape of a flax seed. Two of these are more or less common. The third, *A. scrophulariæ*, is the carpet-bug, which has only been known as a museum pest in New England within the last few years, and is the most dangerous of all. The various species are recognized by the excrement in the form of very fine light brown globules.

A species of *Ptinus*, which is one of the most common of these pests in Europe, is very rare in America.

A beetle of the genus *Tribolium* has of late been very injurious to collections of insects, and is one of the most difficult to counteract.

Among the lepidoptera the most annoying pest to collections of insects is the common clothes moth, which is equally destructive among the skins of birds.

A small Acarus of the genus *Tyroglyphus* is much more dangerous, on account of its minute size and the ease with which it penetrates almost inappreciable openings. Of some twelve or more species enumerated by Dr. Hagen, he considers only three as really dangerous among collections of insects. These are *Attagenus megatoma*, *Anthrenus varius*, and *A. scrophulariæ*, the *Dermestes* being too large to escape the most casual observation.

A curious statement is made by Dr. Hagen, that, as a general rule, the insects which are injurious to museums in Europe are not so in America, and *vice versa*, the physical conditions of the two countries seeming to act differently upon the development and maintenance of the species; and there is even a difference in regard to the insects of the Eastern States and those on the Pacific, according to Mr. Henry Edwards, the destructive beetles not being common in California, the real trouble being with Acari. It is not a little remarkable that many of these species are naturally vegetable feeders, and that their engaging in the destruction of animal matter involves an entire change in their habits.

For some years past the mackerel fleet of New England has anticipated its usual period of activity by proceeding early in the spring to the southern coast of the United States, for the purpose of intercepting the schools of mackerel as they come on the coast, instead of waiting for some weeks later until their arrival. This change of policy has been earnestly condemned by many fishermen, as tending to seriously affect the catch in the summer and autumn, the fish at the time being of very poor quality, and on their way to their spawning grounds, if not actually discharging their eggs. As a result, it is claimed that the diminution in the number of fish observed within a few years past is due to this cause. Be this as it may, it is not likely that the fishermen will forego the chance of being the first to bring in a cargo of fresh mackerel, worth ten or twelve cents apiece, instead of deferring to a later period, when they will bring a much smaller sum.

We have already referred to the proposed Imperial Russian expedition to Central Asia, under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas. Further details indicate that this, while having as a general object the exploration of the physical and natural peculiarities of Central Asia, is intended especially to select a route for a Central Asian railway, to examine the navigability of the Oxus, and to decide upon the possibility of diverting it into the Caspian. A series of astronomical, geodetic, and meteorological observations will be made, as also collections of mineralogy, geology, and botany.

Dr. Crevaux, the explorer of French Guiana, has continued his observations, and discovered a number of mountain peaks as well as streams, the existence of which had not previously been known.

The French journals speak in terms of high praise and commendation of the instantaneous photographs of animals and men made by Mr. Muybridge, the well known photographer of San Francisco. His most recent method consists in causing the horse to trot or gallop past twelve cameras, arranged in series, and by breaking threads across his path, release an electric current, thus causing an exposure of the plates. The flying steed is thus obtained in every position. Professor Marey, whose researches upon motion are well known, has invoked Mr. Muybridge's aid in securing similar illustrations of birds in flight.

A similar tendency to a subdivision of scientific publications to that which prevails in Europe is manifested in the United States. For many years the *American Journal of Science*, in every thing relating to physics and natural history, and the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, for physics and technology, had almost entire possession of the field of private publications, although the proceedings of the leading societies, such as the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the New York Lyceum of Natural History, the Boston Society of Natural History, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, also shared with them the contributions of the public. Of late years, however, not only has the number of societies publishing memoirs relating to different specialties greatly increased, but private serials have also multiplied.

We have lately had occasion to refer to a new meteorological and to a second American mathematical journal, and we have just received the first number of the *American Chemical Journal*, edited by Mr. Ira Remsen, a well known professor in the Johns Hopkins University.

In view of the fact that there are already one or two journals more particularly devoted to chemistry, both theoretical and applied, the appearance of a new journal shows that there is a call for greater facilities of publication. Professor Remsen's periodical is intended especially for original papers on pure chemistry written by American chemists, although these will be supplemented by articles from other journals which are believed to contain really important contributions. Exhaustive abstracts of all chemical papers published by the Chemical Society of London in the annual journal of reports make it unnecessary, in Professor Remsen's opinion, to attempt to cover much ground in the way of scientific news.

Another feature of the journal will be a series of systematic reports upon particular branches of chemistry by eminent writers, the present number containing such a report on applied chemistry by Professor J. W. Mallet. The work is published in Baltimore, under the patronage of the Johns Hopkins University, and will probably appear bimonthly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The recipe for the following dainty is said to have been inherited from Alexandre Dumas the elder. The dainty is called *Anchois Monte-Cristo*. "You take a Spanish olive, and you put a rolled anchovy in the place of the kernel; then you put the olive into an ortolan, the ortolan into a quail, the quail into a pheasant, the pheasant into a turkey, the turkey into a little pig; you roast the latter for five hours; then you cast away every outward envelope to the dogs, and you keep only—" "The olive?" "You glutton, the anchovy!"

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining their young fellows on the piazza rather late one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting for something around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

"My dear," said a vain old man to his wife, "these friends here won't believe that I'm only forty-five years old. You know I speak the truth, don't you?" "Well," answered the simple wife, "I suppose I must believe it, John, as you've stuck to it for fifteen years."

When a man owes a debt and refuses to pay more than half of it, he calls the arrangement a compromise with his creditors. The creditors call it a swindle.

Not long since, in Texas, a juror arose, when the evidence was all in, and said that the twelve good men and true did not wish to hear the lawyers' speeches. And they didn't.

"De Mortuis Nil Nisi Malum"—"His acts made him immortal, and he lives more than ever," were the words of a minister at a funeral, but the compositor put it in this fashion: "His acts made him immoral, and he lies worse than ever."

She was a stubborn woman, and when she died her husband planted a willow over her grave, so that even in death she might have a will o' her own.

She tore the azure robe of night, and set the stars of glory there. She did, for a fact. She is a young and careering genius of Portland, Maine. She has written a story, she has. She has drawn it mild—very. Here is the mildest passage in it: "And even as she mused, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard along the labyrinthian avenues of the outspreading park. It was Juanita's Alphonso de Casca Blanca and his retainers. Reining in his prancing steed beneath her casement window, he cried, in oleaginous and farinaceous tones, 'Juanita, appear!'" Woo!

UNCLE SAM'S INNINGS.

Uncle Sam. "Well, if we can't win with our own legs, we can with our horses'."

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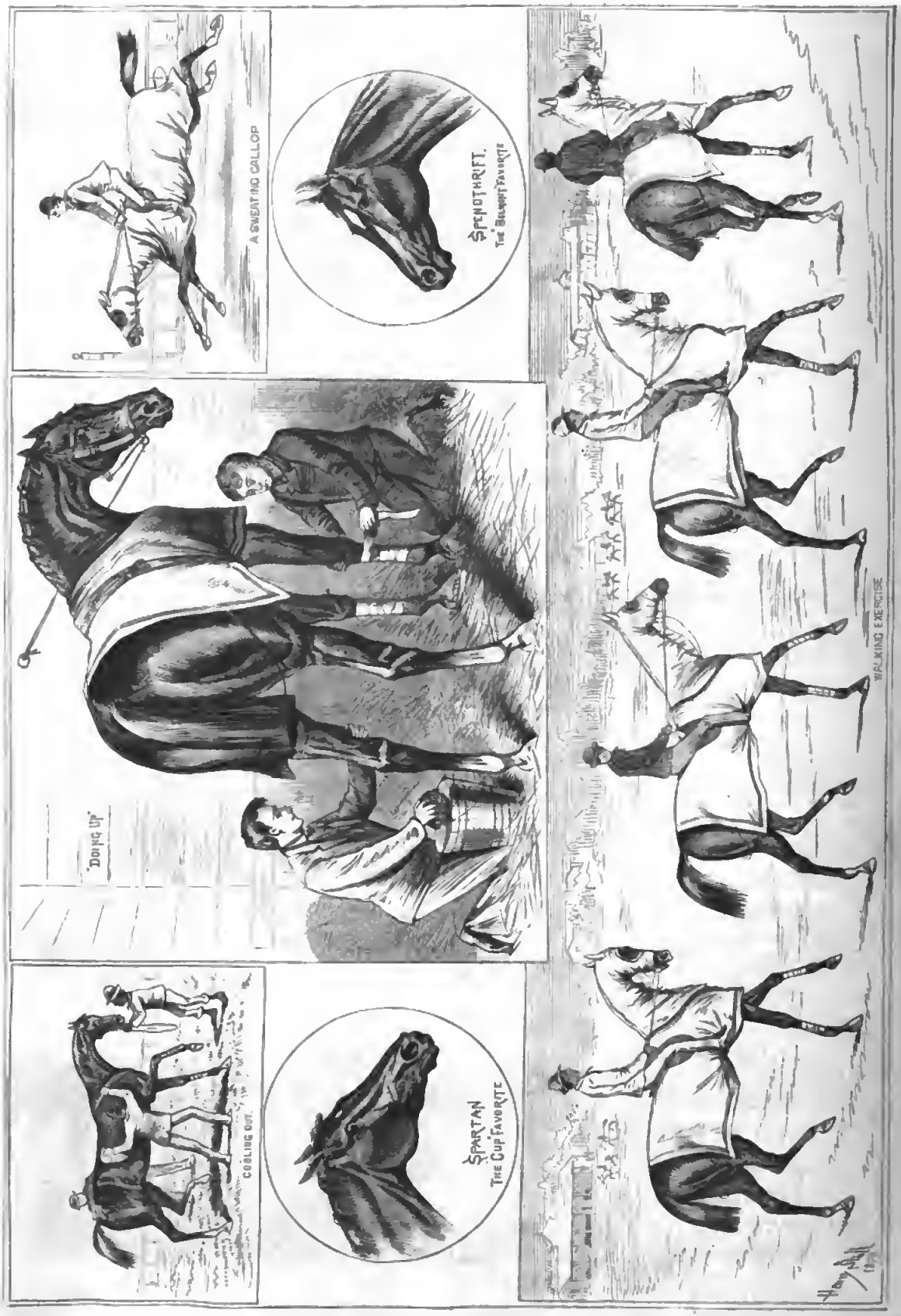

TRAINING THOROUGH-BREDS AT JEROME PARK.—DRAWN BY HENRY ORTH.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

THE FINE ARTS.

On our first page will be found an engraving from the equestrian statue of General THOMAS, just executed by our foremost American sculptor, Mr J Q A WARD The work exists at present in plaster only, and has been privately exhibited in the artist's studio It was made for the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, and when cast in bronze it will be erected in Washington on the circle at the junction of Vermont and Massachusetts avenues. A more noble equestrian statue does not exist. There is nothing melodramatic in the action, an effort to catch the eye by representing a feat in equestrianism, and yet the group is full of spirit and force. The General has just reined in his magnificent horse on the summit of a slight acclivity, as if to take a sweeping view of the battle-field. The horse's head is thrown back and up by the rider's firm check on the bit, and his whole attitude conveys the impression of rapid motion suddenly checked. The General's position is firm, but easy and natural. He sits like a soldier, not like a circus-rider or a jockey; and the noble horse reminds one of the magnificent passage in Job, which is familiar to every reader

This grand work is about fifteen feet in height, from the ground on which the horse stands to the top of the rider's head. The figures are about twice the size of life. The color of the bronze when the statue is cast will be a clear light brown, almost the natural color of the alloy The group is to stand on a pedestal of granite of elliptical shape, about sixteen feet in height, on which there will be decorations and tablets of bronze The cost of the statue will be $10,000, and of the pedestal $20,000. The work was ordered by the Society four years ago. It will be placed in position next October, with appropriate ceremonies.

Our Academy selections this week comprise a very graceful group of statuary by J S HARTLEY, and a fine landscape by J B BURROUGH, showing a picturesque passage on the Housatonic River Each work is beautiful and exquisite, and requires no words to heighten its impression on the mind.

The French art critic ALEXANDRE DE LAVOCA, in a recent number of *L'Art*, speaks in a very appreciative manner of Mr E A ABBEY's sepia drawing, "The Stage Office," of which an excellent full page engraving is also given. The article is on "Water Colors and Engravings" at the late Exposition, where Mr ABBEY's drawing attracted great attention Mr DE LAVOCA speaks of having found with the few water-colors from America "a superlatively excellent sepia, 'The Stage Office,' by E. A. ABBEY, who had lavished on this *fantaisie de Dickens*, so full of humor, taste, *finesse*, a piquant execution, and the very delicate variations of an accomplished colorist. Mr ABBEY has not alone a future, a brilliant future—he has arrived, his present is most enviable I find him again among the drawings, and there I am unable to praise too much his manner, which is at the same time learned, supple, and essentially pleasing, in the very artistic acceptation of the word, be it understood Nothing less than the brilliant merit of his performance is needed to pardon the exiguities of his types." And further, "At his side Mr GEORGE GREENHOUGH holds deservedly his place His portrait of Mademoiselle Dr B—— [also finely reproduced in the article] in a crayon of the most distinguished. To have two draughtsmen of this force among seven exhibitors does much honor to the United States"

"THE BATH."—By J. S. HARTLEY.

IMMURED IN A MONASTERY.

THE French National Assembly in 1790 refused to recognize Catholicism as the state religion, abolished monastic vows, suppressed all orders and congregations—except those charged with the succor of the sick—and decreed the civil constitution of the clergy The popular feeling found expression on the stage, and about this time a melodrama exposing the abuses of the Romish Church was performed with immense success by the comedians of the Français. It was called *Les Victimes Cloîtrées* (the immured victims), and the story was briefly this:

A silly and superstitious mother and a too easy father leave their child, a young girl, at the convent of the town in which they live, while they go for a time to Paris The girl, Eugénie de St. Alban, is betrothed to a friend of the family, named Dorval, young and very rich; he inquires after her constantly, and soon learns to his horror that she is unwell—seriously ill; in a few days, when he insists on seeing her, dead. He is told by the Père Laurent, confessor of the St. Albans and head of a monastery which adjoins the convent, that her illness was infectious, and that for this reason she was allowed to see no one, and it was necessary to bury her with the greatest haste. He is utterly crushed by the stroke, and Père Laurent has little difficulty in making him resolve to give up the world (and his wealth—to the monastery), and take up his abode in a dwelling where he will, at least, be always near the remains of his beloved The play is filled with the struggle between the Père Laurent, a second Tartuffe, and Francheville, a manly friend of Dorval, each doing all he can to influence the young man's decision—the one to confirm, the other to shake it. This struggle culminates in a scene, in which Francheville's honest indignation has all but conquered, when Dorval's mind, cunningly enfeebled by long isolation and a continued strain of exaggerated feeling, gives way for the time, and he yields entirely to Père Laurent. Immediately after this, however, the one good monk of the community, the Père Louis, contriving to speak to Dorval, reveals to him the horrible villainy of Laurent, who, failing to seduce the young girl, Eugénie, had resolved by her death to obtain a mastery over Dorval's feelings and ultimately over his property.

Dorval's want of self-control at once betrays to Laurent his knowledge of this frightful secret, and the poor boy is gagged and thrown into a vault under the monastery, just by the wall which divides it from the convent. He is sinking down, overcome by despair, when to his horror he finds that he is resting upon a corpse. Looking more closely, he discovers upon the floor, traced in letters of blood, these words: "During the twenty years that I have been perishing here, I have succeeded in detaching a bar of iron which fastened this tomb to the wall." Dorval snatches up the

"THE HOUSATONIC RIVER."—By J. B. BURROUGH.

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bar, and, following further directions which he finds, attempts to force aside a large stone in the wall. It yields; another and another soon follow, and in a few moments he has forced his way into an adjoining cell, in every way like his own. Here he finds a prisoner—a woman, who has fainted and lies insensible; as will be guessed, it is Eugénie, condemned by Père Laurent to this most lingering and horrible of deaths. The lovers, thus reunited in their prison, enjoy a brief moment of happiness; then they hear coming steps, and Dorval again seizes the iron, determined at all events to die fighting. But their fears are needless: it is the Père Louis and Francheville, who come to succor them, armed with the power of the state—for liberty has just triumphed, and the tyranny of the Church fallen (as they hope) forever.

In this play the character of Dorval is drawn with more than ordinary truth and power, and most of the others are firmly and clearly sketched; but it was not, of course, the literary merit of the piece which secured its success. It came at a very opportune moment, and may be said to have satisfied a popular need—or at least to have supplied a vent for popular emotion, which was further excited by an incident of the first representation. When, in the third act, Père Laurent gave the order to drag Dorval away, a man in the audience leaped up, crying, "Slay that villain!" For the moment he seemed almost mad; then, composing himself, he turned to those whom his sudden action had startled, and said, "Pardon me, gentlemen, but I was a monk myself; like Dorval, I have been thrown into a dungeon, and I thought I recognized in Père Laurent my old superior." Whether this interruption was genuine, or was only a cleverly got up "sensation," it had its effect, and all Paris went to see *Les Victimes Cloîtrées*.

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Apart from the suffering caused by skin diseases, their influence on the happiness of those to whom a delicate and pearly complexion is the dearest wish of their lives is paramount to all others. No lady afflicted with cutaneous eruptions, or loss of hair, will deny that, to obtain a fair skin and luxuriant tresses, she would gladly exchange the disfigurations that now mar her otherwise handsome face, hands, or hair, for other diseases of greater severity—even danger—could their existence be concealed from the public eye. There is something repulsive about a face covered with humor; and all the grace of manner and brilliant powers of conversation can scarcely remove the impression produced on one who witnesses it. It is remembered when more important and worthy subjects are forgotten. Many an estimable lady's life has been embittered by cutaneous affections. She imagines that every one sees and comments upon her looks. She avoids society and public places, and endeavors to hide her misery in seclusion. Here the struggle to improve her appearance is renewed. No remedy is too repulsive or dangerous to be used. Arsenic is devoured in large quantities, mercury is taken internally and applied externally, until the teeth rattle in their loosened sockets, and the system groans beneath the load of poisons it is obliged to carry.

If such be the feelings of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the condition of those suffering from salt-rheum, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, and scald-head? No pen can fully describe the tortures they endure. Death in many cases might be considered a blessing. The burning heat, inflammation, and itching nearly impel the sufferer to do violence to himself in order to end his sufferings. I have seen patients tear their flesh with their nails until the blood flowed in streams. Others have told me that they could eat the flesh from their limbs, so great was the agony they endured.

With a view to impart some useful information on the construction and preservation of the skin, scalp, and hair, and the proper treatment of them when diseased, I have here condensed to a popular form such information as is most desired.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKIN.

The skin is composed of two layers, which may be separated from each other by the action of a blister. The thin portion, which is raised up by the blister, is called the scarf-skin, the cuticle, or the *epidermis*; that which remains in connection with the body is the sensitive skin, the cutis, the dermis, or the *true skin*. Each has separate duties to perform. The *scarf-skin* is horny and insensible, and serves as a sheath to protect the more sensitive skin under it. Were the scarf skin taken off, we could not bear to have anything touch us. The *derma* or *true skin*, and its glands, oil tubes, etc., are the seat of all cutaneous diseases. These may be separated into four great divisions, viz., diseases of the true skin, diseases of the sweat glands and tubes, diseases of the oil glands and tubes, and diseases of the hair and hair glands.

THE OIL AND SWEAT GLANDS.

That the skin may be pliable and healthy it is necessary to have it oiled every day, and for this the Creator has wisely provided by placing in the true skin small glands and tubes, whose office it is to prepare and pour out upon the surface the proper amount of oil. On some parts of the body they do not exist, but are abundant on the face, nose, ears, head, eyelids, &c. They produce the wax of the ears, and on the head they open into the sheath of the hair, and furnish it with Nature's own hair-oil or pomade. When the skin is healthy, these little vessels are always at work, and constantly responding to the demands made upon them. Consequently no person should be afraid to wash thoroughly every day with soap and water, lest, as the Boston Medical Journal once taught, the skin be injured by having the oil removed from it.

FREQUENT WASHINGS WITH PURE SOAP

(free from caustic alkalies)—and I have something to say further on about soap that will be of interest to all who desire to preserve the skin and scalp in health, or to properly treat them when diseased—and lukewarm water, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, will do more to preserve the healthy action of the oil glands and tubes, upon which depends a clear and wholesome complexion, than all the cosmetics in the world. So important is the free and perfect action of the sweat and fat or oil glands to the preservation of the general health, as well as the special condition of the skin, that particular attention to them will be rewarded by increased physical health.

They discharge upon the surface of the body about two and one-half pounds of matter per day, and their importance in the purification of the blood and fluids of the body is so great that were they closed by an impervious coating, like rubber or oiled silk, death would soon ensue.

The daily occupation of many, want of cleanliness in others, and the inheritance of a sluggish skin, pave the way for numerous diseases of these vessels and tubes. Their contents, instead of flowing freely, become hard and impacted, and the vessels are not emptied. Hence the origin of many diseases.

Sometimes the action of the gland is too great, and oil is poured out so profusely that the surface shines with it. At other times there is so little that the skin is dry and hard. In the hardened oily matter that constitutes comedones are found small animals which Erasmus Wilson, the great authority, calls "the animal of the oily product of the skin."

THE GREAT SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES.

But bad as are minor forms of skin diseases, they sink into insignificance when compared with the great skin and scalp diseases with which thousands are afflicted during their whole lives. That the reader may know more about them, the principal affections are here named, omitting such as are symptoms of constitutional diseases, like measles, rash, &c. The most important are salt-rheum, or eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, impetigo, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, barber's itch, Jackson's itch, baker's itch, ground itch, scald-head, and dandruff.

Towering above all others in extent, in duration, in suffering, is

ECZEMA,

commonly called salt-rheum. Wilson divides it into twelve species, and others into many more; but it is sufficiently clear to the average reader, and will be recognized by its small watery blister, about the size of a pin-head, wherever seen. Prurigo, impetigo, and psoriasis are but little behind salt-rheum in the suffering they cause. Scald-head is another obstinate affection, defying all remedies, destroying the hair, and producing great misery and suffering. The scalp, like the skin, is subject to salt-rheum, tetter, dandruff, and other eruptive and scaly diseases, which generally destroy the hair follicles and produce permanent baldness.

THE TREATMENT

of diseases of the skin and scalp has been for centuries based upon the mistaken theory that they are entirely due to some impurity of the blood. No special attention has ever been directed to the important part the sweat and fat glands play in the propagation and maintenance of disease.

It is an unjust reflection upon the medical profession to say that its efforts in the cure of skin diseases have been a failure. When with mistaken theories, poisonous remedies, and blind adherence to methods and practices originating in ignorance and superstition, salt-rheum, scald-head, and psoriasis flourish and increase upon systems shattered by the copious use, both internal and external, of mercury, arsenic, zinc, and lead. Dr. Wood boldly admits that the mercurial influence does sometimes produce salt-rheum—a fact so well known that it is recorded in most of the text-books as mercurial eczema.

BLOOD PURIFIERS.

For centuries it has been the popular notion that diseases of the skin and scalp must be cured, if cured at all, by purifying the blood.

Admitting that this is partly true, what has been the method or what the remedies by which it was sought to be accomplished?

MERCURY AND ARSENIC.

Putting aside the senseless "sarsaparilla," "dock," and "dandelion" "blood purifiers," and considering only those remedies that have received the sanction of physicians, hospitals, and colleges, we find that mercury and arsenic are the only medicinal agents of to-day, as they were hundreds of years ago, which are regarded by the "regular" as having specific medical properties for the purification of the blood, and hence the only remedies adapted to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases.

A NEW POISON.

Out of seventeen prescriptions denominated "alteratives," or "blood purifiers," taken from a standard medical work, eight contained mercury in the form of corrosive sublimate, the proto-iodide, and the blue pill, five arsenic, three iodine—all corrosive poisons. For four hundred years mercury has been the sheet-anchor of the regular practitioner, and arsenic the main-stay of the specialist. It is not to be expected that the productions of quacks and patent-medicine men are any better. So much for internal remedies.

While the blood is being purified (?) by the internal administration of poison (!), the good work is often hastened forward where the subject is a skin disease, by the external application of ointments and salves and solutions, in every case containing a virulent poison. Referring to the same "standard medical work," we find that these are directed to be prepared from

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE

(mercury !), white precipitate (mercury !!), red precipitate (mercury !!!), citrine ointment (mercury !!!), prussic acid, arsenic, zinc, sulphur, lead, creosote, and opium, as suits the fancy or prejudice of the physician. Here is the whole list in the exact order in which they are given; not one is omitted. This is the course pursued by the average practitioner, and advocated by most of the schools of medicine.

THE TRUE THEORY.

But a little light is being thrown upon the darkness that has surrounded the intellect of the past. To a few German and French physicians and specialists we owe what true progress we are making at the present time in the cure of obstinate affections of the skin and scalp. They teach and prove (1) that diseases of the skin and scalp are caused by a derangement of the secretory and excretory tubes and vessels of the true skin, and (2) that such diseases or affections are aggravated and maintained by poisonous fluids containing the virus of scrofula, malaria, or contagious disease, which are discharged from the blood and circulating fluids upon the skin through the sweat and fat glands. From these facts they successfully maintain that skin diseases cannot be cured solely by internal remedies, nor solely by external remedies, but by a judicious use of both. These affections are not wholly caused by impurities of the blood and circulating fluids, nor are they due entirely to a diseased condition of the sweat and fat glands, tubes, vessels, and cells of the true skin, but to a peculiar and inseparable condition of both. For if you treat the one to the neglect of the other, no progress is made, but with attention to both at the same time, and the use of such remedies as I can here recommend, a permanent cure is possible in nearly every case.

"WHAT WE WANT,"

said a distinguished authority on the skin, "what we most earnestly desire in order to cure the most obstinate skin and scalp affections, are three great remedies, with as many specific properties: viz.—

"1. An external application of a jelly consistence that has the power of arresting inflammation and destroying fungus or parasitic growths.

"2. An emollient and healing soap, free from caustic alkalies, for cleansing diseased surfaces.

"3. An internal remedy having a chemical affinity or the power of uniting with and neutralizing or destroying the corrupt particles of matter or disease-breeding elements which exist as impurities in the blood and circulating fluids, and which are discharged upon the skin by the sweat and fat glands to feed disease already existing.

"With three such remedies as I conceive it possible to prepare, but which I do not now know to exist, I will venture to assert that ninety per centum of the skin diseases in existence may be permanently cured."

THE TOTAL REMEDIAL FAILURE.

If I have appeared severe upon the medical profession, I have not been unjustly so toward physicians who adhere to practices at variance with reason and common-sense, and, withal, lamentable failures. I here assert that no ointment, salve, cerate, lotion, or compound for external application, nor alterative or "blood purifier" for internal use, to be found in the materia medica of the schools and colleges of medicine, and there are thousands of them, will certainly cure a case of chronic salt-rheum, psoriasis, or leprosy—no, nor even dandruff and simple scaly affections. I have tried them with all the care and experience suggested by a liberal education, but with unsatisfactory results, as to specific curative properties.

HOPE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Hence, when Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, of Boston, informed me that for eight years they had been experimenting with medicinal agents, and had obtained mostly from substances never before used in medicine, and by a process original with themselves, three great remedies, which they believed to be an infallible cure for every kind of skin and scalp disease from salt-rheum to dandruff, whether caused by a scrofulous or disease-tainted blood, or by a morbid condition of the glands, tubes, vessels, and cells of the true skin, or both. As I had concluded to devote my life entirely to the treatment of skin and scalp diseases, to which I have given much study and attention, I eagerly embraced the opportunity given me by Messrs. Weeks & Potter to make a thorough test of these remedies in my practice, and if successful, to give them such publicity as their merits entitled them to. This I now do, with the object of thereby lessening so far as in my power the great suffering caused by the diseases under consideration. With this object in view, I received a quantity of each remedy, and made a most careful examination of them.

THE FIRST.

The name given to the first of these great remedies is Cuticura, from cutis, the skin, and cura, a cure—a skin cure. In practice I found it possessed wonderful curative properties as they exist in no other remedies of the day. It is entirely unlike anything for external application that I have ever seen before. It does not contain a particle of deleterious or unwholesome matter, and is so easily applied that no irritation or pain is caused by its application to raw and inflamed surfaces.

Cuticura, when used as directed, is wonderfully adapted to soothe and heal the most inflamed surfaces, to allay itchings and irritations that have been the torture of a life-time, to destroy fungus or unnatural growths on the skin and scalp, to cleanse and purify the pores of the skin, and restore to healthy and regular action the oil glands, tubes, and cells, upon whose perfect action depend the preservation of a healthy skin and restoration when diseased. It does not evaporate until the temperature is raised to more than double that of the body, and hence is not dissipated by heat, but remains on the skin until completely absorbed. It does not contain a trace of mercury, arsenic, zinc, or caustic chemicals of any kind. It will not become rancid, or spoil on exposure in any climate. It will be as fresh, fragrant, soothing, and healing fifty years hence as it is to-day. Contrast this with the horrible salves and ointments of the present time! Its fragrant odor is no more grateful than is its agreeable taste, for, be it known, no remedy is better adapted to cure affections of the throat and lungs than Cuticura.

THE SECOND.

A pure skin soap, appropriately named after the great remedy from which it draws its curative properties, is of a delicate natural green color, showing its wholesome origin. Its emollient, soothing, and healing action is the same as Cuticura, only in a modified form. *While it cannot take the place of the latter in the treatment of obstinate skin and scalp affections, it may ably assist it at every stage, and is positively indispensable in most cases.* It is in every respect a pleasing contrast to the filthy products prepared from the refuse of sinks, vats, hotels, hospitals, and rendering-houses, reeking with putrescence and animal parasites and the germs of contagious diseases, and innocently labelled "skin soap." In recommending the Cuticura Soap as an assistant to Cuticura, as well as for the preservation of the skin of infants, of gentlemen who shave, and those who desire a fresh and wholesome skin and scalp, I but fill to the brim the measure of my duty to the public.

Permit me to pause a moment to impress upon all the necessity of frequent washing of the skin and scalp with soap—using plenty of soap (free from caustic alkalies). Whether the skin or scalp is diseased or healthy, do not be afraid of soap. It will assist all other remedies if diseased, and preserve and freshen the healthy skin. Too much ignorance prevails as to its value in the preservation of the skin and scalp. Cuticura Soap is a most fragrant and refreshing application to the skin, and will preserve the complexion better than all the cosmetics in existence. For the toilet, bath, and nursery, it is the purest healing and cleansing soap before the public, and should be eagerly demanded by all who value health, a clear skin, and wholesome complexion.

THE THIRD

great remedy submitted to me is called the Cuticura Resolvent, because of its intimate relation to Cuticura in the cure of skin and scalp diseases. Of all the remedies for the purification of the blood and circulating fluids that I have ever examined, none approach in specific medical action the wonderful properties of the Resolvent. In *forty* minutes after taking the first dose it may be detected by chemical analysis in the saliva, sweat, fat, and blood, showing that it has entered the blood and circulating fluids, and made the entire circuit of the human labyrinth many times. Chemical tests show it to be present in the water with which the patient has bathed on rising in the morning. This wonderful property alone should render it famous, for by thus entering and becoming a part of the circulating fluids it is enabled to traverse every diseased cell, tube, and vessel of the skin, and leave its wholesome medical constituents upon the surface of the body, thus realizing the dream of the greatest French physicians.

But it does more than this. It is a powerful purifying agent and liver stimulant. It neutralizes and resolves away blood poisons, caused by the virus of scrofula, cancer, canker, malarial or contagious diseases. It destroys microscopic insects or parasites which infest the water and air of malarial regions, and breed many forms of skin diseases, besides destroying the liver and kidneys. And besides all these wonderful properties, it regulates the stomach and bowels so successfully that digestion becomes so perfect as to admit of a rapid increase of wholesome tissue, while the mental and physical forces are so favorably affected that the most obstinate affections which have been pronounced incurable by the highest medical authorities, are speedily and permanently cured.

Having been charmed, I must confess, with the results of my analyses of these new remedies, my next step was to demonstrate their value in the treatment of the great skin affections usually considered incurable. I know that every word I now write

WILL AWAKEN HOPE

in the breast of many a life-long sufferer. Can I, in a broad and Christian spirit, without prejudice, without reservation, say to those afflicted, Here, in these great natural remedies, is a speedy and permanent cure? With a just sense of the responsibility I assume, I say, I can. There does not exist a case of chronic salt-rheum, tetter, ringworm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, scald-head, dandruff, or itching or scaly eruptions that the Cuticura remedies may not cure, unless the recuperative powers of the glands and tubes are destroyed forever. Instantly they begin their great work. Relief dates from the first application, and a cure speedily follows their faithful use.

HUNDREDS OF LIVING WITNESSES.

The best evidence I can offer in favor of these great remedies is the wonderful cures they have made, cures that have astounded—nay, dumfounded—the noted specialists of the day, and created an excitement among medical men, among druggists, among all classes of society, never equalled by any other remedies in the history of medicine.

Among the many remarkable cures performed by the Cuticura remedies I have space only for the following:

Hon. William Taylor, Boston, Massachusetts, permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities. He says: "I have been so elated with my successful use of the Cuticura remedies that I have stopped men in the streets to tell them of my case."

Charles Houghton, Esq., lawyer, 17 Congress Street, Boston, certifies to a case of eczema or salt-rheum which had been under his personal observation for ten years, and which covered the greater part of the patient's body with its peculiar irritating and itching scab, and to which all known remedies and methods of treating such diseases had been applied without benefit, has completely disappeared, leaving a clean and wholesome skin, under the use of the Cuticura remedies.

Alderman J. A. Tucker, 19 Doane Street, Boston, writes: "I think I have paid for medicines and medical treatment during the last twenty years, all of three thousand dollars, without receiving any permanent benefit. Since my cure I have had no trouble from the disease, and have not had such good health in twenty years as during the last six months. I believe it the greatest discovery of this century." Disease, eczema or salt-rheum of the body, limbs, face, and scalp.

Messrs. Dunning Brothers, druggists, Allegan, Mich., write under date of February 11: "A case of leprosy in our poor-house is being cured by the Cuticura remedies. The county had employed all of our doctors, and had sent to New York for advice, but all to no avail. The patient commenced getting better as soon as he began using them. Had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. Last week he dressed for the first time. When he washed there was a quart of scales came off of him. This happened every day. We think it a wonderful cure." This case is creating great excitement in that section of the country.

H. A. Raymond, Esq., Jackson, Mich., auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw Railroad, was cured of scald-head that had resisted all remedies for nine years.

F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the Cuticura remedies.

P. P. Carroll, Esq., attorney-at-law, 80 Camp Street, New Orleans, writes a long letter, gratefully acknowledging a cure of tetter of the hands, which had afflicted him for years.

Fred. Holmes, Esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says, in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin Street, Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call eczema. We have tried most everything, and at last have used about a box of Cuticura, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

It would require every column of this paper to do justice to a description of the cures performed by the Cuticura remedies. Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat, and usually considered incurable; small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the ears, nose, and sides of the face; scald-heads, with loss of hair, without number; heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, especially of children and infants, many of which since birth had been a mass of scabs; psoriasis, leprosy, and other frightful forms of skin diseases; scrofulous ulcers, old sores, and discharging wounds—each and all of which have been speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura remedies.

Of such a record Messrs. Weeks & Potter may be justly proud. It is a grand medical triumph—a triumph that will be gratefully remembered by thousands long after the originators have passed away.

To relieve and permanently cure diseases of the skin and scalp which have been the torture of a lifetime, to replace the repulsive evidences of disease with the glow of health, and thus render beautiful the face of man or woman, is to deserve the gratitude of mankind.

That Cuticura externally applied, with a proper use of the Cuticura Soap and the internal use of the Cuticura Resolvent, will cure speedily and permanently the worst forms of skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, I think I have fully demonstrated.

I know that what I have written in these columns will bring

JOY TO MANY,

and I mean it shall. I want to make those happy who, by reason of these affections and diseases, have been unhappy; and that I may do so, I freely proclaim the virtues of the Cuticura remedies, and so long as good-natured editors grant me space in their papers I mean to do so. And so long as Messrs. Weeks & Potter can furnish them at a price within the reach of all who need them, there must be less suffering from these intolerable disorders than ever before. Let me say, in conclusion, what I have before so often said, the Cuticura remedies will cure scalp and skin diseases that have defied the skill and resources of the ablest physicians. I have demonstrated it to be true. A grand curative blessing is thus substituted for death-dealing poisons. Mercury, arsenic, zinc, and lead, and a thousand and one other revolting, poisonous, and noxious things prescribed by ignorance and superstition, must now sink into obscurity before the wonderful healing power of Cuticura. As a humanitarian, I recommend them to humanity. As a physician, I indorse them, and rejoice at their discovery.

* Mary E. Josselyn, M.D., Physician for Diseases of the Skin and Scalp; Consultation Rooms, 11 Madison Avenue, New York.

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THAT DEMOCRATIC WOLF IS VERY MUCH LIKE A FOX.
He can't bite now. He is "muzzled."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BEGINNING OF THE FIFTY-NINTH VOLUME.

It has been the custom of the publishers of Harper's Magazine from time to time to make announcements to the public, offering special attractions in a forthcoming new volume, and promising to spare no pains or expense necessary to secure improvement in its appearance and contents. These promises they have faithfully kept, availing themselves of every advantage offered by the current progress of art and literature; and thus in the enhanced beauty and interest of the Magazine returning to its readers ample reward for their patronage. The reduced cost of material and labor has also inured to the benefit of the readers, giving them better ink and paper, better engravings, and greater typographical excellence.

The publishers signalize the beginning of the Fifty-ninth Volume of the Magazine and of its thirtieth year by a general and permanent improvement—increasing the size of its type, and enlarging the width of the page. This is the *third* change which has been made in the type of the Magazine—each being in the line of improvement and enhancing its legibility. The present change, viewed in connection with the increased beauty of the illustrations—the result of the recent wonderful progress in art culture and wood-engraving in this country—leaves little to be desired as regards the outward appearance of the Magazine.

But while the publishers of Harper's Magazine will spare no expense to maintain its pre-eminence in mechanical and artistic excellence, they will still hold fast to the maxim, approved by past experience, that the permanent success of a popular periodical depends mainly upon the interest and importance of its reading matter. The conduct of the Magazine upon this principle has made it the accepted type of a popular magazine, giving it the leadership, and making it indispensable to the reading public.

In the field of Fiction the resources of the publishers command the best productions in the language. An eminent instance is the serial novel by Miss Mulock, "Young Mrs. Jardine," begun in the February Number.* For more than twenty years this woman has been received with an unfaltering welcome into hundreds of thousands of American homes as a guest, bringing hearty and innocent entertainment. Next to "John Halifax, Gentleman," the novel by which her first popularity was won, "Young Mrs. Jardine" is her best love-story—representing the full ripeness of her wonderful genius. In the August Number will be begun two new serial stories by two of the strongest living English novelists—one entitled "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," by William Black, and the other, "Mary Anerley," by R. D. Blackmore.

The July Number will contain a bright paper by C. C. Carroll on "Narragansett Pier," with sixteen beautiful illustrations; "The Land o' Burns," by W. H. Rideing, with picturesque illustrations; the third paper of Howard Pyle's beautifully illustrated series, "A Peninsular Canaan;" the beginning of a series of papers by S. G. W. Benjamin, entitled "Fifty Years of American Art (1828–1878)," with beautifully engraved copies of paintings by noted American artists; an illustrated humorous poem, "The Owl Critic," by James T. Fields; "The Mowing," a poem by S. H. M. Byers, with a fine illustration by Fredericks; a sketch of Revolutionary heroism, "The Storming of Stony Point," by H. P. Johnston, illustrated; an illustrated short story, "A Romance of Easthampton," by A. A. Hayes, Jr.; two short stories, "The Happy Island," by Edward Everett Hale, and "The Diary of a Man of Fifty," by Henry James, Jr.; "Recollections of Charles Sumner," by E. P. Whipple; a continuation of Miss Mulock's "Young Mrs. Jardine," and other matter of timely and general interest.

It is the aim of the publishers to make each Number of the Magazine superior to its predecessors, and that their efforts are appreciated by the public is evinced by the rapid increase, since the beginning of the current year, of its already immense circulation. To a new generation of readers, it is still Harper's New Monthly Magazine, and, independently of its past success, it makes each month a fresh bid for popular favor.

* To New Subscribers.—In order that new subscribers may have the earlier chapters of this remarkable novel, "Young Mrs. Jardine," the publishers will send, gratuitously, to those remitting four dollars for one year's subscription beginning with the June Number, the Numbers for February, March, April, and May.

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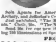

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"A MISSION OF MERCY."—FROM A PAINTING BY BASIL BRADLEY.

"A MISSION OF MERCY."

ADMIRATION is constantly being extorted from men by denizens of the animal world, but no other creature can command more of respect or even reverence than the St. Bernard dog. The instinct of saving life with which he is endowed is coupled with an intelligence which makes his efforts effective. Others of his species form attachments to special individuals, and numerous are the stories told of the services rendered by them on occasions of disaster; but the St. Bernard dog is a great and general philanthropist, risking his life continually to succor those to whom he has no interest, and to whom he is utterly unknown. As one writer tells us: "The heroic self-denial with which he devotes his life to such a noble purpose has, by universal consent, hallowed by antiquity, entitled him to a prefix given to no other animal—that of 'Saint.'"

These dogs, which belong almost exclusively to the mountainous districts of Savoy, were originally introduced by St. BERNARD OF MENTHON, who in the year 963 is said to have founded the well-known monastery on a half-way house for travellers across the Alps. In the Hospice Chapel there is still to be seen a painting representing the pious monk with his dog by his side. Since then the monks have never been known to be without their dogs. Accidents involving great fatalities among these animals, such as awful avalanches, have from time to time occurred; but these casualties were immediately overcome by the monks sending into the valleys round about for dogs that had been sent out from the hospice when puppies as presents to certain of the neighboring nobility and gentry. In this way the breed has been kept distinct since the tenth century. The St. Bernard dogs are of two kinds—rough and smooth coated—both having the same characteristics except in the length of their hair. The color is various, tawny and brindle most prevailing. A clearly marked line up the face meeting with a similar one round the neck is considered a great point of excellence by the monks. Nothing would induce them to part with a dog of this marking, it being supposed by them to resemble the distinctive badge of their order—a piece of white lace, which they wear round the neck as a collar and carry down the back to the waist.

The number of dogs kept at the hospice rarely exceeds six, and in winter only four are used each day—two on the Italian side, and two on the Swiss side. Two monks, accompanied by two servants and two dogs, start at eight o'clock every morning down each side of the mountain on the look-out for lost travellers. At night also, particularly if the wind blows, some of them are sent out. They traverse all the paths about the mountains, and their scent is so keen that they can discover the traveller, even if he be buried several feet beneath the snow. As soon as the dogs find a traveller they begin by uttering a deep howl, which the monks hear, and go to their assistance. At the same time the sagacious animals commence digging and scraping away the snow, and in this way, if not buried too deeply, they frequently succeed in uncovering the body. Generally a flask of some kind of cordial is fastened around their necks, and if the traveller has sufficient strength he refreshes himself with this while waiting for assistance to arrive.

The St. Bernard dogs have been made the subject of poems, pictures, and tales innumerable, so that there is scarcely a child in any country who is not familiar with their appearance and stories of their noble deeds. Among other well known writers who have paid them a just tribute of admiration is MRS. STOWE. In her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* she graphically describes the dogs she saw at St. Bernard as follows: "Seven great dogs were sunning themselves on the porch. They are of a tawny color, short-haired, broad-chested, and strong-limbed. As to size, I have seen much larger Newfoundland dogs in Boston. I made one of them open his mouth, and can assure you it was as black as night—a fact which would seem to imply Newfoundland blood. In fact, the breed—originally from Spain—is supposed to be a cross between the Pyrenean and Newfoundland. The biggest of them was called Pluto. For my part, I was a little uneasy among them as they were wallowing and frisking around me, floundering and rolling over each other on the stone floor, and making every now and then the most hideous noises it ever came into a dog's head to conceive. As I saw them biting each other in their clumsy frolics, I began to be afraid lest they should take it into their heads to treat me as one of the family, and so stood ready to run. The man who showed them to me wished to know if I should like to see some puppies, to which, in the ardor of natural history, I assented, so he opened the door of a little stone closet, and, sure enough, there lay madam in state with four little blind mute-mouth pledges. As the man picked up one of them, and held it up before me in all the helplessness of infancy, looking for all the world like a roly poly pudding with a short tail to it, I could not help querying in my mind, Are you going to be a St. Bernard dog? One of the large dogs, seeing the door open, thought now was a good time to examine the premises, and so walked briskly into the kennel, but was received by the amiable mother with such a sniff of the nose to sent him howling back into the passage apparently a much wiser and better dog than he had been before. Their principal use is to find paths in the deep snow, when the Fathers go out to look for travellers, as they always do in stormy weather. They are not long-lived, neither man nor animal can stand the severe temperature and the thin air for a long time. Many of the dogs die from diseases of the lungs and rheumatism, besides those killed by accidents, such as the falling of avalanches, etc. A little while ago so many died that they were fearful of losing the breed altogether, and were obliged to recruit by sending down into the valleys for some they had given away. One of the monks told us that when they went out after the dogs in the winter storms, all they could see of them was their tails moving through the snow. The monks themselves can stand the climate but a short time, and then they are obliged to go down and live in the valleys below, while others take their places."

Anecdotes of the wonderful sagacity of the St. Bernard dogs, and the strange antics they occasionally perform in the service of their masters,

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are both numerous and entertaining. The following one, told by Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, is culled from a charming volume entitled *Dogs and their Doings*, prepared by the Rev. F O MORRIS, and published by HARPER & BROTHERS. Sir THOMAS, who for many years resided at Grange House, Edinburgh, had a fine dog of the St. Bernard breed presented to him. After describing many of Bass's characteristics, his owner goes on to say "He took a particular fancy for one of the postmen who delivers letters here, though he was not the man whom I have already had occasion to mention. It was the duty of the postman I now allude to, besides delivering letters, to carry a letter bag from one evening home to another, and this big bag he used to give to Bass to carry Bass always followed that man through all the villas in the neighborhood where he had deliveries to make, and he invariably parted with him opposite to the gate of the convent of St. Margaret, and returned home. When our gate was shut to prevent his following the postman, the dog always leaped a high gate to get after him. One day when the postman was ill, or detained by some accidental circumstance, he sent a man in his place. Bass went up to the man, curiously scanning his face, while the man retired from the dog, by no means liking his appearance, and very anxious to decline all acquaintance with him. But as the man left the place, Bass followed him, showing strong symptoms that he was determined to have the post-bag. The man did all that he could to keep possession of it. But at length Bass, seeing that he had no chance of getting possession of the bag by civil entreaty, raised himself on his hind-legs, and putting a great fore-paw on each of the man's shoulders, he laid him flat on his back in the road, and quietly picking up the bag, he proceeded peacefully on his wonted way. The man, much dismayed, arose, and followed the dog, making every now and then an ineffectual attempt to coax him to give up the bag. At the first house he came to he told his fears and the dilemma he was in, but the people comforted him by telling him that the dog alone carried the bag Bass walked with the man to all the houses at which he delivered letters, and along the road, till he came to the gate of St. Margaret's, where he dropped the bag, and making his bow to the man, he returned home"

It is a remarkable fact that the largest and best collections of these noble dogs are to be found not to their true home among the Alps, but in other countries. In England, for instance, the Rev OTHERO MACDONA, of West Kirby, paid so much attention to the St. Bernard species that he finally came to possess a kennel larger and of better quality than that of the Alpine hospice. His well-known champion dog Tell, the winner of a hundred prizes, was never beaten. This beautiful animal retired upon his well-earned laurels when he took the champion prize at the Crystal Palace in 1870. At one time the monks of St. Bernard wrote to Mr MACDONA, stating that they should rely upon him to replenish their stock in case of any accident happening to it. The most famous of the many noble animals whose lives have been passed in rescuing Alpine travellers was BARRY This magnificent creature died in the year 1818, having in his time saved over forty persons from death. It would indeed be hard to estimate the number of lives saved every year by these devoted friends of humanity Thousands of travellers cross the St. Bernard Pass every winter, of whom hundreds owe their safety and their lives to the guidance and unerring instinct of these dogs in tracking the paths, and finding those who have been overcome with cold.

ZULU METHOD OF

ENGLISH AND ZULUS.

No better evidence is wanted of what is called the "pluck" of the English nation than the enthusiasm with which her soldiers leave their native country and go out to Africa to wage war with a race of savages whose blood-thirsty instincts and overwhelming numbers, together with their treacherous methods of fighting, make them the most revolting as well as the most dangerous of enemies. To their credit be it said that off cers and men seem to accept this kind of service with the same willingness that they go to encounter a civilized foe. When any protest is made, it comes in some such shape as the following humorous paragraph from the pen of Captain THOMAS J LUCAS, whose experiences with the Cape Mounted Rifles form the basis of a most entertaining volume "Some discriminating individual has truly observed with more originality than elegance, that a Caffre war is 'the arch of all wars.' In this service the British warrior neither lives nor dies like a gentleman. Opposed to savages, who are in the habit of skulking behind stones and bushes, and literally stalking their opponents, he falls ingloriously, without seeing his enemy, and deprived even of the poor satisfaction of a shot in return." Our readers will remember that in our last Supplement we devoted some space to the consideration of the Zulu Caffres as warriors The subject, however, was by no means exhausted, and in connection with the accompanying striking engraving we shall borrow a [illegible] and other valuable [illegible] as practiced by [illegible] South Africa.

The Caffre [illegible] himself on the [illegible] spider-like, in his entangled in some [illegible] allow him to come [illegible] vantage in his fore[illegible] pressed, he retreat[illegible]

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vellous dexterity, delivering his fire, and then sinking, as it were, into the very earth without offering any visible point of attack. And this, too, on ground where a hare or a partridge could alone apparently find cover. Equally unsatisfactory when killed, he "cuts up badly," his personal property in all likelihood consisting of nothing more valuable than one or two brass curtainrings, an old curb chain, which serves him in lieu of a bracelet, with two or three assegais, every inferior in point of weaponmanship, and a Brummagem-looking gun, which might be purchased in any civilized country for ten shillings. His pouch of rough untanned leathers will probably contain some twelve or thirteen worn or leaden bullets, badly cast, with their jagged edges left uncut, and a small bunch of charmed twigs, with which his prophet Umlangeni insures protection against sudden death.

Cattle constitute his worldly wealth and only means of traffic or exchange. Should he wish to marry, the problem stands thus: Given so many cows, find the style of wife required, her beauty and accomplishments rising in exact ratio to the number of horns he can bring into the market. Does he commit murder or rob his comrades, the foul disgrace is only to be wiped away with cattle, which lapse as a sort of fine to his chief, who is seldom debarred by modest scruples from taking them. To wrest these from his strongholds is the great aim of the British soldier; indeed, the arts and mysteries of cattle-driving may be considered indispensable to the warrior who desires to be famous in Caffre warfare, success being estimated less by the number of scalps which adorn his belt, or the excellence of his manœuvres in the field, than by the number of beeves he may drive patriarchal-like before his victorious columns.

The regular forces employed in fighting the Caffres being in ordinary times small, the colonial governments calls in the assistance of levies from various parts of the country. Some of these are Europeans; the remainder embrace every variety of caste, from the "Bay and Martin" nigger to the parchment-faced Bushman. Here may be seen runaway sailors, discharged soldiers, scamps out of employ, and ragged rascals of every description, who prefer the glorious profession of arms to hard work of any kind. Like all soldiers clothed and shod by contract, their outfit, furnished by the slop-sellers, exhibits, as might be supposed, an agreeable variety of costume, the military forage cap mingling sociably with the paletot and short bonte of private life. Their sense of discipline not being strict, they are accustomed to look upon the most ordinary commands of their superior officers as admitting of argument. Thus, when required to mount sentry, they consider as their doing so as a "personal favor," and are apt, after remaining, as they suppose, a sufficiently long time on watch, to notify the fact to the corporal of the guard by firing off their muskets, and possibly shooting some stray wanderer who is unfortunate enough to cross their beats. Nothing can give an adequate idea of their grotesque appearance on the line of march: the utter absence of all regularity, their guns sloping at a hundred different angles, their rolling gait, the number of miscellaneous odds and ends they carry, and loose ropes towing overboard. Frequently they are perfectly uncontrollable, their officers having abandoned all idea of disciplinous hopeless. Thus they go along in a confused rabble, each one walking his own pace, and carrying his weapon as he pleases, while frequently the way to relieved by jesting and laughter. Yet, if the truth may be told, these troops are in every way a valuable auxiliary to the regular forces, whose strict discipline and general inability to think for themselves unfit them for the guerrilla warfare that plays so important part in every conflict with the Caffre tribes.

The army of Zululand, with which the English and their strange auxiliaries have to contend, owes its organization to CHAKA, the general whose indomitable military skill has made his tribe distinguished above all others of the Caffre race. "There can be no doubt," writes the Rev. JOSEPH SOOTHEY, "that, generally speaking, these people are deficient in courage, and that the conquests achieved by CHAKA were due in a far greater measure to himself and the discipline he established than to the bravery of his soldiers." It is also stated by another important authority on Caffre subjects that CHAKA maintained a "system of espionage by which at all times he knew the condition and strength of every tribe around him, both independent and tributary. It was also CHAKA's custom to conceal the destination of his army until the moment before starting. We learn that "when all was ready for entering upon the march, he confided to one general his design, and to him he intrusted the command should he not lead his army in person." Further on the same writer tells us "he made it an invariable rule to address his warriors at their departure, and his language was generally studied to raise their expectations and excite them in the hour of battle. He particularly detailed them to the road his spies had pointed out, inducing them to believe that they were going to attack any party but the one actually designed. This concealment was intended to prevent transmissible

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communications from being made to the enemy." It is needless to say that Chaka's tactics are still in use, and that ambush and surprise are two important features in Caffer warfare.

In spite of the peculiarities of the armies now to war in South Africa—the Caffres, with their war paint and feather, and the red-coated English regulars, with their nondescript auxiliaries by their side—the fighting that is going on in the remote part of the world is as severe and terrible as any ever witnessed between two nations. Those who view the dreadful scenes are pressed to tell which of the two nations, civilized or savage, can claim the greater award for courage and bravery. "Behold," writes the Rev. Mr Wirr, the noble missionary, who saw his church and other buildings it had cost years of patience to erect destroyed on the terrible day of Isandula, "on the one side 1000 soldiers, re-enforced by equal their numbers of black ones, leaving their camp to attack an army more than ten times their number! Behold on the taker side the sons of Zulus, who, close together, walk straight against the mouth of the cannon! Look how thousands after thousands are killed, and nevertheless the mass prevails, without fear, over the dead bodies of their comrades against the destroying weapon! Behold on the one side a few dozen white troops, the only remainder of the thousand, look how they, after having shot away all their ammunition, keep close together, trying yet awhile to fight for their lives with their bayonets! Behold on the other side—the black ones—how they are fighting against the attacker and oppressor, fighting for liberty and independence, coming close to the bayonets, and making them harmless by taking the corpses of their brethren and throwing them on them! Who wins your warmest sympathy—the captain who, knowing that he is lost, stops a moment to spike the cannon and die, as the Zulu who, in his excitement, leaves his fellow-soldiers behind, and alone makes the attack on the hospital at Rourke's Drift, resting his gun on the very barricade, and firing on those inside? Is your admiration greater for those ninety-five who entered the commissariat room at Oscamburg and defended it against 3000 Zulus than for those 5000 who fought outside the whole night trying to overpower the whites, and who withdrew at daybreak, leaving 1000 dead, hundreds of whom were lying even on the very veranda of the house? Indeed, your admiration ought to be as great for the one as for the other. Where did you find greater courage or contempt of death than theirs?"

THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT IT

I REMEMBER the way it began. It was in April, and some of the house-cleaning was done. The parlor stove had been taken down and sewed up in its usual canvas bag for the season. Aunty said she wouldn't have the dirt and mess of a fire upon her freshly turned carpet. We were so sorry, Daisy and Tom and I, because it was the one cheery spot in the whole room. Outside of the dear old thin-legged and thinner-toned piano there wasn't now a comfortable feature in the whole grim circumference of it. And because it was April, and some of the house-cleaning done, many would have it that the parlor was comfortable. Her poor dear nose was red, and her thin hands were blue, and we felt so sorry to see her freeze there with her Prayer-book in her hand. She hadn't taken much meat during Lent, and looked sadly worn, and so very thin with the cold. As for Daisy and me, we shiled out by the kitchen range pretending to be still doing up the dishes, and it was a mercy we did, for Cousin Tom came right to us instead of blurting into the parlor with his pale face and melancholy news. Somehow the minute he took his hat off I knew by the look of his hair that something had happened. It usually lay kind of curly and soft about his forehead, but now it was lank and stiff and petrified-looking. He came right up to us and said, in a blood-curdling way, "Girls, the bank has busted."

"Not aunty's bank?" said Daisy, for I couldn't speak.

"The one where she kept her tin," said Tom. "It's gone up the spout! *Clean!*" he added, with mournful emphasis.

With one accord we took a peep through at aunty, as people always will gape upon a fallen horse, a house afire, or any other miserable spectacle.

She was sitting up by the window as stiff as ever, her nose from red had become blue, and her hands had deepened to a purple. There was a gray look to her face of age, of loneliness, of Heaven known what, that set the tears to flowing out of Daisy's lovely eyes, and made a queer lump in my throat.

"Who can tell her?" whispered Daisy, while we all shrank at the bare thought of such a thing.

"After all, why tell her?" said Cousin Tom. "I always draw the money; it will be no easy thing to keep up the humbug of the book."

"But the humbug of the money is the difficult part," I said.

"Well, it will be a tight shave," said Tom; "there'll be some tall scrouging when rent-day comes around, but I think I can manage it now."

We knew that Tom was in an insurance office, and though the work was light, the pay was correspondingly vaporous, and he had always given what he could to the mutual support. I was glad to see him put on brave a face upon the calamity; but now that aunty's income was gone, I couldn't see how we were to make ends meet. It had always served to pay the rent, which was a big item in our expenses.

We lived across town—no matter where; we had the whole second and part of the third floor in one of those old-fashioned, deep-window-silled, wide, and mellow mansions, that was quite genteel and grand when aunty first went to housekeeping with her two little orphan nieces. Daisy was but a baby then, and it was not till some years later on she gave shelter to Cousin Tom. By that time this spacious domain was sadly altered, the paint had become more and more yellow with every year that went by; she walls took a deeper, not to say a dingier, hue; and the foreign element evolved itself to such an extent about us that the Balbriggans, the family occupying the rest of the house, declared that we might as well be living in Germany. At length the Balbriggans moved away, and the lower floor was turned into a shop for a tailor with an unpronounceable name. He was a good-natured man, with quite an ear for music; and aunty and he might add a Von to his name if he wanted to, which privilege he was sensible enough to refuse, as it was ever too much on long already. I went to the store very heavy-hearted that morning, and could scarce get patience to endure the whims and wave of my customers. On the way home my head began to ache so well to my heart, but before I was well up the steep I heard the jingle of the piano. Time was there before me, and he and Daisy were singing away at the old yellow keys, while aunty sat in her usual chair by the window, dressed in the rusty alpaca that she had worn to beat a hundred afternoons, hoeing time, in her accustomed way, with her thin, long-fingered patrician hand.

The day was closing gently without wind or rain, and at parting the sun shed a flattering beam upon the faded old room, the threadbare carpet, the horse-hair seats, and stiff old engravings. One lingering ray fell full upon the lovely head of Daisy as she stood there singing away at the top of her voice, her mouth opened wide, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining like sapphires. It was an old lyric of Heyward's, of which aunty never grew tired. Tom had squared himself to the piano with the air of a professional, and to his way we no fair to look upon to Daisy herself. The happy tears sprang to my eyes as I looked and listened. My heart lightened. Presently my tired feet began to keep time to the tuneful measure:

> "Pack clouds away, and welcome day;
> With night we banish sorrow.
> Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
> To give my love good-morrow.
> Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
> Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
> Bird, please thy wing, nightingale, sing;
> To give my love good-morrow,
> Notes from them both I'll borrow."

"Ach, wunderschöne!" said a voice from the door, and there was the old German tailor from the floor below rubbing his hands in ecstasy. Indeed, as the song said, they borrowed their notes from the lark and nightingale, so full and rich and sweet were they! Since over these children had been able to raise a note they had warbled together to the jingling of this worn-out old spinnie-thread of an instrument. It was the only amusement, the one distraction, of the household. The Balbriggans were a musical family; aunty had once a fine contralto of her own, and though I could not carry a tune, I had a fine appreciation for the sweet burden of those more fortunate, and thanked God fervently for this gift to render me, who sang and sang away long after aunty and I had gone to dish up the evening meal. The potatoes were so mealy, the ham and eggs so crisp and inviting; Daisy had made a wonderful pudding. I took heart of grace, and grew content once more.

"Let's hear it all to God, dear," I whispered to Tom. "He who cares for the fall of a sparrow will not see us want."

"Hum—yes," said Tom, raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders—tricks he had learned from the foreigners about us—"yes, but God helps them that help themselves; and while we're on the Scriptures, Prudy, don't you forget that nice little parable about the fellow who came to grief through hiding his talent in a napkin. We must do the best we can with whatever accomplishments we may have; eh, Prue?"

"I'm sure I've always striven—" I began, for the words of the boy hurt me.

"Now, Prudy," he broke in, "who said you didn't? I'm only alluding to others."

"Well, as for you—" I began again; but he cut me short by declaring that he had been a second Hercules. "Who, then, do you mean?" I said, wonderingly; for what could poor old aunty do more than she did, and Daisy was but a child as yet—barely twenty the coming June.

"Nous verrons," said Tom, who interlarded his conversation in this polyglot way.

From that time out Tom really did work like a heathen Hercules. Every night he went back to the office, and worked there till close on to midnight. I had no idea that in the insurance business people could be so hurried, and, indeed, had heard of considerable depression in all the mercantile branches; but Tom assured me that the rush in his line of business was remarkable; that people stood to a line and waited till their men came around, and there seemed to be no diminution to the rush as yet. He hoped it would last till the summer, and begin again with renewed zeal with the gales of autumn.

"Life and property are so uncertain," I said, mournfully. "But I'm afraid you'll be worn out, Tom."

"Not at all," he cried; "I rather enjoy it. It's good fun, you know, to see people so excited and enthusiastic. I'm going to take Daisy down there to-night, Prue. She's crazy to go, and what no earth harm can there be? Now you know I love her better than my life; and do you suppose I'd risk hurting a hair of her lovely head? But I believe there's more in her than any body fancies. I'm going to see, anyhow. And don't look as if you'd seen a ghost, Prue. I'll be there to look after her."

"But what can the child do there?"

"Do?" he cried. "Der Liebe Himmel!" Tom gasped and shook his head to if the subject was too much for him. Then he added, more soberly, "She can do lots of things, Prudy—sorting out pens and paper, and—and lots of things. You've no objection to her going my where under my protection, have you?"

"N—no," I stammered; but I didn't half like it, and couldn't understand it. "If she must do something, why can't I get her a situation in the store with me?"

"Pah! Never!" said Tom. "Good gracious! I should think not! That would be another case of hiding one's light under a bushel, and such a bushel! Now just leave it to me, Prue."

I was silent, but not convinced. Aunty was more easily won over. Tom was her oracle. She never appealed from Tom.

So Daisy went, with much shyness and confusion and trembling, from which I augured that this experiment would soon spend itself. What was my chagrin when, several days after, Daisy, with a burst of tears, threw herself upon my neck, and declared that hereafter she could bear her share of the family expenses; that her venture was a success, and she was engaged.

I looked from her to Tom, my thin skew blood beginning to quicken.

"Engaged!" I repeated.

"Yes," said Tom, glibly, "she made a hit; I told you she would. It was splendid. She carried every thing before her. I never was so proud of any thing in my life."

"How?" I said, soberly.

"How?" repeated Tom, also somewhat soberly. "Why—why—you don't know the routine, you see, Prue. It's difficult to explain; pens and paper and stamps—particularly stamps. She's engaged in the stamp department, Prue."

Daisy said not a word, but looked so glad and radiant, poor child, I had no further heart to hinder their joy, but I couldn't help saying that I had no idea they had ladies at the office. Tom had never mentioned it.

"Ladies! God bless you, Prue, they're every where. The whole government will be administered by the fair sex one of these days, and quite right, too. Now don't you worry about Daisy. I'll take care of her."

But I did worry, nevertheless. To have Daisy employed at that extra night-work made me nervous and uncomfortable. In vain they assured me the work was light and easy and profitable; in vain Daisy pointed out to me the advantage of being able to stay at home with aunty, who was growing old and incapable of domestic duties; in vain Tom counted out of the much book book, the crisp notes for the rent; in vain Daisy bought for me the pretty tinted engraving I had so long coveted; that a bright carpet covered the old parlor floor, and little graceful knickknacks made their way into the empty old corners, and aunty rejoiced in a soft fine cashmere robe that clung comfortingly to her poor shrinking form. In vain—in vain I was miserable, most miserable. Rather the humble security and safety—far rather. My days were passed in tormenting, doubtful reverie, my nights were haunted by melancholy dreams, so that I started up in bed, and was never satisfied until I had gone to look at Daisy, and bending over the child, was only content to find her sleeping innocently, with her rounded cheek upon her arm.

I never could get to sleep till Tom and Daisy were home, and every thing settled for the night; and I used to be awake listening for the rumble of the cab wheels; for it seemed their united efforts could now afford a cab. Daisy always came straight to me, and kissed me good-night; and I can not tell what it was that made me more and more wretched as the brilliant, beautiful creature bent over me with all and more of her old tenderness. On one of those nights I lay awake for a long time after she had gone, and finally I went wandering, to usual, to Daisy's bedside. She slumbered easily, like a little child, with her head buried in the fluffy waves of her hair, and gazing them, I fancied I saw a deep red bar of crimson upon her cheek, and scarcely knowing what I was about, I held the lamp still closer, and taking the fine cambric frill of her night-gown, I rubbed it lightly upon the stain, and, yes—ah! the bitterness of having a damning doubt confirmed!—ah! yes, the color came off. The child's cheek had been painted! It was a mercy to God I did not drop the lamp upon the floor. I dropped there myself shortly after, and knew no more until the morning. I remember the cold gray light of day stealing into my room, and then dropped off again into an exhausted sleep till noon. I heard Daisy's soft foot-fall at the door, and closed my eyes, for I couldn't bear to look upon her. She went softly away again, only to come shortly after and look at me again. The next footstep I heard was Tom's. Coming on tiptoe in my room, which made his boots squeak all the more, he found my eyes wide open and staring upon him. He started back in alarm, for I suppose he saw something wild and strained about them.

"Why, my dear old Prudy—" he began.

But I drew him closer to me, and whispered, fiercely: "No more night-work for Daisy. I won't have it. Do you understand? Pray God it may not be too late to save she child now!"

His face took a serious expression, and he pulled at his mustache. "Now see here, Prue," he said, "don't, for Heaven's sake, get any nonsense of that kind into your head. She couldn't drop out now, you know, the very devil would be to pay."

"Yes, you have told it," I replied, bitterly; "it is the devil who reaps the profit. God help us! what can I do?" And seeing Daisy trembling in the doorway, I held out my arms to her; her sweet eyes filled, and she threw herself, sobbing, upon my breast.

I hated to hurt the child, I hated to shock Tom, but something must be done at once to check these evil ways, and while I strove for a word to begin with, Tom said that some old woman had been meddling, he supposed.

"Oh, Tom, I was the witness to my own misery!" And then, keeping Daisy's face hidden near my heart, I told them of all my fears for Daisy's increasing vanity, my awful doubts about the glitter of her beauty, and at last the discovery of the dreadful stain upon her cheek.

I expected to see Tom fall back aghast. I thought that Daisy would sob the more, and hide her face the closer. To my surprise, Tom blew a long, low whistle, and Daisy raised her head and looked at him.

"There's no use talking, Tom; I won't go on with it if it makes Prue feel so badly. I couldn't, Tom, if I made a thousand dollars a night." This was what Daisy said, and began stroking my hair and fondling on again as if I were the diseased and pitiable one. I thought I should go mad with bewilderment, when Tom spoke again.

"Now see here, girls," he said, "no more melancholy pumping, please: there's misery enough in the world, without going out of one's way to find it. The best way to convince Prue that every thing is right is to let her see for herself. I propose to take Prue down with us to-night."

"To the—the—" faltered Daisy.

"To the insurance office," said Tom. "She can remain there, and watch us at our work; and if, taking into consideration the fact that we must earn an honest living in some way, she finds this one altogether objectionable, we'll let it slide. Now dry your tears and call it a bargain. Suspend further agony till to-night, and in the mean while I'll go out and look at my culinary venture."

He went out, and I heard him whistle as he went. It was very bewildering that he should take so grave a matter to that way.

"Is this the little girl, Daisy," I said, solemnly, "that has lain so many years at my heart—my pure, innocent little sister?"

"Yes, yes, Prudy, a thousand times yes," she cried. "I'm a great deal better and happier than ever I was, because I can help along with the rest."

Then I kissed her, and turned my tired head to the pillow. I was only too glad to take a brief and troubled respite. And shortly after I arose and dressed, and toward evening Mrs. Balbriggan called to tell me that Tom had asked her to go with me in the evening.

I did not like this foolish and fussy woman as a witness to probable shame as discomfiture, but hadn't much time for any further worry. Mrs. Balbriggan, finding it impossible to induce me to fix what she called my front hair, devoted her attention to her own, and gave way at times to an unconsciousness of mirth which I thought sadly out of place; but she had always been a ridiculous old woman. We got into the cab that Tom had provided, and shortly went into what Tom called the side entrance to the insurance office, and made our way into a gaudy little curtained stall, with a lot of fiddlers twanging away within a hand's-breadth. O the bitterness of that moment! Tom, the lad that I had loved and trusted, had tricked me into coming to the theatre to assuage a misery that he could not understand as comfort, and had given me over to the company of this crazy Balbriggan woman, who was already pulling upon her pudgy hands a pair of yellow gloves many sizes too small. My heart swelled to bursting. I looked about me for a means of escape, but the play had already begun, and the stage was filled with a motley crowd of women and sailors. One of these exchanged a glance with Mrs. Balbriggan, sidling up to the box, and another of them followed her. Mrs Balbriggan nudged on with her fan, and asked if I had ever seen them before. And one of the poor creatures giggling up in my face, I couldn't but see the startling resemblance to Jane Balbriggan, while the fat little tawdry thing by her side was the image of her sister Susan. Scarce recovered from this bewilderment, I saw that one of the sailors was John, and another poke of Mrs. Balbriggan's fan drew my attention to a fine, handsome young officer just striding upon the stage. Before he began to sing I knew it was Tom, and sank back in my seat.

"It's quite a family party," said Mrs Balbriggan. "There's lots of 'em from the choir in the Lutheran church—" But a bald burst of applause drowned his voice, and before that awful Balbriggan began jogging me with her fan I knew the awful moment had come. I suppose I was a fool. Other people might have been proud of her beauty and talent and success, but the tears rained out of my eyes, and as she stood there to the big bonnet that only served to set off her lovely face, and bowed to the gaping crowd, I felt as many another wretched soul when seeing a dear one upon the scaffold. It was all in vain—the glittering lights, the melody and bewitchery, the brazen boldness of the Balbriggans, and their mother's cool serenity. I sat there pale and forlorn, repeating to myself the lines of the scolding Byron:

> "From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew,
> From the grape you have pressed the soft innocent blue."

It was hard for the dear child, I know, to come straight from the admiration and applause of the toothpick to the frantic clutch and wild imploring of her poor prude of a sister.

"It's only the *Pinafore*, Prue," begged Tom; "the purest, neatest, most enchanting little opera, and Little Buttercup has to do with nobody but me. You wouldn't object to her being a prima donna, if it lay to her power?"

"God knows I would!" I said, and they shook their heads hopelessly. What was the use of striving? The mischief was done. I could coax Daisy into a reluctant consent to give it up, but she child's heart would be there. What was the use? I was, to Mrs. Balbriggan said, so absurd, prinky old maid. I made no further complaint or resistance, and Daisy thought I was resigned; but Tom has promised me, on his honor, that he and Daisy will be married soon, and that his wife shall never set her foot upon the stage.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ANOTHER STEP TOWARD CIVILIZATION

MR. SOLID BRUTUS. "Why, Mr. Exode Cæsar, you are a MAN and a BROTHER after all. So step into my parlor."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page engraving showing the method of signaling with the Heliograph, sketches of Afghan chiefs, and other interesting features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE SECOND VETO.

THE second veto of the bill which is intended to subordinate the national to State authority was prompt, cogent, and conclusive. It has been received with remarkable favor, for it states with clearness and force the true patriotic and constitutional position. All the Democratic tinkering of the appropriation bills has been simply an effort to throw upon the Republican party the odium of desiring to control elections by the army. This effort has terribly recoiled. It has given the President the opportunity, which he has admirably improved, of showing that under existing laws military interference at the polls is impossible; that the bill, ostensibly preventing it, fatally cripples the power of the United States to enforce its own laws; that it subordinates national to State authority; and that he is perfectly willing to co-operate in any legislation of the kind which is not open to these fatal objections. His statement of the true principle is impregnable. It is one in which every honorable man of every party will agree:

"The true rule as to the employment of military force at the elections is not doubtful. No coercion should be allowed to control or influence citizens in the exercise of their right to vote, whether it appears in the shape of a combination of evil-disposed persons, or of armed bodies of the militia of a State, or of the military force of the United States. The elections should be free from all forcible interference, and, as far as practicable, from all apprehension of such interference. No soldiers, either of the Union or of the State militia, should be present at the polls to take the place to or perform the duties of the ordinary civil police. There has been and will be no violation of this rule under orders from me during this administration. But there should be no denial of the right of the national government to employ its military force on any day and at any place in case such employment is necessary to enforce the Constitution and laws of the United States."

This is the substance of the substitute which was offered in the House by Mr. ROBESON, and defeated by Democratic votes. The final result, therefore, of the contest, in which it was the Democratic hope to leave the Republican as the party of military interference with elections, is to leave the Democratic as the party of the doctrine of secession, as that in the debate Senator HILL, of Georgia, actually complimented the Copperheads as the true saviors of the Union. The extra session which was forced by the Democrats will turn out to be very costly to them. It has revealed the Democratic party as the champion of State sovereignty as against the Union, and as trying with revolution upon an utterly false cry. It has united the Republican party enthusiastically in defense of the principle which was established by the war. It has given the Republicans a patriotic, constitutional, and conservative platform, upon which all intelligent citizens will gladly stand, and it has immensely increased the deep and general apprehension of the consequences of Democratic success.

It is one of the extraordinary events in our history that the Democratic leaders in Congress should have supposed, as they evidently did, that the loyal people of the United States did not understand their own victory in the civil war. For seventy years there had been a question of the nature of the national authority. The Southern doctrine was that it could have really no final and forcible assertion in a State except by the consent of the State. The point could not be settled, and the war followed. That settled it, at least for a generation. The war established the supremacy of the constitutional national authority every where and always within the Union. It did not overthrow the States, but it destroyed utterly the fallacy that the States could subordinate the national power to their will. Yet this principle, established at such terrible cost of life and money, the Democratic leaders in Congress seem to have supposed the people would quietly surrender under an indirect menace. They know, and the Democratic newspapers know, that military interference with elections is impossible under the laws; but they wished to extort a confession that if a State connived at the overthrow of national rights within its borders, the national government could not help itself. The vetoes have undeceived them. No such confession will ever be made by a Republican Administration, and the challenge has thoroughly aroused the country.

WHAT NEXT?

PARTY spirit is very powerful, and it is now to be seen whether the Democratic fire-eaters in Congress and in the press can lash their party into fury, and carry out the threat of Messrs. THURMAN and BECK and BLACKBURN to adjourn without making the necessary appropriations for the government. It would be a mad blunder; but the whole Democratic policy has been nothing else. It is the party tradition. It was incredible that in the midst of the war the Democrats should count upon the cowardice of the people to the point of declaring the war a failure, but they did it. There has been no folly too plain for their avoidance, and while it is improbable, it certainly is not impossible, that they may attempt to adjourn and leave the government to starve. But let the intelligent reader understand exactly what this would mean. The plea would be that the President would not agree to do what Congress wished. But the President has done nothing that the Constitution does not require of him. The simple fact would then be that Congress had disorganized the government because it could not constitutionally change a law. It is not the duty of the President to do what Congress wishes if he does not approve, but it is his duty to veto their action if it seems to him objectionable. He is the servant of the people, as Congress is. He is bound by his oath, as members of Congress are. The people have defined his duty in the Constitution, as they have defined the duty of Congress. In the Constitution the people have provided how laws shall be passed, and how they shall be repealed; and should Congress attempt to have its way over the Constitution by starving the government, it would betray the people and plunge the country into anarchy.

The President in doing his constitutional duty is not asserting his own personal power, for he has none. He is asserting the lawful power of the people. He as much as Congress is the representative of the people. His official functions are executive, while those of Congress are legislative, but the people, in the Constitution, have instructed him to interfere in their behalf when in his judgment the legislation of Congress is prejudicial to their welfare; and on the other hand, they have authorized one House of Congress to impeach and the other to try the President if, in the judgment of the House of Representatives, he violates his duty. If, therefore, by his late vetoes the President has violated his duty, let the House impeach him. If it has no reason for impeaching him, it confesses that he has not violated his duty; and on what plea will it disorganize the government, when by its own admission the President has done only his duty? If Congress believes that military interference at the polls is possible under existing laws—although it is notoriously impossible—it may rightfully vote to change the law. But if the change be vetoed, it can be made constitutionally only by a two-thirds vote. If that fails, there is no constitutional way of changing the law but by appealing to the country, and securing a constitutional majority to overcome the veto. This, of course, is the legitimate course. The "starving" policy is practically revolutionary.

Should the evil genius of the Democratic party persuade it to this course, there is no doubt whatever of the judgment of the country. The "regulation" Democratic cry would be, "No hayseeds at the polls." But happily neither the "regulation" Democratic nor Republican cries carry the country. It is the patriotic and intelligent and independent class of voters which now gives the victory to one side and now to the other; and how that class would vote upon such a question as this is not in the least doubtful. The first effect of stopping the supplies—that is to say, of refusing authority to the Treasury to pay out money—would be to shut up in the Treasury a vast part of the money of the country, which is constantly paid in for duties, and preventing its circulation. The poor man, the laboring-man, as usual, would feel the pressure first, and he would see the cause plainly in the refusal of Congress to grant authority to pay it out. He would be quite shrewd enough, also, to see that Congress had prohibited the circulation of money among the people because it could not change a law constitutionally. All this wretched business, which has thoroughly disgusted the country, honorable Democrats and Republicans alike, is the first performance of a Congress Democratic in both branches. If there were also a Democratic Executive, we should have seen the remarkable spectacle of the first Administration after the war which was controlled by the late Copperheads and late rebels striking at the army of the United States in a bill founded upon the doctrine of secession, and defended by the same arguments that JEFFERSON DAVIS urged to justify rebellion. This is a fact which should go very far toward the indefinite postponement of a Democratic restoration.

THE NEW EDITION OF MOTLEY'S HISTORIES.

THE death of Mr. MOTLEY, and the delightful memoir of him by Dr. HOLMES, have recently renewed the interest and admiration which his brilliant works have always aroused. They are among the most vivid and striking of modern historical pictures, colored with all the fervor of personal conviction and sympathy, but drawn only upon ample and precise study of facts. Thus, after all that has been written of PHILIP the Second of Spain by all the masters—HUME, MACAULAY, FROUDE, and the rest—MOTLEY'S detailed and vigorous delineation is singularly fresh, and the impassioned feeling of the historian secures a portrait which the very feeling makes more faithful. Indeed, in all their details and in their general movement the history of the rise of the Dutch Republic and the history of the United Netherlands, with the biography of JOHN OF BARNEVELD, are of the utmost significance to the other great modern republic in which we live, and whose paramount duty it is to learn from the terrible and heroic experience of the elder brother. It was the thorough and living familiarity with the Dutch story, the long and wasting conflict with ecclesiastical and monarchical despotism, which when united are the most inhuman and witheringly of human oppressions, that gave MOTLEY his absorbing and intense interest in our own civil war. Indeed, the very man who was sometimes suspected of wanting true American feeling was the one American most thoroughly equipped to appreciate the nature and scope of our peril. No wonder that the extreme tension of his interest in our war often prevented his writing, and that his subject became too cruelly real to his imagination. The causes of our danger were different from those of the country and the time of his studies, but both countries were assailed by a power that denied human liberty. They were different forms of the old struggle, the moral of which, through all ages and in all lands, in our own country to-day as in that of WILLIAM of Orange three centuries ago, is that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

There has been always one regret in connection with MOTLEY'S histories—a regret wholly independent of him and his work—and that is the cost of the series. A valuable historical work is the result of the expense of so much time and labor that the price of the book is necessarily large. Historians, also, are workmen worthy of their hire, and usually needing it. The histories of MOTLEY were published in the usual handsome form, each work in several volumes, involving, of course, considerable outlay to the buyer. The publishers (Messrs. HARPER) have now begun the issue of a new series, which, it seems to us, is handsomer and more convenient than the original form. The first of the series, just issued, is *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, in three exceedingly neat and comely volumes, in a box, sold at six dollars. *The History of the United Netherlands* and *John of Barneveld* will follow in order, so that the entire series can now be obtained at a very reasonable price. Those to whom the books are not familiar will find in them the charm of a powerful and passionate romance. For if the story of the emotional life of two or three persons is interesting, what must not be that of the life of a great people, stirred and swayed by the most fiery feelings, inspiring the noblest heroic endurance, and the sublimest self-sacrifice! If those American public men among whom, being themselves ignorant, it is the fashion to sneer at book-learning, would make themselves familiar with the history of the Dutch Republic, their patriotism would be a thousand times more powerful, their love of liberty infinitely more practically efficient, by their increased knowledge both of the mighty contest that liberty has waged elsewhere, and of the heroes and statesmen who have served her. Ignorant little men used to sneer at CHARLES SUMNER as a historical pedant. CHARLES SUMNER had under his little finger-nail more reasons for his patriotic faith than they in their whole bodies, and while they groped among *a priori* assertions and appeals, he drew from his vast magazines of knowledge precedent after precedent in the legislation of liberty to satisfy the natural demand of a free legislature. A course of MOTLEY diligently taken by all American legislators would be of signal service to the country.

The new edition is uniform with that of MACAULAY'S *England*, already issued; and the whole series, which will include HUME and others, will be the handsomest and most desirable historical library published in the country. The form is convenient, the page broad and well-proportioned, the type clear and handsome, and the volumes not too large to hold with ease. It is a worthy setting of the admirable works of MOTLEY, and as we turn the pages we can feel the energy of that chivalric and earnest spirit throbbing along the lines, nor wonder that the Dutch patriots feel that their story has been adequately told only by an American.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF FREE TRADE.

THE speech of Senator BLAINE at the recent dinner of the Chamber of Commerce shows that a political leader who carefully observes public opinion is not unwilling to plead warmly for a new form of the "American system." He feels very confident, doubtless, that his own views are coincident with public conviction. It is evident, also, that "free trade" is a cry which falls upon very languid ears in this country, while in England and upon the Continent, as the interesting letter which we elsewhere publish clearly states, there is a plain reaction against free trade as formerly expounded. The ablest survey of the present situation that we have seen is that of M. ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Liege, in Belgium—a writer well known as an authority upon many public questions, and who is always welcome to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and of the *Fortnightly Review* for the freshness and clearness of his views, and a certain candid and judicial temper. Mr. GEORGE WALKER—one of our most accomplished students of economical questions, and who treats them always in the same catholic and intelligent spirit that we remark in M. DE LAVELEYE—has translated a very striking article of the latter upon the new tendencies of political economy and of Socialism, which has been issued in a neat pamphlet by the *Bankers' Magazine* in New York, in whose pages it appeared. Mr. WALKER, in a prefatory note, explains that M. DE LAVELEYE is a free-trader, and that Belgium is the most advanced of all free-trade countries; but his economic and social philosophy is at variance with those of the Manchester School in England, and of BASTIAT in France.

M. DE LAVELEYE notes a general challenge of this school by those whom he calls the "Socialists of the Chair" in Germany; by students of history and law, like THORNTON and CLIFF LESLIE in England; by a distinguished group of writers in Italy and in Denmark; so that he finds signs of a general revolution. The Manchester doctrine he thinks is embodied in a phrase of GOURNAY'S in the last century, *laissez faire, laissez passer*—a phrase which CARLYLE contemptuously satirizes in his French Revolution. The new school begins its criticism of the old by questioning its postulate that man acts under the control of a single motive—self-interest; and instead of deducing economic laws from "general and constant facts of human nature," the realistic or new method founds itself upon the facts of experience. It is, in fact, the experimental as opposed to the transcendental system. It has no such horror of the State as the old school cherishes, holding that while individual liberty should be stimulated and respected, the rules of morality and justice should be made obligatory by the state. Here, as it seems to us, the Roman Catholic predilections and traditions of M. DE LAVELEYE make themselves felt. But the chief criticism of the new school is that the old occupies itself too exclusively with questions concerning the production of wealth, neglecting those which relate to its distribution and consumption. It has treated man rather as a producing agent than as a moral and intelligent being. Now the great question of the time is the social question, that is, the question of distribution. Labor seeks a larger share of the joint product of capital and labor. Within what limits and under what conditions is this possible? To invoke the action of liberty as a solution is idle, because the question at issue is one of law, of the civil code, and of social organization. "Economic problems can not justly be considered apart from other things; they are allied intimately with psychology, with religion, with morality, with law, with customs, with history. Account should, therefore, be taken

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of all these elements, and we should not rest contented with the uniform and superficial formula of *laissez faire*."

We do not propose to follow M. DE LAVELEYE in his consideration of what he thinks to be the fallacies and the incompleteness of the old school. We wish only to call attention to a very striking and thoughtful contribution to the discussion of a question so vital by a writer who holds that political economy is truly a moral science, and that its treatment hitherto has omitted such questions as whether distribution now takes place in the way most favorable to the progress of humanity and to the general welfare; whether consumption is conformable to moral laws; whether there should not be less hardship among some classes and less luxury among others; whether we have not economic duties to fulfill. If political economy merely describes how riches are produced, distributed, and consumed, and has nothing to do with what ought to be the method, it will very nearly have done its work in countries like England, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, which have adopted free trade and free competition. But M. DE LAVELEYE favors the higher range, the broader scope of inquiry of the newer school, which now calls the science that of National Economy, as involving considerations of a kind which have been hitherto disregarded. It is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet, admirably translated, and it is well worthy the attention of every student of politics in the largest sense.

THE "NEGRO QUESTION" IN VIRGINIA.

WE considered last week the letter of a Louisiana planter upon the "negro question." We have also a line from "A Virginia Scalawag" upon the same subject from another point of view. He incloses some suggestive statements about the colored people as real-estate owners, from the *Public Ledger*, of Norfolk, which he describes as one of the fairest Democratic papers in Virginia:

"In 1870 there were the names of twenty-six colored owners of real estate on the land book, the value of their property being placed at $31,150. In 1878 the number had increased to one hundred and forty-one, and the value to $114,336. Most of those who are assessed have only one house and lot, valued at from $600 to $800, but there are several who own two and even three houses. The largest owner of real estate is assessed for $6000, and is the happy possessor of eight pieces. The result of the investigation shows that the surplus earnings of many of the colored people are used to provide homes for their families, and that they are also placing their money in real estate for safe investment. The improvement of the negroes in the matter of education keeps pace with their desire to accumulate wealth, and there are now hundreds of colored families in Norfolk where the daily papers are regularly taken and eagerly read. It must be borne in mind that between the years mentioned the failure of the Freedmen's Bank occurred, and that a large number of these people lost their all by that catastrophe. There are, however, a number of colored persons who at present have various sums of money deposited in the city banks. In addition to other improvements of the colored people, we noted that they are more tolerant toward each other in political matters than formerly. At the meeting held a few nights since sentiments were uttered which a few years ago would have caused the speakers to be hooted at, and probably violently dealt with."

The "scalawag" adds:

"In view of the fact that this statement has reference only to property within the corporation, and ignores the large quantity owned in like manner just outside the corporate limits, and the like large amount which they are accumulating on the installment plan, but which will not appear in their names on the records till fully paid for, it is not a bad showing for a population of, say, 9000, and that, too, where the industries in which they can engage are very limited. This statement is but a small concession of their great steps forward."

These are the facts which prove what we have often alleged, and what seems to us to be undeniable, that, upon the whole, and in consideration of all the circumstances, bulldozing, tissue ballots, etc., all conceded, the present situation in the late Slave States is very much better and more encouraging than could have been anticipated. It is simply amazing, therefore, when it is so plainly demonstrated by experience that the peace and prosperity of these States are assured the moment that they win the confidence of the new citizens, that such an order as the following should be issued, and, so far as appears, not revoked, in New Orleans. It has been served upon fifty colored clergymen.

To the Preacher of —— Church, on —— Street:

Your attention is called to the following order:

"OFFICE CHIEF OF POLICE, *April* 22, 1879.

"*To all Stations:*

"Commanding officers are hereby instructed to notify the preachers of the various colored churches in your precinct that services whenever held must terminate at 10 o'clock P.M. Under no circumstances must they be allowed to hold services after that hour. Affidavits must be made against preachers violating this order for disturbing the peace. By order of the Mayor. T. N. BOYLAN, Chief of Police."

Our correspondent, the Louisiana planter, may see in this order, and not in the reconstruction laws, the real spirit from which the "misery" of the situation springs. It does not need "superstition and credulity" to read in such an order the spirit of a tyranny which naturally produces an "exodus" of its victims.

WHAT REFORM HAS GAINED UNDER THIS ADMINISTRATION.

WE have been asked frequently why it is not perfectly easy to evade the apparent requirements of the civil service examinations at the Custom-house and Post-office, and select from the three persons who are eligible at each examination under the rules for appointment the one who has been urged by the strongest influence. There is, no doubt, an almost invincible incredulity upon the subject; and it is almost impossible to believe that a letter from Secretary This or Senator That, or a deputation of a ward association, or a party committee, will not secure an appointment despite the examination. But this is merely asking again whether there is entire good faith. Upon that point there can be no question, as we personally know, and a moment's reflection will show the doubter that the mischief he supposes is not practicable.

Every applicant whose application conforms to the prescribed form is duly registered. A bushel of letters does no more than secure the entry of his name in order, and the applicants are summoned for examination in groups of twenty or more in the order of registration. At the examination they are known only by the numbers of their desks. Their papers are carefully and honestly considered, and rated strictly according to their own showing. The three standing highest in the order of excellence, as shown by the examination, are thus indicated. Their names are then ascertained, and the three are reported to the appointing power, which selects one at its discretion, and can not, under the rules, select any other. Now, assuming all this to be done in good faith, and of that we have personal knowledge, how can "influence" or "pressure" affect the result? Suppose A to be a powerful politician who wishes to have B appointed to a good place because he can always carry his "deestrick," and who wishes it to be done, too, without "going to school," or any durned nonsense of that kind. He brings his *protégé* to the Custom-house, for instance, or to the Post-office, and he writes his letter, and tells the Postmaster or the Collector that "his man must have a place." His man's name goes upon the list. In due time and order he is summoned. He receives a card with the number of his desk upon it. He finishes his papers. They are honestly examined and rated, and he is not among the three at the head of the list. If there be good faith throughout—and that we know—of what use is the letter of the powerful politician, and how and where is there any juggle, or swindle, or fraud of any kind? Those who have not the slightest knowledge of the facts remark, with a smile, that it is all a fraud. The truth is, that in the Custom-house, which has been considered to be especially the seat of the evil system, appointments and promotions to the places included in the rules—and they are the great mass of places—are made solely upon the proved merit of the applicants, and the most powerful influence has no weight whatever.

It has been a very popular fashion to sneer at the "reforms" of this Administration. Let us see. Is it nothing that the Executive absolutely declines Congressional dictation in appointments, and that members of Congress understand it? Is it nothing that the monstrous party extortion called "voluntary contributions" for elections has been practically abolished, so far as the Administration is concerned? Is it nothing that in the two great public offices in New York—the Custom-house and the Post-office—appointments and promotions are uniformly made upon ascertained merit, and not by personal or political favor? These things have been done, and it is no answer to say that other things have not been done. They are done, not, indeed, by a law of Congress, but by Executive choice, and they are immense gains to the cause of better politics, because they demonstrate clearly the perfect practicability of a sound system. The evil of our civil service has not been, as in England, its incapacity. It has been its system of appointment and removal, the tenure of office, which has been such as to demoralize character and to degrade politics by making it a vast and fierce contest for spoils and plunder which endangers the government itself. The only way to remedy the evil is to strike at the root, which is patronage: to appoint, that is to say, by proved fitness, and not by personal favor. Any scheme whatever which baffles mere influence is a great gain. The advantage of the scheme which has been adopted in the offices of the Collector and the Postmaster is that not only does it baffle influence, but it determines apparent merit, and that determination is approved or disproved by actual experience in the position. The Administration of General GRANT made a sincere inquiry into the subject. The Administration of Mr. HAYES is making at these New York offices a sincere trial of an honest and thorough method.

PERSONAL.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., the distinguished naturalist, was quite outspoken a few days since in the House of Commons, stating that it could not be disguised that England was in a critical condition. Her manufactures were languishing, her trade checked, her farmers suffering. England could not hope for a revival of happier and more prosperous times until she returned to a policy of economy and peace.

—General PEMBERTON, who surrendered Vicksburg to GRANT, has become a resident of Philadelphia, and petitioned Congress for relief from political disabilities. He will soon publish a sharp attack on General J. E. JOHNSTON, of Virginia, who, he thinks, has misrepresented and injured him in official statements concerning the military operations of the rebellion.

—One of the first persons Mr. L. BRADFORD PRINCE met in Washington, after his appointment as Chief Justice of New Mexico, was Miss SLOCUM, the daughter of an ex-Chief Justice of the Territory. On his way to the Territory, Mr. PRINCE took a seat alongside of a fine-looking man, who also proved to be from New Mexico. After a long conversation, Mr. PRINCE mentioned his meeting with the ex-Chief Justice's daughter, and asked his companion if Colonel SLOCUM was living. "No," replied the stranger; "I killed him." The statement was true.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT is president of seven railways, owned or leased by the Pennsylvania Central. His salary from all aggregates about $100,000, of which the P. C. pays about one-fourth.

—Lord HARRIS, who has just arrived in this country with his team of cricketers, is twenty-eight years old, and comes of a family that has had a trifle of American experience. His great-grandfather commanded a British regiment at Bunker Hill, where he was seriously wounded. In 1788 he went to India, and in 1799 achieved the famous victory over TIPPOO SAHIB at Seringapatam, for which he received the thanks of Parliament, and was made a peer.

—MATTHEW VASSAR, Jun., is about to build and endow a home for old men at Poughkeepsie.

—WILLIAM MARSHALL, of Glasgow, who died May 2, has left $1,000,000 to found in Glasgow an institution bearing his name.

—Mr. A. A. HAYES, Jun., a well-known journalist and *littérateur* of this city, recently delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Modern Ocean Highways," before the American Geographical Society. The large audience gathered in Chickering Hall listened with close attention to the lecturer's exposition of his subject, which was illustrated by fifty stereopticon views.

—At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art it was announced that the services as director of General DI CESNOLA had been secured, and it is believed that this selection will prove most advantageous to the institution. All the art treasures have been safely transferred to the new building in the Central Park; and now the trustees are making earnest efforts to secure the Avery collection of Oriental porcelain.

—Mr. CHARLES HALLOCK, who is the author of several books on field-sports, and the editor and founder of *Forest and Stream*, the well-known sportsman's journal, has just issued a fifth edition of his *Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide*, a most complete encyclopedia of 921 pages. This work has become a standard authority on all subjects of which it treats; besides, it is indorsed by leading scientists. It has already been republished in England, France, and Germany.

—In the death of Mr. CHARLES HENRY PULLMAN the New York *Times* has lost a conscientious and faithful servant, and the journalists of this city a warm-hearted and generous associate and friend. Mr. PULLMAN was the son of a gentleman farmer of Frome, Somersetshire, England, and was educated for the Church. He never took holy orders, however, but came to this city in 1870, and entered on the work of a daily newspaper reporter. Nearly six years ago, when but twenty-five years of age, he was made city editor of the *Times*—a position which he held with honor until he died. He was formerly president, and always an active member, of the New York Press Club, and was also Master of Uno Lodge, No. 778, F. and A. M. He was a great favorite wherever he was known, and his loss will be sincerely mourned by many.

—The New York *Tribune* says: "The negro exodus now in progress was not unforeseen by careful and intelligent observers of events in the Southern States. So long ago as 1871 President GRANT, in conversation with the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE—who, it will be remembered, was a member of the commission appointed to visit San Domingo and inquire as to the desirability of the purchase and annexation of the island—expressed the opinion that the course pursued by the Southern whites toward the negroes would eventually drive the latter to emigration; and the principal argument in his mind in favor of annexation was the advantages San Domingo would offer to such a class for colonization. President GRANT was very positive in his belief that the social and political condition of the South made such a result inevitable, and also that nothing short of a general movement of the blacks such as he anticipated, and as has apparently recently begun, would bring the people of the South to their senses, and teach them the necessity of cultivating amicable relations with the class upon whose labor they are so dependent for their own prosperity and comfort."

—"Horse talk," when on a large scale, is always interesting, because every sensible man and woman in the world likes a fine horse. The first man in the country to pay an excessively fancy price for a trotter was Mr. ROBERT BONNER, who gave Mr. GEORGE ALLEY $15,000 for Dexter. Mr. BONNER afterward gave $33,000 for Cooley, $45,000 for Pocahontas, $30,000 for Startle, and $15,000 for Grafton. Large as these sums aggregate, they have been exceeded by Mr. HENRY N. SMITH, who has probably paid more money for trotters than any man living. He paid for Lady Thorn, $30,000; for Goldsmith Maid, $35,000; for Lucy, $25,000; for Jay Gould, $35,000. Gould he bought of FISK, GEORGE HALL, and JAY GOULD. They owned the horse, having bought him from a New Bedford party when his name was Judge Brigham. Tattler he bought of A. J. ALEXANDER for $17,000, General Knox he paid $10,000 for; Rosalind cost him $18,000, Socrates, $36,000; Idol, $7500; Western Girl, $1000; Martha Nutwood, $1500. Daisy Burns he traded Harry Harley for with Commodore VANDERBILT; she stood him in $8500. What does all that foot up? $304,500 exactly. Goldsmith Maid was on the go, in the cars, for thirteen years, from one end of the country to the other, travelling over a hundred thousand miles, always taking her regular rest on the cars as if in her box stall. She has netted to her owner over $75,000, after paying all her expenses and giving BUDD DOBLE one-half.

—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S *History of Our Own Times*, just issued in "Harper's Franklin Square Library," for twenty cents, contains a number of brief sketches of past and contemporaneous celebrities admirably and concisely drawn. This, of Mr. BRIGHT, is very well done: "He was, what Mr. COBDEN was not—an orator of the very highest class. It is doubtful whether English public life has ever produced a man who possessed more of the qualifications of a great orator than Mr. BRIGHT. He had a commanding presence—not, indeed, the stately and colossal form of O'CONNELL, but a massive figure, a large head, a handsome and expressive face. His voice was powerful, resonant, clear, with a peculiar vibration in it which lent unspeakable effect to any passages of pathos or of scorn. His style of speaking was exactly what a conventional demagogue's ought not to be. It was pure to austerity; it was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. It never allowed itself to be mastered by passion. The first peculiarity that struck the listener was its superb self-restraint. The orator at his most powerful passages appeared as if he were rather keeping in his strength than taxing it with effort. His voice for the most part was calm and measured; he hardly ever indulged in much gesticulation. He never, under the pressure of whatever emotion, shouted or stormed. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or spluttering. He had an admirable gift of humor, and a keen ironical power. He had read few books, but of those he read he was a master. The English Bible and Milton were his chief studies."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 9th inst., by a vote of 33 to 28, passed the House bill forbidding military interference at the polls. On the 12th, President Hayes vetoed the bill, and on the 13th an attempt was made in the House to pass it over the veto, but less than two-thirds voting for it—127 to 97—the measure failed. On the 16th, a motion to pass an army appropriation bill pure and simple was rejected in the House by 101 to 108. The same day a motion to suspend the rules and pass an income-tax bill was defeated by 104 to 94, or less than two-thirds in the affirmative.—On the 13th, the Senate discussed that clause of the Legislative Appropriation Bill which provides for using the $10,000,000 fund reserved for the redemption of the fractional currency to pay the pension arrears, and refused by 20 to 37 to strike it out.

A water-spout burst over the lower part of the city of Louisville, Kentucky, at noon of the 16th inst., causing great damage to property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE terms of peace proposed by the British in Afghanistan are said to have been all accepted by Yakoob Khan. By these the frontier line is advanced so as to give the British the Kojak Pass, Pisheen Valley, the Kurum Valley as far as Shutar Gardan Pass, and the Khyber Pass as far as Lundi. Some difficulty exists, however, in perfecting the negotiations, as Yakoob Khan's position in Afghanistan is so critical that he is obliged to demand more of the British in return than they can grant.

A dispatch from Cape of Good Hope, dated the 29th ult., says there has been no fresh fighting. Lord Chelmsford and Prince Louis Napoleon have gone to Kambula. Nugwanda, Cetywayo's youngest brother, has surrendered. The death of Umbelini, one of the king's brothers, is confirmed. The news from the Transvaal is encouraging. The Boers have broken up their camp and returned home.

Several conflagrations have occurred in East Russian towns, causing great distress. Seventy arrests have been made in Orenburg on charges of incendiarism. The first party of 150 out of 2000 persons arrested in Moscow during the winter have started for Siberia. Nine thousand persons arrested in other towns will pass through Moscow during the summer. The Czar has decreed that prisoners tried by court-martial must be doomed or acquitted within twenty-four hours, and the sentences must be executed within twenty-four hours from the time they are pronounced.

The Bolivians have achieved their first success in retaking Atacama, which was seized by Chilian troops at the outbreak of the war. It is announced from Jujuy—a town of the Argentine Republic, near the Bolivian frontier—that 15,000 Bolivians are marching to attack the Chilians.

It was announced in the German Reichstag, on the 14th, that Austria and Russia had consented to become parties to the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave-trade on the African coast, but that France and the United States, though asked to do so, were hardly expected to join, as they were unwilling to admit the mutual right of search.

The town of Spezza was formally surrendered, on the 11th, to the Austrian troops, who entered the place unopposed.

Intelligence from Turkestan represents that the Chinese troops have been twice successfully attacked by the Kirghis tribes from the Andijan district, who now hold Kashgar. A Chinese army of 20,000 men is concentrated on the Ili River.

The Emperor of Austria has consented to arbitrate between Great Britain and Nicaragua respecting the differences arising out of the treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation between those countries in 1860.

In the British House of Commons, on the 13th, Mr. Dillwyn (Liberal) moved that in the opinion of the House it was necessary that the limits of prerogative should be more strictly observed, so as to prevent ministers, under cover of the supposed personal interposition of the sovereign, from withdrawing from the cognizance of the House matters which are properly within the scope of its powers. Mr. Dillwyn in his speech pointed out as examples of such matters the annexation of the Transvaal, the dispatch of the Indian troops to Malta, and the sending of the fleet to the Dardanelles.

The International Congress to discuss projects for a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama met in Paris on the 15th. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps was elected president. Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, of the United States navy, was chosen one of the vice-presidents. All of the powers applied to sent delegates, including England, Italy, and Russia. The secretary read a paper on the subject before the Congress, after which it was resolved to divide the members into four committees to discuss the undertaking, and the meeting adjourned until Monday.

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THE SUNSET HOUR.—By William Hart.

THE ACADEMY.

William Hart's picture, "The Sunset Hour," is an excellent specimen of the quiet, pastoral style of composition in which this artist delights. Our engraving gives the feeling of repose and quietude, even though it lacks the magic charm of color. The original hangs in the South Room, and is numbered 315 in the catalogue. W. S. Macy's picture takes us into a little village of South Germany, and gives us a vivid idea of rural life in that country. There is little that is attractive in most German peasant villages. They are often wanting in the charm of pretty gardens and lawns, such as we find in this country. Mr Macy's painting, numbered 299, may be seen in the East Room.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

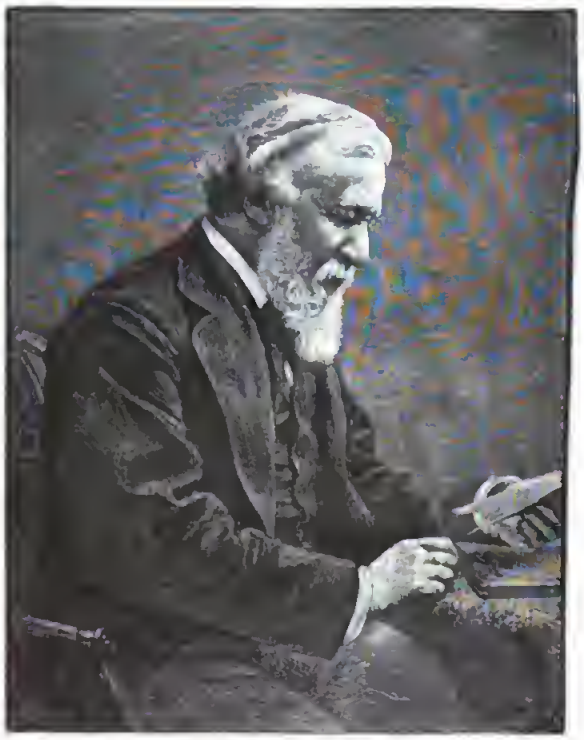
The elevation of this aged prelate to the Roman Cardinalate seems but a natural and harmonious event in his remarkable career. For many years Dr Newman has been a conspicuous figure in the Christian Church, the peculiar nutability of his religious convictions being made important by his eminent talents and exalted position. The remarkable fervor with which he once declaimed against the Roman Catholic communion, his subsequent admission into that body, his opposition to the ultramontane party, with which he is now likely to become identified, and his refusal to accept a Cardinal's hat, now so cordially reversed, have secured him a greater amount of the world's attention than is usually attracted even by the most illustrious of ecclesiastics.

It is generally admitted by students of human nature that one of the most ordinary processes of intellectual development is the gradual change from the absolute certainty of youthful convictions to the intelligent questioning of riper years, or from immature dogmatism to enlightened toleration. But in Dr Newman's case this natural sequence seems to have been entirely reversed. Every step in his career from the time when he first won reputation as a talented and liberal-minded representative of the Anglican Church seems to have been a distinct progression toward an ecclesiasticism scarcely more liberal than that of the Middle Ages. Dr. Newman was born in 1801 in London, receiving a portion of his education at Ealing, whence he passed to Trinity College. He was ordained in 1824, and four years later was made rector of St. Mary's Church, at Oxford. While here he became at first an earnest advocate, and finally a leader, in the so-called Oxford movement, the object of which was to counteract as well the Romanizing as the Dissenting tendencies of the time, by restoring and bringing into notice what was believed to be the catholic character of the English Church. Dr. Newman's preaching soon exerted a powerful influence upon the younger members of the University, and finally he came to be regarded as the principal factor in the "Tractarian" or "English Catholic" movement.

It was while engaged in this struggle that Dr Newman appeared at his best, his object being

VILLAGE SCENE IN SOUTH GERMANY.—By W. S. Macy.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



ROBERT BROWNING.—[See Page 428].

the admirable one of arriving at a religious system that should embody the purity and simplicity of the early apostolic faith. In 1832 he passed some time at Rome in the company of his friend HURRELL FROUDE, and here we learn that he "became forcibly impressed with the idea that the great mission of his life was to combat skepticism in religion." On his journey home he composed the beautiful hymn,

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,"

which is so highly prized by Christians of all denominations. Upon his return to Oxford, in 1833, Dr. NEWMAN commenced the series known as the "Oxford Tracts," to which he was himself one of the chief contributors. Five years later he became editor of the *British Critic*, which was the organ of similar religious views. Before this time his theological opinions had led to a rupture of his long friendship and association with Dr. WHATELY, but he now found congenial friends in Drs. PUSEY and KEBLE. The publication of the Tracts was continued up to the famous "Number Ninety," the tendency of which was so distasteful to the Anglican authorities that they condemned it without measure, and the Bishop of Oxford called upon Dr. NEWMAN to discontinue the publication—a request to which

A CITY AMBULANCE.—DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 434.]

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be immediately acceded. The *British Critic* continued for some time longer to advocate the same opinions; but in 1843 that publication also was discontinued.

While engaged upon works of this character Dr. Newman had for some time resided at Littlemore, near Oxford, where, in company with some of his more youthful adherents, he passed his time in study and ascetic exercises. This life gained more and more attraction for him, and finally he ceased to appear in the university town excepting when circumstances made it obligatory upon him to do so. It was while at Littlemore that he conceived the idea of abandoning his own Church and seeking admittance to the Roman Catholic communion. This step apparently was not taken without due deliberation; but it could not fail to awaken expostulation on the part of the many friends and colleagues who had considered him identified with their own division of the Christian Church. Dr. Newman was formally admitted to the Roman Catholic Church in 1845. Immediately afterward he published a work entitled *The Development of Doctrine*, which was intended as an explanation of the processes of his own mind in religious matters. Soon afterward Dr. Newman visited Rome, where, after some preparation, he was admitted to orders in the Roman Catholic Church. In 1848, on his return to England, he established in Birmingham a branch of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, of which he was himself appointed the Superior. In 1852 he was appointed Rector of the Catholic University established in Dublin, an office which he held for five years, afterward returning to the house of the Oratory, where he resided for some time, and in connection with which he established a school for the higher education of English youth of the Roman Catholic religion. Since that time he has been an enthusiastic worker in the Church of his adoption, inaugurating and carrying out many educational enterprises, as well as publishing an almost uninterrupted series of works on religious subjects. Indeed, few men of his generation have equalled Dr Newman in his many years of faithful, zealous, and brilliant service to his Church. During the discussion of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, following the last Œcumenical Council, Dr. Newman became prominent through his reply to Mr. Gladstone's expostulation—a reply which was the strongest defense of that dogma made by any of the Catholic writers on the subject.

The appointment of Dr. Newman as one of the five Roman Catholic clergymen to be invested with a Cardinal's hat took place at the Vatican on May 12. His elevation to the Cardinalate has naturally given great satisfaction to the Roman Catholic party in England. In reference to his action in conferring the purple upon this able advocate of Roman Catholicism, Leo XIII. is reported to have said, "I wish to honor his *great virtues and learning*, to do an act pleasing to the Catholics of England, *and to England*, which I so much esteem." That Dr Newman has ever been a deep thinker, or possesses what may be called positive intellectual power, may be open to question. At the same time, when adorned with the red hat and flowing robes of a Roman Cardinal, he will serve the Church he represents as a thrilling example of the influence finally exercised by her institutions upon one who, to the beginning of his career as a clergyman, was numbered among her most powerful opponents.

CANALS AND RAILWAYS.

A question is discussed as to the advantages of canal or railroad traffic. On the one side it is denied that the railroad can ever equal the canal in cheapness and convenience for carrying heavy goods; on the other, it is claimed that the railroad must at last completely supersede the canal. In England the railroads are powerful and active monopolies, and wherever they have been able have decided the question by buying the competing canal, and so raising the price of conveyance as to prohibit rivalry. But their policy proves their fear of a fair competition, and it is constantly urged by the friends of the canals that the railways carry their heavy freight at a real loss; that the damage to the lines, the low rate of compensation, leave the companies at the year's end in a worse condition than if they had confined themselves to a lighter traffic. It is suggested that passengers form the sure resource of the railway, and that heavy articles can best be carried by water. New York at least seems to prove the singular value of water communications. It has grown rich and great by a union of river, railway, and canal. But the chief source of its superiority over all other cities is the water-way that connects it with the most distant lakes. The Erie Canal was one of those rare efforts of commercial foresight that are perfectly successful, yet daring almost to rashness. The national government refused all aid; the State alone, poor and weak, undertook the whole cost of the adventure. It was, in those early days, just after the close of the war of 1815, an undertaking more remarkable than the Suez Canal or the Mont Cenis Tunnel; its enormous cost seemed to threaten ruin to the struggling State. The savage still held the wild lands about Canandaigua and Geneva; Rochester was a small village; the proposed route ran through a wilderness; the flames of war had scarcely died away around the battle-fields of Niagara. But the intelligent men who planned the Erie Canal, and the liberal Legislatures that supplied its funds, were never for a moment doubtful of the final result of their undertaking; they saw the long lines of boats sailing through the valleys, laden with the riches of the West; they watched the costly work, as it proceeded slowly and carefully, with rising pride; saw that its locks were constructed with rare strength, its embankments fortified by all the scientific intelligence of the age; its broad waters glide slowly from county to county, mile by mile, until at last the Erie was joined forever to the Hudson. Then a natural burst of enthusiasm stirred the city and the State. The ceremony of the marriage of the lakes and the Atlantic was celebrated with a pomp that seemed to our ancestors not unworthy of the event. The newspapers of the time teem with brilliant pictures of the splendors of Broadway, the wonders of the procession, the dinners, bonfires, illuminations, speeches; relate how, in sober, stately oratory, Clinton foretold the greatness of the metropolis, and New York rejoiced in the bridal of the waves.

No undertaking was ever more successful. The canal soon paid its own cost in tolls and revenue; it paid its cost a thousandfold in its influence upon the welfare of the nation and the world; it settled the great communities of the West before railways were thought of; it opened the path to immigration, enriched the interior of the continent, founded cities, constituted States; it made New York the emporium of the traffic in provisions; it helped to feed the laboring multitude in Europe and America. The food that passes down its sluggish current is disseminated every where. The laborer on the hot plains of Brazil or in the lustrous vales of Cuba, the German peasant, the English workman, have learned to look to its ample store as a sure resource. Other means of communication still arise. Two railways enter New York from the West. But the history of the Erie Canal shows the plain superiority of the water communication over the railway, the necessity of a public control over the lines of traffic. So long as the canal is open, the railways yield to its superior advantages; they lower their charges; the wheat and corn of the West pour into New York; no other city can compete with it; it resumes once more its immense preponderance in the trade of the nation. But no sooner is the canal closed, no sooner does winter seal its useful current, than the traffic of the metropolis feels a sudden check. The railways raise their rates; trade is diverted to other cities; the corn and wheat of the West flow into Baltimore and Philadelphia, and for a few brief months New York sinks back into comparative decay. In July it holds three-fourths of the trade in corn; in January it has only a half or a third part. In winter its rivals can steal away its trade; in summer it is still enriched and defended by its canal. From May to December it is the food centre of the world.

The Suez Canal at once destroyed the Suez Railway, and restored to Egypt the control of the highway of the East. It is the chief labor of the generation, the completion of a design that had once been imperfectly fulfilled under the Pharaohs, and awakened the rival ardor of the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors. If their canals were successful, they could only have been narrow passages, fitted for boats and vessels of moderate size. The canal of M. Lesseps bears on its breast the great steamers that ply between London and Bombay. Yet no enterprise seemed ever more absurd to many of the leading intellects of Europe. It was held incredible, impossible, a waste of intelligence and money. All England joined in ridiculing it. The English press spared none of the French speculators; English traders denounced the project that was to open to them new sources of profit; the English government withheld its aid from a scheme that was to bring their chief possessions in close connection with the parent land. The Erie Canal was never more covered with contempt than the Suez Canal, and scarcely could its English opponents discover their error until, amidst a splendid scene of Oriental brilliancy, the Empress of the French celebrated the perfect completion of the early design of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. M. Lesseps has worthily earned his immortality. The Suez Canal is one of the most valuable labors of the age. Amidst the shifting sands, the fallen people, the treacherous dynasties of Egypt, it has opened a highway to the East that has outstripped all railways and eclipsed all other means of traffic. The English traders were the first to insist upon its advantages, and but for English support the long water-course might apparently be once more abandoned to the desert sands. English patronage maintains it; two-thirds of its commerce is English. The possession of India seems to give the chief value to the Suez Canal, and if England should ever withdraw its hold from its distant conquest, it is difficult to see how the tolls of the canal would produce a profit. It may at last be made free by the union of nations—the natural tendency of these public highways.

A recent notice in the foreign papers shows how strongly the advantages of the canal appeal to the public attention. Six or seven different plans are suggested for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, and the gallant M. Lesseps proposes to lead the way to success. More fortunate than Xerxes, more prudent than Cæsar, the modern builder of canals sees no real obstacle in the way to the union of two oceans. He despises the rivalry of the Panama Railway Company, one of the most prosperous of corporations. He hopes still to see the stately steamers glide through the spurs of the Andes, and the traffic of the Pacific centre in his own harbors and the placid locks of his inland stream. He has no fear of any competing railways; he has conquered them in Egypt. It is, however, on the ship-canal that M. Lesseps relies, and only vessels of the largest burden, freed from the necessity of unloading, seem capable of meeting the requirements of the age. Canals must grow with the wants of trade, and if they would be successful, must carry ships of the greatest size. The earlier canals supplied the necessities of inland traffic; they were built for boats and lighters. The Chinese were the earliest and most admirable of all the projectors of inland water-courses. The time is unknown when Nankin was not supplied with its broad canals forty miles long; the lowlands of China were severed with them. But the pride of the Chinese, the chief of all the canals of the past, was built in the reign of Kublai Khan. It joined the great Chinese rivers and cities, and is noticed by Marco Polo as one of the most wonderful of the Tartar labors; four centuries later the Dutch embassy who made their way to Pekin describe the admirable workmanship and rare excellence of the "royal river." It had outlived the flight of four hundred years; it was still perfect in its various appliances. Fine cities had grown up on its banks; around it spread a country rich in all the traits of scientific culture. "There is nothing more pleasant to be seen in the world," writes Nieuhoff of it (1666). "The banks on each side are smooth and broad, planted with stately trees, the adjacent country embellished with pasture and delightful woods, pleasant country-seats, and luxurious villas." The "royal river," it is said, has at last sunk into neglect, its embankments are broken, the great fleets of vessels of strange and costly workmanship described by the Dutch merchants no longer pass over its waters; its waters themselves are stolen away; weeds and ruin cover the desolate course, and a century of war, insurrection, revolution, storms, has destroyed at last the chief work of Kublai Khan.

Horace sings the pains and perils, the smoke, gnats, innkeepers, of the canal in the Pontine marshes. The Rhine and Rhone were joined by an inland channel. Lombardy was covered with a chain of canals. Babylon and Egypt excelled in making these inland rivers. In the revival of Europe the canal of Languedoc—a wonderful work, the suggestion, perhaps, of Colbert—pierced forests, mountains, wastes, to join the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The Bridgewater Canal in England apparently ruined and at last enriched its projector beyond the hopes of avarice. Holland is a land of canals; its latest labor, a ship-canal, joins Amsterdam to the ocean. The Canadian canals threaten a serious rivalry with our own. There is no dearth of projects for new water-ways and fresh means of inland traffic. The railway is still encountered every where by the canal. The waters of the Mississippi may yet be joined to the Atlantic. But there seems ample room for both kinds of traffic. The swift railway steals away the lighter trade, the canal bears the cheaper and heavier. A free canal—the offspring of the State—will at last make New York more than ever the mistress of commerce. It is not impossible that the canals of the world may all become free. But of all its interests the city of New York owes its chief care to that unrivalled water-way that from May to December pours into its harbor the grain of the West.

Eugene Lawrence.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The present Robert Browning is the son, grandson, and great-grandson of earlier Robert Brownings; nor there does the series end. He was born at Camberwell, London, on the 7th of May, 1812—a date which future biographers will do well to take note of, for it is omitted in most notices, and incorrectly given in some others. The boy was exceedingly precocious, and the story is told that at the age of four years, being constrained by his mother to take some disagreeable medicine, he humorously assumed a heroic attitude, and gave utterance to his first rhyme:

"All people, if you wish to see
A boy take physic, look at me."

It was little medicine that he required, however, being from childhood remarkably healthy. In his eighth year he was able to translate Horace, and, if we may believe his teachers, he evinced a thorough appreciation of the poet's bantering humor. Till his fourteenth year he was educated at Dulwich, and made rapid progress in learning. His education was further carried on at home under a private tutor. Afterward he attended a few of the first lectures at the London University, of which his father was one of the original share-holders, and he is now a "Life Governor" of that institution. He is also an Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, and a Master of Arts, by diploma, of Oxford University.

In 1832, when he was twenty years of age, Robert Browning was living at Richmond, Surrey, where he prepared the first volume ever published by him. It was his father's pleasure to provide the funds for the printing of this and the immediately succeeding volumes, though with humorous reference to the kind of wealth with the chinking of which the banker-father was most familiar, he is reported to have said that they "did not bring in many sovereigns or half sovereigns." During these early years of poetical work, Browning was completing his education by travel. In 1834 he spent some time in Russia; in 1835 "Paracelsus" appeared; and in 1837 the poet was before the world with work of a special order—an English historical drama. Closet dramas are not rare, but dramas of real force are very rare indeed. Wonderful to relate in the history of so young a man as Browning was at this time, the play of *Strafford* met with the favor of Macready, to whom it was dedicated, and on the 1st of May, 1837, it was put upon the boards at Covent Garden. Macready took the part of Strafford on this occasion, and at another time that of Pym; Helen Faucit appeared as Lady Percy; she also acted in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, which appeared six years later, and failed, as it was supposed, on the ground that it "gave too real an insight into the tragedy of life for the public to bear."

In 1842 appeared "King Victor and King Charles," together with a first installment of those "dramatic lyrics" which established Robert Browning's fame forever as a poet possessing not only unusual dramatic skill, but also rare poetic and lyrical powers. In one small volume, together with other poems, appeared the following, which almost immediately became popular favorites: "My Last Duchess," "Count Gismond," "Ratisbon," "In a Gondola," "Waring," and that very remarkable *tour de force* "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." In 1843 and 1844 appeared three considerable dramas—*The Return of the Druses*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Colombe's Birthday*. In 1845 came out *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*, including "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Lost Leader," "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis" (a fine instance of the author's faculty of humor and humorous description), "The Flight of the Duchess," "The Boy and the Angel," and "Saul" (a wonderful piece of verse). In 1846 were published *Luria* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, the latter mostly written in prose. These closed the series of actual dramas, a kind of work to which Mr. Browning has not returned. The six large thin octavos which formed the work entitled *Bells and Pomegranates* were ostensibly designed for a "pit audience," and were published at such prices as one shilling or sixpence each.

The great event of Robert Browning's life, which did not take place until he had fully won his position as a master of English verse, was his marriage with Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett. This lady, now universally acknowledged as the greatest English female poet who has ever lived, was at this time on a level fully equal to, if not, all things considered, superior to Browning's own. Of the frailest physique, by the indomitable power of her spirit she had studied as few men can, even those who combine a masculine strength of intellect with bodily health and vigor. On the 12th of September, 1846, the pair were quietly married at the parish church of St. Marylebone, London.

At this time Miss Barrett's health was improved to such an extent that she was able to go about, and make short excursions into the country—a state of affairs that for years her friends had never dared to look for. Almost immediately after their marriage the Brownings took up their abode in Italy, living for a short time in Pisa, but eventually choosing Florence for their place of settled residence. Writing from thence to his friend Mr R. H. Horne, Mr. Browning says: "Here we live for nothing, or next to nothing, and have great rooms and tables and chairs thrown in; and although hearing occasionally that Florence is to be sacked on such a day, and our Grand Duke deposed on such another, I have learned to endure meekly all such expectations, and to hold myself as safe as you in your garden through them all." On the 9th of March, 1849, their only son was born, named after both—Robert Barrett Browning. Now and again the family visited England. On one of these occasions they were brought into contact with our own lamented poet Bayard Taylor, who gave the following interesting picture of them: "Calling one afternoon in September at their residence in Devonshire Street, I was fortunate enough to find both at home, though on the eve of their return to Florence. In a small drawing-room on the first floor I met Browning, who received me with great cordiality. In his lively, cheerful manner, quick voice, and perfect self-possession, he made the impression of an American rather than an Englishman. He was then, I should judge, about thirty-seven years of age, but his dark hair was already streaked with gray about the temples. His complexion was fair, with perhaps the faintest olive tinge; eyes large, clear, and gray; nose strong and well cut, mouth full and rather broad, and chin pointed, though not prominent. His forehead broadened rapidly upward from the outer angle of the eyes, slightly retreating. The strong individuality which marks his poetry was expressed not only in his face and head, but in his whole demeanor. He was about the medium height, strong in the shoulders, but slender at the waist, and his movements expressed a combination of vigor and elasticity."

In 1850 Browning published the now well-known poem "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day." Then for a period of five years he was silent, and all the poetry that issued from the household came from the pen of his inspired wife. The two workers never jostled each other by simultaneous appearances before the public, but brought out their works alternately. Each poet composed apart from the other, deferring all comparison or suggestion until the work under consideration was fully embodied. The loss of this companion—her death taking place in 1861—was a terrible blow to her husband, who had enjoyed with her so many years of pleasant labor and thoroughly congenial intercourse.

After *Men and Women*, the remaining works of Mr. Browning came out in the following order: "The Ring and the Book," 1868; "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," in 1871; "Fifine at the Fair," 1872; "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," 1873; "Aristophanes' Apology" (a sequel to "Balaustion"), 1875; "The Inn Album," same year; "Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper," 1876; "The Agamemnon of Æschylus," autumn 1877; "La Saisiaz, and the Two Poets of Croisic," 1878. Mr Browning's most recent volume, published this year, is entitled *Dramatic Idyls*.

Mr. Browning, though now at the beginning of his sixty-eighth year, shows no signs of advancing age, neither has his poetic fire suffered the least abatement. His constitution is remarkably strong, and from his youth he has enjoyed the best of health. There is no reason why he should not, like our own poets so lately gone to their rest, Bryant and Dana, live another score of years to delight us with his peculiar analyses of human nature and his rare poetic conceptions. Wherever his own language is spoken he has hosts of admirers who eagerly welcome any thing that falls from his pen, and although many have presumed to criticise the roughness of his diction and the occasional incomprehensibility of his expressions, there can be no question that he is without an equal in that line of poetic composition which embodies speculative insight and the delineation of the action of the human mind in its most delicate and inspired conditions.

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 1.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 8.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

In this country the conflict with ritualism has never assumed the proportions which it has reached in England. The ritualistic party is not here numerically strong, and the pressure of the laity in the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church secures the prompt adoption of repressive measures. In the diocese of Pennsylvania, the St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, has been condemned in very strongly worded resolutions by the Convention which assembled May 6. A committee of investigation had been appointed the preceding year, and has now made its report. The practices charged were: the high celebration of the Lord's Supper, at which the laity were forbidden to partake; processions in and through the church with lighted candles; the use of lighted candles on the altar; the singing of unauthorized hymns; the elevation of the elements at communion by the officiating clergyman; the adoration of the elements; and private confession, followed by a judicial absolution. The committee reported three resolutions—the first condemning these practices, the second authorizing the preparation of a canon which shall exclude from representation in the Convention every church in which they prevail, and the third calling on the bishop and standing committee to adopt such disciplinary measures in the case of St. Clement's Church as may be deemed fitting. On the first resolution the vote stood: clergy—yeas 89, nays 20; laity—yeas 68, nays 12—making a total majority for the resolution of 125. On a subsequent day the second and third resolutions were adopted by large majorities.

The Yosemite Sunday-school Assembly, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, opens June 7, and will close June 17; the Monterey Assembly will be held from June 24 to July 4. Arrangements have been made for an excursion train to leave Chicago May 27. A tourists' institute will be held by Dr. Vincent on the train after leaving Omaha.

The American Tract Society held its fifty-fourth anniversary in the Broadway Tabernacle on May 7. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby presided. The Society now issues 6000 distinct works in the English language; 148 have been added to the catalogue during the past year. The issues of periodicals in the year reached the total of 5,000,000.

The New York City Mission and Tract Society—one of the most valuable of our city charities—has received during the past year $37,978, and has expended $41,000, leaving the treasury considerably in debt. The Society has under its direction forty missionaries, and maintains reading-rooms, sewing-schools, lodging-houses, and other agencies for the relief of the poor.

The Rev. Dr. S. D. Burchard, who so recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his pastoral charge of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church of this city, has since tendered his resignation. It is his desire to give place to a younger man. His request has been accepted, and this long term of service with one congregation is now closed.

The final vote on the case of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was taken in the Brooklyn Presbytery on Thursday, May 8. As was expected, the defendant was acquitted; the vote was, for acquittal, 35; against, 20. A majority of the lay elders—8 to 5—were for conviction. This fact made the vote in Mr. Talmage's favor less than was anticipated. Resolutions were immediately after adopted declaring that the charges being "unproved and disproved," the Presbytery gave its confidence to Mr. Talmage as a minister. Dr. Van Dyke took an appeal to the Synod of Long Island, and intimated that if the appellants failed there, they would carry the case to the General Assembly. Dr. Talmage closed the proceedings of the day by reading a characteristic speech. On Monday, May 12, the Presbytery met to consider that part of the report of its committee which condemned Mr. Talmage's method of preaching. A substitute for the report was adopted dismissing the whole subject. All parties in the Presbytery conceded Mr. Talmage's orthodoxy.

In discussing the education laws of M. Ferry, the French Protestant organs of opinion incline to draw a distinction between the rights of the state and the rights of individuals. Thus the *Évangéliste*, the Wesleyan organ, holds that the direction of education supported by the state should be lay and not clerical, and that therefore the communal schools should be taken out of the hands of the Catholic teaching brotherhoods. It concedes, too, that the state alone should confer academic degrees, and "should reserve to its own establishments the title of universities." It doubts if the state should forbid private teaching by men of all churches and all faiths. According to our American ideas, this seems a reasonable distinction.

The work of conciliation between North and South, at least among Christians, was much furthered by the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at Atlanta. The first session was held on Thursday, May 8, when the Rev. Dr. J. P. Boyce was elected president. The delegates to the Northern Baptist Convention of 1878 reported that they had been received with the utmost friendliness. By a vote of 176 to 88, fraternal delegates were appointed to visit the Northern Baptist Convention, which will assemble in Saratoga during the last days of May. The speeches upon the resolution to appoint strongly expressed the desire for fraternity. The Board of Foreign Missions reported that their receipts for the year were $84,551; of this total, $27,479 were given for the chapel at Rome; the chapel has still a debt on it of $5000. The Italian mission has been very successfully administered by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, its superintendent. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville has had during the year ninety-six students.

The American Bible Society has, during its last fiscal year, printed 1,065,761 Bibles and Testaments. Colporteurs to the number of 117 have been employed, principally in the Southern States. The society will hereafter dispose of its publications through the ordinary channels of trade. The receipts for the year were $15,000 in excess of the receipts of the year preceding. One of the great achievements of 1878 was the completion of the Turkish version of the Bible.

The Methodist Episcopal City Church Extension and Missionary Society has expended in New York $650,000 during eleven years. It maintains fifteen missions, at a cost of over $50,000 per year. More than half of the money expended is raised by the mission churches. The church property under the Society's control is valued at $417,000.

The American Congregational Union held its twenty-sixth annual business meeting in the Bible House on Thursday, May 8. This society is now wholly devoted to church extension. The receipts for the year were $33,509. Grants to the number of forty-eight were made during the year to thirty-one churches in fifteen States and Territories. The expenditures for 1878 were $22,666, leaving a balance of $3144 in the treasury.

At the anniversary meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on Sunday, May 11, the effect of the bequest of $1,000,000 made by Deacon Otis was freely discussed. Dr. Hopkins said, "The American Board has been tried by adversity. It has come out of its difficulties each time with renewed strength. But no test so severe as this has been applied to it." The fiscal year of the Board closes in autumn.—The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions closes its fiscal year with a deficiency of $15,303; this sum added to the deficiency of the year preceding makes a total deficit of $62,533. The receipts for the year were $427,631; of this total the Women's Foreign Missionary Society contributed $136,309. The expenditures of the year were $442,934.

A Baltimore correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, writing of Mr. Moody's work in that city, says: "One of the marvels about him is his body. Besides his six hours a day for study, he has performed labor enough to kill half a dozen ordinary men." At the beginning of the year Mr. Moody held five daily services, some of which must have been brief; during the succeeding months he has held four daily services. One of these meetings was for men only, in Dr. Leyburn's church, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and had a uniform attendance of two thousand. Mr. Moody has also preached every Sunday to the convicts in the State Penitentiary, with good results. In co-operation with him, the Women's Christian Temperance Union have held daily noon meetings at the Maryland Institute, where the attendance has averaged twenty-five hundred. In the work of the past winter Mr. Moody has tried the experiment of dispensing with the large tabernacles which have been in other winters prepared for him. He has, instead, used churches as centres. The experiment has succeeded well. Mr. E. W. Bliss, his colaborer, will remain in Baltimore for a year, and will devote himself to the care of the reformed men who have become converts to Christianity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health has given the public some useful information in regard to disinfection, which at this season will be of immediate practical value. Among other matters, the method of disinfecting by sulphur fumes is described. Both chlorine and sulphur fumes, when used in sufficient quantity, are efficient in killing insects, fungi, bacteria, and infusoria; but chlorine is more expensive, more difficult to manage, and destroys metals, textile fabrics, and colors. Clothing, bedding, and many household articles may be disinfected by sulphur without being injured. About eighteen ounces of sulphur are needed for each space of one thousand cubic feet. The sulphur should be broken in small pieces, burned over a vessel of water or sand, so as to avoid danger from fire, and, if the room is large, it should be put in separate vessels in different places. The room should be tightly closed for six hours, and then aired; it is better that the room should be warm than cold. Of course efficiently disinfected air is, during the process of disinfection, irrespirable. Most articles may be disinfected in this way, if hung up loosely in the fumigated chamber, although it would be an additional safeguard to expose any thing thick, like a bed mattress, to prolonged heat of a temperature of about 240° Fahrenheit. In fact, heat must be considered the best disinfectant, and it is suggested that there be furnaces and laundries to be used solely for the purpose of disinfecting articles. A solution of chloride of zinc will kill bacteria placed in it, and arrest putrefaction; so, also, carbolic acid of sufficient strength. Disinfectants, used in sufficient quantities to destroy bad odors, do not necessarily kill microscopic living organisms. After all, the best and simplest disinfectant is fresh, pure air in abundance, which, by greatly diluting infectious matter, must, under many conditions, render it inert.

The Coney Island season opens early with the opening of the hotels and the running of frequent trains. Warm days, which are just upon us, will cause a rush to this now popular and pleasant resort.

Extensive forest fires have destroyed a vast amount of property in many sections of country; in Pike County, Pennsylvania, in Sussex County, New Jersey, upon the Catskills, and on the Hancock Mountains, much timber has been sacrificed.

Another terrible elevator accident recently occurred at the Tremont House, Chicago, resulting in the shocking death of a lady about sixty years of age.

Fertilization by electricity is something novel, but experiments in France show what can be done in that line. A savant recently took two tobacco plants, each weighing the same, and being in an equally healthy condition, planted them in boxes containing mould of identical quality, and placed them side by side in a locality favorable to their growth. One was supplied with an electric conductor, or "lightning-rod," and the other was left in its normal state. In four months the plant under the influence of electricity attained a height of three feet five inches, and weighed about 20,000 grains; the other measured two feet four inches, and weighed about 10,000 grains—about one-half.

Bayard Taylor's lecture on Goethe, from his well-known series on German literature, as delivered in several places, was found by his executors to be missing from the remaining manuscripts, which were carefully done up, ready for the printer, as it was Mr. Taylor's intention to publish them. It is supposed that the Goethe manuscript has been loaned to some friend, and a request has been made public that it be forwarded to Mr. George Haven Putnam, at the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, No. 182 Fifth Avenue.

It will be remembered by those familiar with the case that the mother of little Edith Freeman, of Pocasset, consented to and approved of the murder of the child by her father. The mother-love soon outweighed fanatic frenzy, and in an agony of grief she sat in her cell bewailing the sad fate of her little daughter. At this time it is feared that her mind will wholly give way—if, indeed, she was in any condition of sanity when the unnatural murder was committed.

The recently renewed discussion in regard to what may and what may not be done on Sunday leads the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to collate some facts on the subject. It seems that every State in the Union, with the single exception of Louisiana, has on its statute-books a Sunday law of some kind. In general, these laws prohibit labor "on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday" (excepting works of necessity or charity), the transaction of ordinary mercantile business (except the selling of medicines), the keeping open of dram-shops, and travelling in vehicles for business or pleasure, with exceptions in favor of ferry-men and mail-carriers. In some of the Southern and Western States there are special provisions against the besetting sins of the region. Arkansas punishes Sunday indulgence in card-playing; California imposes a fine for attending prize-fights, races, circuses, etc.; Florida has a severe penalty for disturbing any congregation of white persons; South Carolina alone adheres to the old notion of compelling attendance upon divine worship. The Illinois Sunday law only prohibits the keeping open of tippling-houses, and the disturbing the peace or good order of society by unnecessary labor or amusement. It is manifest, independent of any religious aspects of the question, that the comfort and well-being of the community should be considered in making and enforcing Sunday laws. While each individual may be left to his own conscience and judgment in regard to his private method of spending Sunday, no one has the right, under any ordinary circumstances, to disturb the rest and comfort of the day for others. Rest is the right of every person, provided it does not interfere with that of his neighbors. Such things as tend toward public disturbance, disorder, and noise should be prohibited, whether the offense is committed by adults or children. A troop of noisy, shouting boys playing ball in the street on Sunday afternoon—a thing we have seen more than once—will destroy the comfort of a dozen families in the vicinity.

On May 13 the first barrel of the new crop wheat flour was received at the Produce Exchange in this city, from Americus, Georgia, and was sold for the benefit of the Episcopal church at Americus. The wheat was cut on April 30 and May 1.

Several cases of severe corporal punishment inflicted upon little children, in schools or asylums or at home, have led the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to investigate this species of abuse.

The other day two men in Fall River were overheard conversing about anticipated strikes, and one of them remarked that he had been in twenty-six strikes during his lifetime.

"Well," said the other, "did you ever make any thing by it?"

"Not once," was the reply—"lost every time."

It is related of M. Blanqui, the French revolutionist, that when only nineteen years of age he became a tutor in the family of a wealthy and aristocratic family living near Toulouse. He fell in love with a young lady residing in the château, but did not venture to disclose his devotion. For six years he remained silent, when at last she discovered his feeling, and, returning it, became his wife. Six years afterward she died. Blanqui still wears mourning for her. In 1848, at the radical club over which he presided, he never took off the black gloves which he habitually wore. These produced a curious effect when he used gestures to emphasize any remarks he made in his somewhat shrill voice. These gloves are of a peculiar make, and come high up the wrist, like those of a lady. The reason for this singularity is that the determined conspirator still wears on his wrist the bracelet of her he loved and still mourns.

It is pretty generally believed that the elevated railway companies of this city would lose no money by adopting the uniform rate of five-cent fares.

The celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Stony Point, on July 16, is expected to be an occasion of great national interest. The Wayne Monument Association has been organized for the double purpose of celebrating this event and of erecting a monument to the memory of General Wayne on the government grounds at Stony Point. The invited guests include the President of the United States, members of the cabinet, and distinguished men from various parts of the country. The commandant at West Point will send a battery with a detachment of cadets, the works at Stony Point will be fortified, and a sham battle will be fought by a battalion of Rockland County Continentals, under the command of a West Point officer, and assisted by regiments of New York State National Guards. Membership fees are, for gentlemen, one dollar, for ladies, fifty cents, and for children, twenty-five cents, which entitle them to the use and privileges of the grounds on the day of the celebration, except a portion inclosed for reserved seats.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

To many people Millais's picture of "The Huguenot," or the engraving from it, is familiar. It represents a young girl endeavoring to tie a white scarf—the emblem by which the Romanists were to be distinguished on the night of St. Bartholomew—on the arm of her Huguenot lover. Before this engraving, in a well-known art repository, lately halted a gentleman from the country and his wife. They gazed entranced at the picture, and the gentleman slowly spelled the title, "H-u-g-e-n-o-t—Huge not," and, turning to his spouse, asked: "What in thunder do they call that Huge not for?" To which Maria responded, "Why, gracious goodness, John, can't you see?—because she's a-tying a huge knot on her feller's arm." And they wandered on through the gallery.

An old woman called lately at a shop to purchase some oranges. In the course of conversation she stated that she had just got off one of her daughters. On the shop-keeper congratulating her on the event, she gave a significant shake of her head, adding: "I may weel be glad, Sir, for they are just like thae oranges, thae dinna dae to be lang keepit."

The following is told of a young gentleman who graduated recently. On the examination in physics, he was asked: "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, Sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

When a young girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's neck-tie, it is an infallible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.

"How is your wife's health?" said one Sunday-school teacher to another. "Is she well?" "Well?—hardly ever," was the response. The questioner gazed sternly at the questioned, but finding he meant it, put up his revolver.

A sailor being on trial for stealing a blue coat, his counsel argued that it was a plain case of hallucination, as his client evidently supposed himself to be on the "deep blue sea."

A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America. "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer, 'Yankee Doodle!'"

Magistrate. "You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler."

Prisoner (blandly). "Impossible, your honor; I never leave any thing at the bottom of my tumbler."

A seedy-looking individual stepped into one of our gentlemen's furnishing stores recently and asked for a pair of four-ply cuffs. The articles were handed him, and he examined them in a dubious sort of way, and then remarked: "See here! these ain't the right thing; I want the four-ply kind—them that you can turn four times without washing."

PAROLE D'HONNEUR—HIGH LIVING IN LAURELARD'S STABLES.

THE COMMUNISTS—THE LABOR QUESTION SOLVED.—Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.

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DR. F. A. P. BARNARD, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

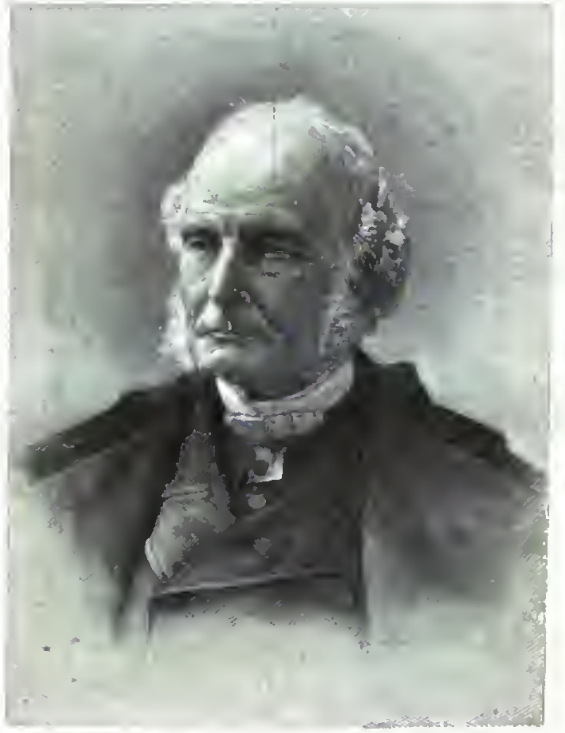
THE determination of modern culture toward science has found a strong representative in President BARNARD, of Columbia College, New York. All of his active life has been devoted to scientific discovery and the elucidation of scientific truth. He is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in Sheffield, in 1809; in 1828 he graduated at Yale College. Many of his best years have been spent in the South, where he was Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering in the University of Mississippi from 1854 to 1861. In 1860 Dr. BARNARD was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; he was also one of the founders of the National Academy of Sciences. In 1864 he was made President of Columbia College, which office he now holds.

Dr BARNARD is most popularly known as the editor of *Johnson's Cyclopædia*; to the learned world his name is familiar as that of one of our most prolific writers on scientific subjects. He has published, *Treatise on Arithmetic; Art Culture; History of the United States Coast Survey; Undulatory Theory of Light; Metric System of Weights and Measures*, and other works.

Columbia College, over which Dr BARNARD presides, has, by the rapid advance in the value of real estate on Manhattan Island, attained vast wealth. Its productive funds are valued at $4,891,700, from which the annual income is $205,000. Besides the college proper, it includes a Law School, a Medical School, and a School of Mines. The School of Mines was established in 1864, the year of Dr BARNARD's entrance upon the Presidency, and has complete appointments for five courses of study. The Law School has become famous under the superintendence of Professor THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

Columbia, like Harvard, began its work in a very modest way. A vestry-room of Trinity Church was the meeting-place of its early classes. It dates from 1754, in which year it received a royal charter, and was first known as King's College. The roll of its graduates contains the great names of ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, and JOHN JAY. DE WITT CLINTON and JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke were among its first students when it was re-organized in 1784. Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, as well known in colonial

DR. NOAH PORTER, PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.



DR. JAMES M'COSH, PRESIDENT OF NEW JERSEY COLLEGE, PRINCETON.

FOUR PRESIDENTS OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAGE.

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annals, was the first President. Among the later professors was JAMES KENT, whose lectures on law, delivered in 1823, formed the basis of his *Commentaries*. Under President BARNARD it has moved rapidly toward the position, without, however, assuming the name, of a complete university.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

President CHARLES W. ELIOT was born in Boston, in the year 1834. His father was for some years treasurer of the university. Graduating at Harvard in 1853, he was at once made a tutor in mathematics; in 1858 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry. In 1865, after several years spent in Europe, he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has been President of Harvard since 1869.

Few scholars in the United States have given closer attention to the practical problems of American education than this energetic President of Harvard University. It has been his habit to trace the relations of the common school, the college, and the university to each other, and to promote their union so as to form a symmetrical whole. In this line of discussion President ELIOT has the courage of his opinions, and is fearless in pointing out the defects of our system of popular education. His article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of June, 1873, criticises sharply the false economies of our school system. If some of the sentences of this essay could be wrought as convictions into the minds of the projectors and founders of American colleges, they would save the country the useless expenditure of millions of money. We cite one, that it may start upon its travels again: "A good school is not a grand building, to a mass of nice furniture, to a series of text-books selected by the committee, to a programme of studies made up by the superintendent; and all of these things put together, though each were the best of its kind, would not make a good school, for a good school is a man or a woman." Other essays by President ELIOT are: "English and American Universities," in the *North American Review* of last year; *A Report* to the National Educational Association on the scheme of a national university in Washington. He opposes this scheme as repugnant to the entire spirit of American life.

The growth of Harvard is an illustration of the vitality of institutions of learning. It is almost as old as Massachusetts, and has reached its present position from very humble beginnings. It was opened in 1638, and was intended to be, in part at least, a school for Indians. The first graduate received his degree in 1642. Among its early benefactors were the learned LIGHTFOOT and Bishop BERKELEY. In the list of its early Presidents is the name of INCREASE MATHER. In 1859 the Museum of Comparative Zoology was founded, with AGASSIZ as director; the Peabody Museum was established in 1866. The Memorial Hall, the monument to the sons of Harvard who fell in the war of the rebellion, was erected at a cost of $420,000. The whole property of the university in 1876 was estimated to be worth $3,139,213; its income that year was $473,366. The library, over which the all-accomplished Dr. EZRA ABBOT presides, contains 311,000 volumes.

President ELIOT is an earnest promoter of the establishment of university scholarships and fellowships as rewards of proficiency in study. Of scholarships, Harvard has now one hundred and four; of fellowships, six. The fellows pursue post-graduate studies. Such encouragements to learning will in time gather about a university a body of scholars in sympathy with its aims, and devoted to studious pursuits, and what is a university without them? The Harvard examinations for young women are a new departure, in which President ELIOT has taken a deep interest. The certificates obtained by the successful candidates readily secure them appointments as teachers, and connect the university with our great system of popular education.

DR. NOAH PORTER.

Dr. NOAH PORTER, the eleventh in the succession of the Presidents of Yale, is the son of one of the most venerated of the Congregational ministers of Connecticut. He was born in Farmington, in the year 1811, graduated at Yale in 1831, and was for several years a school-teacher and a tutor in the college. From 1843 to 1846 he was pastor of a Congregational church in Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1846 he was appointed Professor of Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy at Yale, and while occupying this chair issued his first important work, *The Human Intellect, with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul*. A more laborious task, which well illustrates Dr. PORTER's painstaking care, was the editing of the revision of *Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language*. In *The Science of Nature versus the Science of Man*, he makes a plea for metaphysics as the substratum of all human knowledge. While paying a tribute to the splendid achievements of modern science, President PORTER claims that they need as their supplement a science of man. He contends that we can not ignore all inquiry into the laws of thought, and the validity of our knowledge. Other works published by him are: *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits Compared*; *Books and Reading*; *American Colleges and the American Public*.

Dr. PORTER's Presidency of Yale College began in 1871, and belongs to the most prosperous period of its history. The impulse which has led to the enlargement of the courses of study in our American schools of learning has been felt with great force at Yale. New faculties have been established by liberal benefactors, so that now the college has all the appointments of a university. In 1878 the invested funds amounted to $1,550,000, and the annual income to $233,462. The Sheffield Scientific School was founded in 1860; the School of Fine Arts has already a course of instruction in painting, to which it is expected sculpture and architecture will be added. The Peabody Museum of Natural History was established by GEORGE PEABODY, who contributed for the purpose $150,000. The libraries contain 117,000 volumes. It is a singular fact that ELIHU YALE, after whom the college was named, lived but a short time in America. Much of his life was spent in the East Indies, where he was Governor of Fort St. George. Bishop BERKELEY, who, like a good genius, flitted from colony to colony, blessing and being blessed, was one of the first benefactors of Yale. It may cheer, too, those who are laying now the foundations of colleges in the far West to be reminded that Yale began its career with *one* student.

In person Dr. PORTER is tall and slender, has a clear, incisive voice, and impresses one as a thorough working man. He is by no means lost in the abstractions of metaphysics, but is a shrewd observer of passing events.

DR. JAMES M'COSH.

Dr. JAMES M'COSH, the President of Princeton College, came to the United States in 1868, with a high reputation as a metaphysician. He is a pupil of CHALMERS, to whose memory he pays a graceful tribute in the preface to his volume on *The Divine Government*; he also enjoyed the privilege of listening, in the University of Edinburgh, to the lectures of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, attended the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland in 1835. His first settlement as pastor was in Brechin, in 1839; in 1843 he took part in the memorable disruption of Scotch Presbyterianism and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. While in Brechin he published his essay on *The Divine Government, Physical and Moral*. In this essay Dr. M'COSH applies the inductive method to the elucidation of the view of God's providence and plan of human restoration as held in the orthodox Churches. External nature and man's constitution are interrogated in order to find in them points of union with Christian ideas. This essay was received with great favor, and has been republished in this country. In 1851 Dr. M'COSH was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. While in this position he published *Intuitions of the Mind, Inductively Considered*, and *An Examination of Mill's Philosophy*. In 1868 he was called to the Presidency of Princeton, which post he now fills.

Dr. M'COSH's career as a college president has been a great success. He has inspired with his own enthusiasm the men needful to him as helpers. Munificent gifts have been bestowed on Princeton, until it has become one of the best endowed schools of learning in the United States. In eight years the offerings of its benefactors have reached the sum of $1,500,000. In addition, the Theological Seminary has been greatly enriched.

Princeton, properly called New Jersey College, was founded in 1747; Elizabethtown was its first seat, but in 1757 it was transferred to its present home. Its first erected edifice was named "Nassau Hall," in honor of King WILLIAM III. Besides the academic department, it comprises the John C. Green School of Science, which was opened in 1873. Six fellowships have been established for post-graduate students, four with an annual income of $600 each, and two of $250 each.

Dr. M'COSH, though now almost a septuagenarian, has vigorous health, a firm voice, marked not unpleasantly by a Scotch intonation, and a good expectation of long life. He has taken an active part in the formation of the Alliance of Presbyterian Churches throughout the world.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1157.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

THE NEAREST WAY TO NORWAY.

THE door of Mrs. Carmichael's room stood half open, and the lamp-light shone faintly from within. Violet went softly in. Her mother was lying on a sofa by the hearth, where a wood fire had been newly lighted. Pauline was sitting opposite her, reading aloud in a very sleepy voice out of the *Court Journal*: "The bride was exquisitely attired in ivory satin, with flounces of old *duchesse* lace, the skirt covered with *tulle, bouillonné*, and looped with garlands of orange blossom—"

"Pauline," murmured the invalid, feebly, "will you never learn to read with expression? You are giving me the vaguest idea of Lady Evelyn Fitzdamer's appearance."

Violet went over to the sofa and knelt by her mother's side and embraced her tenderly, looking at her earnestly all the while, in the clear soft lamp-light. Yes, there was indeed a change. The always delicate face was pinched and shrunken. The ivory of the complexion had altered to a dull gray. Premature age had hollowed the cheeks and lined the forehead. It was a change that meant decline and death. Violet's heart sank as she beheld it; but she remembered the captain's warning, and bravely strove to put on an appearance of cheerfulness.

"Dear mother, I am so happy to come home to you," she said, gayly; "and I am going to nurse and pet you for the next week or so, till you get tremendously well and strong, and are able to take me to innumerable parties."

"My dear Violet, I have quite given up parties; and I shall never be strong again."

"Dearest, it has always been your habit to fancy yourself an invalid."

"Yes, Violet, once I may have been full of fancies; but now I know that I am ill. You will not be unkind or unjust to Conrad, will you, dear? He sent for you directly I asked him. He has been all goodness to me. Try and get on with him nicely, dear, for my sake."

This was urged with such piteous supplication that it would have needed a harder heart than Violet's to deny the prayer.

"Dear mother, forget that the captain and I ever quarrelled," said Vixen. "I mean to be excellent friends with him henceforward. And, darling, I have a secret to tell you if you would like to hear it."

"What secret, dear?"

"Lady Mabel Ashbourne has jilted Roderick!"

"My love, that is no secret. I heard all about it the day before yesterday. People have talked of nothing else since it happened. Lady Mabel has behaved shamefully."

"Lady Mabel has behaved admirably. If other women were wise enough to draw back at the last moment, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. But Lady Mabel's elopement is only the prologue to my story."

"What can you mean, child?"

"Roderick came to Jersey to make me an offer."

"So soon! Oh, Violet, what bad taste!"

"Ought he to have gone into mourning? He did not even sing willow, but came straight off to me, and told me he had loved me all his life; so now you will have my *trousseau* to think about, dearest, and I shall want all your good taste. You know how little I have of my own."

"Ah, Violet, if you had only married Lord Mallow! I could have given my whole mind to your *trousseau* then; but it is too late now, dear. I have not strength enough to interest myself in any thing."

The truth of this complaint was painfully obvious. Pamela's day was done. She lay, half effaced among her down pillows, as weak and helpless-looking as a snow-drop whose stem is broken. The life that was left in her was the merest remnant of life. It was as if one could see the last sands running down in the glass of time.

Violet sat by her side and pressed her cold hands in both her own. Mrs. Carmichael was very cold, although the log had blazed up fiercely, and the room seemed stifling to the traveller who had come out of the cool night air.

"Dear mother, there will be no pleasure for me in being married if you do not take any interest in my *trousseau*," pleaded Vixen, trying to cheer the invalid by dwelling on the things her soul had most loved in health.

"Do not talk about it, my dear!" her mother exclaimed, peevishly. "I don't know where the money is to come from. Theodore's bill was positively dreadful. Poor Conrad had quite a struggle to pay it. You will be rich when you are of age, but we are awfully poor. If we do not save money during the next few years, we shall be destitute. Conrad says so. Fifteen hundred a year, and a big house like this to maintain. It would be starvation. Conrad has closed Theodore's account. I am sure I don't know where your *trousseau* is to come from."

Here the afflicted Pamela began to sob hysterically, and Vixen found it hard work to comfort her.

"My dearest mother, how can you be poor and I rich?" she said, when the invalid had been tranquillized, and was lying helpless and exhausted. "Do you suppose I would not share my income with you? Rorie has plenty of money. He would not want any of mine. You can have it all, if you like."

"You talk like a child, Violet. You know nothing of the world. Do you think I would take your money, and let people say I robbed my own daughter? I have a little too much self-respect for that. Conrad is doing all he can to make our future comfortable. I have been foolish and extravagant. But I shall never be so any more. I do not care about dress or society now. I have outlived those follies."

"Dear mother, I can not bear to hear you talk like that," said Vixen, feeling that when her mother left off caring about fine dresses she must be getting ready for that last garment which we must all wear some day, the fashion whereof changes but little. "Why should you relinquish society, or leave off dressing stylishly? You are in the prime of life."

"No, Violet, I am a poor faded creature," whimpered Mrs. Carmichael. "Stout women are handsome at forty, or even"—with a shudder—"five-and-forty. The age suits their style. But I was always slim and fragile, and of late I have grown painfully thin. No one but a Parisian dress-maker could make me presentable; and I have done with Paris dresses. The utmost I can hope for is to sit alone by the fireside, and work antimacassars in crewels."

"But, dear mother, you did not marry Captain Carmichael in order to lead such a life as that. You might as well be in a *béguinage*."

Vain were Vixen's efforts to console and cheer. A blight had fallen upon her mother's mind and spirits, a blight that had crept slowly on, unheeded by the husband, till one morning the local practitioner—a gentleman who had lived all his life among his patients, and knew them so well externally that he might fairly be supposed to have a minute acquaintance with their internal organism—informed Captain Carmichael that he feared there was something wrong with his wife's heart, and that he thought it would be well to get the highest opinion.

The captain, startled out of his habitual self-command, looked up from his desk with an ashy countenance.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Carmichael has heart-disease—something organically wrong?"

"Unhappily I fear it is so. I have been for some time aware that she had a weak heart. Her complexion, her feeble circulation, several indications, have pointed to that conclusion. This morning I have made a thorough examination, and I find mischief, decided mischief."

"That means she may die at any moment, suddenly, without an instant's warning?"

"There would always be that fear. Or she might sink gradually from want of vital power. There is a sad deficiency of power. I hardly ever knew any one remain so long in so low a state."

"You have been attending her, off and on, ever since our marriage. You must have seen her sinking. Why have you not warned me before?"

"It seemed hardly necessary. You must have perceived the change yourself. You must have noticed her want of appetite, her distaste for exertion of any kind, her increasing feebleness."

"I am not a doctor."

"No; but these are things that speak plainly to every eye—to the eye of affection most of all."

"We are slow to perceive the alteration in any one we see daily and hourly. You should have drawn my attention to my wife's health. It is unfair, it is horrible, to let this blow come upon me unawares."

If the captain had appeared indifferent hitherto, there was no doubt of the intensity of his feeling now. He had started up from his chair, and walked backward and forward, strongly agitated.

"Shall we have another opinion?" asked Dr. Martin.

"Certainly. The highest in the land."

"Dr. Lorrimer, of Harley Street, is the most famous man for heart-disease."

"I'll telegraph to him immediately," said the captain.

He ordered his horse, rode into Lyndhurst, and dispatched his telegram without the loss a minute. Never had Dr. Martin seen any one more in earnest, or more deeply stricken by an announcement of evil.

"Poor fellow, he must be very fond of her!" mused the surgeon, as he rode off to his next call. "And yet I should have thought she must be rather a tiresome kind of woman to live with. Her income dies with her, I suppose. That makes a difference."

The specialist from Harley Street arrived at the Abbey House on the following afternoon. He made his examination, and gave his opinion, which was very much the same as Dr. Martin's, but clothed in more scientific language.

"This poor lady's heart has been wearing out for the last twenty years," he told the local surgeon; "but she seems, from your account, to have been doing it rather worse for the last year or so. Do you know if she has had any particular occasion for worry?"

"Her only daughter has not got on very well with the second husband, I believe," said Dr. Martin. "That may have worried her."

"Naturally. Small domestic anxieties of that kind are among the most potent causes of heart-disease." And then Dr. Lorrimer gave his instructions about treatment. He had not the faintest hope of saving the patient, but he gave her the full benefit of his science. A man could scarcely come so far and do less. When he went out into the hall and met the captain, who was waiting anxiously for his verdict, he began in the usual oracular strain; but Captain Carmichael cut him short without ceremony.

"I don't want to hear details," he said. "Martin will do every thing you tell him. I want the best or the worst you can tell me in straightest language. Can you save my wife, or am I to lose her?"

"My dear Sir, while there is life there is hope," answered the physician, with the compassionate air that had grown habitual, like his black frock-coat and general sobriety of attire. "I have seen wonderful recoveries—or rather a wonderful prolongation of life, for cure is, of course, impossible—in cases as bad as this. But—"

"Ah!" cried the captain, bitterly, "there is a but."

"In this case there is a sad want of rallying power. Frankly, I have very little hope. Do all you can to cheer and comfort your wife's mind, and to make her last days happy. All medicine apart, that is about the best advice I can give you."

After this the doctor took his fee, gave the captain's hand a cordial grip, expressive of sympathy and kindliness, and went his way, feeling assured that a good deal hung upon that little life which he had left slowly ebbing away, like a narrow rivulet dwindling into dryness under a July sun.

"What does the London doctor say of me, Conrad?" asked Mrs. Carmichael, when her husband went to her presently, with his countenance composed and cheerful. "He tired me dreadfully with his stethoscope. Does he think me very ill? Is there any thing wrong with my lungs?"

"No, love. It is a case of weakness and languor. You must make up your mind to get strong; and you will do more for yourself than all the physicians in London can do."

"But what does he say of my heart? How does he explain that dreadful fluttering—the suffocating sensation—the—"

"He explains nothing. It is a nervous affection, which you must combat by getting strong. Dear love!" exclaimed the captain, with a very real burst of feeling, "what can I do to make your life happy? what can I do to assure you of my love?"

"Send for Violet," faltered his wife, raising herself upon her elbow, and looking at him with timorous eagerness. "I have never been happy since she left us. It seemed as if I had turned her out of doors—out of her own house—my kind husband's only daughter. It has preyed upon my mind continually, that—and other things."

"Dearest, I will telegraph to her in an hour. She shall be with you as soon as the steamer can bring her."

"A thousand thanks, Conrad. You are always good. I know I have been weak and foolish to think—"

Here she hesitated, and tears began to roll down her hollow cheeks.

"To think what, love?" asked her husband, tenderly.

If love, if tenderness, if flattery, if all sweetest

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things that ever man said to woman, could lure this feeble spirit back to life, she should be so won, vowed the captain. He had never been unkind to her, or thought unkindly of her. If he had never loved her, he had, at least, been tolerant. But now, clinging to her as the representative of fortune, happiness, social status, he felt that she was assuredly his best and dearest upon earth.

"To think that you never really cared for me," she whispered; "that you married me for the sake of this house and my income."

"Pamela, do you remember what Tom Jones said to his mistress when she pretended to doubt his love?"

"My dear Conrad, I never read *Tom Jones*. I have heard dear Edward talk of it as if it was something too dreadful."

"Ah, I forgot. Of course it is not a lady's book. Tom told his Sophia to look in the glass, if she were inclined to question his love for her, and one look at her own sweet face would convince her of his truth. Let it be so with yourself, dear. Ask yourself why I should not love the sweetest and most lovable of women."

If sugar-plums of speech, if lover-like attentions, could have cured Pamela Carmichael's mortal sickness, she might yet have recovered. But the hour had gone by when such medicaments might have prevailed. While the captain had shot, and hunted, and caught mighty salmon, and invested his odd hundreds, and taken his own pleasure in various ways with almost all the freedom of bachelor life, his wife had unawares been slowly dying. The light had burned low in the socket; and who shall re-illumine that brief candle when the day is over? It needed now but a breath to quench the feeble flame.

"Great Heaven!" cried Captain Carmichael, pacing up and down his study, distraught with the pangs of wounded self-interest; "I have been taking care of her money, when I ought to have taken care of her. It is her life that all hangs upon, and I have let that slip through my fingers while I have planned and contrived to save a few beggarly hundreds. Short-sighted idiot that I have been! Poor Pamela! And she has been so yielding, so compliant to my every wish! A month—a week, perhaps—and she will be gone; and that handsome spitfire will have the right to thrust me from this house. No, my lady, I will not afford you that triumph. My wife's coffin and I will go out together."

CHAPTER XLII.

"ALL THE RIVERS RUN INTO THE SEA."

For some days Violet's return seemed to have a happy effect upon the invalid. Never had daughter been more devoted, more loving, fuller of sweet cares and consolations for a dying mother, than this daughter. Seeing the mother and child together in this supreme hour, no on-looker could have divined that these two had been ever less fondly united than mother and child should be. The feeble and fading woman seemed to lean on the strong bright girl, to gain a reflected strength from her fullness of life and vigor. It was as if Vixen, with her shining hair and fair young face, brought healthful breezes into the sickly perfumed atmosphere of the invalid's rooms.

Roderick Vawdrey had a hard time of it during these days of sadness and suspense. He could not deny the right of his betrothed to devote all her time and thought to a dying mother; and yet, having but newly won her for his very own, after dreary years of constraint and severance, he longed for her society as lover never longed before—or at least he thought so. He hung about the Abbey House all day, heedless of the gloomy looks he got from Captain Carmichael, and of the heavy air of sadness that pervaded the house, and was infinitely content and happy when he was admitted to Mrs. Carmichael's boudoir to take an afternoon cup of tea, and talk for half an hour or so, in subdued tones, with mother and daughter.

"I am very glad that things have happened as they have, Roderick," Mrs. Carmichael said, languidly; "though I'm afraid it would make your poor mamma very unhappy if she could know about it. She had so set her heart on your marrying Lady Mabel."

"Forgetting that it was really my heart which was concerned in the business," said Rorie. "Dear Mabel was wise enough to show us all the easiest way out of our difficulties. I sent her my mother's emerald cross and ear-rings the day before yesterday, with as pretty a letter as I could write. I think it was almost poetical."

"And those emeralds of Lady Jane Vawdrey's are very fine," remarked Mrs. Carmichael. "I don't think there is a feather in one of the stones."

"It was almost like giving away your property, wasn't it, Vixen?" said Rorie, looking admiringly at his beloved. "But I have a lot of my mother's jewels for you, and I wanted to send Mabel something, to show her that I was not ungrateful."

"You acted very properly, Rorie; and as to jewelry, you know very well I don't care a straw for it."

"It is a comfort to me to know you will have Lady Jane's pearl necklace," murmured Mrs. Carmichael. "It will go so well with my diamond locket. Ah, Rorie, I wish I had been strong enough to see to Violet's *trousseau*. It is dreadful to think that it may have to be made by a provincial dress-maker, and with no one to supervise and direct."

"Dearest mother, you are going to supervise every thing," exclaimed Vixen. "I shall not think of being married till you are well and strong again."

"That will be never," sighed the invalid.

Upon this point she was very firm. They all tried—husband, daughter, and friends—to delude her with false hopes, thinking thus to fan the flame of life and keep the brief candle burning a little longer. She was not deceived. She felt herself gradually, painlessly sinking. She complained but little, much less than in the days when her ailments had been in some part fanciful; but she knew very surely that her day was done.

"It is very sweet to have you with me, Violet," she said. "Your goodness and Conrad's loving attentions make me very happy. I feel almost as if I should like to live a few years longer."

"Only almost, mother darling!" exclaimed Violet, reproachfully.

"I don't know, dear. I have such a weary feeling, as if life at the very best were not worth the trouble it costs us. I shouldn't mind going on living if I could always lie here, and take no trouble about any thing, and be nursed and waited upon, and have you or Conrad always by my side; but to get well again, and to have to get up, and go about among other people, and take up all the cares of life—no, dear, I am much too weary for that. And then, if I could get well to-morrow, old age and death would still be staring me in the face. I could not escape them. No, love, it is much better to die now, before I am very old, or quite hideous—even before my hair is gray."

She took up one of the soft auburn tresses from her pillow, and looked at it, half sadly.

"Your dear papa used to admire my hair, Violet," she said. "There are a few gray hairs, but you would hardly notice them; but my hair is much thinner than it used to be, and I don't think I could ever have made up my mind to wear false hair. It never quite matches one's own. I have seen Lady Ellangowan wearing three distinct heads of hair; and yet gentlemen admire her."

Mrs. Carmichael was always at her best during these afternoon tea-drinkings. The strong tea revived her; Roderick's friendly face and voice cheered her. They took her back to the remote past, to the kind squire's day of glory, which she remembered as the happiest time of her life—even now, when her second husband was doing all things possible to prove his sincerity and devotion. She had never been completely happy in this second marriage. There had always been a flavor of remorse mingled with her cup of joy; the vague consciousness that she had done a foolish thing, and that the world—her little world within a radius of twenty miles—was secretly laughing at her.

"Do you remember the day we came home from our honey-moon, Conrad," she said to her husband, as he sat by her in the dusk one evening, sad and silent, "when there was no carriage to meet us, and we had to come home in a fly? It was an omen, was it not?"

"An omen of what, dearest?"

"That all things were not to go well with us in our married life; that we were not to be quite happy."

"Have you not been happy, Pamela? I have tried honestly to do my duty to you."

"I know you have, Conrad. You have been all goodness. I always have said so to Violet—and to every one. But I have had my cares. I felt that I was too old for you. That has preyed upon my mind."

"Was that reasonable, Pamela, when I have never felt it?"

"Perhaps not at first; and even if you had felt the disparity in our ages, you would have been too generous to let me perceive the change in your feelings. But I should have grown an old woman while you were still a young man. It would have been too dreadful. Indeed, dear, it is better as it is. Providence is very good to me."

"Providence is not very good to me, in taking you from me," said the captain, with a touch of bitterness.

It seemed to him passing selfish in his wife to be so resigned in leaving life, and so oblivious of the fact that her income died with her, and that he was to be left out in the cold. One evening, however, when they were sitting alone together, this fact presented itself suddenly to her mind.

"You will lose the Abbey House when I am gone, Conrad."

"My love, do you think I could live in this house without you?"

"And my income, Conrad; that dies with me, does it not?"

"Yes, love."

"That is hard for you."

"I can bear that, Pamela, if I am to bear the loss of you."

"Dearest love, you have always been disinterested. How could I ever doubt you? Perhaps—indeed I am sure—if I were to ask Violet, she would give you the fifteen hundred a year that I was to have had after she came of age."

"Pamela, I could not accept any favor from your daughter. You would deeply offend me if you were to suggest such a thing."

This was true. Much as he valued money, he would have rather starved than taken sixpence from the girl who had scorned him; the girl whose very presence gave rise to a terrible conflict in his breast—passionate love, bitterest antagonism.

"There are the few things that I possess myself—jewels, books, furniture—special gifts of dear Edward's. Those are my own, to dispose of as I like. I might make a will leaving them to you, Conrad. They are trifles, but—"

"They will be precious *souvenirs* of our wedded life," murmured the captain, who was very much of Mr. Wemmick's opinion, that portable property of any kind was worth having.

A will was drawn up and executed next day, in which Mrs. Carmichael left her diamonds to her daughter, her wardrobe to the faithful and long-suffering Pauline—otherwise Mary Smith—and all the rest of her belongings to her dearly beloved husband, Conrad Carmichael. The captain was a sufficient man of business to take care that this will was properly executed.

In all this time his daily intercourse with Violet was a source of exceeding bitterness. She was civil, and even friendly, in her manner to him—for her mother's sake. And then, in the completeness of her union with Rorie, she could afford to be generous and forgiving. The old spirit of antagonism died out; her foe was so utterly fallen. A few weeks and the old home would be her own, the old servants could come back, the old pensioners might gather again around the kitchen door. All could be once more as it had been in her father's lifetime; and no trace of Conrad Carmichael's existence would be left; for, alas! it was now an acknowledged fact that Violet's mother was dying. The most sanguine among her friends had ceased to hope. She herself was utterly resigned. She spent some part of each day in gentle religious exercises with kindly Mr. Scobel. Her last hours were as calm and reasonable as those of Socrates.

So Captain Carmichael had to sit quietly by, and see Violet and her lover grouped by his fading wife's sofa, and school himself, as best he might, to endure the spectacle of their perfect happiness in each other's love, and to know that he, who had planned his future days so wisely, and provided, like the industrious ant, for the winter of his life, had broken down in his scheme of existence, after all, and had no more part in this house which he had deemed his own than a traveller at an inn.

It was hard, and he sat beside his dying wife, with anger and envy gnawing his heart—anger against fate, envy of Roderick Vawdrey, who had won the prize. If evil wishes could have killed, neither Violet nor her lover would have outlived that summer. Happily the captain was too cautious a man to be guilty of any overt act of rage or hatred. His rancorous feelings were decently hidden under a gentlemanly iciness of manner, to which no one could take objection.

The fatal hour came unawares, one calm September afternoon, about six weeks after Violet's return from Jersey. Captain Carmichael had been reading one of Tennyson's idyls to his wife, till she sank into a gentle slumber. He left her, with Pauline seated at work by one of the windows, and went to his study to write some letters. Five o'clock was the established hour for kettledrum, but of late the invalid had been unable to bear even the mild excitement of two or three visitors at this time. Violet now attended alone to her mother's afternoon tea, kneeling by her side as she sipped the refreshing infusion, and coaxing her to eat a wafer-like slice of bread and butter, or a few morsels of sponge-cake.

That afternoon, when Violet went softly into the room, carrying the little Japanese tray and tiny tea-pot, she found her mother lying just as the captain had left her an hour before.

"She's been sleeping so sweetly, miss," whispered Pauline. "I never knew her sleep so quiet since she's been ill."

That stillness, which seemed so good a thing to the handmaid, frightened the daughter. Violet set her tray down hastily on the nearest table, and ran to her mother's sofa. She looked at the pale and sunken cheek, just visible in the downy hollow of the pillows; she touched the hand lying on the silken coverlet. That marble coldness, that waxen hue of the cheek, told her the awful truth. She fell on her knees beside the sofa, with a cry of sharp and sudden sorrow.

"Oh, mother! mother! I ought to have loved you better all my life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Pickering, director of the Observatory of Harvard University, has published a circular inviting the co-operation of persons in possession of suitable apparatus in establishing a definite scale of stellar magnitudes. In this he remarks that, so far as the brighter stars are concerned, there is little difficulty; but the differences in estimation become greater and more perplexing in proportion to the faintness of the objects. Variations of three or four magnitudes may be expected between the estimates made of the brightness of minute companions to a brilliant star.

For the purpose "of providing a partial remedy for this defect, a series of photometric observations of stars of various magnitudes situated near the north pole has been undertaken at the Harvard College Observatory. The region has been selected as one which may always be conveniently observed in the northern hemisphere, so that the brightness of a star observed in another part of the sky can readily be compared by estimate with any standard polar stars the relative brightness of which may have been determined by photometric measurements."

Professor Pickering will furnish to those who are willing to co-operate in this enterprise all the necessary memoranda and different scales of magnitude. Any results will be published with the photometric measurements obtained at the Harvard College Observatory.

According to Professor Bert, in a state of absolute inaction, bodily and mental, the temperature of both sides of the head is equal; but when any brain-work is undertaken, if the equality does not continue, the left side always shows the higher temperature.

According to Raymond, in cases of paralysis the temperature is higher in the parietal region than over the rest of the cranium, where, again, the left side is hotter than the right by an appreciable degree of temperature.

The trustees of the Astor Library, in making their thirtieth annual report, state that the fund for the maintenance of the library amounts to $417,500, the endowment fund being about $1,071,000. The whole number of volumes in the library on the 31st of December, 1878, was 183,283. The additions during the year were 3858. Among the most important of these are the archives of the Sanitary Commission. A gratifying increase in the number of students consulting the library is mentioned by the president, the whole number for 1878 being over 60,000, while in 1865 there were but 22,000. The number of alcove readers has similarly increased in the same period.

The Royal Geographical Society has taken steps toward securing a uniform spelling of geographical names throughout the world. Their labors have been directed first to Indian names, a complete list of which has been drawn up and printed, after a very careful discussion and consideration, to be used hereafter in the society's publications. After considering the subject so far as relates to Asia, the society proposes to turn its attention next to African names. In these they will use it for the hard c except in names of European derivation.

Professor Dugès, of Mexico, in a recent letter to the Smithsonian Institution, speaking of the enormous numbers of the common cow-bird, or *Molothrus pecoris*, in his neighborhood, refers to a certain flight supposed to have been about 13,000 yards in length, six yards wide, and probably over a yard deep, and estimates the number contained in it to be from nine to ten millions. A flock of one or two thousand of these birds is very common, generally mixed with the *Xanthornus icterocephalus*, and to some extent with the red-winged blackbird.

The alleged fact that oxalic acid can be administered with impunity to dogs is explained by Dr. Pfeiffer by the statement that the stomach and intestines of dogs generally contain considerable quantities of phosphate of lime, which, combining with the acid, furnishes oxalate of lime—a non-poisonous substance.

Professor Leidy has lately identified certain specimens of bones sent to him from the loess of Muscatine, Iowa, as belonging to the woodland reindeer of North America. At first these were supposed to be undescribed, and were called provisionally *Cervus muscatinensis*.

The usual annual business session of the National Academy of Sciences convened in Washington on the 15th of April, and adjourned on the 18th, after a four days' session. The number of persons in attendance was not quite equal to that of the preceding year, amounting to thirty-eight instead of fifty. Many interesting and important papers were, however, presented, as also a number of reports from committees, some of them appointed in behalf of the government. Four new members were elected, namely, Professor Cleveland Abbe, of the Signal Service, Washington; Dr. W. G. Farlow, botanist, of Cambridge; Professor J. W. Gibbs, of Yale College; and Dr. Horatio C. Wood, of Philadelphia.

Professor J. B. Steere, of the University of Michigan, proposes to form a party to visit the Amazon during the coming summer for purposes of scientific exploration, and to study the animal life of the Brazils in the field. The previous explorations of Professor Steere in South America and other parts of the world make him a fit leader for such an enterprise. He intends to start about the 1st of July, to be absent several months.

We have already referred briefly to the telegraphic announcement of the death of Professor W. H. Dove, the eminent German meteorologist and physicist, and we now add some further particulars in regard to him. He was born in 1803, and died on the 4th of April, 1879, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In 1848 he was appointed director of the Meteorological Institute of Prussia—a department of the Statistical Bureau—which he held for a period of thirty years. In the course of his life he made a vast number of contributions to the science of meteorology, published for the most part by the institute with which he was connected. The work from which his highest reputation is derived is that upon the distribution of temperature over the surface of the globe, and embraces not only the results of a great number of articles by himself and others, but a careful and critical discussion of the whole subject, from which he was enabled to deduce a number of conclusions which are now considered established laws. One of these is that the mean temperature of the surface of the globe as a whole is higher when the sun is in the northern signs, owing to the preponderance of land in the northern hemisphere. The meteorological library of Professor Dove has been acquired by the Deutsche Seewarte at Hamburg.

Herr L. Reichenbach, an eminent German naturalist, died at Dresden on the 19th of March, at the age of eighty-six.

The first public act passed by Congress during the present session was one making an appropriation of $200,000 for the construction, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the National Board of Health, of a vessel provided with suitable refrigerating apparatus, for the purpose of determining the possibility of destroying the yellow-fever infection by intense cold. The act as first introduced had special reference to the apparatus of Professor Gamgee, but as passed it is within the power of the Secretary to select any device that will, in the opinion of the National Board of Health, best answer its purpose.

Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, has recently made some examinations for the purpose of ascertaining whether the negro in this country is affected with color-blindness in the same degree as the white race. He has examined 3060 colored children, from six to eighteen years of age, in the public schools of the District of Columbia, of whom 1359 were males, and 1691 females. Of these, twenty-two boys were color-blind (or 1.6 per cent.), and two girls (or 0.11 per cent.). The percentage of color-blindness among the whites in an aggregate of about 40,000 examinations is 3 per cent. for males, and 0.26 for females. The negro appears, therefore, to be less liable to this defect than the white race. The examinations were made in strict accordance with the plan proposed by Professor Holmgren, of Upsala, Sweden, and used so extensively in making similar examinations in Europe.

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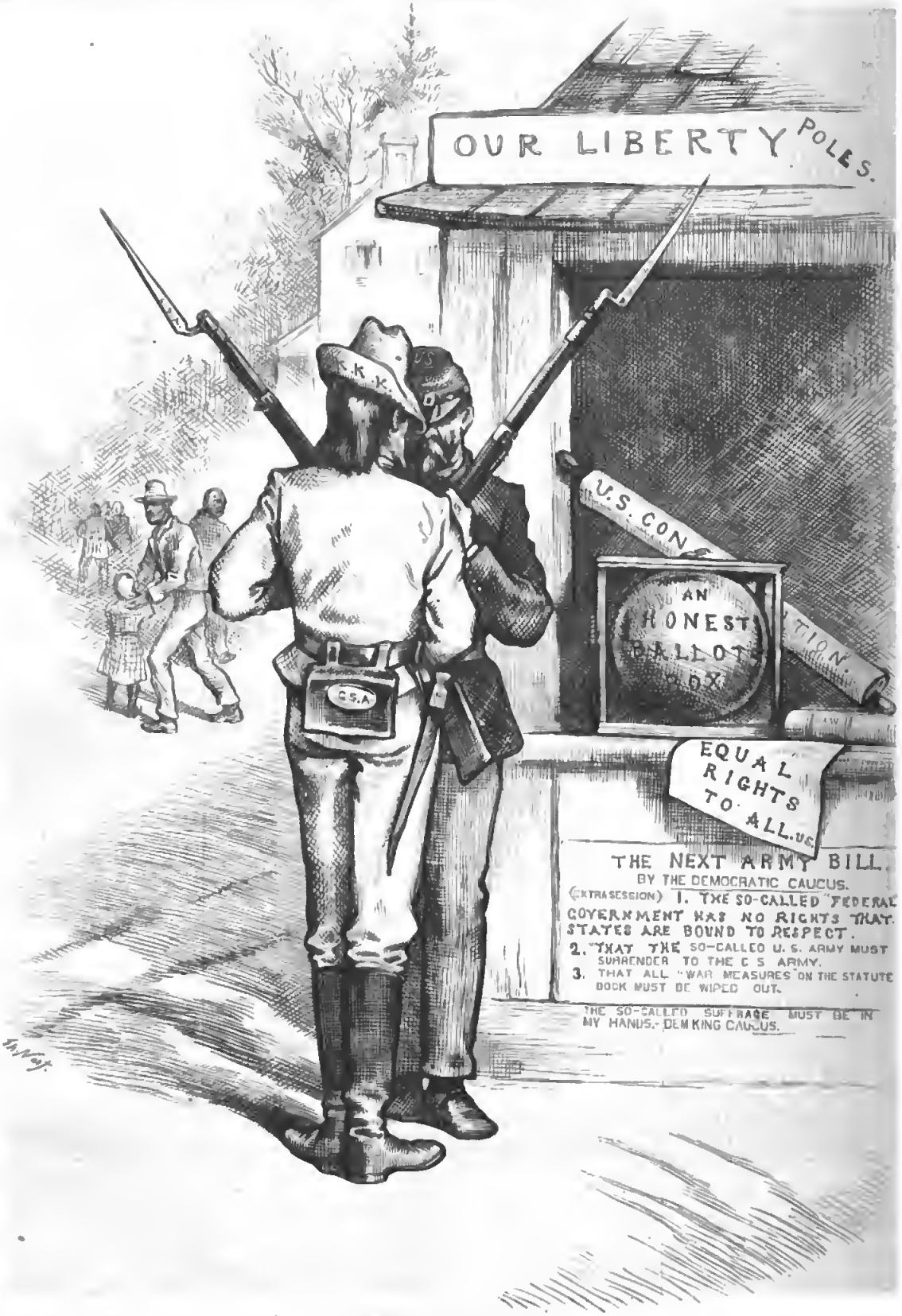

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WHIMSICALITIES

THERE are few people who have not some particular trait more strongly developed in them than it is in their fellow-beings. Characters are not like candles, shaped in certain-sized moulds. They have all their differing personalities, their private little foibles. Through the woof of our mental or moral texture runs a thread of originality which renders the pattern of each distinctive and inimitable. No two are alike. The mark that is so apparent in one may be lacking in the next, but in its place is visible an impress of another kind. What one man treasures may be to his neighbor rubbish fit only for the dirt-hole. It is curious to observe the eccentric forms which the individualities of many take. The strongest-minded have oftimes a vein of superstition hidden away behind their iron nerves. The most practical and hard headed blush in conscious knowledge of a soft spot of romantic sentiment. An intellect high in attainments and rich in culture may touch the level of commonplace by means of a simple, almost childish idiosyncrasy. The following examples will serve as illustrations of the foregoing remarks.

Mr. B—— is a thorough man of business, prompt, exact, and practical, yet possessing a heart that beats with generous sympathy, and a hand that knows how to give liberally. His donations to charities are munificent; and many a care burdened soul, many a troubled mind, owes to him a gratitude too deep for utterance. His peculiarity—which, however, leans greatly to the side of a virtue—consists in an economical regard for string and paper. He positively winces as though from bodily pain when he sees a thoughtless urchin pull out his knife in order to solve the Gordian knot. No string must be cut. It must be carefully untied. He is politeness itself on fellow-passengers in railway carriages if he perceives them angrily tugging at the entangled ligature of parcel or packet. He blandly proffers his own assistance to aid in the unravelment, and smiling satisfaction beams from his kindly countenance as the obstinate knots yield to the touch of his patient fingers. His pockets contain an odd assortment of twine of every length, quality, and description. Any piece that has been discarded and cast aside he instantly secures and adds to his hoard. Equally great is his respect for paper. He tears off the unsealed half sheets of letters sent to him, and uses them for his own private correspondence, and is equally careful concerning the brown paper he receives as a cover to parcels. While liberal in many matters, he thus shows his prudently economic habits.

My friend B——, now, exhibits a peculiarity of a totally different type. He is a hale, hearty old fellow of sixty odd years, and his strength and vigor he attributes to the constant and copious use of cold water. "See the fruits of it!" he exclaims, baring his muscular arm. "All my life

I've drunk it and bathed in it; and there's not a sounder constitution than mine in all the three kingdoms." He has never had an illness; he has never had to pay a doctor's bill for himself. Rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia are maladies to him unknown. He once had a slight, a very slight cold, which he ascribes to an unwise infraction of his favorite principle. Being over-persuaded by his wife's fears, he, one intensely frosty January morning, took his matutinal douche somewhat tepid. "And the result of that foolish act, Sir," he said, irefully, to me, when I condoled with him on the unprecedented misfortune of a sneeze, "is this confounded influenza. No, Sir, no; no more warm baths for me. It was the first, and it shall be the last. I stick to my old colors closer than ever." And he does, too, and carries his theory so thoroughly into practice that when staying at a small inn in the country his daily plunge was taken in an ice-bound stream, he having first to go through the preliminary operation of breaking the ice. He endeavors earnestly but unsuccessfully to make a convert of me. I candidly admit the truth and force of his arguments; I honestly admire him as a sample of the excellence of his doctrine; but I greatly fear that my nature is not sufficiently Spartan to allow me to become a worthy and creditable disciple.

There's J——, again, is never happy unless he is dosing himself. He is neither more nor less than a species of animated medicine-chest. He goes through a regular course of drug-taking. So many pills before going to bed, so many after getting up, so many before, or many after meals. When dinner is finished, out comes a large pill-box, in the contents of which all his guests are asked to participate. Then he has especially potent draughts and particularly recommended drops to be taken at certain intervals. Every day he makes a careful examination of himself—takes note of the action of his pulse, observes the color of his tongue, and closely scans the appearance of his eyes. Should the state of these organs prove unsatisfactory, there ensues an extra-ordinary absorption of doctors' stuff. Really, to see one man heroically swallowing so many nauseous compounds gives one uneasy qualms of conscience, and provokes the inward query whether an offer to assist in the task is not an obligation entailed by friendship.

Mrs. L—— is a charming woman, moderately young, and sufficiently attractive. But she is in a state of complete comfort only when her house is undergoing a putting in order. A spring cleaning sees her in her glory. Then her little idiosyncrasy has a fair field for expansion; and the amount of actual labor as well as vigilant superintendence which she succeeds in accomplishing would render a less energetic person limp and useless for a month. She does not, however, confine her exertions to one particular season; the smallest pretext is seized upon as a sufficient excuse for a vigorous battle with ever-encroaching dust and ever-invading dirt; and floors are uncovered, windows undraped, and sweeping, scrubbing, rubbing, and polishing are the *mots d'ordre* of the day. Her carpets are worn out less from hard wear than hard brushing. A duster is to her hands a more familiar implement of industry than a needle. Cleanliness that is spotless, brightness that is dazzling, distinguish every corner and every article over which she exercises control.

A very worthy individual is my neighbor L——, and with sound enough views on most matters; but his common-sense utterly deserts him when it encounters the subject of taxes. Government, the army, the navy, the police force, and various other expensive institutions of the British Empire which have to be supported by a levy on the nation are in most people facts plain and palpable. None the less, however, do they fail to reconcile him to the frequently recurring demands of the collectors of taxes and rates. After a fashion of his own, he is a loyal subject, and would make an annual free-will offering of a hundred-pound check to his sovereign did he think the royal exchequer required enriching. But to be *compelled* to disburse a tenth part of that sum provokes him to unwonted demonstrations of ill nature. His unreasonableness is quite amusing.

THE CITY AMBULANCE.

Before the introduction of ambulances in connection with our city hospitals, persons who met with severe accidents in the street, which disabled them from walking, were often put in peril of life by the rough means used for their conveyance to a place where they could have surgical treatment. They were laid on a truck, or in an express wagon, and jolted over the rough pavements with little regard to their sufferings by the way. Sometimes it would have been better to let the unfortunate patient die where he was than to attempt to remove him in this barbarous manner.

The well-appointed ambulance service has changed all this. There is a sufficient number of ambulance stations in the city to make it practicable to summon one of these easy and comfortable conveyances within a few minutes, by telegraph, to any place where a serious accident has occurred. Experienced and capable attendants place the sufferer quietly, and without causing needless pain, upon a stretcher, which is then lifted into the ambulance, and the drive to the hospital inflicts no additional torture upon the bruised or lacerated limbs.

The ambulance of which we give an illustration on page 425 is intended for the use of sufferers of the human species only. Mr. Bergh has had ambulances of another form constructed for the conveyance of sick or disabled animals through our streets, thereby proving himself a friend not only to dumb animals, but to all persons of humane sensibilities, who can not witness with indifference the needless infliction of pain upon creatures that can not protest against cruel usage.

The liver is the great depurating, or blood-cleansing, organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which accumulate in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, is pre-eminently the article needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their influence. Virulent blood-poisons are expelled from the system, and by their persevering use the most tainted system may be completely renovated. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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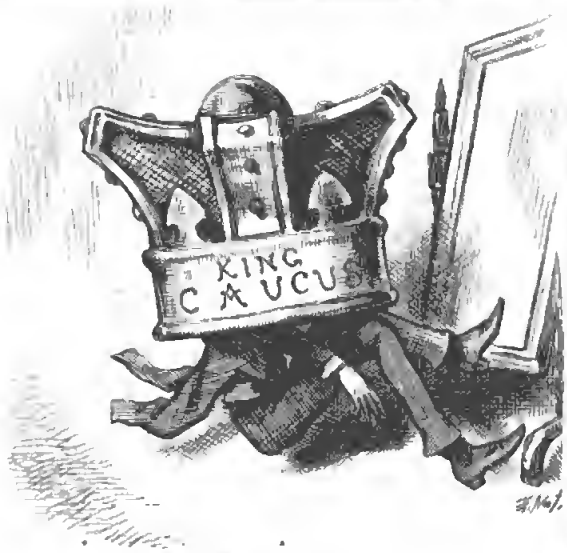

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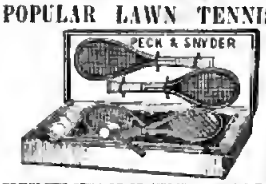

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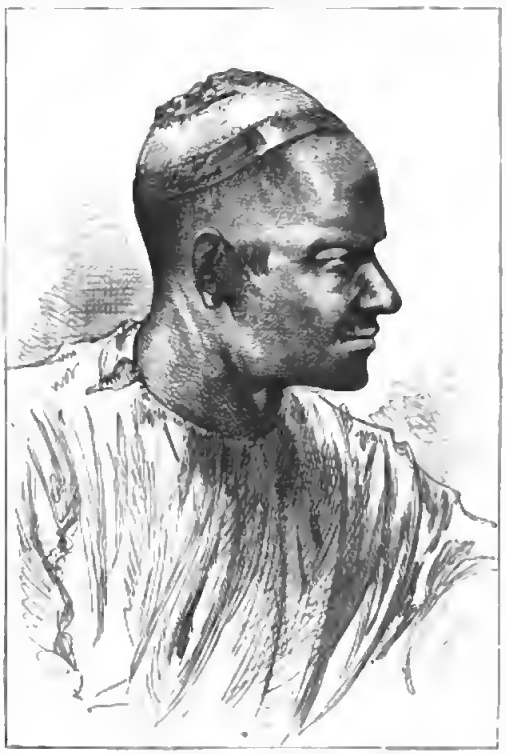

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POZAI KHAN, A SHINWARI MUSICIAN.

AFGHAN TRIBES.

THE tribes of Afghanistan may be separated into three great divisions—the Afghan or Pushtoo-speaking clans, the Tajiks, Hazara, and Kaziltashes, who speak Persian; and the Hindkis and Jats, whose language is a dialect of Hindoostanee. Of these the Afghans, or Pushtoo-speaking tribes, are the most numerous, and they may again be divided into the nomad and fixed clans. The former, generally speaking, dwell in Khorasan, the latter in Cabool. They belong to the Sunni sect of Mohammedans, and observe all the fasts and other ceremonies pertaining to that religion, together with many that savor strongly of Jewish origin. Although they profess to be very strict followers of the Prophet, as a race they never scruple to act in opposition to his tenets, if by doing so they can best serve their own interests. In some clans they have but a vague idea of the forms and customs of Islamism. For instance, in the Dawaz Valley, circumcision is unknown, while in most parts of the country it is incumbent on a man to marry his deceased brother's widow. This custom provokes many bloody feuds, and it is no uncommon thing to find an Afghan serving in one of the native regiments of British India who declines to return home on account of the fate that he knows is waiting for him. The principal Afghan tribes are the Duranis, who inhabit the provinces of Candahar and Herat; the Ghilzais, Teris, Shinwaris, and Momunds, who dwell in Cabool proper. There are, again, numerous clans who inhabit the mountains between the outer circle of tribes who skirt the borders of British India and the more settled tribes of Afghanistan proper; of these the best known are the Bajawaris, Ningraharis, Kanars, Zaemuckts, Turis, Jajis, Mangals, Jadrans, Gurbuz, and Khostwals.

The Duranis are, perhaps, the most powerful of the Afghan tribes. They inhabit a large tract between Herat and Candahar, and number upward of three-quarters of a million. Their lands are held on a military tenure; and the ruling family at Cabool being Duranis by birth, the head of the nation is considered their immediate chief, and is able to rule them more effectively than he can the other tribes. Every plough in the Durani lands has to furnish one horseman for the king's service—a system that was regularly enforced up to the reign of Dost MOHAMMED. The poorer people live in tents, which usually surround the walled residence of their chiefs. Each section is ruled over by a sirdar, who is nominally and actually responsible to the Ameer for the conduct of his people. Although very observant of all religious ceremonies—no camp being without its moolah, or priest—they are very tolerant of all other sects. As a rule they are peacefully disposed, and have no inter-tribe feuds like the other Afghan tribes. The consequence is that the only opportunities they have for showing their military qualities are in national wars, and their reputation for soldier-like qualities stands very high. All travellers in Afghanistan speak well of the Duranis, who are credited with more spirit, bravery, and civilization than the other tribes of the country. Being of the ruling race, they comport themselves with more dignity, and are extremely devoted to their homes. Candahar is for them invested with a halo of superstition; thither they carry the bodies of all their great men.

The Ghilzais are a tribe which muster from 300,000 to 400,000, and they dwell in the south-eastern portion of Afghanistan. Subdivided into many clans, some of them have fixed habitations, while others are nomads. Many of their clans, numbering several thousands of souls, annually traverse the Sulaman Mountains, and carry their wares into the heart of Hindostan. Their wives and children are left encamped in the Deraput, safe within the cordon of British outposts, while the male members prosecute their mission, so that the tribe is well acquainted with the conquerors of the Punjab. The old men, women, and children being disposed of within British territory, the wealthier merchants find their way with their wares to the farthest corners of India to sell the produce of Afghanistan, which consists chiefly of wool, madder, asafœtida, fruit, and horses. In the spring they return, laden with English merchandise, fire arms, gunpowder, tea, Manchester goods, quinine, and other articles of repute in the Cabool bazars. As a race they are fine stalwart men, capable of undergoing great hardship and fatigue. They rarely if ever enlist into the English service, but of their soldier-like qualities ample proof is given by the manner in which they force their way through the Vasiri country. The Ghilzais are in many instances admirers of English rule. The correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from the Afghan frontier at the beginning of the present war, says of them: "They are not like the Duranis or Shinwaris, Khostwals or Kakars, men who have never travelled from their homes, who have never seen the face of an Englishman, and who, stirred up by their moolahs, believe salvation easily attainable through the death of an unbeliever. The Ghilzais, though wild and untutored, are gallant soldier-merchants, with a just appreciation of the power of the British, learned during their annual

WULLIE MOHAMMED, A DAHZUNGI HAZARA.

MOUSA, A KAZILBASH, BORN IN PESHAWUR.

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migrations across the Sulimans. Impressed with a sense of the strength of a nation which rules in peace that vast country which their ancestors were wont to invade in the train of the old Ghaznevide monarchs, it is a matter for congratulation, not for wonder, that the Ghilzais in the south have welcomed General DONALD STEWART, while their fellow-chieftains in the north are tendering their submission to General ROBERTS and Sir S. BROWNE."

In the Kurum Valley the scene of General ROBERTS's splendid though ineffective exploits, dwell the Turis, who can put, it is computed, about 10,000 fighting men into the field. Although as a race much smaller in stature than the Ghilzais, they nevertheless make fair soldiers, and display rare talents as irregular cavalry. The Jagis are a small clan which inhabits the mountain tracts of the Kurum Valley between the Peiwar and the Shutar Gardan Pass. Our knowledge of them is slight, but we know that they have a blood feud with their neighbors the Turis, and that they are the inveterate enemies of the English. Of the Bangals we know equally little. They dwell on the southern slopes of the Peiwar Mountains, pay tribute to the Ameer, and are great fanatics in religious matters. It is said they can put 8000 men into the field. The Jaduns, from the country to the south of the Mangals and north of the Zurmuts, they are Sunnis and notorious robbers. About is a large mountainous district, of which but little is known. It is peopled by Mohammedans of the Sunni persuasion, who, though they have been brought but little in contact with foreigners, have ever contrived to show their animosity to all but true believers. They are divided into two great sections—the Tor and Spin Ghaidis—and can conjointly turn out about 3000 men. Their country is bounded on the north by the Kurum district, on the west by the Mangals and Jaduns, on the south by Hazaras and Dawar, and on the east by the Cabul Khel Yusufzis. Revenue is collected by the Ameer's Viceroy, who dwells in the chief town, Sarkar ka Kilha, so named by the inhabitants merely because it is a government fort. The people are very fanatical, and are constantly engaged in religious disputes, which are much fomented by a disciple of the late Akhound of Swat, who has settled in Lakan, one of the largest villages in the district. For some years he has busied himself in preaching a religious war against the English of the Punjab.

The Shinwaris form one of the principal tribes of the Khyber Pass, dwelling on the northern slope of the Safed Koh and in the Bajawar Mountains. These people, though by no means devoted to the Ameer of Afghanistan, have been in the habit of receiving a subsidy from that ruler in return for the part they take in keeping the Khyber Pass open for traffic. It is estimated that they can put 7000 men into the field. In 1872 the Shinwaris earned considerable notoriety by harboring the murderers of Major MACDONALD, whom they resolutely declined to deliver up to the English, in spite of the inducements offered by the latter. In the last war, General MOOTRATH marched into their territory, and resolutely punished them for an unprovoked assault on the part of Peh Bolah. The Zaka Khels, who have been so troublesome to the English in the Khyber, have been described in official reports as occupying the territory from Ali-Musjeed to Lalabeg. Their chief residence and stronghold, however, is in the upper valley of the Bara River, which, rising from the spurs of the Safed Koh range, flows in an easterly direction, parallel to, and ten to fifteen miles southward of, the Khyber Pass, and enters British territory at Bara Fort, about eight miles southwest of Peshawur. This district, the home of the Zaka Khel robber tribes, who can muster 6000 or 7000 fighting men, has never been visited by any European, and has always been jealously guarded from intrusion. Several passes are known to lead into the Bara Valley from the British frontier, as well as from Ali-Musjeed, Dakka, Bazawul, and Peh Bolah, but they have never been explored.

The Mumunds are a powerful tribe of the Khyber, and having been inveterate enemies of the English from time immemorial, have shown the most determined hostility ever since the occupation of the pass by the latter. No occasion has been neglected whereon they might demonstrate their abhorrence of the foreign race that has appeared among their mountain strongholds. Our readers will remember that one of the most spirited engravings published in connection with the present war related to an expedition for the purpose of putting an end to the attacks made by the Mumunds upon the [illegible] Khyber. These people [illegible] tent religious fanatics, [illegible] chas, able to put from [illegible] the field. These are [illegible] with fire-arms, many of [illegible] English manufacture. [illegible] tribe occupies lands in [illegible] of the city of Peshawur [illegible] dwells in the hills to [illegible] ment, between the Cabul [illegible]

THE ZULU WAR—THE HELIOGRAPH AT WORK, Pla

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SHING MESSAGES TO A BELEAGUERED FORCE.

pa stationed in the are to a great ex large and powerful to 20,000 men less al for the most part weapons being of mall section of the territory to the south the main portion west of that canton the Swat rivers; a remnant has emigrated to Candahar, and there are many settlers in Ningrahar and Logar. They are among the most savage of all Pathan tribes.

We have thus sketched briefly the more important facts relating to some of the principal tribes of Afghanistan. On the first page of our Supplement our readers will find a group of portraits representing members of certain of these clans. WULLIE MOHAMMED, a Dahzungi Hazara, belongs to the Hazara country, west of Cabool, the population of which is well known to show a strong Tartar type. This is evident in this man's face. He has served fifteen years as a soldier in the Guides, and Colonel JENKYNS, of the English army in India, gives him a good character for being a hard worker, and honest, as well as "never causing bother." He was in the Jowaki campaign; but the mark on his head was not received in war, but is the result of a kick from a horse. FORAI KHAN is a Shinwari, and a Mohammedan. The artist to whom we are indebted for the portraits says in connection with him: "The theory that there are people in the country descended from the Greeks, who came to this region after the time of ALEXANDER, is based principally on the existence of tribes as well as individuals with fair hair and blue eyes. The principal tribes of the kind are in Kafiristan, where they are usually not Mohammedans. But this man, FORAI KHAN, does not belong to Kafiristan; he is a Shinwari, and a Mohammedan. He was described as 'Kumb Bandar,' but what these words meant could not be clearly made out. He, as well as one of the men with him, had a guitar; they were evidently strolling musicians. His mustache and beard were very light and fair, so that one would have mistaken him for 'a fair-haired German;' his eyes were of a bright clear blue color, and his skin was very fair. That he was most probably a Russian in disguise was one of the many suggestions made about him. That a man with a very fair mustache and blue eyes is not a likely person to be sent to this part of the world as a spy." ZOOL KUMAN is an Adam Khel Afreedi. Scriptural names are very common among the Afghans, and this man belongs, as his name implies, to the Clan Adam. The Arabs say, when they wish to express the thought that all men have one common origin, or that there is but one family of men having a common father, "Are we not all of the Beni Adam?" that is, children of ADAM. This tribal name would, however, seem by implication to refute the truth of the Arab proverb. We learn in regard to the portrait of MOSSA, a Kizilbash, or "Red-head," born in Peshawur, that "some one gave this man the name of YUSUF, or Joseph, from the many patches of color on his coat. He objected, saying that his name was not YUSUF, but MOSSA, or MOSES. He says he was born in Peshawur, and has traded from that to Cabool. He was at one time a prosperous man in the wool business, but he has had reverses, and is now a poor man. He is at present employed with others levelling the mounds in the fort at Jelalabad."

THE HELIOGRAPH.

This remarkable instrument is designed for the transmission of intelligence from one elevated point of country to another by the reflection of the sun's rays. The idea is no new one. For centuries the rays of the sun have been utilized for signaling purposes. It is said that the fleet of ALEXANDER the Great was guided along the Persian Gulf by means of mirrors. Our own Indians carry on signaling by means of sun flashes, and the Russians adopted a similar method at the siege of Sevastopol. In a climate where sunlight is capricious, such a system is not, of course, available at all times, but in more tropical countries its utility is obvious. In England, however, notoriously the land of clouds and mist, an instrument has for years been in use in surveying, called the heliostat. Through its means triangles with sides over a hundred miles in length have been accurately laid down by the Ordnance Survey of the United Kingdom.

The heliograph, at present used chiefly in warfare, is the invention of Mr. HENRY C. MANCK, of what is known in Great Britain as the Government Persian Gulf Telegraph Department, the possibility of such an instrument having been suggested to him by observation of the heliostat. In the latter a plain mirror, employed as a reflector, may be adjusted to any position with the utmost nicety, and, by the aid of a theodolite in expert hands, or of a certain arrangement of telescopes, its reflected flash of light can be directed with the utmost precision and with complete

steadiness to a point sixty, or even a hundred miles distant. It occurred to Mr Mance, while watching the operation of the heliostat, that it might be made a talking instrument by converting the rays of light, which had previously been regarded in a signaling sense as entirely passive, into active speaking agents. This he did by adapting to a mirror, mounted somewhat similarly to the old heliostat, a means of imparting to the reflections the character of pulsations of varied duration, in accordance with the Morse code. In fact, by furnishing his instrument with a finger-key, he gave it a tongue capable of distinct and effective utterance; he also found it a language in which to speak the Morse code.

The heliograph, as it at present stands, consists of a mirror mounted on a suitable stand, with adjustments to revolve and incline it, so that the sun's rays can be reflected with ease and precision in any required direction. The horizontal movement is obtained by a tangent screw in connection with a wheel, on the axle of which is also a revolving plate carrying the mirror. The vertical inclination is altered by screwing a steel rod through a nut attached to the top of the mirror. Both adjustments are so constructed as to admit of the reflection being thrown at first approximately true, then absolutely so, and so kept, notwithstanding the ever-changing position of the sun. By pressing the tangent screw outward it is removed from contact with the wheel, the plate is then revolved freely by the hand to the required place. The rod attached to the top of the mirror slides into a cylindrical handle at the back until the desired elevation is attained; it is then clamped, and by a slight movement of the tangent screw or the rod the lateral or vertical inclination of the mirror can be adjusted with the utmost nicety. The cylindrical handle is connected by a ball-and-socket joint with a lever attached to the revolving plate, so that the lever handle and rod together form a finger-key. The depression of this key slightly alters the inclination of the mirror, which is restored on the pressure being removed by a spring beneath the lever. Thus by the action of the finger-key the reflection of the mirror can be thrown on and off any given spot, and by varying the duration of the pressure the flashes are made long or short. By combining these long and short flashes, which are equivalent to the dashes and dots of the Morse code, the letters of the alphabet are indicated, and the transmission of verbal messages is made possible. Good signalers can send them at the rate of twelve or fifteen words per minute.

In order to secure the flash being directed truly, a small portion of quicksilver is removed from the centre of the mirror, giving it the appearance of having a hole in it. Through this the signaler looks toward the station with which he wishes to communicate, while a sighting rod is set up about ten yards before him in a true line with it. A metal stud, answering to the sight of a rifle, is then slid upward or downward on the rod until the centre of the mirror, the stud, and the distant station are duly aligned. This done, however much the mirror is revolved, the alignment is never disturbed, inasmuch as the centre, being the axis on which it moves, is stationary. It follows, as a matter of course, that when the flash from the mirror is thrown on the stud it is in a right line with, and is visible from, the station beyond at which it is directed. The signaler has therefore only to take care that the flash rises to the stud every time the finger-key is depressed. The observer has merely to look toward the signaling station, when a succession of bright star-like appearances meets his gaze, which he can readily interpret into words. On the sighting rod slides also a short cross-bar. It is placed at the same distance beneath the stud as the pressure of the finger-key rises the flash on the rod, and so that, when the mirror is at rest, the flash falls on the bar, its centre coinciding with the point of intersection. As the position of the sun alters, the flash would gradually move from this central position, to which it must be preserved by a slight turn at intervals of the tangent screw and vertical adjustment. The rod thus serves as an object on which to throw the flash, and thus for ascertaining its whereabouts; it also affords a means of directing the flash truly. Both rod and bar are usually made of white wood, the reflection being more visible on a white than on a dark substance.

In 1869, at the time that Mr Mance was engaged upon his remarkable invention, he was employed in the service of the Bombay Presidency, and having completed his instrument, he submitted it to the consideration of the general government of India. It was referred to the Commander-in-Chief in India; and a report from the Quartermaster-General in 1873 bore testimony to its great utility, stating that the signals conveyed by such means, using Morse's telegraphic combination of dots and dashes to represent the different letters of the alphabet, were found "perfectly clear, and could easily be read in ordinary weather at a distance of fifty miles without a telescope." The instrument is really invaluable; and having been successfully employed in peace, was given the test of war by the British government in India in the Jowaki campaign of 1877. So strongly did the authorities report in its favor that it has since formed a part of the equipment of every division of troops in India. In the Zulu war it has been made great use of, communications having been kept up through its means with Ekowe during the whole time of Colonel Pearson's confinement at that place. Why it was not employed at Isandula we have yet to learn. The London *Times* says, "It is vain to rest idle regrets over the past; but there is no doubt that had visual signaling, either by the heliograph or by flags, been adopted in South Africa between Rourke's Drift, Isandula, and the advanced camp, the disaster of the 22d of January would never have occurred." The heliograph has been made great use of in Spain, a series of experiments having been made recently through which communications were established between Madrid and Algeciras by optical telegraphy. Owing to the difficulties experienced in maintaining electric cables across the Straits of Gibraltar, orders were issued, on the completion of these experiments, for the permanent establishment of heliographic communication between Tangier, Tarifa, Ceuta, and Algeciras, and arrangements are in progress for its employment between different outlying West Indian islands not connected by cable. The heliograph has been adopted in France and Belgium, and also by our own government, for use in the army. The instrument may admit of considerable improvements. Captain Begbie, of the Madras Engineers, has invented an apparatus, which was described in the discussion at the United Service Institution, and which seems to have some advantages.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

There is scarcely any thing more unfortunate for a man than the absence of loving women around his childhood and youth. Mark Ripon had never known such women, and I offer this fact as some palliation for his want of faith in them.

He was ignorant of his parentage; he had been found one summer morning on the steps of the Foundation School in Baxtergate, Ripon, and as it was on the festival of St. Mark, he had received the name of the saint and the name of his native city, and been adopted by the institution.

Wholesome food, stout clothing, and a decent trade had been given him by the Foundation, and in many respects he was felt to have done it honor, for after fifty years of creditable citizenship, he was one of the cathedral vestry, sat in the Common Council of the ancient city which had adopted him, and was said to be worth at least £50,000.

But there is a success which the world sees little of—that of the heart—and in this respect Mark Ripon was the veriest pauper. Of the nurses and matrons who had been around his earliest years he had not one tender memory; none of them had fed the hunger of his heart. He had no *home*, no mother, and no sister. The school had been simply a place in which to eat and to sleep and to learn.

Unfortunately, when the lad fell in love, it was with a pretty flirt infinitely more heartless than himself. But Mark's love had been cruelly deceived and mocked, and he had come out of his chagrin and sorrow with a confirmed belief in the general and natural unfaithfulness of women. Popular maxims and jests confirmed him every day in his idea, and like most Englishmen, having once avowed this as his opinion, every reiteration of his own idea was a fresh confirmation of it.

But he had many friends among his own sex. Men generally spoke of him as a crusty old bachelor, but otherwise a well-to-do, shrewd, and honorable fellow. Chief among these friends was young George Downes, the child of the only companion his boyhood had ever known, and his own godson. If Mark Ripon loved any human being, it was George Downes, though as the latter grew up to manhood, he gave him a great deal of anxiety. For George preferred the society of women, and would not credit Mark's positive assurances of their universal falseness and unworthiness.

One moonlight night, as Mark was coming from a vestry meeting, he met George in the cathedral close, and on his arm was a very beautiful girl. The old man looked angrily and doubtfully at the pretty face lifted to his favorite's. The bright moonbeams touched her long fair curls, and made the white veil around them like a glory. Mark remembered just such a lovely, innocent face lifted to his, and he had no doubt whatever that this girl would be just as false to George as pretty Fanny Maltby had been to him.

George, however, would not be persuaded to doubt her. Then Mark offered to pay his expenses if he would go abroad and travel for two years; but George said "he had just got a place in Butterfield's Bank, and preferred a *home*." The young man, in Mark's eyes, was bent on ruining himself, and in a few weeks he celebrated his wedding with an elaborate rejoicing that roused the old man's bitterest contempt.

George fully expected that he would now be ignored, and probably lose forever any chances he might have had of inheriting his godfather's wealth. But Mark was unlike the generality of men in many respects, and in none more than in his behavior to the young man who had so flagrantly disregarded all his advice and entreaties.

He redoubled his care over him, and watched all his movements with a constantly increasing interest. In fact, he did not blame George at all; he regarded him as one who, in an unfortunate hour, had fallen into the hands of a power which was too great for him. He pitied the happy bridegroom, and resolved as soon as possible to release him from the toils of the woman who had charmed and enslaved him.

In vain George's wife smiled upon and entertained Mark Ripon. He visited her house, indeed, for it was necessary to watch her movements; but neither her smiles, nor songs, nor attentions moved Mark. He had gone through that delusion once, and was not to be deceived again. It was one great point in his favor that George had taken a house in such a situation that he could keep the young wife under very close surveillance, and he was confident that sooner or later he would prove her all that he believed women universally to be.

But month after month went by, and George was more in love than ever. There had also come to the happy home, over the way from Mark's, a fine little boy, that had been called after him, and a blue-eyed girl, whom not even Mark could yet find in his heart to regard as false and dangerous. He was even venturing to make Mrs. George Downes that exception said to be contingent on every rule, when suddenly all his suspicions were forced into active life and prominence.

One day—a very wet one—a close carriage drove up to George's house, and Mrs George, heavily cloaked and veiled, was driven away in it.

"Very well, ma'am," said Mark, suspiciously, to himself, "we shall see whether you confess to having been out to-day."

So he went over to George's, played a rubber or two with his favorite, and tried every way to induce a confession as to the drive in the rain; but the young wife would make no allusion to it. This was on a Monday. On Thursday, at the same hour, the carriage came again, and George's wife went away in it. The next week she went out on three different days, and twice, the weather being fine, he noticed that she wore her very best satin dress, the rich blue brocade that had been one of her wedding suits.

The affair was beginning to look very black to Mark, for he had satisfied himself that George had been told nothing whatever of these clandestine excursions. On the next Monday he had a carriage waiting, and when the lady went out again he directed his driver to keep her well in sight. In this way he followed her beyond the aristocratic precincts of the city, to a little house set back in a garden quite in the suburbs. A very handsome foreign-looking man met her at the door, and led her with many smiles into the house.

Mark sent his carriage home, and, in spite of the cold, patiently waited. After an interval of two hours Mrs. Downes's carriage returned, the same gentleman put her carefully into it, and she must have driven at once home, for when Mark passed the house she was sitting in her plain merino dress at the window, nursing his namesake. She ran to the door and begged him to come in, but Mark was full of his discovery, and answered, gruffly, "Ask George to come to me after dinner; I have something to tell him."

George heard what his godfather had to say, with a face half angry and half incredulous. "It must have been my wife's sister," he said.

Mark laughed scornfully at such a defence, and, moreover, stoutly asserted that it was Mrs. Downes, and not Mrs Downes's sister. "Come on Thursday, and see for yourself, George."

"If I do, godfather, it will not be because I suspect my wife, but because I am sure to prove you wrong."

Still George thought it singular that he could not by the most adroit questioning get from his wife any allusion to these mysterious visits. At length he said, "Emma, I will ask for Thursday afternoon, and we will go out to Aldborough Woods, and get the holly and mistletoe for Christmas. What do you say?"

"I can't go Thursday, George dear; I have so much to do."

"What have you to do?"

"More than I can tell you. Is it not near Christmas, and does not that imply all sorts of housekeeping duties? But I will go with you Friday, dear."

George was a little cross at the refusal, and answered, gloomily, "No; he had lost the wish to go now." Then both were silent, and the evening was not a pleasant one. All the next day he told himself that he would not go and watch his wife Thursday; yet when the day came he was sitting with his godfather at the window. At the usual hour the carriage arrived, and Mrs. Downes, with her hair as elaborately dressed as if she was going to a state dinner at the bishop's palace, ran down the steps, and was soon driven rapidly away.

"Well, godfather," he said, pleasantly, "that is Emma, certainly, and she is very remarkably dressed; but, for all that, I am sure she has some good reason for what she is doing. I believe I will wait until she tells me."

"Don't be such a fool, George; go and question your servants."

After a little reflection, George crossed to his own house and rang the bell. The house-maid seemed astonished at his appearance, and when he asked where her mistress was, said she had not seen her since she had taken her orders for dinner. Then George went up to the nursery. "Where is your mistress, Ann?"

"Is she not in the parlor, Sir?"

"You know she is not. Where did she go in the carriage?"

"Indeed, Sir, it is my business to mind the children; the mistress knows her own affairs, without the likes of me meddling to them."

He turned round impatiently, went back to Mark Ripon, and got an accurate description of the house to which he had traced Mrs. George; and in half an hour the half-curious and half-angry husband stopped at the pretty cottage. All was quiet about it, there was no appearance of company, it looked almost deserted in its wintry garden.

An exceedingly lovely woman, though evidently in frail and failing health, opened the door for him, saying, in an inquiring voice, "You want the signor, Sir?"

"No, I wish to see Mrs. Downes; she is here, I believe?"

"Ah, yes; she is here. If you will please to go up one stair. I am so weak and tired always."

She pointed to the stairs, and George went thoughtfully up them. Half way there was a little landing and a door, and here he heard a strange musical voice, and then his wife's merry laugh to its observation. It nettled George; he knocked sharply, and before an answer could be given opened the door and went into the room.

"Oh, George, how provoking! What made you come, dear?"

His wife was sitting in all her bridal finery on a little elevated platform, and Signor Sarti was putting the last touches to a very lovely portrait of her.

"I meant it for your Christmas gift, George, and you have peeped beforehand. Is not that too bad?"

"Indeed it is, Emma." But Emma was almost satisfied with his peeping, so proudly and lovingly did he take her home.

"How did you find me out, George?"

"Oh, you are easy to find out, Emma. Of course I knew if you went out in a carriage, that you got the carriage at Morrel's. But how do you come to know this Frenchman?"

"You think all foreigners are Frenchmen, George. He is an Italian, and so is his beautiful wife. He came from London to paint my lord bishop and the cathedral, and the signora was so much better here that he resolved to spend the winter in Yorkshire, and try and make enough to take her home to Italy in the spring. My lord asked me to have my picture done, and papa paid for it in order to surprise you. I think, George dear, you had better not let papa know you have spoiled his surprise."

George felt more and more sorry and humiliated as he looked in the pretty, frank face, and thought how cheerfully, after all, she had taken the forestallment of her Christmas secret.

"I will do as you say, Emma. Has the signor plenty of work?"

"He is painting many of the principal ladies in the city. The bishop thinks very highly of him. Indeed, I have seen his lordship there at nearly all my visits."

George let the subject drop now as quickly as possible to Emma; but he talked a good deal about it—and in no very good temper—to his godfather. For once Mark had no excuse for his suspicions. He was quite awed by the fact that he had dared to think wrong of interviews which the bishop had arranged and honored with his presence.

He had lost faith in his own penetration regarding the sex, and George and Emma were quietly at some pains to convince him that good and true women are the rule, and not the exception.

And though I can not describe exactly how it came about, I know that the next Christmas Mark was the gayest old bachelor in Ripon, and opened the festival ball at George's house with Signor Sarti's handsome sister—the very same lady whom the bishop himself, very soon afterward, made Mrs Mark Ripon.

WAIFS.

Few dramatic authors have had such mishaps on first nights as Alfred de Musset. When his *Nuit Vénitienne* was produced at the Odéon, in Paris, one of the best scenes was spoiled in the following ridiculous manner. Mademoiselle Béranger had to appear on a balcony, and the lady, who was arrayed in white satin, leaned against a bit of trellis-work; but when she turned away a roar of laughter was heard throughout the house. The trellis had been painted just before the curtain rose, and Mademoiselle Béranger had taken "an artist's proof" on her white satin dress.

Some forty years ago the programme of a musical festival contained the following list of morceaux, with the executants. It can hardly be considered over-loaded as regards punctuation. The *Messiah* was to be performed, and the numbers ran somewhat in this way:

"Comfort ye Mr. Hobbs,
But who may abide Mr. Balfe,
Behold a virgin Mr Young,
Behold darkness shall cover Mr. Phillips,
Rejoice greatly Miss Birch,
He shall feed Miss Hawes,
Come unto me Madame Stockhausen."

It must be owned that Mr. Balfe and Mr Phillips got the worst of this discomposition.

One night at a country theatre Mrs. Siddons was "taking the poison" in the last act of some gloomy tragedy, when a boor in the gallery called out, "That's right, Molly; soup it oop, ma lass."

Rossini detested the modern vice of French singing, the vibrato. While living at Passy, a young French barytone went with a letter of recommendation to the great composer, who received him cordially, and asked him what he would sing. The vocalist pulled out a sheet of music. It was a barytone air from *Semiramide*, but the singer, partly through timidity, so exaggerated the vibrato that Rossini turned round, and said, merrily, "Pray, monsieur, stop a moment. If you continue to shake like that, you will certainly fall to pieces before you reach the last bar."

The famous pianist Liszt, having heard a great deal of nonsense talked at a party about music, was asked to play. He sat down and strummed on the piano-forte the wildest chaos of chords and scales he could think of. "Beautiful!" "Lovely!" "Sublime!" "Exquisite!" echoed from all corners of the room. "So much for musical rapture!" said Liszt to a friend who comprehended the joke.

Alfred Crowquill and Alfred Bunn had attended the funeral obsequies of a celebrated hippo-theatrical manager, and, according to the fashion of the time, had returned to the late residence of their deceased friend to assist at the dinner which then used to follow the solemn ceremony that death had rendered necessary. After the cloth had been removed, the widow began speaking of the handsome resting-place that she had provided for her spouse, and added that when their time should come she was sure nothing would be more in harmony with her late husband's feelings toward them than that the above-named gentlemen should occupy places in the same grave with him.

"Ugh!" whispered Bunn to the other Alfred; "she means, *Pass two to the pot*: she can not forget the sawdust."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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SAD MEMORIES—DECORATION-DAY.—Drawn by Ivan Prasnikoff.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 7, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a series of pictures showing life and sport in Hudson Bay, the portraits of two celebrated trotting horses, and other interesting features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE QUESTION OF NATIONAL AUTHORITY.

Some of the leading Democratic papers strongly advise the passage of the appropriation bills by Congress, and the reference of the pending questions to the country. Many of the Congressional leaders urge the same course. But "the heads of parties, like snakes, are governed by the tail;" and the cynical remark of the British statesman—the truth of which in general we do not admit, for its truth would be fatal to a republican system—is suggested by the performances of the Democrats in Congress. Whether they adjourn or not, the result of their action has been the renewal action of the Republican party in defence of the great principle established by the war. It is impossible that men like Mr. Bayard and Mr. Kernan should not see this plainly, and as party men it is impossible that they should not regret it. They can cast across the Republicans of re-opening the question. It was the deliberate decision of the Democratic caucus at the close of the late session of Congress to force this issue, and it is both a confession of weakness and an immense blunder. The only real questions before the country were those of financial administration and of reform, upon both of which, however, the Republican position was best. Resumption had been peacefully and prosperously accomplished. The refunding policy was a great triumph, and the only real impulse of reform was among Republicans. In such a situation, we grant, as in the thunder-shower, "something must be done," by the Democrats; but nothing could have been less wise than to bring forward the fundamental question settled by the war as the Democratic platform. This, however, has been done. The evasion of calling it "the army at the polls," and "overawing freemen," and "bayonets and ballots," is simply silly. The argument, in the few Democratic speeches that have assumed to argue, has been that the States alone are to determine for themselves when the national authority may be enforced within their borders. A member of Congress from Mississippi, upon the eve of secession, talked loudly of the "sovereign State of Mississippi"—a State which existed solely by the national consent—and we have had precisely the same spectacle now. The inherent defect of the Democratic party was never more apparent than in the course prescribed by the caucus, and thus far followed in Congress.

Another of its fatal defects will be manifest when the appeal is made to the country. Democratic orators and papers constantly assume on utter want of intelligence upon the part of the American people, and that they are to be influenced by the same kind of demagogic appeals which sway the mob of European capitals. Even Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress depict the national government, of which they are parts, as a kind of overbearing and menacing monster of despotism seeking to destroy popular liberty. They describe it as if it were something different from the people and above them, and speak of it as the Parliamentary leaders of 1645 in England spoke of the Stuart monarchy and royal irresponsibility. The American people, to whom these orators address themselves, they seem to suppose to be an ignorant, prejudiced, desperate multitude, ground under the heel of an intolerable tyranny, totally unable to reason or to observe, and ready to accept any thing as true that may be said to them. The other evening, for instance, at Tammany Hall, Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, who recently made a strong and temperate speech in Congress, delivered a harangue which, as an address to intelligent Americans, was extraordinary. He said that "the representatives of the United States in Congress assembled" had resolved that hereafter there should be no military interference at elections, and this will, which was the will of the majority of the people of the United States, had been contemptuously overruled by the Executive under the control of the minority. Now Mr. Carlisle knows that under existing laws military interference at elections is impossible; he knows that the veto of the President was just as constitutional as the vote of Congress; he knows that the veto was not contemptuous; and he knows that the will of the majority of the people—even if he knew what it is, and he does not know—can only make itself felt constitutionally. He knows that the hoplivation of his remark is the monstrous untruth that the will of the majority is the rightful government, whereas it is only the will of a constitutional majority constitutionally expressed which is the rightful government. Mr. Carlisle despised the intelligence of his audience, as many journals despise the intelligence of their readers, or he would not have made such a speech. Its apparent aim was to represent the Democratic party as the party of political purity, and when he sat down, Mr. John T. Hoffman rose and complimented him. Mr. Carlisle is from Kentucky, and he possibly did not know the bitter irony of that situation. Mr. Hoffman is popularly known in New York as "Tweed's Governor," and his authority upon purity of elections is not great.

The Democratic party, then, proposes to make State sovereignty and jealous hostility to the national government its platform for the election of 1880. It is a challenge which the Republicans will gladly accept. The effort to represent the Republicans as advocates of the army at the polls can be very easily and "contemptuously" baffled by quoting the law and the declared willingness of the President to sign any bill to make the law more efficient. This done, the war will be carried into Africa. It will be shown that the whole agitation is a pretext, that it is defended upon a plea which the war has settled, and that its object is free fraud and violence at the polls. Jealousy of the national government and fear of an illegal use of the army can not be awakened in the American people, and when the effort is led by those who rose in rebellion to overthrow the government, and who do not love the army, there will be a wholesome and not mischievous "uprising of the people." That this should be the character of the campaign may be regretted, but if the great question is still undecided, it should be fully argued before the country. It is pitiful that party organs should seriously assert that the bill to suspend the national authority was vetoed because the Administration means to use the army at the next election. Among many statutes which forbid such action, this is one:

"Every officer or other person in the military or naval service who by force, threat, intimidation, order, advice, or otherwise prevents or attempts to prevent any qualified voter of any State from freely exercising the right of suffrage at any general or special election in such State, shall be fined not more than $5000 and imprisoned at hard labor not more than five years."

Military interference at the polls by order of President Hayes, supported by his cabinet, is a proposition as ridiculous that nothing but the contempt for the intelligence of the people of which we have spoken would ever suggest it. By all means let us see whether the Bulldozers can elect a President upon the ground that the Republicans propose to intimidate voters.

MR. MARCY'S "JOKE."

Senator Kernan is a decided Democrat, but he is honorably eminent for not being an acrid partisan, and upon the great questions of the electoral troubles of 1876, the finances, and the proposition of Messrs. Thurman and Beck to attempt to coerce the Executive by adjourning Congress without passing the appropriation bills, he has shared the better sentiment of his party and of the country. But we observe that his political memory needs a little rubbing up. During his recent speech, when Mr. Morrill asked him if William L. Marcy, to whom Senator Kernan had alluded, was the same one who was generally credited with the remark, "To the victors belong the spoils," the Senator replied:

"I have heard it stated that Mr. Marcy said that, and it was doubtless a joke when some men were whining . . because of a change. . . . I suppose Mr. Marcy, in answer to some mournful complaining, said that to the victors belong the spoils, and that it was proper to put some of his own political friends in office."

Mr. Marcy undoubtedly said it, but not at all jocosely, nor under any such circumstances as Senator Kernan—doubtless to make his point against the Republicans mourning over the loss of the Senate offices—chooses to state.

The remark was made by Mr. Marcy in January, 1832, in secret session, when the nomination of Martin Van Buren to be minister to England was under consideration. It was a Senate of very able men, and the ablest took part in the debate. Henry Clay, in opposing confirmation, had eloquently attacked what he called the New York system of political proscription, which President Jackson was introducing into the national civil service. Mr. Clay was a party leader, and so was Mr. Webster. But neither of them had ever seen, nor had the country ever known, such "an inquisition for spoils," as Mr. Webster called it, as that which General Jackson undertook, and which is detailed in the political correspondence of the time. "If it were to be perpetuated," said Mr. Clay, "if the offices, honors, and dignities of the people were to be put up to the scramble, and to be decided by the results of every Presidential election, our government and our institutions, becoming intolerable, would finally end in a despotism as miserable as that of Constantinople." What Mr. Clay deprecated as a fatal system has long been accepted by his successors not only as justifiable, but as essential to successful government by party. But public opinion is gradually perceiving that his warning was timely and wise. It was to Mr. Clay especially that Mr. Marcy, the friend of Mr. Van Buren and a Senator from his State, addressed his reply. He began by saying that he had not intended to speak upon the main question, but that Mr. Clay's remarks went beyond the candidate and affected the State of New York. He continued:

"I know, Sir, that it is the habit of some gentlemen to speak with censure or reproach of the politics of New York. Like other States, we have contests, and, as a necessary consequence, triumphs and defeats. The State is large, with great and diversified interests. In some parts of it commerce is the object of general pursuit; in others, manufactures and agriculture are the chief concerns of its citizens. We have men of enterprise and talents who aspire to public distinction. It is natural to expect from these circumstances and others that might be alleged to that her politics should excite more interest at home, and attract more attention abroad, than those of many other States in the confederacy. It may be, Sir, that the politicians of New York are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are in to disclosing the principles on which they act. They boldly preach what they practice. When they are contending for victory, they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they are defeated, they expect to retire from office. If they are successful, they claim, as a matter of right, the advantages of success. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy."

In the *Life of Jackson*, Mr. Parton says that Mr. Marcy acknowledged, when he was honestly writing out his speech for the press, that he would have willingly recalled the phrase. But it was perfectly apt. It described the system so accurately that it was in itself an argument. For it implied that such a system necessarily changed an election from a contest of principles and policies into a desperate scramble for plunder, and that a party in a republic comes into power at the polls as Cromwell's army entered Drogheda, to sack and ravage, and to give no quarter. It is no wonder, of course, that elections are furious contests, and that in our quadrennial choice of President, which is but a fierce struggle of hundreds of thousands of "ins" with a million of "outs," all sensible observers see the weak spot of our system. Mr. Marcy, of course, referred upon Mr. Clay that he, too, when in power, believed in taking good care of his friends, and, if he had the chance, would do precisely what the President was doing. The vote upon Mr. Van Buren's confirmation was a tie, 23 upon each side. Vice-President Calhoun gave his casting vote in the negative, and the Senate did not advise and consent to the confirmation of Mr. Van Buren. But his friends said that it made him both Vice-President and President. It was, indeed, on joke that Mr. Marcy uttered. But it is surely something gained for good government, for honorable politics, and for national morality that forty-seven years after his famous words were spoken, during which the abuse defended by them had become not only a practice but a principle, the evil should have been so peremptorily challenged by the good sense of the country that a practical effort should be honestly making in its very chief seats to restore a reasonable and respectable system.

MR. FROUDE AND COPYRIGHT.

At the late annual dinner of the Royal Academy in London—at which the new president, Sir Frederic Leighton, presided, and the Prince of Wales and other notable personages were present—it was hoped that Mr. Bret Harte would respond to the toast, "Science and Literature." In his absence Mr. Froude, the historian, spoke, and said courteously that in Mr. Harte's writings are "the most delicate humor and pathos which are to be found to any modern writer." He then proceeded to remark upon the better understanding which has lately grown up between the two countries in respect to copyright, and alluded with force and good-humor to the fact that the arrangement upon the subject which is mutually desired by English and American authors is assailed by "free-traders" as a huge monopoly. The argument, he says, seems to be that better books were written before copyright was invented than are written now, and better books, therefore, will be written when it is done away with altogether.

But authors, he thinks, are quite poor enough already, and public men have sometimes queer ideas as to the encouragement of letters. He has discovered recently that in Queen Anne's time it was proposed that men of letters should be allowed to import a hogshead or two of tobacco yearly as a promotion of literary activity and production. But, said Mr. Froude, "Let us and the Americans come to an understanding, and I think literature will thrive better than under the discipline proposed." Undoubtedly Mr. Froude speaks for all British authors, who have very friendly relations of courtesy with American publishers, and who know perfectly well that in the absence of any understanding they have nothing but that courtesy upon which to depend. They know, also, as Professor Huxley stated plainly before the British Copyright Commission, that it is useless to defer all action until the absolute right of property in literary productions is acknowledged, because that would be to take no step forward. An arrangement which should secure in this country to English writers some of the limited rights of property in their works which are allowed them in England ought not to be impracticable if undertaken with a sincere desire to find a common ground of agreement.

In reaching such a conclusion, national traditions and characteristics and situations, together with vested rights and property interests, must all be taken into careful consideration. "Let us and the Americans come to an understanding," says Mr. Froude, and it will be a common advantage. But obviously no such understanding could be reached without concessions upon all sides. There is no doubt, however, that suitable concessions would be made, and that the long controversy might be put in the way of happy settlement. The speech of Mr. Froude shows, at least, how men of the chief parties in interest, the English author, feels.

COMEDY IN COURT.

The *World* recently published a new "Bab Ballad," with illustrations, but we had not supposed that a prose version of it would be immediately presented in one of our courts of justice. The ballad described the arraignment of a nobleman in a police court, and the profound deference of the bench to the dock when the judge comprehended that it was an actual peer, a living duke, upon whom the law had dared to lay its hand. How he apologized humbly, and respectfully invited his Grace to a seat upon the bench, is duly set forth in instructive and suggestive verse. It is, however, no offense, we trust, to the excellent author of "Bab" to remark that late proceedings in the Brooklyn City Court are more comical than his comic rhymes. Messrs. John W. Flaherty and George C. Bennett, City Works Commissioners, after a trial of more than six weeks, and a consultation of the jury for thirty hours, were found guilty of conspiring to defraud the city of $50,000 by placing sinecurists, or men who did nothing for the money, upon the pay-rolls of the city. This is a rapidly increasing and gross offense. The infidelity of public officers to their trusts is a crime which strikes at the confidence which is the vital force of free institutions. The general looseness of morals upon the subject is a great and alarming peril, and there is no offense in the punishment of which the courts should be more prompt and vigorous. Apparently on trial could have been fairer than the one of which we speak, and no verdict more deliberately reached. It was therefore to be expected that nothing would occur to diminish the solemn warning at a time and to a community where it is most needed. But this is the point at which the comedy begins.

The day of sentence arrives. The court-room is densely crowded, and the judge takes his seat amid a silence "painful in its intensity." The District Attorney, by his representative, moves for sentence, saying—as it were a sucking dove—that the great lesson that officers must not betray their trusts and defraud the community has been already taught by the conviction; that the prosecution has no desire of vengeance—above all, no wish for undue or extreme punishment. The defendants have been by no means charged with appropriating the public money to their own use: far from it!—perish the thought!—they have only taken the money of other people, and given it fraudulently to third parties. That is all. And, after all, since they have been convicted, what is that? With these remarks the whole question is submitted to the discretion of the Court. The counsel for the defendants rises solemnly, and responds that he has no language to express his sense of the justice of the prosecution, which does credit to its head and heart. He should never, of course, for a moment, believe his clients "to be guilty of that which they seem to have been found technically guilty of," and he could add nothing

to the fitting words that had been spoken. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. His clients' errors, if errors there be, are of the head, not of the heart. He is sure that his Honor could never undertake to humiliate these excellent men "by even approaching a sentence which might make them look like felons." The District Attorney, by another representative, here rises to urge anxiously that the dreadful Penitentiary be not thought of, and that nothing but a fine be imposed. The judge arises and asks to have his memory refreshed about the statute, and then deferentially remarks to their Graces—that is to say, to the gentlemen at the bar—"Mr. FLAHERTY and Mr. BENNETT will please rise. As you are aware, I have but a single duty to perform. I remember your social positions, and therefore I take great pleasure in finding in this statute a certain limitation;" and having called attention to it, "I shall take pleasure in hearing any thing these gentlemen have to say." The gentlemen thereupon, one after the other, remark that if an error has been committed, it was of the head, not of the heart; they did only what every body did, and they leave the Board in a better condition than when they entered it. The judge in reply tenderly observes that, "Accepting the suggestion which has been made, and made so discreetly by counsel and yourselves, I have to impose upon each of you a fine of $250, as provided in the statute." The tributes of respect from the bar and the bench here end, the attending friends advance to congratulate, and the comedy closes.

This needs only to be set to *Pinafore* music, with the *World's* "Bab Ballad" as a prelude, and a run like that of the *Pinafore* may be safely predicted. It appears from this play that it is not the taking of public money and the illicit use of it which constitutes a real wrong, but the taking of such money for your own private pocket. But to the spectator of the comedy, sitting meditatively in the pit, it seems that if the purposes for which the money is appropriated are yours, it is very much as if you took the money for your own use. And it also seems to that spectator that if courts and counsel are to bend obsequiously before the respectability of those who are deliberately convicted of malappropriation of the public money intrusted to them, the courts of law are in great danger of falling not only into comedy, but into contempt.

BIMETALLISM.

THERE is little doubt that reasonable bimetallism has made recently very rapid progress in public favor, and the speech of Mr. MORTON, of New York, terse and vigorous as it was, and Mr. M'CULLOCH's lecture at Cambridge, are striking illustrations of the fact. Upon the pending question of the free coinage of silver and the issue of silver certificates, all reasonable gold, and gold and silver, men are in accord. Mr. FRANCIS WALKER, for instance, is one of the earliest, ablest, and most consistent of the bimetallists, but he is strenuously opposed to free coinage. Indeed, the policy that he approves is to stop silver coinage altogether, that the countries which have demonetized silver may not overwhelm us with it, and that a reconsideration of the whole question be forced upon the leading powers of the world. If we do not misunderstand the purport of the appropriation moved by Mr. KERNAN for Mr. BAYARD, it is to cover the expense of a delegate to a monetary conference which might reach some other conclusion than that of last year; and in which the American representative might say to his European associates, in the words of Mr. MORTON: "We will not attempt to help you out of your troubles until you agree with us to use silver as a measure of value. We are ready to enter into such a mutual compact with you as will have the effect of restoring silver to its old steadiness of value, so that it may again be a measure of other values." And Mr. MORTON added, what we suppose to be the feeling of all honorable and honest bimetallists: "Let us not attempt to force the issue of silver beyond the amount which can be used as a circulating medium, until European nations will join us in making a silver currency equivalent in value to gold."

This is the aim of the bimetallists of whom we speak, and this is as far as possible from the wild and ignorant and dangerous schemes which are represented by the bill for the free coinage of silver and the issue of certificates upon silver bullion. This is a scheme to issue a government certificate, or to stamp a coin, alleging that eighty-four cents' worth of silver is a hundred cents. It is, in other words, as Mr. MORTON fitly characterized it, "the repudiation, pure and simple, of one-sixth part of all indebtedness, public and private." It is a bill discriminating in favor of silver mines; and if the owners of silver are to be benefited at the expense of other people, why should not the owners of other commodities be aided in the same way? If the government is to store one kind of property, issue certificates upon it, and make them a legal tender, why should it not do the same with all other kinds of property? Then, indeed, the currency would be "based upon the property of the country," as the advocates of French assignats contended that it should be, and as the inflationists and paper-money men in this country have echoed. There is no clearer or better way of reducing the argument to its absolute absurdity.

To call eighty-four cents a dollar, and to compel men to receive them for their wages as a dollar, is a fraud. A coin containing 412½ grains of silver is to-day, at the present value of silver in the market, worth only eighty-four cents. A law compelling the government to coin as a dollar all silver that offers, would allow the German Government and all owners of silver to "pour it into our mints to receive for every eighty-four cents a legal-tender silver dollar. They will make by this simple process nearly twenty per cent., and our own people, who will be obliged to receive the coins as legal tender, will be the losers." Men who receive wages understand that it is not the stamp of the government which gives value. That stamp merely attests fineness and weight. The government might, indeed, stamp a piece of tin with the word dollar, but no sane man supposes that the stamp would make it worth a dollar, and if a man should give a day's work for it he would be a fool. The special correspondent of the New York *Herald* in Washington publishes a list of the various bills which have been introduced in Congress to make every body rich by providing in various ways that something less than a dollar shall be called a dollar. The "workingmen," however, for whom all these financial doctors are so very anxious, will remember that in France and in the United States, in the days of assignats and of Continental currency, it took three hundred dollars to buy a jackknife. If Mr. DE LA MATYR's one thousand million paper dollars should be issued, it would take just as much labor to pay for labor as before, and it would be as true as ever that labor alone, not the printing-press, produces wealth.

GERMAN-AMERICAN REPUBLICANS.

WE are often asked what good German Republican paper can be recommended for distribution in districts where there is a large German vote, and we have always mentioned the New York *Republikaner*, which is the only German Republican paper published in New York. It is now a weekly, but a daily issue is proposed, and it will be furnished at a surprisingly cheap rate. There are more than four hundred German newspapers in the country, and they are chiefly "independent;" a small number are positively and "regularly" Republican, and of these the *Republikaner* is a well-edited and intelligent example. It is, so far as we know, uncommitted to any Presidential candidate, and would warmly support the "standard-bearer" whom the National Convention should select. We observed recently a statement that the large proportion of the German-American press in this State would probably prefer the candidacy of Mr. SHERMAN, because of his practical statesmanship. However this may be, the great number of German-born voters—of whom there are seven or eight hundred thousand—many of whom are reached only by newspapers in their native tongue, make the question of the selection of a journal one of importance, and we can testify to the staunch Republicanism of the *Republikaner*.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHURCH ORDER.

WE are glad to state that the recent order of the Chief of Police in New Orleans, upon which we commented, requiring that the colored churches should be closed at ten o'clock in the evening, has been recalled by the Mayor, and the following order substituted:

"NEW ORLEANS, *May* 9, 1879.

"*Thomas N. Boylan, Chief of Police:*

"DEAR SIR,—You will please issue the following order, on the subject of noisy churches, to the police: 'Whenever, after 10 P.M., in any church, there shall be any noise and tumult so as to disturb the neighborhood and justify fears of a disturbance of the peace, the policeman on the beat shall notify the pastor of said church that such disturbance must cease, and, in the event of failure to comply with such order, he shall make the proper affidavit against the offending parties.' I. W. PATTON, *Mayor.*

"Revoke and cancel all previous orders.

"I. W. P."

This is proper and fair, if any special order be necessary to authorize the police to suppress a disturbance of public order. In any case, there is an offensive discrimination against any part of the population. The incident renews the opportunity of repeating what we have often said, that the whites in the Southern States hold the key of the situation. They can help themselves and the common welfare by nothing so much and so surely as by a resolute policy of justice and fair play toward the colored population. And this is to be made manifest not by platforms and declarations, but by energetic action. The continued array of the races against each other is a perpetual impeachment of the whites, because the color line would vanish the moment that the new citizens felt themselves to be perfectly secure in every right, and that sense of security is dependent upon the general spirit and conduct of the whites.

It is a very plausible abstract proposition that every part of the population in this country, like every man, must take the chances, and not expect to be peculiarly protected. But it is quite as reasonable that there should be peculiar national concern for a class in a slave-holding community suddenly raised from slavery to equal citizenship. Under our system it may not be easy to protect them directly by the national power, except in the exercise of national rights; but the situation will always furnish occasions for the most powerful political appeal. The circumstances are such that this appeal will tell most strongly against the old slave-holding class, and the proof of it is in the present political situation. The reasons which have led to the revocation of the New Orleans order should be conclusive with all well-meaning white citizens of the Southern States for a perfectly fair and friendly policy toward the colored citizens.

PERSONAL.

THE last of a series of entertainments given to the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE prior to his departure as United States minister to Germany was one that probably interested him most—the dinner given to him by his classmates—the famous Yale class of 1853. Few classes have sent out so many men who have become prominent in public life. Among these are Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE, EDMUND C. STEDMAN, poet, RANDALL GIBSON, member of Congress from Louisiana, and a general in the Confederate service, GEORGE H. WATROUS, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, District Attorney of New York, H. C. ROBINSON, late Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, ISAAC H. BROMLEY, of the *Tribune* editorial staff, GEORGE W. SMALLEY, London correspondent of the *Tribune*, CHARLTON T. LEWIS, Esq., one of the foremost scholars in the country, E. C. BILLINGS, United States District Judge of Louisiana; WAYNE MACVEAGH, a prominent public man of Pennsylvania, Rev. J. M. WHITON, D.D., Dr. H. P. STEARNS, superintendent of the Insane Retreat at Hartford, General R. HARLAN, Adjutant-General of Connecticut, D. A. GODDARD, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*; and J. EVARTS GREENE, editor of the Worcester *Spy*.

—Messrs. R. L. and A. STUART have recently given $80,000 for religious objects, of which $35,000 is for Presbyterian home missions, $25,000 for foreign missions, $15,000 for church extension purposes, and $5000 for ministerial relief.

—Aristocracy in England has taken on quite a gush for the American racing folk. Recently the Prince of Wales gave a Paris dinner, to which he invited Mr. TEN BROECK, Mr. PERRY BELMONT, and Mr. HOWLAND ROBBINS. The latter gentleman has charge of Mr. LORILLARD's interests and stable in England, and is known as one of the best amateur shots at home or abroad. Wales having dined them, the nobility and gentry have also joined in the courtesies of nourishment.

—The marriage of Mlle. LEFÈVRE and M. LÉON GLAIZE, at Paris, on the 17th of April, was typical of modern France. The bride's father, M. ERNEST LEFÈVRE, editor of the *Rappel*, invited his friends to the civil ceremony at the Mairie, while Madame LEFÈVRE and the parents of the bridegroom issued a separate invitation for the religious service in the Church of St. Roch. VICTOR HUGO, true to his creed of never entering a church, witnessed the civil contract, and then gave his place to M. PAUL DE SAINT VICTOR. There were thus two witnesses—one civil and the other religious. M. LEFÈVRE, the father, also left the wedding *cortège* at the portal of St. Roch. Evidently a public display of his principles as a freethinker were dearer to this enlightened Frenchman than the feelings of his own family.

—Senator DAVIS, of Illinois, seems scarcely able to command the unqualified admiration of the editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who alludes to him in the following rather plain language: "As a circuit judge, before whom Mr. LINCOLN practiced, he did well enough in the trial of ejectments, slander suits, and appeals of justices of the peace, but he was never a lawyer. He never argued a cause before the Supreme Court of the State, or in the United States courts, but was simply regarded as a jolly old party, holding *nisi prius* terms, and amusing the lawyers by telling stories in the bar-room. In an hour of weakness Mr. LINCOLN elevated him to the highest office in his gift, that of Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, when nobody asked for his appointment, but, on the other hand, when the united bar of three States recommended another gentleman, who would have illustrated the position. As a Supreme Judge he cut but a sorry figure, and his opinions are scarcely ever referred to by lawyers as carrying any weight or authority."

—Selfish and money grasping as was M. DE VILLEMESSANT, the deceased editor of *Figaro*, he was warmly attached to those members of his staff who served him faithfully. In his will he directs that the paper shall be conducted in future by a triumvirate, consisting of M. MAGNARD, M. DE RODAYS, and M. PÉRIVIER, three members of his staff, and desires that seven or eight contributors shall receive a considerable share of the sum hitherto set apart for the paper, in order "to attach them to the concern."

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, editor and proprietor of *Truth*, is a son of JOHN LABOUCHERE, a London banker, whose younger brother, HENRY, was a member of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's cabinet. Mr. LABOUCHERE's mother is a sister of Mr. DU PRÉ, for many years a colleague of Mr. DISRAELI in the representation of Buckinghamshire. The family came from France, and settled first in Holland, where his grandfather, PETER, became a partner in the great house of HOPE, and, on marrying a daughter, in 1796, of Sir FRANCIS BARING, started a banking house in London. Mr. LABOUCHERE himself has been M.P. for Windsor and Middlesex, where in 1866 he was defeated by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. He was educated for the diplomatic profession, was attaché of the British embassy at Washington under Sir JOHN CRAMPTON in 1853-54, and subsequently served at most of the leading capitals in Europe. He was the writer of the letters from Paris to the London *Daily News* during the siege, and is an able journalist, an accomplished linguist, a most interesting and original thinker and talker, and, under an affected coldness, possesses a very warm and generous heart. He is of agreeable presence, and forty-five years of age.

—Lord DERBY is one of the richest peers of England, not more than four or five having a larger income. It is said to be about $5,000,000 a year. He has no children. His wife has a separate income of $100,000 a year. He has no expensive tastes, cares nothing for sport, and rarely enters his stables. His only brother, and heir to the title, is Colonel STANLEY, Secretary of War, who inherited $500,000 from his father. Lord DERBY and his father had few tastes or sympathies in common, and Colonel STANLEY was the favorite son. The house of STANLEY and the citizens of Liverpool have for a long time been on the most friendly terms, though interchange of courtesies between them are few and far between. Lord DERBY takes his title from the Hundred of West Derby, in the county of Lancashire, not from the county or town of the name in mid England. The senior branch of the STANLEYS is represented in direct line by Sir JOHN STANLEY, who, like all his ancestors, is a Roman Catholic. The ancient family seat, Hooton, in Cheshire, was sold about twenty years ago to a Liverpool banker, in consequence of the extravagance of Sir JOHN's brother. It had been five hundred years in the family.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House, May 14, resolved to appoint a committee to consider the subject of traffic in alcoholic liquors.—On the 19th, Secretary Sherman, in response to a resolution of inquiry as to the amount of the direct tax of 1861 still due and uncollected, reported to the Senate that eleven of the States that participated in the rebellion owe $2,730,164, and all the other States and Territories [illegible].—On the 20th, the Senate passed the Legislative Bill, after refusing, by a party vote, to strike out the clauses relating to the test oath, the method of drawing jurors, and to interference with the deputy marshals and election supervisors of the United States. The House had a long struggle over the Silver Bill. On the 21st, the hard-money men of both parties, by a vote of 117 to 105, nullified one of the most obnoxious features of the measure, by amending the fourth section so as to provide that the coinage charges at the mint shall be the difference between the market value of bullion and the legal-tender value of coin. The next day the House adopted the amended section by a vote of 119 to 98. A motion to lay a reconsideration of it on the table was carried by barely one majority. After this a complete somersault was made, and an amendment directing silver to be paid out for all public debts was adopted by a vote of [illegible] to 78. Twenty-four Republicans voted aye.

The New York State Legislature adjourned May 23. Two important bills have passed both Houses, one to reduce the legal rate of interest to six per cent., and the other to punish tramps.

The Iowa Democratic State Convention met at Council Bluffs May 21, and nominated Judge H. H. Trimble for Governor, T. D. Yeomans Lieutenant-Governor, Reuben Noble Supreme Court Judge, and Ervin Baker Superintendent of Public Instruction.

FOREIGN NEWS.

News comes from India that dacoity, or robbery by armed gangs, is assuming alarming proportions in the Deccan, especially in the Poonah district. For some time past bands of dacoits have been scouring the country, committing daring attacks on houses and villages. They seem to form a part of a regular organization, under the command of one Wasudeo Balwant, lately a clerk in the Financial Department. They are suspected of having set the fire which destroyed the government school, the Boodwar Palace, the law courts, the post-office, the police office, and fifty houses in Poonah on the night of the 13th ult. They have issued a remarkable manifesto to the Bombay government, in which they threaten to raise another mutiny and put a price on the head of the governor unless their distress is relieved.

The Indian government has arranged with Yakoob Khan a satisfactory basis of negotiations. Among the principal points of the arrangement are the British command of the passes, with sufficient territory to constitute a scientific frontier, the appointment of a British resident at Cabool, and the control of the foreign relations of Afghanistan.

A battle has occurred between the Greeks and Turks at Pertasis, Thessaly. The Turks lost six men in killed and wounded, and the insurgents 70 men, including their leaders.

M. Le Royer, French Minister of Justice, has publicly stated that the government will not grant amnesty to members of the Commune, but will simply pardon them after June 6. This will not include the restoration of civil rights. Rochefort, Vallès, and Blanqui will be thus pardoned.

Switzerland has voted 191,181 in favor of and 177,363 against the re-establishment of capital punishment. This is not an actual revival, but leaves each canton at liberty, as was the case until 1874, to enact it or not. Both conditions of validity—viz., an aggregate majority, and a majority of the cantons—have been secured in favor of this permissive measure. Catholics and Conservatives advocated the measure, pointing out the increase of murders since the death punishment was abolished.

Herr Von Forckenbeck has resigned the presidency of the Reichstag, and Herr Seydewitz (Conservative) has been elected in his place.—The Reichstag has approved the Anglo-German treaty for the prevention of the slave-trade on the African coast.

In the British House of Lords, May 16, Lord Beaconsfield, replying to a general attack made by the Duke of Argyll on the government's policy, said it was understood at Berlin that the evacuation of Roumelia by the Russians would be completed within a reasonable time after May 3. It could hardly take till August 3. Such tardiness would be disgraceful. He willingly acknowledged that Russia had shown a wise forbearance, and he believed she was sincerely anxious to bring about a state of affairs in Turkey such as Great Britain could assist to establish.

The Robin's Vesper.

When ſhadows brood upon the hill,
And daylight draweth to a cloſe;
When frogs pipe by the lowland rill,
Within the valley's dim repoſe;
Then the ſmall bird ſeeks her neſt,
Swinging on the blossoming ſpray;
Only Robin doth not reſt,
Singing to the dying day.
Sweet Robin!
Merry Robin!
So I'd have my Soul to be,
Singing clear
Thro' the near
Shadow of Eternity.

THE LATE HON. ASA PACKER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROADBENT AND TAYLOR.

LOUIS AUGUSTE BLANQUI.—(SEE PAGE 446.)

JUDGE ASA PACKER.

THE story of Judge Packer's life reads like a romance. Fifty-six years ago a poor untutored boy, with hardly a dollar in his pocket or a friend in the world, with knapsack on his back, he walked all the way from Connecticut to Pennsylvania in search of work. The other day he died, the richest man in his commonwealth, and second to none in grandeur of achievement and measure of influence. His whole career is but another example of what a young man in this country may accomplish through keen intelligence, dauntless energy, and unyielding integrity.

ASA PACKER was born in Groton, Connecticut, December 29, 1806. His grandfather was a leading citizen of the town, and a farmer, tanner, and shoe-manufacturer. His father, though noted for his good sense and industry, never succeeded in business. When nearly eighteen years of age,

LAST TO PERISH.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

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young Packer left the farm and journeyed to Northern Pennsylvania to seek his fortune. One of his uncles—a carpenter by trade—in Susquehanna County, took him as an apprentice. When his time was out he came to New York, where he worked industriously at his trade. But his experience was not altogether satisfactory, and he returned to Pennsylvania. Out of his hard-earned savings he bought a small piece of land on the Upper Susquehanna. There he experienced some of the hardships of a pioneer's life, clearing the land with his own hands, and building the log-house in which he dwelt for ten years, and to which he took his young wife, a daughter of Zophar Blakeslee, another of the pioneers of Northern Pennsylvania.

In the winter of 1833 the Lehigh Canal was opened, and Mr Packer, hearing that men were wanted to take boats loaded with coal down the new waterway to tide-water, engaged to go down with a boat as soon as the season opened. In the spring, accordingly, he left his farm in Susquehanna County, and walked nearly all the way to Mauch Chunk, taking charge of one of the first boats sent out. Not contented with the profits from his mere manual labor, he contracted for the mastership of a second boat, which he placed in charge of his brother-in-law, James I. Blakeslee, present superintendent of the Mahanoy division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. From that time his prosperity was marked. Among his other investments was the purchase in the autumn of 1834 of a small store, the property of E. W. Kimball, which stood upon the banks of the Lehigh. Giving up active operations as a boatman, he retained a money interest in several boats, and buying a boat-yard, he built boats, and contracted for the building of locks on the Upper Lehigh, which he completed in 1837. His fame as a contractor on the river was shortly equal to that of the famous George Law, and in 1838, in company with his brother Robert, he contracted with Stockton and Stevens, of New Jersey, to build boats at Pottsville for the transportation of coal to New York direct. In 1840, leaving his boat-building business to his brother, he engaged in the shipment of coal. In 1852 he projected and built the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and also the railroad from Mauch Chunk to Erie. He was all but ruined in completing these great enterprises, but with the aid of Commodore Stockton he tided over, and ultimately became very wealthy; his estate is estimated to be worth from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. He was twice elected to Congress, and in 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention.

Judge Packer's charities and acts of benevolence to individuals and to many institutions were very large. His crowning act of benevolence, however, is the foundation and endowment of Lehigh University. The immediate object is to furnish, free of cost, to young men of talent and ambition, a place for a collegiate education of practical character, such as can be turned to account in the more important walks of professional and business life. To this end he has expended, to this time, in the erection of the commodious and spacious buildings of the University, in the endowment of its chairs and professorships, and in its general maintenance, the munificent sum of a million and a half dollars. In his will he bequeaths another million and a half dollars for the permanent endowment of the University, and half a million dollars for its library.

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

The Prince Imperial as an Author.—The Gingerbread Fair.—A new Hospital.—Anecdote of Renan.—With a Madman in a Railway Car.—Statue of Rabelais.—An important Personage.

Paris, *May* 1, 1879.

Authorship is fashionable. Every body writes his own opinions of men and things, and of the making of books there is no end. Certainly the most modest genius may feel encouraged to enter the lists after the perusal of many of these effusions. Mrs. Gaskell's whimsical character described herself as once collecting pen, ink, and paper, with the end in view of becoming an author, but pausing because she had nothing to say—a weakness of purpose subsequently regretted, as so many continued after that point.

Thus it is already rumored that the Prince Imperial will publish his personal opinions of Zululand in *Le Pays*, of France, and the *Examiner*, of England. Why not? Did not his father, the Emperor, compile a new life of Cæsar while still wearing the imperial diadem? Has not Queen Victoria appeared before the world as an authoress?—an example followed by her noble son-in-law, the Marquis of Lorne. Has not the Shah of Persia described his travels, for the enlightenment of his humble subjects, in print? The Prince Imperial, supported by such illustrious examples, may well be encouraged to describe the Zulu, and his partisans, who find France ungrateful because she does not cherish the memory of Napoleon III. with reverence, can not do better than to issue his writings serially in two countries. The question alone remains to be solved by himself if he has any thing original or impressive to communicate. One who has seen and studied his face would be disposed to doubt it. The Prince is small and insignificant in appearance, with the eyes of his parents, and a large nose. His amiability of character may serve to efface such a casual impression, and he is described as popular among his young comrades; but he wholly lacks the majestic beauty of the Romanoff, the military bearing, which has an element of true grandeur, of the Hohenzollern, the robust good humor of the English princes, and the natural elegance of the Hapsburg.

For three weeks the annual Gingerbread Fair has held sway in Paris. The capital alone manufactures one million kilograms of the *pain d'épice*, while England and Spain have furnished large quantities of the delicacy. The favorite gingerbread comes from Reims and Dijon. Modest industries possess their own value. The American, who possibly remembers carrying the molasses jug from the village store for his grandmother in tender years, and on whose jaded palate still lingers the delicious flavor of the freshly baked gingerbread man and elephant which emerged from the oven of the family stove, may ramble through the Gingerbread *Fair* of Paris, in the Place de la Bastille, and discover that many large houses employ one hundred and twenty men, and make not less than four thousand kilograms of the *pain d'épice* daily. The citizen of the New World thus learns that gingerbread-making is a business, and the baker may be classed as an artist. The fair moves from place to place, constantly packing and unpacking the wares, which bring in considerable revenues.

Street fairs belong to the old quarters of cities, and are passing away. It is true that peep-shows and mountebanks still accompany the *Foire au Pain d'Épice*, and crowds flock to the booths, but the picturesque elements of former times are lacking. Once fairs were fashionable in Paris, and lasted through the year in different quarters of the town. The most celebrated was that of St. Laurent, which occupied the ground of the present Strasbourg dépôt. The Fair of St. Laurent dated from the reign of Louis le Gros. What a field for adventure and excitement was the spot, where great dames came in sedan-chairs, and cavaliers in masquerade, surrounded by clowns, acrobats, and the exhibitors of wild beasts! The Fair of St. Germain, located on the site of the old market, was scarcely less popular, and gained celebrity for the little theatres, two of which were christened the Variétés and the Ambigu. A curious circumstance is recorded by old writers: the Opéra and the Comédie-française found themselves affronted by the success of these sprightly little theatres of the fair ground, and caused laws to be passed curtailing their realm of song and dialogue. The Indian in war-paint and the dancing bear, the fat woman who rents herself like a fiacre for ten sous an hour, and the dwarf, still haunt the gingerbread fête, but where is the marquise of the sedan-chair, with her dainty satin shoes held aloof from the muddy lanes of Paris, as well as her velvets and brocades from the touch of the canaille, and the cavalier in the disguise of muffling cloak and broad hat gliding through the crowds of minstrels and tumblers? These imparted the true character to the Paris fair, and have forever vanished.

Paris has received a magnificent gift of charity in the hospital erected by Sir Richard Wallace. This nobleman, already well known for his philanthropy, and especially during the siege, crowns all previous donations made to the city of his adoption by the spacious structure now completed in the suburban village of Levallois-Perret, which faces the south, and bears above the entrance the name Hertford British Hospital, in honor of the builder's father. M. Sanson, the French architect, already renowned as having built a hôtel in the Louis XVI. style for the Prince of Arenberg, as well as having restored the château of Chaumont, brought by Mlle Say among her wedding gifts to the Prince Amédée de Broglie, has been intrusted with the present work. Sir Richard Wallace has elaborated his design with the most minute care, and for the space of five years M. Sanson has been submitting plans to the inspection of this rich patron—plans requiring alterations before moulding an ideal charity hospital. Surely the owner of a princely revenue never built a more noble and fitting monument for himself than this one, with its airy corridors and wards, its staff of surgeons and nurses, its books, and illuminated texts suspended on the walls to meet the weary eyes of dejected invalids, its stores of fresh linen, its gardens planted with balsamic trees, and even the humane addition of a sheltered alley leading to a distant mortuary chapel—as the end.

An amusing anecdote is told of M. Renan. When the author of the *Life of Jesus* was still a candidate of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, he paid a visit to M. Naudet, member of the Institute, to demand his vote. M. Naudet is somewhat too well known for maladroit movements, blunders at which the old gentleman is first to laugh heartily. At the moment when M. Renan was about to retire, with his gouty foot, his host, who accompanied him to the door, pushed him accidentally, and the visitor fell heavily on a fauteuil fortunately placed near the door. "Ah, M. Naudet, you have seated me in the fauteuil, and you will assuredly not have the courage to remove me from it again," said M. Renan, promptly.

The Continental railway carriage has again served as the scene of a terror, possible in prosaic real life. The Calais train paused at the station of Abbeville, and M. Leroux entered a first-class compartment for Paris. The carriage was already occupied by two Frenchmen, a Russian, and an Englishman. Our traveller took his place with that mildness and patient aspect peculiar to the Latin races in making a journey, and which contrasts so amusingly with the bustling activity of the Anglo-Saxon. Doubtless M. Leroux prepared to sleep as much as possible en route, and never to glance out of a window at passing objects—another peculiarity of Northern races. Scarcely had the train moved on when the Frenchman seated opposite suddenly looked at M. Leroux with an expression of furious anger and exclaimed, "You have stolen my cap!" "Monsieur!" retorted M. Leroux, stupefied by the accusation. His *vis-à-vis* allowed him no leisure for protestations. He threw himself on the inoffensive traveller, and struck him a violent blow in the face. The Russian attempted to interfere, and was kicked in the chest by this nimble assailant. No doubt remained of his mental condition. He was insane, and the animosity inspired by the unconscious M. Leroux had developed a paroxysm of madness. He was a rich proprietor of La Somme. A struggle ensued in the carriage. The second Frenchman and the Englishman rang the alarm bell, opened the door, and called loudly for assistance. In vain. The guard either did not hear, or heed, the appeal, and the train rushed on. The united efforts of these strong men scarcely sufficed to restrain this foaming maniac until the next station was reached, and the unfortunate man removed, as well as M. Leroux and the Russian, who required medical attendance. What if our traveller had occupied the carriage alone with the madman?

A bronze statue of Rabelais is to be erected in the town of Chinon, where he was born. Designs for the work must be sent to the School of Beaux-Arts not later than the 6th of next August. The appeal of the committee to demand subscriptions, aided by another formed at Paris, under the presidency of M. Crémieux, the Senator, is interesting. This body, composed of Senators, Deputies, savants, artists, and men of letters, will address all liberal Europe, and before all the French public. Among the writers of old France Rabelais stands first as having made a courageous warfare against the corruptions of the clergy, the venal magistracy of his time, and all the abuses of his day. He was the precursor of Voltaire, Diderot, and of Paul Louis Courier. Rabelais has waited three hundred years for this public recognition of a statue in his native town.

A prominent personage in Paris at the present time is the *chef* of M. Gambetta. This cook rejoices in the sonorous nickname of Trompette, and is reputed to be an artist of the purest Parisian type. He is large and stout, coquettish as to the freshness of his linen, the quality of his apron and cap. He esteems very highly his profession, which he pronounces a science, and speaks much in aphorisms. "The kitchen," says this oracle, "is chemistry; only all chemists could not be cooks." His career has been brilliant, and his experience vast. He was once in the service of M. Louis Fould, who found him a trifle expensive, and therefore passed Trompette over to a rich stranger, proprietor of a magnificent estate near Tours. Later the *chef* entered the service of M. Thiers, but departed in dudgeon at the expiration of two months. "One can not live down there," he explained. "Madame Thiers has her nose poked into the account-books far too often. She is not a lady; she is a bourgeoise." In politics this great man is supposed to be an Imperialist; therefore M. Gambetta may have the misfortune not to be deemed a gentleman by his cook, especially if he is not liberal as regards the system of *l'anse du panier*.

The Latin Quarter has recently lost another of its once celebrated characters in the death of M. Magny, at the age of seventy-two years. This old man kept a popular restaurant, and furnished in himself another of the portraits in the gallery of old cities. The Sieur Magny cherished many souvenirs. He had beheld seated at his tables distinguished strangers and the most renowned persons of the world of art, the students of the schools of science and the active field of politics. The famous dinners of Sainte-Beuve were held at the Café Magny. One of the favorite reminiscences of the old man was a banquet to which the students invited Proudhon in 1849. The story has the true student flavor the world over. The distinguished philosopher was ushered into a room of the Restaurant Magny, and urged to seat himself at the table. He inspected with visible surprise the preparations made for his reception. The table, of poor and mean aspect, was covered with a cloth of coarse brown linen; dishes were of colored pottery, the covers of pewter, the wine inferior, and the chairs of wood. The soup was served. Proudhon made a little grimace of disappointment. Suddenly a door was thrown open, and a salon revealed, brilliantly lighted, and with a table elegantly served. The discontented philosopher was invited to take his next course in the true banquet hall amidst general hilarity, and the feast begun with soup and *vin ordinaire* terminated with Champagne. Now the old caterer has vanished, as well as many of his customers.

Artemis.

LOUIS AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

The recent election of M. Blanqui to the French Chamber as Deputy from Bordeaux shows that the spirit of fanaticism is by no means dead among the revolutionists of France. Blanqui's career shows him to be one of those determined advocates of anarchy and disorder the business of whose lives it is to connive at the overturning of all existing governments. An admirer of Voltaire, and a propagator of the most violent Socialist doctrines, he is entirely without the brilliant genius of the great prototype he desires to follow, and his schemes lack even the show of reason that occasionally mark those advanced by the class with which he is identified.

Blanqui's career as a political agitator began before he had fairly reached man's estate. He was born at Nice in 1805, the city being at that time included in the department of the "Alpes Maritimes." His first appearance in public was after the elections of 1827 in Paris, when the royal troops fired upon the populace in order to quell a transient political disturbance, and Blanqui was among the wounded. In 1830, while yet a student of law, he took up arms on the popular side against the rule of Charles X., and for his bravery and spirit afterward received the decoration of July. Under the government of Louis Philippe he prosecuted a fervent conflict, by means of pamphlets and articles in the liberal papers, against the bourgeoisie as trading classes. A member of the club called "La Société des Amis du Peuple," he became one of the most active propagators of the doctrines which led to the revolution of 1848. A discourse pronounced before this society in 1836 directed the attention of the government to him, when he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs.

For some months nothing more was heard of Blanqui, but suspicion again fell upon him in connection with the discharge of the infernal machine at the King by Fieschi. Blanqui was suspected of being implicated in the affair, and another sentence of two years' imprisonment was passed upon him, together with a fine of 300 francs. He was amnestied before the expiration of his term, but was forbidden to return to Paris. As soon as he was released he began the organization of an immense affiliated association, which, under the name of "La Société des Saisons" and "Les Montagnards," renewed the anti-monarchical propagandism. With Barbès and others he attempted a revolution at Paris in May, 1839. It failed, and Blanqui was seized and condemned to death; but again his sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. The revolution of 1848 freed him from his fetters, and he became a leader of the people. The insurrection of May 15 was organized by him, and at the head of a large body of delegates he marched to the hall of the National Assembly to inaugurate, if possible, a more effective government. He was overpowered by the troops under Changarnier, placed once more under arrest, and upon trial remanded to prison for ten years. He was released in 1859, but was sentenced again to four years' imprisonment in January, 1862. He appeared again as one of the active spirits in the violent agitations in favor of the Red Republic, which culminated in the Paris Commune of 1871.

Since this date Blanqui has passed his days in confinement, and at the time of his election was imprisoned at Clairvaux. Here he still remains, the French government having no intention of releasing him, in spite of the honors thrust upon him by the electors of Bordeaux. At Clairvaux he was visited by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, who describes his appearance as follows: "He wore light sabots over dark socks, coffee-colored trousers, a coarse, unstarched linen shirt without collar, a knitted waistcoat buttoned at the neck, but with no other button, a silk skull-cap the worse for wear, from beneath which was a yellowish cotton handkerchief nearly covering his forehead, and some of the fringe of which was scarcely distinguishable from his thick white hair. Clutched in his trembling right hand was a small hatchet, which he had just used for chopping wood, and which he let go only toward the end of our interview. His physiognomy curiously supplemented this fanciful garb. His head is short at the lower part, broad toward the temples, and set off with a bristly white beard. His complexion is clear and rosy, his forehead broad, but low, and slightly compressed at the temples; his ears are rather delicate; his eyes long and fixed; his nose is thin at the top, broad and square below; his mouth wide, his lips red, and his expression, though sometimes lit up with an agreeable smile, usually shows a kind of cynical curiosity."

It is impossible to imagine what the electors of Bordeaux can have hoped for by their recent action in regard to Blanqui, unless it be a renewal of the agitation regarding him. He is an old man, and practically insane. Again, his health is so delicate from heart-disease that he is obliged to live only on fruits, vegetables, milk, and eggs. As regards his social theories, they are simply those of the fanatical revolutionist who desires to destroy every thing existing, without the first suggestion of a plan for reconstruction. The correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from Paris, sums up Blanqui's demands as follows: "It is impossible to get along with him without giving him all he wants, and all he wants is simply the abolition of poverty, misery, crime, inequality, luxury, ignorance, with one stroke of the pen. A stroke of the sword will do as well, but, whatever the implement, the operation must be performed *d'un coup*. You are to take the whole frame-work of society, put it into the melting pot, pour it into a new mould, let it cool off, and you will have such a new earth that you need not trouble yourself about any new heavens."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 8.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

The extreme ultramontanism of some of the French bishops will contribute greatly to the success of M. Ferry's Education Bill. Several have already given offense by asserting their right to disregard the proposed law if passed. In referring to recent speeches of the Archbishop of Aix, M. Lepère, the Minister of the Interior, has stated that if the reports of them proved to be correct, he would be prosecuted. The minister represented the cabinet to be in entire accord on the new measures.

Some one has said that the "Company of Jesus" is a perpetual conspiracy against the state. This is the opinion of M. Ferry, the colleague of the Minister of the Interior. In his address to the Council-General of the Vosges he avowed that the especial object of his proposed law is to expel the Jesuits. "What we aim at alone," in his language, "are the non-authorized religious congregations, and among these—I proclaim it aloud—a congregation which is not only non-authorized, but is prohibited throughout our whole history—the Society of Jesus. Yes, gentlemen, it is from its clutches that we wish to rescue the soul of the French nation." Out of the Jesuit colleges, M. Ferry continued to say, comes that young generation at war with modern society, and which is seen "in the Catholic committees, in the tribune, in the press, in every

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battle-field of public life, with its flag of counter-revolution in its hand, raised against the liberal and republican flag of France. Judge of the masters by the pupils." In these passages of his address M. FERRY was tumultuously applauded by his audience.

The Churchman, of this city, announces the arrival of Bishop NESTOR, of the Greek Church, on his way from St. Petersburg to Sitka. He has been recently appointed to that diocese, which contains 7000 adherents of the Greek faith. Bishop NESTOR speaks English with fluency.

Three Presbyterian Assemblies met on Thursday, May 15—the Northern, at Saratoga Springs, the Southern, at Louisville, and the Cumberland, at Memphis. In the Northern Assembly a fraternal message to the other Assemblies was adopted. Fraternal relations between the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches have not been formally established, owing to a disagreement as to terms. It is, therefore, significant that friendly salutations are not omitted.

The Board of Home Missions in the Northern Assembly reported that its total receipts for the year were $285,379; of this sum $47,212 was derived from legacies. The board has under its direction 1202 missionaries, who organized 304 Sunday-schools and 136 churches in 1878. The increase of members in the home missions was 10,872; the total number of members is 66,413. The number of church edifices cared for by the board is 1052, valued at $2,849,175. Ninety-one churches, valued at $390,200, were built during the year.

The (Dutch) Reformed Church, which has 78,666 members only, has done well in promoting Christian charities during 1878. In that year the Board of Education received $31,541; the Board of Publication, $14,539; the Home Mission Board, $34,371; the Foreign Mission Board, $56,421; the Building Fund, $5005; the Women's Board of Foreign Missions, $4338. This is more than $1 60 per member.

Unquestionably the hope of a closer union of the Christians of the same creed in the North and the South is cherished by many thoughtful men. The Southern Baptist Convention, at Atlanta, gave expression to this hope in the following resolution: "That five brethren be appointed to bear to our Baptist brethren of the Northern States at their approaching anniversaries expressions of our fraternal regard, and assurances that while firmly holding to the wisdom and policy of preserving our separate organization, we are ready, as in the past, to co-operate cordially with them in promoting the cause of Christ in our own and foreign lands." Other resolutions proposing the consideration of plans of co-operation were offered, but stricken out by a vote of 174 to 66.

An illustration of the manner in which old and new civilizations now come into contact is furnished by the fact that YUNG WING, the Chinese Commissioner of Education in the United States, was in 1875 married to Miss KELLOGG, a granddaughter of a Congregational minister. The wedding took place in an old-fashioned New England parsonage. YUNG WING was the first Chinaman to enter Yale College, and graduated in 1854. In 1871 he was appointed the head of the Chinese Educational Commission in the United States; in all, 120 Chinese young men have been sent to our country for training under the care of the Commissioners. YUNG WING is now associate minister from the Chinese Empire to our national government.

The more accurate information upon the causes of the negro exodus which has now been obtained proves that it is not a sudden freak. To tell the truth, the negroes have been trying for several years to get away from the South. The scheme of migration to Africa was an effort to find a way of escape. Two ideas have taken deep root in their minds—one the desirableness of the possession of property, the other the value of the ballot. The several hundred who reached Kansas this spring have now obtained work as laborers. The colonies planted in that State several years ago are prosperous, and this fact will have influence on the minds of their brethren in the South. A Convention of colored men was held in Richmond, Virginia, on May 19, to which the following resolution was introduced: "That we recommend to our race throughout the State to organize themselves into emigration societies, for the purpose of leaving the State, provided our condition is not bettered by the authorities of the State." The discovery that the freedman can take his hat—or, rather, his fragment of a hat—and walk off, completely changes the situation for his oppressors.

Despite the ascendency of the Conservative party, the Liberation Society of England continues to put forth strenuous efforts to prepare public opinion for the separation of Church and State. During 1878 it spent £14,000, held 704 meetings, and circulated 3,140,000 publications. Mr. SPURGEON not being able to attend the recent anniversary, sent a letter, which contains the following sentence: "CHRIST'S Church must be free from CÆSAR'S interference, and that she can never be till she returns CÆSAR'S penny, which is at once the bribe of her virtue and the price of her liberty."

The book of Mr. HENRY KIDDLE, Superintendent of the City Public Schools, on *Spiritual Communications*, has not only led to surprised comment, but has been noticed by the Board of Education. At a meeting of the Board, held May 7, a resolution was offered declaring it to be his duty to resign. This was laid on the table by a vote of 13 to 6. Another resolution was offered giving Mr. KIDDLE leave of absence for six months, with continuance of salary. This was also laid on the table. It was deemed best to postpone action till the shock of surprise had passed away. The book is much ridiculed for the nonsense it puts into the mouths of the magnates of English literature. They who when living delighted and instructed mankind, now in the spirit world, according to Mr. KIDDLE'S revelations, talk the merest drivel.

In the United States the Baptist anniversaries are the last in the May series; in England they lead the van, coming just before the 1st of May. The English Baptist Union, which includes Scotland and Ireland, at its meeting in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, reported that the denomination has now in Great Britain and Ireland 3451 chapels, with 1,028,000 sittings. The number of church members is 276,348—an increase for 1878 of 7512. There are 1879 pastors, and 3032 lay preachers. The increase of church accommodations in the year was 20,000. For home mission work the sum raised was £46,900. The English Baptists have established a mission in the upper part of the Congo River. Their exploring party, sent out last year, had a successful tour, and report the natives to be peaceably disposed. It is intended to place a small steamer on the upper river, and to reach Nyangwé, which is not far from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.

It is now clear that the excise laws of the State of New York, over which a Legislative battle is fought every year, are to remain unchanged in 1879. A bill intended to apply solely to the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo reached a third reading in the Assembly, but was recently defeated when put upon its final passage. The yeas were 53 and the nays 64.

Temperance legislation is so closely connected with the observance of the Christian Sunday that the two at present go into one record. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY has thrown himself, with his characteristic energy, into the effort to enforce the Sunday laws in Newark. At a meeting in that city held May 19 he pointed out the need not only of law officers and courts, but also "of voluntary societies, composed of men of high standing, for the prevention of crime and the enforcement of law." An effort is making to secure the better observance of Sunday in Cincinnati. The great awakening of public interest in this subject in England and Ireland will provoke fresh attention to it in the United States.

LEFT TO PERISH.

IT is a remarkable fact that only the Christian nations of the world provide hospitals and asylums for the sick and the infirm. Uncivilized men almost every where leave those enfeebled by age to perish, and in some countries children kill their parents, and parents their children, when from any cause they become helpless and dependent. Among our own Indians—except in tribes that are partially civilized—the women are badly treated. They are degraded and despised; and are made to do nearly all the heaviest and meanest kinds of labor. They till the earth, and bear all the burdens, as long as they are able, and then in some instances are cruelly turned out to die like worn-out horses. Our artist has sketched on page 445 one of these incidents of savage life in the far West. An old squaw whose days of usefulness are over has been abandoned by her wretched companions—among them, perhaps, her own husband and children—and left to die on the prairie. A few days will end all with her, and then the wolves and vultures, already instinctively forecasting her death, will feast upon her poor body, and leave her bones to bleach in the solitude of the wilderness. Let us hope that the day may speedily come when the spirit of Christianity shall pervade the world, and make such crimes impossible.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the Paris Exhibition of 1878 a Congress was held composed of literary people from all parts of the world, and at that time were appointed the members of the International Literary Association, which has met semi-weekly in Paris for many months past. Victor Hugo is the honorary and Edmond About the acting president; and among the distinguished members are such as Berthold Auerbach, Ivan Tourguénief, Jules Simon, Emilio Castelar, Blanchard Jerrold, etc. It has been a matter of regret in the association that a greater number of American authors and publishers have not been present at the regular meetings, and the hope is expressed that America will be well represented at the Literary Congress which will be held in London from June 9 to June 14 inclusive. The public sessions of the Congress will be in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in Piccadilly, and preparatory meetings will be held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society. Many important topics will be discussed, and the meetings are to be thoroughly international. The official report will be published in French, as accommodating the greatest number, but all languages may be spoken in the Congress. There is little doubt but that a large number of authors of international reputation will be present at the London Congress, and England will of [illegible] several honorary dinners to the members, and arrange excursions, etc., for them.

In these days the New York Post-office presents a singular scene. Such a crush of humanity has never before congregated there; sometimes, it is estimated, not less than six hundred surround the cashier's window, or attempt to do so. Some bring a lunch basket with them, and make themselves as comfortable as possible on the marble floor while waiting. Extra police officers are needed to repress the crowd at times, for all are eager to obtain some of the popular ten-dollar certificates.

At an exhibition of the pupils of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, given in this city not long ago, the exercises were mainly designed to illustrate the method of instruction by articulation, and also of reading from the lips. Questions asked in inaudible whispers were immediately understood by the pupils, who readily answered them audibly, the articulation in some cases being singularly distinct and perfect. The institution is now teaching 118 pupils, and accommodations are lacking for many applicants. A new building will probably be erected before long.

Thomas Jefferson's grave still remains in a neglected condition. A recent visitor to Monticello, Virginia, speaks of the spot as being the "most desolate of burial-places." The wall once surrounding the resting-place of the author of the Declaration of Independence has been torn down, and the gate lies prostrate. Jefferson's grave—there are several others of descendants and relatives—is marked by a rough granite monument, but the corners have been broken off. There is no name upon it, the plate which was evidently once inserted in the stone having been removed; but upon the base, in rude letters, is the date of his birth and death. The surrounding aspect is desolate. Congress recently appropriated $5000 to preserve the grave of Jefferson, the same to be expended when a title can be obtained; but thus far the progress has been slow, as the land belongs to many heirs, some of whom are reluctant to sign a deed, while others wish to reserve a right of burial.

The Chamber of Commerce has sent Mr. Cyrus W. Field and Mr. William H. Webb as delegates to the International Congress at Paris to promote the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Subscriptions have been opened in the stock of a company to be formed to lay a submarine cable from the Pacific coast to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan. Mr. Field headed the list with a subscription of $100,000. A subscription of $1,000,000 is expected from the Hawaiian government.

A singular trial recently took place in the government of Saratoff, in Russia. Two peasants, named Tuharoff and Butchathoff, were accused of obtaining money under false pretenses. They represented themselves to the simple-minded peasants of various villages as divine, as inspired by the Holy Ghost, and demanded money and various articles of value, declaring that the givers of these "offerings" would thus obtain pardon of sin, and eternal life. The chief impostor was sentenced by the court to repay to his dupes all the money received from them, and to serve fifteen months in the criminal companies of the Russian army.

Twelve thousand prisoners, with their families—probably about thirty thousand persons—are waiting at Nijni-Novgorod to be sent off to Siberia as soon as the Volga is navigable.

The boys from the United States training-ship *Minnesota*—178 in number—will participate in the parade on Decoration-day, all dressed in full sailor costume, with white straw hats and leggings.

At the recent term of the Supreme Court in Belfast, Maine, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Islesborough, was divorced from her husband. Divorces are so common that that one would attract no special notice were it not that Mrs. Fletcher claims to be a cousin of the Empress Josephine, Napoleon Bonaparte's first wife. Mrs. Fletcher's maiden name was Reine Elisabeth Chrosine de Lamothe. She is a native of St. Peters, Martinique, where she married Captain Fletcher in 1873. Not long since, while at Islesborough, Mrs. Fletcher learned of her mother's sickness at Martinique, and left for that island. During her absence the captain sued for a bill of divorce on the plea of desertion, but failed to obtain a decree. On the return of Mrs. Fletcher, recently, she applied for and obtained a bill of divorce.

In these enlightened times it must be regarded as the grossest ignorance to consider corporal punishment proper treatment for the insane. The investigations of the insane asylum connected with the Onondaga County Poor-House have been too long delayed.

The tide of European travel is swelling from week to week; and there is no Paris Exhibition this year either.

The romance of a hair comes from Vienna. A poor girl with beautiful hair went to a barber to sell it. He tried to make a close bargain, saying hair was plentiful this year, and declared he could only give her eight florins. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. Finally she threw herself into a chair and said, "Then take it quickly." The barber was about to cut off the fair tresses, when a gentleman sitting in one of the chairs interrupted him, and spoke to the girl.

"My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?"

"My mother has been nearly five months ill. I can not work enough to support us. Every thing has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

"No, no, my child; if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he selected the longest hair, cut it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable gentleman is mentioned as the head of a large industrial establishment in Vienna.

Töplitz is rejoicing in the recovery of her springs, and an unusually good season is expected, the waters having gained in popularity by their temporary suspension. Many persons of distinction expect to visit Töplitz during the coming season, and an exhibition is to be held there to defray some of the heavy expenses incurred in "digging out" the springs.

A Massachusetts man—now living, to be sure, but who expects to die—has made a will in which he bequeaths one dollar to each man, woman, and child who attends his funeral.

"The best way," remarks an exchange, "to find out, at this season, whether you ought to carry an umbrella down town with you in the morning is to toss up a cent. The result will be just as reliable as if you spent half an hour straining your eyes and getting pains in your neck looking out of the window at the sky, and you will save yourself a series of exhausting mental efforts."

Rome is to have a new theatre, which will be one of the largest in Europe. The inside is to be lighted by electricity, and the whole cost of construction is estimated at two millions of francs.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for ten dollars—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for ten dollars. Father sold one for sixty dollars the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

NOT SO FAR GONE.—At the breaking up of a tavern dinner party two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing-place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first was dead drunk. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so far gone as the gentleman below."

BRIGHT!—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young one of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plase, ma'am, for the burd to roost on!"

Beside a straw stack sat a tramp—
  A jolly tramp, and wise—
Who, while he patched his tattered coat
  Did thus soliloquize:

"It seems now and that my lone life
  Doth ever downward tend,
And rags me into wretchedness;
  But still I'm on the mend.

"And when I needle little cash,
  I make no bond inwests,
But by a straw stack sit me down,
  And gather in my rents."

A man out West, who read that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

The best-natured man will get a trifle mad when his wife tells him that she made Ulsters for the boys out of his last winter's ear-muffs.

SOMETHING FOR THE POOR.—The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed round for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. A plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis-d'or he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." She courtesied, and presented the plate again. "What!" said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, Sir," said she; "I now want something for the poor."

THE STRIKE—A QUESTION OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

STEAMSHIP OWNER. "Well, gentlemen, if you won't handle the Butter, you can't handle the Bread."

DECORATION DAY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR. "No, no; it seems like mockery—now."

THAT THE NATION

TWO FISHERS.

One morning, when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face to the sun tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—one reads.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat on down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And the like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning, and would not rise,
And the bait alone was bated.

And when the time for departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder,
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BLUE-BEARD CHAMBER.

THE day before the funeral Captain Carmichael received a letter from his step-daughter, offering to cancel any deed he might choose to have prepared, settling upon him the income which his wife was to have had after Violet's majority.

"I know that you are a heavy loser by my mother's death," she wrote, "and I shall be glad to do any thing in my power to lessen that loss. I know well that it was her earnest wish that your future should be provided for. I told her a few days before the end that I should make you this offer. I do it with all my heart, and I shall consider myself obliged by your acceptance of it."

The captain's reply was brief and firm.

"I thank you for your generous offer," he said, "which I feel assured is made in good faith, but I think you ought to know that there are reasons why it is impossible I should accept any benefit from your hand. I shall not re-enter the Abbey House after my wife's funeral. You will be sole and sovereign mistress of all things from that hour."

He kept his word. He was chief mourner at the quiet but stately burial under the old yew-tree in Boscheale church-yard. When all was over, he got into a fly, and drove to the station at Lyndhurst Road, whence he departed by the first train for London. Harold on one any thing about his plans for the future; he left an address but his club. He was next heard of, six months later, in South America.

Violet had telegraphed for her old governess directly after Mrs. Carmichael's death, and that good and homely person arrived on the day after the funeral, to take up her abode with her old pupil, as companion and chaperon, until Miss Tempest should have become Mrs. Vawdrey, and would have her own companion henceforward in all the journey of life. Rorie and Vixen were to be married in six months. Mrs. Carmichael had made them promise that her death should delay their marriage as little as possible.

"You can have a very quiet wedding, you know, dear," she said. "You can be married in your travelling dress—something pretty in gray silk and terry velvet, or with chinchilla trimming, if it should be winter. Chinchilla is so distinguished-looking. You will go abroad, I suppose, for your honey-moon. Pau, or Monaco, or any of those places on the Mediterranean."

It had pleased her to settle every thing for the lovers. Violet remembered all these speeches with a tender sorrow. There was comfort in the thought that her mother had lived her, according to her lights.

It had been finally settled between the lovers that they were to live at the Abbey House. Briarwood was to be let to any wealthy individual who might desire a handsome house, surrounded by exquisitely arranged gardens, and burdened with glass that would cost a small fortune annually to maintain. Before Mr. Vawdrey could put his property into the hands of the auctioneers, he received a private offer which was in every respect satisfactory.

Lady Mallow wished to spend some part of every year near her father and mother, who lived a good deal at Ashbourne, the duke becoming yearly more devoted to his Chillingham oxen and monster turnips. Lord Mallow, who loved his native isle to distraction, but always found six weeks in a year a sufficient period of residence there, was delighted to please his bride, and agreed to take Briarwood, furnished, on a seven years' lease. The orchid-houses were an irresistible attraction; and by this friendly arrangement Lady Mallow would profit by the alterations and improvements her cousin had made for her gratification when he believed she was to be his wife.

Briarwood thus disposed of, Rorie was free to consider the Abbey House his future home; and Violet had the happiness of knowing that the good old house in which her childhood had been spent would be her habitation always, till she, too, was carried to the family vault under the old yew-tree. There are people who languish for change, for whom the newest is ever the best; but it was not thus with Violet Tempest. The people she had known all her life, the scenes amidst which she had played when a child, were as her the dearest people and the loveliest scenes upon earth. It would be pleasant to her to travel with her husband, and see fair lands across the sea, but pleasanter still would be the home-coming to the festoline hearth beside which her father had sat, the old faces that had looked upon him, the hands that had served him, the gardens he had planted and improved.

"I should like to show you Briarwood before is is let, Vixen," Mr. Vawdrey said to his sweetheart one November morning. "You may at least pay my poor patrimony the compliment of looking at it before it becomes the property of Lord and Lady Mallow. Suppose you and Miss M'Croke drove over and drink tea with me this afternoon? I believe my housekeeper brews pretty good tea."

"Very well, Rorie, we'll come to tea. I should rather like to see the improvements you made for Lady Mabel, before your misfortune. I think Lord Mallow must consider it very good of you to let him have the benefit of all the money you spent, instead of bringing an action for breach of promise against his wife, as you might very well have done."

"I dare say. But you see I am of a forgiving temper. Well, I shall tell my housekeeper to have tea, and buns, and jam, and all the things children—and young ladies—like, at four o'clock. We had better make it four instead of five, as the afternoons are so short."

"If you are importunate, we won't come."

"Oh yes, you will. Curiosity will bring you. Remember this will be your last chance of seeing the Blue-beard chamber at Briarwood."

"Is there a Blue-beard chamber?"

"Of course. Did you ever know of a family mansion without one?"

Vixen was delighted at the idea of exploring her lover's domain, now that he and it were her own property. How well she remembered going with her father to the meet at Briarwood lawn! Yet it seemed a century ago—the very beginning of her life—before the bad known sorrow.

Miss M'Croke, who was ready to do any thing her pupil desired, was really pleased at the idea of seeing the interior of Briarwood.

"I have never been inside the doors, you know, dear," she said, "often as I have driven past the gates with your dear mamma. Lady Jane Vawdrey was not the kind of person to invite a governess to go and see her. She was a strict observer of the laws of caste. The duchess has much less pride."

"I don't think Lady Jane ever quite forgave herself for marrying a commoner," said Vixen. "She avenged her own weakness upon other people."

Violet had a new pair of ponies, which her lover had chosen for her, after vain endeavors to trace and recover the long lost Timoun. There she drove to Briarwood, Miss M'Croke resigning herself to the will of Providence with a blind submission worthy of a Moslem; feeling that if it were written that the one to be flung head-foremost out of a pony-carriage, the thing would happen sooner or later. Staying at home to-day would not ward off to-morrow's doom. So she took her place in the cushioned valley by Violet's side, and sat calm and still, while the ponies, warranted quiet to drive in single or double harness, stood up on end and made as if they had a fixed intention of scaling the rhododendron bank.

"They'll settle down directly I've taken the freshness out of them," said Vixen, blandly, as she administered a reproachful touch of the whip.

"I hope they will," replied Miss M'Croke; "but don't you think Bates ought to have seen the freshness taken out of them before we started?"

They were soon tearing along the smooth Roxen road at a splendid pace, "the ponies going like clock-work," as Vixen remarked, approvingly; but poor Miss M'Croke thought that any clock which went as fast as these ponies would be deemed the maddest of time-keepers.

They found Roderick standing at his gates, waiting for them. There was a glorious fire in the amber and white drawing-room, a dainty tea-table drawn in front of the hearth, the easiest of chairs arranged on each side of the table, an urn hissing, Rorie's favorite pointer stretched upon the hearth, every thing cozy and home-like. Briarwood was not such a bad place, after all, Vixen thought. She could have contrived to be happy with Roderick even here, but of course the Abbey House was, in her mind, a hundred times better, being just the one perfect home in the world.

They all three sat round the fire, drinking tea, poured out by Vixen, who played the mistress of the house sweetly. They talked of old times, sometimes sadly, sometimes sportively, glancing swiftly from one old memory to another. All Rorie's tiresome ways, all Vixen's mischievous tricks, were remembered.

"I think I led you a life in those days, didn't I, Rorie?" asked Vixen, leaving the tea-tray, and stealing softly behind her lover's chair to lean over his shoulder caressingly, and pull his thick brown beard. "There is nothing so delightful as to torment the person one loves best in the world. Oh, Rorie, I mean to lead you a life by-and-by!"

"Dearest, the life you lead me must needs be sweet, for it will be spent with you."

After tea they set not upon a round of inspection, and admired the new morning-room that had been devised for Lady Mabel, in the very latest style of Dutch Renaissance—walls the color of muddy water, glorified ginger jars, ebonized chairs and tables, and willow-pattern plates all round the cornice, curtains mud-color, with a mediæval design in dirty yellow, or, in upholsterers' language, "old gold."

"I should like to show you the stables before it is quite dark," said Rorie, presently. "I made a few slight improvements there while the builders were about."

"You know I have a weakness for stables," answered Vixen. "How many a lecture I used to get from poor mamma about my unfortunate tastes! But can there be any thing in the world nicer than a good old-fashioned stable, smelling of clover and newly cut hay?"

"Stables are very nice indeed, and very useful, in their proper place," remarked Miss M'Croke, contentiously.

"But one ought not to bring the stables into the drawing room," said Vixen, gravely. "Come, Rorie, let us see your latest improvements in stable-gear."

They all went out to the stone-paved quadrangle, which was as neatly kept as a West End livery-yard. Miss M'Croke had an ever-present dread of the ubiquitous hind-legs of strange horses, but she followed her charge into the stable with the same heroic fidelity with which she would have followed her to the scaffold or the stake.

There were all Rorie's old favorites—Starlight Bess, with her shining brown coat, and one white stocking; Blue Peter, broad-chested, well-ribbed, and strong of limb; Pixie, the gray Arab mare, which Lady Jane used to drive in a park phaeton—quite an ancient lady; Donald, the iron-sinewed hunter.

Vixen knew them all, and went up to them and patted their graceful heads, and made herself at home with them.

"You are all coming to the Abbey House to live, you dear things," she said, delightedly.

There was a loose box, shut off by a five-foot wainscot partition, surmounted by a waved iron rail, at one end of the stable, and as approaching this inclosure Vixen was saluted with sundry grunts and snorting noises, which seemed curiously familiar.

At the sound of these she stopped short, turned red and then pale, and looked intently at Rorie, who was standing close by, smiling at her.

"That is my Blue-beard chamber," he said, gayly. "There's something too awful inside."

"What horse have you got there?" cried Vixen, eagerly.

"A horse that I think will carry you nicely, when we hunt together."

"What horse? Have I ever seen him? Do I know him?"

The grunts and snortings were continued with a crescendo movement; an eager nose was rattling the latch of the door that shut off the loose box.

"If you have a good memory for old friends, I think you will know this one," said Rorie, withdrawing a bolt.

A head pushed open the door, and in another moment Vixen's arms were round her old favorite's sleek neck, and the velvet nostrils were ruffling her hair and cheek in most loving recognition.

"You dear, dear old fellow!" cried Vixen; and then, turning to Rorie, "You told me he was sold at Tattersall's!" she exclaimed.

"So he was, and I bought him."

"Why did not you tell me that?"

"Because you did not ask me."

"I thought you so unkind, so indifferent about him."

"You were unkind when you could think it possible I should let your favorite horse fall into strange hands. But perhaps you would rather Lord Mallow had bought him?"

"To think that you should have kept the secret all this time!" said Vixen.

"You see I am not a woman, and can keep a secret. I wanted to have one little surprise for you, as a reward when you had been especially good!"

"You are good," she said, standing on tiptoe to kiss him. "And though I have loved you all my life, I don't think I have loved you the least little bit too much."

EPILOGUE.

Vixen and Rorie were married in the spring, when the forest glades were yellow with primroses, the mossy banks blue with violets, and the cuckoo was heard with monotonous iteration from sunrise to sundown. They were married in the little village church at Boscheale, and Mrs. Scobel declared that Miss Tempest's wedding was the prettiest that ever had been celebrated in that small Gothic temple. Never, perhaps, even at Easter-tide, had been seen such a wealth of spring blossoms, the wildlings of the woods and hills. The duchess had offered the contents of her hot-houses, Lady Ellangowan had offered wagon-loads of azaleas and camellias, but Vixen had refused them all. She would allow no decorations but the wild flowers which the school-children could gather. Primroses, violets, bluebells, the feathings of the fern tribe, cowslips, and all the tribe of innocent forest blossoms, with their quaint rustic names, most of them as old as Shakspeare.

It was a very quiet wedding. Vixen would have no one present except the Scobels, Miss M'Croke, her two bridesmaids, and Sir Henry Tolmash, an old friend of her father, who was to give her away. He was a white-haired old man, who had given his latter days up to farming, and had not a thought above turnips and top-dressing, but Violet honored him, because he had been her father's oldest friend. For bridesmaids the had Colonel Carteret's daughters, a brace of harmless young ladies, whose conversation was as stereotyped as a French and English vocabulary, but who dressed well and looked pretty.

There was an display of wedding gifts, an ceremonious wedding breakfast. Vixen remembered of the wedding feast at her mother's second marriage, and what a dreary ceremonial it had been.

The bride wore her gray silk travelling dress, with gray hat and feather, and she and her husband went straight from the church to the railway station, as their way to untrodden paths in the Engadine, whence they were to return at no appointed time.

"We are coming back when we are tired of mountain scenery and of each other," Violet told Mrs. Scobel in the church porch.

"That will be never!" exclaimed Rorie, looking ineffably happy, but not very much like a bridegroom, in his comfortable gray suit. "You might just as well say that we are going to live among the mountains as long as Rip Van Winkle. No, Mrs. Scobel, we are not going to remain away from you fifty years. We are coming back in time for the hunting."

Then came kissing and hand-shaking, a shower of violets and primroses upon the narrow church yard path, a hearty hurra from the assembled village, all clustered about the oaken gate posts. The curious carriage door shut in bride and bridegroom, the coachman touched his horses, and they were gone up the hill, out of the peaceful valley, to Lyndhurst and the railway.

"How dreadfully I shall miss them!" said Mrs. Scobel, who had spent much of her leisure with the lovers. "They are both so full of life and brightness!"

"They are young and happy," said her husband, quietly. "Who would not miss youth and happiness?"

When the first frosts had scared the beeches to a fiery red, and the berries were bright on the hawthorns, and the latest bloom of the heather had faded on hill and plain, and the happy pigs had devoured all the beech nuts, Mr. Vawdrey and his wife came back from their exploration of Alpine snows and peaceful Swiss villages, to the good old Abbey House. Their six months' honey-moon had been all gladness. They were the veriest boy and girl husband and wife who had ever trodden those beaten tracks. They teased each other, and quarrelled, and made friends again like children, and were altogether happy. And now they came back to the Forest, bronzed by many a long day's sunshine, and glowing with health and high spirits. The glass of Time seemed to be turned backward at the Abbey House; for all the old servants came back, and white-haired old Bates added to the well-filled stables, and all things were as in the dead-and-gone squire's time.

Among Roderick's wedding gifts was one from Lord Mallow—Ballinach, the best horse in that nobleman's stable.

"I know your wife would like you to have her father's favorite hunter," wrote Lord Mallow. "Tell her that he has never been sick or sorry since he has been in my stable, and that I have always taken particular care of him, for her sake."

Among Violet's presents was a diamond bracelet from Lady Mallow, accompanied by a very cordial letter; and almost the first visit that the Vawdreys received after they came home was from Lord and Lady Mallow. The first great dinner to which they were bidden was at Briarwood, where it seemed a curious thing for Rorie to go as a guest.

Matrimony with the man of her choice had wondrously improved Mabel Ashbourne. She was less self-sufficient and more conciliating. Her ambition, hitherto confined to the desire to excel all other women in her own person, had assumed a less selfish form. She was now only ambitious for her husband; greedy of Parliamentary fame for him; full of large hopes about the future of Ireland. She looked forward complacently to the day when the and Lord Mallow would be reigning in Dublin Castle, and when Hibernian arts and industries would revive and flourish under her fostering care. Pending that happy state of things, she wore Irish poplin and Irish lace, Irish stockings and Irish linen. She attended Her Majesty's Drawing-room on St. Patrick's Day, with a sprig of real shamrock—sent her by one of her husband's tenantry—among the diamonds that sparkled on her bosom. She was more intensely Irish than the children of the soil, just as converts to Romanism are ever more severely Roman than those born and nurtured in the faith.

Her husband was intensely proud of his wife, and of his alliance with the house of Ashbourne. the duke, to first inclined to resent the scandal of an elopement, and the slight offered to his favorite Rorie, speedily reconciled himself to a marriage which was more materially advantageous than the cousinly alliance.

"I should like Rorie to have had Ashbourne," he said, mournfully. "I think he would have kept up my breed of Chillingham cattle. Mallow's a good fellow, but he knows nothing about farming. He'll never spend enough money on manure to maintain the soil at its present producing power. The grasp of his mind isn't large enough to allow him to sink his money in manuring his land. He would be wanting to see an immediate result."

As time went on the duke became more and more devoted to his farm. His Scottish castle delighted him not, nor the grand old place in the Midlands. Ashbourne, which was the pleasure-dome he had built for himself, contained all he cared about. Tan heavy and too lazy to hunt, he was able to jog about his farm, and supervise the work that was going on, to the smallest detail. There was not a foot of drain-pipe or a bit of thatch renewed on the whole estate, without the duke having a finger in the pie. He bred fat oxen and prize cart-horses, and made a great figure at all the cattle-shows, and was happy. The duchess, who had never believed her paragon capable of wrong-doing, had been infinitely shocked

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by Lady Mabel's desperate course; but it was not in her nature to be angry with that idolized daughter. She very soon came back in her original idea, that whatever Mabel Ashbourne did was right. And then the marriage was so thoroughly happy, and the world gladly forgiven a scandal that ends so pleasantly.

So Lord and Lady Mallow go their way—honored, beloved, very active in good works—and the pleasant valleys around Mallow are dotted with red brick school-houses, and the old stone hovels are giving place to model cottages, and native industries receive all possible encouragement from the owner of the soil, and afar off, in the coming years, the glories of Doblin Castle shine like the pole-star that guides the wanderer on his way.

In one thing only has Lady Mallow been false to the promise of her girlhood. She has not achieved success as a poet. The duchess wondered vaguely at this, for though she had often found it difficult to keep awake during the rehearsal of her daughter's verses, she had a fixed belief in the excellence of those efforts of genius. The secret of Lady Mallow's silence rests between her husband and herself; and it is just possible that some too candid avowal of Lord Mallow's may be the reason of her poetic sterility. It is one thing to call the lady of one's choice a tenth Muse before marriage, and another thing to foster a self-delusion in one's wife which can hardly fail to become a discordant element in domestic life. "If your genius had developed, and you had won popularity as a poet, I should have lost a perfect wife," Lord Mallow told Mabel, when he wasted to put things pleasantly. "Literature has been a star; but I have gained the noblest and sweetest companion Providence ever bestowed upon man." Lady Mallow has not degenerated into feminine humdrum. She assists in the composition of her husband's political pamphlets, which bristle with lines from Euripides, and noble thoughts from the German poets. She writes a good many of his letters, and is altogether his second self.

While the Irishman and his wife pursue their distinguished career, Rorie and Vixen live the life they love, in the Forest where they were born, dispensing happiness within a narrow circle, but dearly loved wherever they are known; and the old men and women in the scattered villages round about the Abbey House rejoice in the good old times that have come again; just as hearty pleasure-loving England was glad when the stern rule of the Protector and his crop-headed saints gave place to the reign of the Merry King.

From afar there comes news of Captain Carmichael, who has married a Jewish lady at Frankfort, only daughter and heiress of a well-known money-lender. The bride is reported ugly and illiterate, but there is no doubt as to her fortune. The captain has bought a villa at Monaco—a villa in the midst of orange groves, the abandoned plaything of an Austrian princess; and he has hired an apartment in one of the new avenues just outside the Arc de Triomphe, where, as his friends anticipate, he will live in grand style, and receive the pleasantest people in Paris. He, too, is happy after his kind, and has won the twenty-thousand pound prize in the lottery of life; but it is altogether a different kind of happiness from the simple and unalloyed delight of Rorie and Vixen, in their home among the beechen woods whose foliage sheltered them when they were children.

THE END.

EGYPT.

EGYPT, to the people of Western Europe, has been the most important of all their teachers. In arts, arms, cultivation, progress, have been transmitted to Greece, Italy, Germany, America. It is singularly startling to notice how thoroughly Egyptian is much of the science and learning of the West. The lever that propels the infinite world of machinery, the water-mill, the hydraulic screw, the papyrus on which were transcribed Homer, Herodotus, Virgil, the first germs of painting—the variation of colors—perhaps the arts of weaving and dyeing, agriculture, architecture, ship-building, canals, irrigation, the garden, the villa, were imitated or adopted from Egypt in Greece, the gifts to Europe of the rich land that sprang up from the ceaseless deposits of the Nile. From the central chain of the mountains of Africa, where its great lakes have slept hidden for ages until the recent discoveries of SPEKE and LIVINGSTONE, the Father of Rivers has brought down the rich soil that covers the African desert, and made Egypt the home of a swarming and industrious population. Amidst its rich marshes and meadows the ancients believed man first arose, and from its boundless fertility it might well be fancied that any form of being could burst into life. At least within its borders, in the dawn of sacred history, JOSEPH found a rich and populous land, and MOSES bore away the revelation that was to enchain all future generations of men from its venerable shore. Religion, like science, seems to have found a home in Egypt. Yet it is remarkable that the Mosaic faith has borrowed nothing from the Egyptian superstitions, and that the dark ferryman, the black Isis, the weeping shades of Hades, were chiefly appropriated by the poetic teachers of Greece and Rome.

Yearly renewed and yearly threatened with ruin, the sport of the swelling rivers and Lake Nyanza, sometimes teeming with abundance, and then starved and almost depopulated by the angry Nile, the land of Egypt was plainly the first, the earliest source of the civilization of the West. Even before the discoveries of CHAMPOLLION and YOUNG it was known that there was a time when the land of PHARAOH was the only cultivated part of the Western world, when all Europe was a savage waste, tenanted by the reindeer and the Esquimaux, and the wandering shelks of the desert were the ancestors of MOSES and the prophets. The story of this flourishing period of its history was written by Egyptian scholars on papyrus, in sculpture, and inscriptions on tombs, temples, palaces, in the alphabet of the priests, in hieroglyphics, and later in the cursive demotic character; but an one was able to read it, and the extensive literature of Egypt seemed hidden in perpetual night. It has been one of the wonderful labors of the present century to unfold this mystery. Amidst telegraphs and railways, photographs, the sun lines, the inventions, the explorations of the age, the modern has been put into a closer intercourse with Egyptian thought than were ever HERODOTUS and the PTOLEMIES, and the thrill of wonder that followed the first imperfect labors of CHAMPOLLION has yet scarcely died away. In 1822 CHAMPOLLION produced his first work, and in 1836 printed his wonderful Egyptian grammar. We are already overburdened with an infinite series of valuable researches into the language of the PHARAOHS and the priests. Fifty years of study have completely unfolded even the grammatical construction and the rare niceties of the three forms of Egyptian writing. The curiosity of Western Europe has been aroused to the source of its own civilization with instinctive ardor. The Nile has become the pathway of travel and research; scholars, almost as if by an impulse of destiny, go back to the rare literature of the land of PHARAOH. They find satire, novels, history, morality, richly blended in the papyrus manuscripts, the tale of Ali Baba almost reproduced in the reign of THOTMOSIS III., so the wandering princes of the *Thousand Nights* preceded in the novels of the twelfth dynasty. But the chief marvel of Egyptian research is the complete recovery of the manners and daily life of its people. This last, fallen race, so long dead to the world and to history, forgotten amidst the cruel energy of its conquerors, has within the last half century been made more familiar to us than its polished imitators of Athens and Rome.

WILKINSON's work, of which a new edition has just been published, is still the most complete account of the ancient Egyptians, a rare and unrivalled picture of the minute details of their daily lives.[1] Thebes and Meroplus are once more repeopled with their busy population, and it is easily discovered whether London and New York have borrowed many of the arts of living. Here, in Egypt, four thousand years ago, the comfortable, well-beneficed clergymen engrossed all the learning of the time, were the guardians of the knowledge of life and death, valued themselves upon their erudition and their spotless lives. The priests of OSIRIS set an admirable example to their countrymen; they practiced virtue; their neatness in dress and conduct was excessive; four times they bathed themselves within twenty-four hours, and their spotless robes reflected the ceaseless care of diligent attendants. The graceful, hospitable priest in the romance of HELIODORUS is a Vicar of Wakefield in a statelier form. Here on the Nile the modern villa was anticipated, and Athens and Rome imitated the trim gardens, beds of flowers, winding walks, and friendly shade of the Egyptian country home; the house was painted with various colors; the grounds, often extensive, were adorned with ponds, tanks, canals, groves. The landscape on the Nile commanded a view perhaps of KARNAC, and the stately procession of boats and war-ships that filled all the tranquil river. It is difficult to see in what the mode of living at Memphis was inferior to that of New York. The comfortable citizen was surrounded by all the conveniences of modern life. A perpetual stream of living water flowed before him; his market was supplied with all the fruits and luxuries of the East, fowl, fish, meat, bacon, smoked upon his hearth; the purest and most healthful wines came from the vineyards of Marcotis. His rooms were furnished with *sofas*, chairs, lounges; a carpet of linen tapestry may have covered his floor; his table glittered with goblets and utensils of the purest glass. His wife was adorned with jewelry of the most difficult workmanship, and clad in embroidered robes beyond emulation. Egypt exported its manufactures with immense profit. The England of the East, it conquered all its neighbors; its arms were invincible, and four thousand years ago it taught mankind the various arts of cultivated life.

All this passed away, and after a reign of thousands of years its glory was decayed. CAMBYSES, 528 B.C., conquered it; ALEXANDER, two centuries later; the PTOLEMIES ruled in the halls of RAMESES; the Romans invaded and held the realm of CLEOPATRA; the Greek, the Moslem, followed; Crusaders, Turk, NAPOLEON in the sanguinary dream of conquest. The isolation of Egypt has been invaded by a succession of races, and the subjects of the PHARAOHS are forgotten in their ancient seat. The long lines of painted chambers, the rolls of papyrus, the wonders of KARNAC, the splendor of LUXOR, inform us, through the researches of the learned, that in Egypt we stand at the very source of ancient progress, that our barbarous ancestors were only the pupils of the Egyptians, that the cause of learning in Egypt taught mathematics, astronomy, architecture, neatness, politeness, grace—perhaps invented them—and that the priests of OSIRIS were the precursors of an EVERETT or a CICERO. Egyptians built the first canal that cut the Isthmus of Suez, practiced navigation, sent out exploring expeditions around Africa, taught the study of nature, and planned the measurement of the globe. The love of nature and of flowers was their ruling taste. The visitor when he entered a house was presented with a bunch of flowers; the gardens teemed with them; the delicate lotus sent its faint fragrance every where; at table the guests were weighed down with chaplets of flowers, and wreaths and festoons were hung upon the walls. The dark and copper-colored race seemed to feel the tenderness of a SHAKESPEARE or a WORDSWORTH in the presence of the first blossoms of spring. It is these varying traits of delicacy and of energy that made the Egyptians the school-masters of the West.

Nothing is more curious than that they should have invented, or perhaps adopted from the farther East, most of the conveniences of modern life. It is suggested that India taught Egypt, or possibly China. But the inventions of the Egyptians have nearly all an originality that separates them from those of other lands. Their papyrus was wholly their own, their earlier alphabet, their literature and painting. Shut up on their narrow border of fertile land along the sacred river, repelling all close intercourse with the barbarians without, distinguished from them in dress, manner, religion, crowded together in populous cities, the Egyptians seem to have reached instinctively a degree of skill in manufactures and the arts that was due to a long and laborious period of cultivation. Ten thousand of years they slowly perfected their inventions. One of them was the careful treatment of glass. They melted it into beetles and vases of rare beauty, colored it to resemble the emerald and the ruby. They made beautiful mosaics, enamels, rare combinations that even the Venetian artists have failed to equal, and discovered processes of coloring and moulding that have been lost apparently forever. Egyptian glass-ware was exported to all parts of the Mediterranean. They built monstrous statues of glass, resembling emeralds, sixty feet high; they set the most delicate enamels by the aid of a lens. Mentally they were not surpassed by the modern on the pursuit of ideal purity; justice, verity, were the chief virtues of the Egyptians; the Chief Justice of Egypt, when he sat in judgment, wore on his breast a golden image of Truth; one Egyptian king even abolished capital punishment, but seems to have stood almost alone.

Recent events have brought Egypt once more into the circle of nations, and the land of PHARAOH and JOSEPH promises to become the pathway of the commerce of the East. Its management and safe-keeping must fall apparently into the hands of England, and form a large part of that extensive responsibility for the welfare of distant countries imposed upon the English by the conquest of India. The Anglo-Saxon race more than any other is interested in the fate of modern Egypt; the Suez Canal is the outlet for the trade of London and Bombay. France has a sentimental, a scientific part in the care of the land of PHARAOH; but if India is to be preserved, the possession of Egypt is to England a necessity. The distant, unprofitable conquest brings with it a defensive frontier that may well tax the energy of the English race. But at whatever cost on Europe, Egypt must once more take its place among nations. The Nile once became the pathway to that wonderful region just discovered by STANLEY and SPEKE. Steamers will sail by Lunar and Karnac, bearing immigration and traffic to the heart of Africa. Egypt may once more produce its rare works of art, its priceless gems and embroidery, and Egyptian scholars cultivate anew the sciences and the virtues they first taught mankind.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[1] *The Ancient Egyptians.* By Sir J. GARDNER WILKINSON, D.C.L., etc. Harper & Brothers.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOT for several years has there been an equal promise of obtaining valuable information in regard to the physics and natural history of the waters adjacent to North America as at the present time. Quite a number of important enterprises are on foot, giving augury of desirable results. The United States sloop of war *Jamestown* has been ordered from San Francisco to Sitka to relieve the *Alaska*, and to remain there as long as her services are required. She is in charge of Commander L. A. BEARDSLEE, U.S.N., well known in scientific circles from having been in command for four seasons of the steamer detailed by the Navy Department for the service of the United States Fish Commission. Then in commanded the *Blue Light* in 1873 at Portland, in 1874 at Noank, and in 1875 at Wood's Holes, and the *Speedwell*, at Gloucester, in 1878. The interest manifested by him in scientific work, outside of his own department, is an augury of the valuable results that may be looked for while he is engaged in his new field of duty. The *Jamestown* will leave San Francisco early in May.

For the purpose of protecting the Alaska Commercial Company in the privileges for which it pays a heavy annual rent to the United States government, and to prevent infractions of the revenue by the illegitimate sale of arms and spirits to the natives, the United States revenue cutter *Rush* has also been ordered to Alaska, to cruise in waters farther north than those to which the *Jamestown* has been assigned, especially in the Pribylov or Fur-seal Islands. She still have as her surgeon Dr. ROBERT WINTER, of the Marine Hospital service, an accomplished naturalist and a good naturalist, who will use whatever opportunities may present themselves in making observations in regard to the natural history and ethnology of the country.

By far the most important of these expeditions, however, in view of the longer period of service and the more northern field that it covers, is that of the *Jeannette*, the vessel of which mention has already been made in these columns. This, as is well known, is the *Pandora* of Mr. YOUNG, purchased by Mr JAMES GORDON BENNETT, and refitted in the most substantial manner. She has been made as strong as iron and wood can make her, her bow being a solid mass of wood ten feet thick, her sides about twenty-four inches thick. She is a three-masted screw-steamer, about 140 feet long, and 400 tons burden, with a poop cabin, and drawing about thirteen feet of water when fully loaded. Nothing has been omitted in her construction and equipment to fit her for encountering the arctic ice. She is in command of Lieutenant DE LONG, United States navy, an officer well known from his having had command of the *Tigress*, the vessel sent up in search of the *Polaris* party. The vessel was fitted out in England, and showed admirable sailing qualities on her trip around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where she is now receiving her final touches.

It is expected that a competent naturalist will accompany the *Jeannette*, and that every thing possible will be done to make exhaustive collections of the varied natural history of the arctic seas. The first object of the vessel will be to search for Professor NORDENSKJOLD, and bring succor to him if required. This will involve a scientific investigation of the coast of Northeastern Siberia, the natural history of which is very little known.

After the completion of this service the mythical Wrangel Land of Captain LONG, or the Kellett Land of the British authorities, will be searched for, and, if found, a landing will be effected upon it, where many interesting discoveries are expected.

After this, the original objects of the expedition will be aimed at, namely, penetrating poleward to the highest possible latitude.

Messrs MORRISON and BROWN are, it is understood, about sending a vessel to the northern part of America for the purpose of carrying provisions and supplies to the expedition sent out by them a year ago, under command of Lieutenant SCHWATKA, and also in search for the relics of the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN party.

JAMES NICHOLS, late Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Aberdeen, died in April last, after holding this position for twenty-six years.

SIR ANTHONY PANIZZI, formerly principal librarian of the British Museum, died on the 5th of April, at the age of eighty-two.

The *Bulletin of Public Health*, issued from the office of the United States Marine Hospital Service, has lately made its appearance in a new form, the observations being printed in type instead of being executed by the EDISON electric pen. The new form is an improvement upon the old. Few persons are aware of the interest and value of this bulletin, which contains reports of the weekly mortality in all the principal cities of the United States, with special notes upon any particular outbreak of disease.

Bichromate of potash is recommended by DR PLESSON for the preservation of delicate exotic organisms, such as jelly-fish, etc. The development of mould in the solution is to be prevented by the addition of a few drops of salicylic or carbolic acid. Permanganate of potash is also recommended as equal to osmic acid in its effects, and as being much less costly and dangerous. The solution used should be colored, and the specimens kept in it from half an hour to an hour, and then withdrawn and placed in alcohol.

It is well known that a species of minute crustacean of the genus *Mysis*, found in the waters of the Great Lakes at a certain depth, is not distinguishable from a common form found on the Atlantic coast, which serves very largely as the food of the herring, smelt, and other fishes. It is now announced that specimens of this species have been found in Lake Erie with the body covered with marine protozoa—an interesting fact in connection with the statement of Professor SMITH that marine forms of diatoms occur in the waters of the lakes.

The very great inconvenience as well as injury, both to health and to property, caused by the various species of insects, has produced numerous applications and many suggestions for relief; and in the opinion of Dr. HAGEN, an eminent naturalist connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, a device which has rarely, if ever, been put in operation promises greater relief than any thing else at one command. He calls attention to the fact that in nearly all cases of extensive annoyance from insects, as from certain species of house-flies, gnats, vesicpilitra, etc., an effectual remedy is found in the spontaneous development of a fungous disease, which, rapidly extending among these pests, in a short time destroys them.

As a historical fact, he mentions that in Germany, in 1867, a positive plague of flies and caterpillars occurred, the latter of which destroyed in that year property in the pine forests worth millions of dollars, when suddenly the destructives were brought to an end by a general development of a fungus. Again, several years ago, in Massachusetts, Mr. THOUVALOT was engaged in raising a certain species of silk-worm, and when his experiments were in apparently successful progress, a fungus developed itself, and destroyed the caterpillars of every kind over an area of twelve acres.

A similar disease, known as muscadine, has repeatedly destroyed the hopes of silk culturists, and not long since the same kind of epizootic killed all the bees in Brazil.

In commenting upon this subject, Dr. HAGEN refers to certain experiments of Dr. BAIL, of Germany, in dealing in practical ways with fungus. If not identical with that which kills insects in the manner referred to, has at least precisely the same effect upon them. The experiment was actually made of using the fungus of the house-fly on the mash of beer, thus developing the yeast plant, and the beer produced was pronounced to be precisely identical with that produced in the ordinary way. Dr BAIL, indeed, maintains that the fungus of the house fly and other insects, the common mould on the yeast fungus, and the *Peronospora* fungus, so destructive to fishes and other aquatic animals, are all of one and the same species.

The suggestion of Dr HAGEN, therefore, is to apply beer mash or diluted yeast to plants infested by aphides or other pests with a syringe or sprinkler, and to set saucers containing it in suitable positions in the house where flies, cockroaches, and other insects can reach it. He even thinks it may be expedient and possible to make a trial in the case of the grasshopper. He thinks that when the precise time and mode of application and the quantity to be used are well understood, which can be ascertained by suitable experiments, we shall have in this device the means of counteracting with more certainty than by any other the development and ravages of many of the most destructive insects of our day. The doctor maintains that this is not mere theory or guess-work, but an application of a remedy provided by nature to keep insects within bounds. What effect any inordinate extension of the spores of this fungus might have upon human life has not been ascertained.

BOATING ON THE CABOOL RIVER—VISIT TO THE CAVES AT CHICKNOUR.

THE CAVES AT CHICKNOUR.

Navigation on the Cabool is still in a very primitive condition, as may be seen from our picture of the pleasure raft on which the artist and a party of English officers made an excursion to the celebrated caves of Chicknour, on the banks of that river. The raft consists of inflated bullock-skins, securely tied together, and covered with a light flooring of wooden slats and skins. The use of this means of river navigation is very ancient in Western India and some parts of Central Asia, and although not adapted to speed, it is a safe and not unpleasant mode of aquatic conveyance.

The caves visited by the party in question are supposed to be the ruins of an ancient cavern temple, and the antiquarians belonging to the British expeditions in Afghanistan will make them the subject of close examination. In all ages caves have excited the awe and wonder of mankind, and have been the centres around which cluster many legends and superstitions. They were the abode of the sibyls and the nymphs of Roman mythology, and in Greece they were the early temples of Pan, Bacchus, Pluto, and the Moon, as well as the places where the famous oracles were delivered at Delphi, Corinth, and Mount Cithæron. Their names frequently are the survivals of the superstitious ideas of the earlier world, as, for example, the Fairy's Dragon's, or Devil's caves of Europe. The superstition remained longer in Germany than elsewhere. Long after the "Little Men" had forsaken their accustomed haunts in the lowland forests and glens of that country, they were imagined as dwelling in deep subterranean palaces in the Hartz Mountains, whence they came from time to time to take a furtive glance at their old domain. Our readers will not fail to call to mind the German legend of the famous Friedrich Barbarossa asleep in the enchanted cavern, and in like manner the hills of Granada are still believed by the Moorish children to contain the great Boabdil and his sleeping host, who will awake, when some adventurous mortal invades their repose, to restore the glory of the Moors in Spain.

Caves have been used in all ages by mankind for habitation, refuge, and burial. In a very remote period of the world's history a race of men called "cave-dwellers" lived in caverns in certain portions of England and Europe where such natural burrows abound. Human skeletons, the remains of rude weapons, ornaments, the debris of the chase, etc., found in these ancient places of refuge, have enabled scientists to determine the co-existence of man with animals that became extinct before the dawn of history, and also afforded a clew to the characteristics of the race that no existed. They probably bore a strong resemblance to the Esquimaux, lived by hunting and fishing, and were clad with skins sewn together with sinews or strips of intestines. This primitive race possessed no domestic animals, nor were they acquainted with spinning or with the potter's art.

The exploration of ancient sites in the Edit that have not suffered by modern spoliation may afford much important information in regard to the early history of mankind in that part of the world. As yet few prehistoric caves have been explored outside of Europe.

THOMAS MOORE.

TOM MOORE.

THE celebration of THOMAS MOORE's centennial does honor to a poet who, even if denied a first place in his profession by the highest critics, nevertheless enjoys a popularity of which any one might be proud. THOMAS MOORE can not be called a great master of English verse, but he is one whose pleasing numbers have procured him a large audience, and whose contributions to the poetry of our language have their own peculiar value in spite of the overshadowing of such contemporaries as BYRON and SHELLEY. The poet himself was also endeared personally to a large number of friends, many of whom are still living, and who will be glad to take advantage of the approaching opportunity to pay a fitting tribute to his memory.

THOMAS MOORE was of humble origin. His father at the time of his birth was a small tradesman, but subsequently became a barrack master in the British army, through the influence of a nobleman named MOIRA. The poet was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 28th of May, 1779. His home, though lacking in what may be called the elegancies of life, was essentially a refined and happy one, and his tastes and friendships formed almost in boyhood's years seem to have colored his principles and feelings through life. In an epistle in his eldest sister, dated November, 1808, and written from Norfolk, in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home with a sensibility as tender as that which breathes through the lines which COWPER addressed to his mother's picture. At an early age the poet was placed at a school in which SHERIDAN had formerly been a pupil, and in 1793 he was sent to the Dublin University, where he ultimately took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. During his college career he was distinguished for his classical attainments, his enthusiastic attachment to his country, and the sociability of his disposition.

On the 19th of November, 1799, MOORE entered himself a member of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, and in the course of the year 1800, before he had completed the twentieth year of his age, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse, with notes, whence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he was for a long time designated by the appellation of "Anacreon MOORE." The work is introduced by a Greek ode from the pen of the translator, and is dedicated, with permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterward GEORGE IV. When MOORE first came to London his youthful appearance was such that, being at a large dinner party, and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "Ah, le petit bon homme qui s'en va!" MOORE's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like GAY, "in wit a man." Assuming the appropriate name of "Little," our author published in 1801 a volume of original poems, chiefly amatory. Of the contents of this volume it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Its publication was afterward the cause of the most sincere regret to the poet himself. His friend ROGERS, in commenting upon them, says, "He heartily has MOORE repented of having published 'Little Poems' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." And thus writes JEFFREY: "He has long ago redeemed his error, his private worth and social qualities than by the brilliancy of his talents.

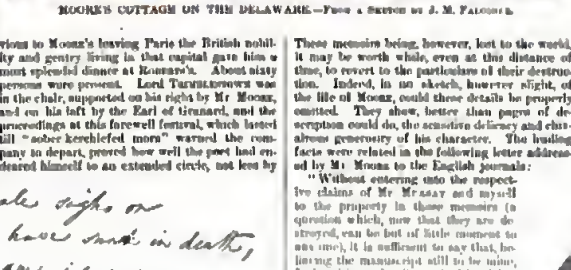
MOORE published in 1803 the "Loves of the Angels," of which two translations soon after appeared in Paris. While he was composing this poem, Lord BYRON, who then resided in Italy, was, by a singular coincidence, writing a similar poem, with the title of "Heaven and Earth," both of them having taken the subject from the second verse of the sixth chapter of GENESIS: "And it came to pass that the sons of God saw the daughters of man that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." MOORE afterward published a *Life of Sheridan*, which, in all his later works he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor."

In 1803, through the influence of Lord MOIRA, the same nobleman that had befriended his father, THOMAS MOORE was appointed to a government post at Bermuda. He arrived there in January, 1804; but finding the position unsuited to his temperament, and disagreeable to his refined and cultivated tastes, he committed his duties to the charge of a deputy, with whom he was to divide whatever profits might accrue. Before returning to England he travelled in America, and it was at this time that he occupied for a season the romantic little cottage on the Delaware shown in our engraving. In October, 1804, he left this country, and in 1806 he published his remarks on the manners and society of America, in a work entitled *Odes and Epistles*. For this he was sharply taken to task in the Edinburgh *Review*, and a duel ensued between him and JEFFREY, over which BYRON made considerable mirth, and which resulted in the combatants becoming most excellent friends.

The celebrated poem of "Lalla Rookh" appeared in 1817, in the summer of which year the poet visited the French capital, where he collected the materials for his humorous production entitled "The Fudge Family in Paris." In the following year he went to Ireland. During his visit, on the 4th of June, a public dinner was given him at Morrison's Hotel. The assemblage included the most distinguished literary and political characters of the time, the chair being occupied by the Earl of Charlemont. In 1822 MOORE made a second visit to Paris, residing there for a considerable time with his wife and family. The fame of his genius, his social yet unpretending manners, and his musical talents and conversation gained for him much esteem among the eminent literary characters of the French capital. Previous to MOORE's leaving Paris the British nobility and gentry living in that capital gave him a most splendid dinner at ROSSINI'S. About sixty persons were present. Lord TALBOT DE MALAHIDE was in the chair, supported on his right by Mr MOORE, and on his left by the Earl of Granard, and the proceedings at this farewell festival, which lasted till "sober kerchiefed morn" warned the company to depart, proved how well the poet had endeared himself to an extended circle, not less by his social qualities than by the brilliancy of his talents.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MOORE.

MOORE'S COTTAGE ON THE DELAWARE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. FALCONER.



Fill it with balm the gale sighs on
Though the flowers have died in death,
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Sloperton Cottage
May 27th 1842.

Thomas Moore

FAC-SIMILE OF MOORE'S HANDWRITING.

These memoirs being, however, lost to the world, it may be worth while, even at this distance of time, to revert to the particulars of their destruction. Indeed, in an sketch, however slight, of the life of MOORE, could these details be properly omitted. They show, better than pages of description could do, the sensitive delicacy and chivalrous generosity of his character. The leading facts were related in the following letter addressed by Mr MOORE to the English journals:

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr MURRAY and myself to the property in these memoirs (a question which, now that they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one), it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord BYRON's sister, Mrs. LEIGH, with the only reservation of a protest against its total destruction, at least without previous personal and consultation among the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, *and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us.* The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr MURRAY, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, two thousand guineas, with interest, etc., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. LONGMAN & Co.

"Since then the family of Lord BYRON have, in a manner highly honorable to themselves, proposed an arrangement by which the sum thus paid to Mr MURRAY might be reimbursed to me, but from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully but peremptorily declined their offer."

For this act MOORE received the unqualified admiration of all right-thinking people. Many condemned the destruction of the manuscript, but the class whose approval is worth while to regard were unanimous in their commendation. One writer says: "To this the firm supporters of Church and state, the pure stickler for public morals, the friends of decorum and decency, the respecters of the inviolability of domestic privacy, the foes to unlicensed wit and poetic license, the disinterested and tender registers of Lord BYRON's character itself, one and all proudly replied that Mr MOORE had performed one of the most difficult and delicate duties that ever fell to the lot of man, friend, citizen, or Christian to perform in the most manly, friendly, patriotic, and Christian like manner. As a man, he had nobly sacrificed his private interest and opinion out of respect to Lord BYRON's living connections; as a friend, he had evinced a real and rare friendship by withholding, at his own personal loss, those self and thoughtlessly intruded speeks and deformities of a great character from the popular gaze, which delights too much to feast on the infirmities of noble minds."

MOORE's best biographer is, by all names, himself. This becomes evident at once to all who have even glanced at the eight solid volumes entitled *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore* (London, 1853-56), to which Lord JOHN RUSSELL has put his name as editor. This work contains between twenty-eight and twenty-nine hundred pages, about seventy of which only are from the pen of his lordship. The task of editing this work was committed to Lord RUSSELL by MOORE himself, in whose will, written in 1828, occurs the following passage: "I also confide to my valued friend Lord JOHN RUSSELL (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family." The papers thus left to his lordship consist of a memoir of MOORE written by himself, beginning from his birth, but reaching only to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old; a journal begun in 1818, and extending to the year 1825, and letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother. These together give an admirable picture of MOORE's inward life and ac-

MOORE'S GRAVE.

periences, while we have the testimony of dozens of his contemporaries in regard to his appearance and disposition. Leigh Hunt, writing of him in the prime of life, says: "His forehead is long and full of character, with 'bumps' of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves, his mouth generous and good-humored, with dimples." Jeffrey, in one of his letters, says of him, "He is the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance." He writes also of "the buoyancy of his spirits and the inward light of his mind," and adds: "There is nothing gloomy or bitter in his ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, more like nature than his poetry." This is the tribute of Scott: "There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding, about him, which is delightful." In 1835 this portrait of the poet was drawn by N. P. Willis: "His eyes sparkle like a Champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates."

Moore's life ended sadly. The magnificent but overtasked mind gave way, leaving the body without guide or direction; and for over two years he suffered from that most terrible of all mortal diseases, softening of the brain. His death took place on the 25th of February, 1852. During his life he was known as one of the most brilliant literary men of the time, his pen being facile in every direction, whether history, biography, poetry, or even criticism claimed his attention. His prose works have not been alluded to here; for his poetical reputation so far overshadows what he achieved in other departments of literature as to make them of little importance. Moore will always be known as one of the most brilliant of English poets, even though he is denied a place among the greatest or most inspired. In his preface to the "Loves of the Angels" he states that he had somewhat hastened its publication to avoid the disadvantage of having his work appear after his friend Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth;" or, as he ingeniously expresses it, "by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, to give myself the chance of what astronomers call a *heliacal rising*, before the luminary in whose light I was to be lost should appear." This was an amiable but by no means a reasonable modesty. The light that plays round Mr. Moore's verses, tender, exquisite, and brilliant, was in no danger of being extinguished even in the splendor of Lord Byron's genius. Of the appreciation that was extended to him by this his more illustrious brother poet we learn from the following prophetic observation from Lord Byron's pen: "Moore is one of the few writers who will survive the age in which he so deservedly flourishes. He will live in his 'Irish Melodies;' they will go down to posterity with the music; both will last as long as Ireland, or as music and poetry."

With this splendid compliment from one who has with justice been styled "the greatest poet of modern times," we close our brief sketch of Moore, leaving our readers to fill it up from the abundant funds of anecdote and recollection that can not fail to make their way into print apropos of the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

TOM MOORE.

Said Erin: "At last thou art come,
O son of my heart! thou art come!
The harp that in Tara has hung,
Unscrewed, unswept, and unsung,
Now touch with thy passionate hands,
And sing to the deaf and dumb lands:
Sing Erin's songs,
Her hopes and wrongs,
Her loves and dreams,
Her fields and streams—
Sing, minstrel, sing! through smiles and tears,
I've watched for thee a thousand years."

Then, like a strain of music in the night,
The old sweet notes fell on Earth's drowsy ear;
And men paused suddenly in strange delight,
And, smiling, asked, "What melody is here?
What quaint old strain,
Half joy, half pain?
Who is it sings
Of fairy rings,
And Freedom lost, old kings, and women fair—
Songs bright and free as sunshine and soft air?"

Then turned their faces to the dim North Sea,
Where, on a little isle of unknown fame—
A green sweet isle where all the song birds flee—
There stood a minstrel boy with tongue of flame,
And back-thrown hair,
Face glad and fair,
And eyelids bright
With eager light,
Singing, but not for gold, or praise, or name,
As gods may sing, whom none may tire or tame:
"*Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,*
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to Light, Freedom, and Song!"

So sang he, while the birds sang overhead,
And listening hearts caught up the wild, glad strain,
Till to all lands where Erin's exiles tread,
The notes fell sweetly, like a happy rain,
Like soft spring showers,
That bring the flowers,
Like winds that pass
O'er cool green grass,
And blent themselves with all notes glad and free
In which men chant the praise of Liberty.

Thou need'st no keen;* for thou, Tom Moore, wilt be
Dear to the love of thousands yet unborn;
But we will keep thy birthday, since for thee
The joy-bells crossed the death-bells on that morn.
Thou wilt not die
While minstrelsy
Sets hearts on fire
With wild desire,
Nor be forgot when mighty words and hands
Have clasped the feet of Freedom to all lands.

* The Irish death-song.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

One of the most remarkable feats performed by birds of passage is instanced by the tiny ruby-throated humming-bird of North America. This beautiful little creature finds its way annually from Mexico, and even South America, to the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, returning to its winter home in autumn. This long journey is not performed in flocks, but singly, over no less than twenty degrees of latitude, over immense forest tracts, wide prairies, high mountains, and broad rivers. One wonders why this, of many species of humming-birds, should form one of very few exceptions, and abandon the eternal summers of the South, to run the risks of two hazardous journeys, for a short sojourn in lands where it has barely time to rear its offspring before the cold of autumn compels a retrograde movement. We can suppose that the united intelligence of a flock of swallows are more likely to assure a safer passage than the skill of a single individual; nevertheless this tiny creature pursues its course year by year for thousands of miles, and with great regularity as to the season of arrival and departure, performing the double journey and rearing its offspring within four months. How the little bird manages to subsist during its spring migration, especially in Canada, seems a wonder, for scarcely a flower excepting the May-flower, the trillium, and a few other vernal plants are in bloom.

Often in the centre of some vast Canadian forest, the housewife no sooner places her geranium, that has been in-doors throughout the long rigorous winter, in order for it to catch the first warm sunshine of May, than a buzzing noise announces the advent of the ruby-throat. Then its agile form may be seen humming like a moth over the flower on the window-sill, or among the blossoms of the currant bushes, and round the opening flowers of the peach, while its sapphire throat flashes in the sunlight with every movement of its restless body. The ruby-throat invariably arrives just as the early spring plants burst into bloom, and whether unconscious of danger, or feigning death, or momentarily stupefied by fright, it is the case that when captured it will lie with closed eyes, and to all appearances dead, save for its throbbing heart, and then suddenly make an effort to escape.

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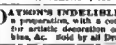
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A Remarkable Letter from J. A. Tucker, Esq., manufacturer of the Bay State Superphosphate.

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Last May, while taking a Turkish bath at 17 Beacon St., a young man employed there, by the name of Wm. Corbett, induced me to allow him to apply a preparation that he had upon me, assuring me that it was perfectly harmless, and for a certain consideration he would cure me within thirty days from the time he commenced. In case he failed to do so, I was to pay him nothing. I consented, and he applied it nearly every day for five weeks, when the disease entirely disappeared. I very cheerfully paid him the amount agreed upon, and then asked him what this remedy was, and he replied that it was no other than CUTICURA.

Since that time I have had no trouble from this disease, and have not had such good health in twenty years as I have had during the last six months.

I have since my recovery bought CUTICURA and given it to friends suffering with skin diseases, and in every instance it has cured them. I believe it to be the greatest discovery of the present century.
J. A. TUCKER.
13 DEACON ST., BOSTON, *Dec. 20, 1878.*

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A Modern Miracle. Astonishing results from the use of CUTICURA.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—We have a case of Leprosy in one poorhouse which is being cured by your CUTICURA REMEDIES. The county had employed all of our doctors, and had sent to New York for advice, but to no avail.

The patient commenced using the CUTICURA, and immediately began getting better.

He had been confined to his bed for two and one-half years. *Had not had his clothes on during this time.* Last week he dressed for the first time.

When he washed, there would at least one quart of scales come off of him.

This happened every day.

We think it is a wonderful cure.

We do not say he is cured, but he is in a fair way to be cured, to say the least. Yours truly,
DUNNING BROTHERS,
Druggists and Booksellers.
ALLEGAN, MICH., *Feb. 11, 1879.*

NOTE.—Messrs. Dunning Brothers are thoroughly reliable gentlemen, and were unknown to us prior to the receipt of this letter. We truly believe this CUTICURA will permanently cure this very severe case of Leprosy, as it had done many others.

CHILDREN AND INFANTS.
Sure Cures of Skin and Scalp Affections by the Cuticura Remedies.

Fred Rohrer, Esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effects on my baby, that I cannot afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. E. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

M. M. Chick, Esq., 41 Franklin St., Boston, says: "My little daughter, eighteen months old, has what the doctors call Eczema. We have tried most everything, and at last have used CUTICURA, and she is almost a new child, and we feel very happy."

A RUNNING SORE.
Cured in One Week.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER,—Some three or four weeks ago I ordered a box of CUTICURA for a bad case of Salt-Rheum. The back of one of my wife's hands was a running sore. In one week from the day it arrived her hand was well, and has remained so up to today.
E. P. DAGGETT.
MILFORD, ME., *June 10, 1878.*

NOTE.—Reader, don't you think these cures remarkable?

SALT-RHEUM
On Face, Head, and Parts of Body. Head covered with Scabs and Sores.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER,—I commenced to use your CUTICURA last July. Have only used one large and one small box, and one bottle of the RESOLVENT. My face and head and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful.

I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. One very skilful physician said he would rather not treat it, and some of them think now I am only cured temporarily. I think not, for I have not a particle of Salt-Rheum about me, and my case is considered wonderful. My case has been the means of selling a great many of your CUTICURA REMEDIES in this part of the country.
Respectfully yours,
MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE.
DECATUR, MICH., *Jan. 17, 1879.*

PRICKLY HEAT.
Incidental to the Texan Climate.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—Enclosed please find one dollar for a large box of CUTICURA. The small one that I received some time ago has been very efficacious, especially in Prickly Heat or Rash, as some people call it. I can nothing it about.
Yours truly, THOMAS W. BUCKLEY.
MASON, TEXAS, *Sept. 28, 1878.*

SALT-RHEUM.
Helpless for Eight Years.—Unable to walk. Got about on hands and knees. A wonderful cure.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—I have had a most wonderful cure of Salt-Rheum. For seventeen years I suffered with Salt-Rheum; I had it on my head, face, neck, arms, and legs. I was not able to walk, only on my hands and knees, for one year. I have not been able to help myself for eight years. I tried hundreds of remedies; not one had the least effect. The doctors said my case was incurable. So my parents tried everything that came along. I saw your advertisement, and concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. The first box of CUTICURA brought the Humor to the surface of my skin. It would drop off as it came out, until now I am entirely well. All I can say is, I thank you most heartily for my cure. Any person who thinks this letter a fraud, let them write, or come and see me, and find out for themselves.
Yours truly, WILL MCDONALD.
1315 BUTTERFIELD ST.,
CHICAGO, ILL., *March 4, 1879.*

HUMOR OF THE SCALP
That was destroying the Hair cured with one box of CUTICURA.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—I want to tell you what CUTICURA has done for me. About ten years ago my hair began falling out, caused by Humor of the Scalp. I tried various remedies, too numerous to mention, without relief, until I began using CUTICURA, one box of which has entirely cured me, and new hair is beginning to grow. Respectfully,
MRS. O. J. ROOT.
307 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., *Jan. 15, 1879.*
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H. A. RAYMOND,
Auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson, & Saginaw R. R.
JACKSON, MICH., *Dec. 20, 1878.*

NOTE.—There is no end to the testimonials that might be given in favor of these great remedies.

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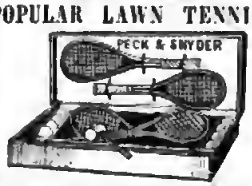

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"EDWARD," OWNED BY FRANK WORK, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PAGE.

TWO SPLENDID TROTTERS.

In England the national sport of fox-hunting makes a nation of riders, while in this country—in the Northern States at least—carriage-driving is the most common form of "taking the air" and of going short distances. We rarely hear farmers or country gentlemen speak of "saddling" if they wish to go to the village or visit a neighbor; they almost invariably "hitch up," and go trundling along the dusty road. Custom and high board fences make riding across country a forbidden luxury, and there is something aggravating to the quiet canter prescribed for equestrian pleasure-seekers in our large parks. Hence the trotting horse is the great favorite in America, even for the race-course.

We give on this page the portraits of two magnificent trotters, both owned by gentlemen of this city. Edward, the property of FRANK WORK, Esq., is a handsome chestnut gelding, of good size and very stylish. This fine trotter, now about seven years old, was purchased by Mr WORK for road driving after his successful career on the track in 1878, when he made a record of 2.19. His previous achievements, which we have not space to record, showed him to be a horse of high courage and endurance; and his performances on the road since coming into Mr WORK's stables prove him to be one of the most promising trotters in the country.

Maud S., the property of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, Esq., is a lightish red chestnut filly, with a small blaze in her face. She is a trifle over fifteen hands, sound as a diamond, gentle and even-tempered, and of wonderful speed and endurance. Before her purchase by Mr VANDERBILT she made the unprecedented time, for a four-year-old, of 2.17¾ on the Lexington (Kentucky) course. This was in October of last year. In Maud S. Mr VANDERBILT possesses one of the finest and fastest trotters of the day. Her action is exceedingly graceful, and in the race just mentioned she went over the course without a single skip.

"MAUD S.," OWNED BY WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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HUDSON BAY.

HUDSON BAY was discovered in 1610 by HENRY HUDSON, who had been sent out by the English RUSSIA COMPANY in quest of a northwest passage round the American continent, but his crew having mutinied, left him with his son and seven other persons to perish in those seas which now bear his name. It was afterward more thoroughly explored by successive navigators employed by the same enterprising company, particularly by BUTTON in 1612, by LUCAS FOX and THOMAS JAMES in 1631, the former equipped by the English government, and the latter by a company of fellow merchants, and by ZACHARIAS GILLAM, in 1668, who was sent out by CHARLES II. at the solicitation of Prince RUPERT, and was assisted by two French merchants of Canada, named DE GROSEILLIERS, who had previously made a voyage from Quebec to the scene of this last expedition. GILLAM passed the winter at Rupert River, where he built the first stone fort erected in the country, which he named Fort Charles, and provided it with a sufficient garrison. Before his return the king had granted to Prince RUPERT and certain lords, knights, and merchants associated with him a charter, dated 1670, in which he styled them "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading from England to Hudson Bay," and in consideration of their having, at their own cost and charges, "undertaken an expedition to Hudson Bay, in the northwest parts of America, for the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for the finding of some trade for furs, minerals, and other considerable commodities, and of their having made by such their undertakings such discoveries as did encourage them to proceed further in pursuance of the said design, by means whereof there might probably arise great advantages to the king and his kingdoms,' absolutely ceded to the said undertakers "the whole trade and commerce of those seas, etc., in whatsoever latitude they might be, which are situated within the entrance of Hudson Straits, together with all the countries upon the coasts and confines of the said seas, straits, etc., so that they alone should have the right of trading thither; and whosoever should infringe this right, and be found selling or buying within the said boundaries, should be arrested, and all their merchandise be confiscated, so that one-half should belong to the king and the other half to the Hudson Bay Company." The career of this organization has in some sense been a checkered one, but in the main the vast scheme proposed by its founders has been successfully carried out. Between 1697 and 1714 the Company lost possession of its territory, the settlements then existing being occupied by the French. Again, in 1783, a combination of traders gave rise to what was known as the "Northwest Company." Great rivalry ensued between the two organizations, but the latter, not being successful, was in 1821 merged into the Hudson Bay Company, or much for the purpose of putting an end to strife between the different agents as for any other purpose. The latter enjoyed as a monopoly and a semi-sovereign power until 1869, when its rights to all the territory held under its charter were bought up, under imperial authority, by the Dominion of Canada. This, however, did not affect the Company's control of the trading interests of the territory.

The immense extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which depôts and posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a single glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is or great a distance as from London to Moscow; the space between the Company's post at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2500 geographical miles; from the King's Posts to the Polly Banks is further than from Paris to Samarcand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe. There are four principal stations. These are York Fort, Moose Fort, Montreal, and Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, and from each of these the materials of trade are dispatched chiefly by canoes to the different factories and forts in the interior, while all the furs collected are sent back in return. One of our engravings shows a party returning from Moose Factory. This important station, situated at the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, presides over all the country between that vast gulf and the Canadian lakes. York Fort commands all the vast region extending north and west of the bay, bounded by the Arctic Ocean, the Rocky Mountains, and a line drawn from the bay through Rainy Lake.

The Indians throughout of this territory are employed in hunting the more valuable purpose of selling them British residents seldom for the table. At the season when the skins are the Indians receive supplies and other necessary articles bring to the several stations chase. The natives are supported by the Company, and traffic or other purposes, being sometimes at time. Their food, pro-

"KAYAKS," OR CANOES, SHOWING THE LONG DOUBLE-BLADED PADDLE.

SEAL-HUNTING ON THE ICE.

BUILDING AN IGLOW, LITTLE WHALE RIVER.

FALL UPON LIEL

ESQUIMAUX

MODE OF KILLING T

TRAVEL AND SPORT

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.E WHALE RIVER.

:K TYPES.

HE WHITE WHALE.

RETURNING FROM A MOOSE FACTORY.

WATCHING A SEAL-HOLE.

TRAIN OF DOGS IN HARNESS.

F IN HUDSON BAY.

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chiefly fish, which are found abundantly in the numerous lakes and rivers. Deer, though pursued with activity, form a precarious resource, rendered more so by the superstitious which prevents the hunter from laying up any store of food. A party have been known, after spearing a vast number of these animals in their spring and autumn excursions, merely to cut out the tongues, and allow the carcasses to float down the nearest river, though fully aware that two or three months later they would be exposed to the utmost extremities of famine. Every post of the Company serves as a hospital, to which they resort during sickness, and are supplied with food and medicine. When winter arrives, the diseased and infirm are frequently left there while the rest are employed in hunting. The directors have made great efforts to introduce vaccination, but have encountered great difficulties through the superstitious prejudices of the people.

Among the natives about Hudson Bay the Esquimaux afford an interesting study to the traveller who has an interest in northern aborigines of character. The stories that are told of the first attempts of the missionaries to convert them have many of them their amusing side. On one occasion the missionaries fancied they had a co-laborer in a woman named MIRAK. This poor Esquimaux female, together with her son KARPIN, was taken prisoner during a contest between the Europeans and natives, and was carried to London. Being a very intelligent person, she was much impressed with the superior benefits of civilized life, and seemed anxious to communicate some of these to her countrymen, and desired a certain missionary whom she had known in Labrador to establish a mission in the province from which she came. This was accomplished, and when MIRAK returned to her own country her assistance was counted upon in the good cause. The poor woman, however, had possessed great fame as a magician, and on one occasion the missionaries, happening to lodge under her roof, had the affliction of hearing the house resound with her savage incantations during the whole night. The mild character ascribed to this race was found by no means uniformly supported, for even murders among themselves were not unfrequent. TIGAVINA, the husband of MIRAK, was both a conjurer and a ruffian, and on a journey he killed two of his companions with the view, as it was supposed, of seizing and selling their wives. Polygamy was usually practised to the utmost extent of the husband's means, and while it was considered as conferring dignity, it yielded a sure profit, as the wives worked hard. PETER, one of their earliest converts, having constructed a kayak—a peculiar craft like that shown in our engraving—the missionaries were dismayed to learn that he had taken unto himself four wives, two of whom were mother and daughter. On receiving a solemn remonstrance, he admitted and bewailed his sin, yet could not be induced to quit it, because without this number of hands he could not manage a boat. One of our engravings shows the Esquimau as he builds his snow hut, or igloo, using only a long broad bladed knife to cut and shape the frozen blocks; another shows him with his team of dogs either resting after a journey, or considering when he shall start out upon one.

The foreign population in the neighborhood of Hudson Bay has, of course, been drawn there by the fur trade, which includes nearly every valuable fur bearing animal in the world. Formerly the beaver was the main staple of the fur trade, not owing to the value of its skin, which in proportion to its size is inferior to that of the marten and sea-otter, but from its abundance and the use made of it in the once popular beaver hat. Nowadays it yields precedence to the seal. The beaver appears to be indigenous in all the northern parts of this continent, though in settled countries, and even in those open to private hunters, it is nearly exterminated.

Hunting, of course, forms the only interest at Hudson Bay, and unless the visitor has a keen taste for this sport, there is little attraction for him in this part of North America. The simple business of trapping animals and preparing their skins for market does not admit of much in the way of progress and novelty. Life among Esquimaux and Indians is agreeable to those only who enjoy a return to primitive simplicity. Civilization is left behind, and the few white men in the Company's service lead a sort of pioneer life, in which, however, there seems to be no progress and no improvement. Mr. H. M. Robinson, in an article on the "Honorable Hudson Bay Company," published in the latest issue of *Harper's Magazine*, tells us: "At most of the interior posts time moves slowly, and change is almost un-

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known. To-day is the same as a hundred years ago. The list of goods ordered from England for this year has exactly the same items as that of 1779. Strouds, cottons, beads, and trading-guns are still the wants of the Indians, and are still traded for musquash and beaver."

THE TWO MR. SMITHS.

"It is not either her money or her position that dashes me, Carrol, it is my own name. Think of asking Eleanor Bethune to become Mrs. William Smith! If it had been Alexander Smith—"

"Or Hyacinth Smith."

"Yes, Hyacinth Smith would have done; but plain William Smith!"

"Well, as far as I can see, you are not to blame. Apologize to the lady for the blunder of your godfathers and godmothers. Stupid old parties! They ought to have thought of Hyacinth," and Carrol threw his cigar into the fire and began to buckle on his spurs.

"Come with me, Carrol."

"No, thank you. It is against my principles to like any one better than myself, and Alice Fontaine is a temptation to do so."

"*I* don't like Alice's style at all."

"Of course not. Alice's beauty, as compared with Mrs. Bethune's settled income, is skin-deep."

If sarcasm was intended, Smith did not perceive it. He took the criticism at its face value, and answered, "Yes, Eleanor's income is satisfactory; and besides that, she has all kinds of good qualities, and several accomplishments. If I only could offer her, with myself, a suitable name for them!"

"Could you not, in taking Mrs. Bethune and her money, take her name also?"

"N-n-no. A man does not like to lose all his individuality in his wife's, Carrol."

"Well, then, I have no other suggestion, and I am going to ride."

So Carrol went to the Park, and Smith went to his mirror. The occupation gave him the courage he wanted. He was undoubtedly a very handsome man, and he had, also, very fine manners; indeed, he would have been a very great man if the world had only been a drawing-room, for, polished and fastidious, he dreaded nothing so much as an indecorum, and had the air of being uncomfortable unless his hands were in kid gloves.

Smith had a standing invitation to Mrs. Bethune's five-o'clock teas, and he was always considered an acquisition. He was also very fond of going to them; for under no circumstances was Mrs. Bethune so charming. To see her in this hour of perfect relaxation was to understand how great and beautiful is the art of idleness. Her ease and grace, her charming aimlessness, her indescribable air of inaction, were all so many proofs of her having been born in the purple of wealth and fashion; no parvenu could ever hope to imitate them.

Alice Fontaine never tried. She had been taken from a life of polite shifts and struggles by her cousin, Mrs. Bethune, two years before; and the circumstances that were to the one the mere accidents of her position were to the other a real holiday-making.

Alice met Mr. Smith with *empressement*, fluttered about the tea-tray like a butterfly, wasted her bonmots and the sugar recklessly, and was as full of pretty animation, as her cousin Bethune was of elegant repose.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Smith," said Mrs. Bethune. "Alice has been trying to spur me into a fight. I don't want to throw a lance in. Now you can be my substitute."

"Mr. Smith," said Alice, impetuously, "don't you think that women ought to have the same rights as men?"

"Really, Miss Alice, I—I don't know. When women have got what they call their 'rights,' do they expect to keep what they call their 'privileges' also?"

"Certainly they do. When they have driven the men to emigrate, to scrub floors, and to jump into the East River, they will still expect the corner seat, the clean side of the road, the front place, and the pick of every thing."

"Ah, indeed! And when all the public and private business of the country is in their hands, will they still expect to find time for five-o'clock teas?"

"Yes, Sir. They will conduct the affairs of this regenerated country, and not neglect either their music or their pets, their dress or their drawing-room. They will be perfectly able to do the one, and not leave the other undone."

"Glorious creatures! Then they will accomplish what men have been trying to do ever since the world began. They will get two days' work out of one day."

"Of course they will."

"But how?"

"Oh, machines and management. It will be done."

"But your answer is illogical, Miss Alice."

"Of course. Men always take refuge in their logic; and yet, with all their boasted skill, they have never mastered the useful and elementary proposition, 'It will be, because it will be.'"

Mr. Smith was very much annoyed at the tone Alice was giving to the conversation. She was treating him as a joke, and he felt how impossible it was going to be to get Mrs. Bethune to treat him seriously. Indeed, before he could restore the usual placid, tender tone of their *tête-à-tête* tea, two or three ladies joined the party, and the hour was up, and the opportunity lost.

However, he was not without consolation. Eleanor's hand had rested a moment very tenderly in his; he had seen her white cheek flush and her eyelids droop, and he felt almost sure that he was beloved. And as he had determined that night to test his fortune, he was not inclined to let himself be disappointed. Consequently he decided on writing to her, for he was rather proud of his letters, and indeed it must be confessed that he had an elegant and eloquent way of putting any case in which he was personally interested.

Eleanor Bethune thought so. She received his proposal on her return from a very stupid party, and as soon as she saw his writing she began to consider how much more delightful the evening would have been if Mr. Smith had been present. His glowing eulogies on her beauty, and his passionate descriptions of his own affection, his hopes, and his despairs, chimed in with her mood exactly. Already his fine person and manners had made a great impression on her; she had been very near loving him; nothing, indeed, had been needed but that touch of electricity conveyed in the knowledge that she was beloved.

Such proposals seldom or never take women unawares. Eleanor had been expecting it, and had already decided on her answer. So, after a short, happy reflection, she opened her desk and wrote Mr. Smith a few lines which she believed would make him supremely happy.

Then she went to Alice's room, and woke her out of her first sleep. "Oh, you lazy girl! why did you not crimp your hair? Get up again, Alice dear; I have a secret to tell you. I am—going—to—marry—Mr.—Smith."

"I knew some catastrophe was impending, Eleanor; I have felt it all day. Poor Eleanor!"

"Now, Alice, be reasonable. What do you think of him—honestly, you know?"

"The man has excellent qualities; for instance, a perfect taste in cravats, and an irreproachable propriety. Nobody ever saw him in any position out of the proper centre of gravity. Now there is Carrol, always sitting round on tables or easels, or if on a chair, on the back or arms, or any way but as other Christians sit. Then Mr. Smith is handsome; very much so."

"Oh! you do admit that?"

"Yes; but I don't myself like men of the hair-dresser style of beauty."

"Alice, what makes you dislike him so much?"

"Indeed, I don't, Eleanor. I think he is very 'nice,' and very respectable. Every one will say, 'What a suitable match!' and I dare say you will be very happy. He will do every thing you tell him to do, Eleanor; and—oh dear me!—how I should hate a husband of that kind!"

"You little hypocrite!—with your talk of women's 'rights' and woman's 'supremacy.'"

"No, Eleanor love, don't call it hypocrisy, please; say *many-sidedness*—it is a more womanly definition. But if it is really to be so, then I wish you joy, cousin. And what are you going to wear?"

This subject proved sufficiently attractive to keep Alice awake a couple of hours. She even crimped her hair in honor of the bridal shopping; and before matters had been satisfactorily arranged she was so full of anticipated pleasures that she felt really grateful to the author of them, and permitted herself to speak with enthusiasm of the bridegroom.

"He'll be a sight to see, Eleanor, on his marriage day. There won't be a handsomer man nor a better-dressed man in America, and his clothes will all come from Paris, I dare say."

"I think we will go to Paris first." Then Eleanor went into a graphic description of the glories and pleasures of Paris, as she had experienced them during her first bridal tour. "It is the most fascinating city in the world, Alice."

"I dare say, but it is a ridiculous shame having it in such an out-of-the-way place. What is the use of having a Paris, when one has to sail three thousand miles to get at it? Eleanor, I feel that I shall have to go."

"So you shall, dear; I won't go without you."

"Oh no, darling; not with Mr. Smith; I really could not. I shall have to try and manage matters with Mr. Carrol. We shall quarrel all the way across, of course, but then—"

"Why don't you adopt his opinions, Alice?"

"I intend to—for a little while; but it is impossible to go on with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how dull conversation would become!"

"Well, dear, you may go to sleep now, for mind, I shall want you down to breakfast before eleven. I have given 'Somebody' permission to call at five o'clock to-morrow—or rather to-day—and we shall have a *tête-à-tête* tea."

Alice determined that it should be strictly *tête-à-tête*. She went to spend the afternoon with Carrol's sisters, and staid until she thought the lovers had had ample time to make their vows and arrange their wedding.

There was a little pout on her lips as she left Carrol outside the door, and slowly bent her steps to Eleanor's private parlor. She was trying to make up her mind to be civil to her cousin's new husband elect, and the temptation to be any thing else was very strong.

"I shall be dreadfully in the way—*his* way, I mean—and he will want to send me out of the room, and I shall not go—no, not if I fall asleep on a chair looking at him."

With this decision, the most amiable she could reach, Alice entered the parlor. Eleanor was alone, and there was a pale, angry look on her face Alice could not understand.

"Shut the door, dear."

"Alone?"

"I have been so all evening."

"Have you quarrelled with Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. Smith did not call."

"Not come!"

"Nor yet sent any apology."

The two women sat looking into each other's faces a few moments, both white and silent.

"What will you do, Eleanor?"

"Nothing."

"But he may be sick, or he may not have got your letter. Such queer mistakes do happen."

"Parker took it to his hotel; the clerk said he was still in his room; it was sent to him in Parker's sight and hearing. There is not any doubt but that he received it."

"Well, suppose he did not. Still, if he really cares for you, he is hardly likely to take your supposed silence for an absolute refusal. I have said 'No' to Carrol a dozen times, and he won't stay 'noed.' Mr. Smith will be sure to ask for a personal interview."

Eleanor answered, drearily, "I suppose he will pay me that respect;" but through this little effort to assertion it was easy to detect the white feather of mistrust. She half suspected the touchy self-esteem of Mr. Smith. If she had merely been guilty of a breach of good manners toward him, she knew that he would deeply resent it; how, then, when she had—*however innocently*—given him the keenest personal slight?

Still she wished to accept Alice's cheerful view of the affair, and what is heartily wished is half accomplished. Ere she fell asleep she had quite decided that her lover would call the following day, and her thoughts were busy with the pleasant amends she would make him for any anxiety he might have suffered.

But Mr. Smith did not call the following day, nor on many following ones, and a casual lady visitor destroyed Eleanor's last hope that he would ever call again, for, after a little desultory gossip, she said, "You will miss Mr. Smith very much at your receptions, and brother Sam says he is to be away two years."

"So long?" asked Eleanor, with perfect calmness.

"I believe so. I thought the move very sudden, but Sam says he has been talking about the trip for six months."

"Really!—Alice dear, won't you bring that piece of Burslem pottery for Mrs. Hollis to look at?"

So the wonderful cup and saucer were brought, and they caused a diversion so complete that Mr. Smith and his eccentric move were not named again during the visit. Nor, indeed, much after it. "What is the use of discussing a hopelessly disagreeable subject?" said Eleanor to Alice's first offer of sympathy. To tell the truth, the mere mention of the subject made her cross, for young women of the finest fortunes do not necessarily possess the finest tempers.

Carrol's next visit was looked for with a good deal of interest. Naturally it was thought that he would know all about his friend's singular conduct. But he professed to be as much puzzled as Alice. "He supposed it was something about Mrs. Bethune; he had always told Smith not to take a pretty, rich woman like her into his calculations. For his part, if he had been desirous of marrying an heiress, and felt that he had a gift that way, he should have looked out a rich German girl; they had less nonsense about them," etc.

That was how the affair ended as far as Eleanor was concerned. Of course she suffered, but she was not of that generation of women who parade their suffering. Beautiful and self-respecting, she was, above all, endowed with physical self-control. Even Alice was spared the hysterical sobbings and faintings and other signs of pathological distress common to weak women.

Perhaps she was more silent and more irritable than usual, but Eleanor Bethune's heart-ache for love gone led her to the smallest social impropriety. Whatever she suffered, she did not refuse the proper mixture of colors in her hat, or neglect her tithe of the mint, anise, and cummin due to her position.

Eleanor's reticence, however, had this good effect—it compelled Alice to talk Smith's singular behavior over with Carrol; and somehow, in discussing Smith, they got to understand each other; so that, after all, it was Alice's and not Eleanor's bridal shopping that was to do. And there is something very assuaging to grief in this occupation. Before it was completed, Eleanor had quite recovered her placid, sunshiny temper.

"Consolation, thy name is satin and lace!" said Alice, thankfully, to herself, as she saw Eleanor so tired and happy about the wedding finery.

At first Alice had been quite sure that she would go to Paris, and nowhere else; but Eleanor noticed that in less than a week Carrol's influence was paramount. "We have got a better idea, Eleanor—quite a novel one," she said, one morning. "We are going to make our bridal trip in Carrol's yacht!"

"Whose idea is that?"

"Carrol's, and mine too, of course. Carrol says it is the jolliest life. You leave all your cares and your bills on shore behind you. You issue your own sailing orders, and sail away into space with an easy conscience."

"But I thought you were bent on a European trip?"

"The yacht will be ever so much nicer. Think of the nuisance of ticket-offices, and waiting rooms, and second-class hotels, and troublesome letters waiting for you at your banker's, and disagreeable paragraphs in the newspapers. I think Carrol's idea is splendid."

So the marriage took place at the end of the season, and Alice and Carrol sailed happily away into the unknown. Eleanor was at a loss what to do with herself. She wanted to go to Europe, but Mr. Smith had gone there, and she felt sure that some unlucky accident would throw them together. It was not her nature to court embarrassments; so Europe was out of the question.

While she was hesitating she called one day on Celeste Reed—a beautiful girl who had been a great belle, but was now a confirmed invalid. "I am going to try the air of Colorado, Mrs. Bethune," she said. "Papa has heard wonderful stories about it. Come with our party. We shall have a special car, and the trip will at least have the charm of novelty."

"And I love the mountains, Celeste. I will join you with pleasure. I was dreading the old routine in the old places; but this will be delightful."

Thus it happened that one evening in the following August Mrs. Bethune found herself slowly strolling down the principal street in Denver. It was a splendid sunset, and in its glory the Rocky Mountains rose like Titanic palaces built of amethyst, gold, and silver. Suddenly the look of intense pleasure on her face was changed for one of wonder and annoyance. It had become her duty in a moment to do a very disagreeable thing; but duty was a kind of religion to Eleanor Bethune: she never thought of shirking it.

So she immediately inquired her way to the telegraph office, and even quickened her steps into as fast a walk as she ever permitted herself. The message she had to send was a peculiar and not a pleasant one. At first she thought it would hardly be possible for her to frame it in such words as she would care to dictate to strangers; but she finally settled on the following form:

"*Messrs. Locke & Lord*:

"Tell brother Edward that Bloom is in Denver. No delay. The matter is of the greatest importance."

When she had dictated the message, the clerk said, "Two dollars, madam." But greatly to Eleanor's annoyance, her purse was not in her pocket, and she could not remember whether she had put it there or not. The man stood looking at her in an expectant way; she felt that any delay about the message might be fatal to its worth; perplexity and uncertainty ruled her absolutely. She was about to explain her dilemma, and return to her hotel for money, when a gentleman, who had heard and watched the whole proceeding, said,

"Madam, I perceive that time is of great importance to you, and that you have lost your purse; allow me to pay for the message. You can return the money if you wish. My name is William Smith. I am staying at the 'American.'"

"Thank you, Sir. The message is of the gravest importance to my brother. I gratefully accept your offer."

Further knowledge proved Mr. William Smith to be a New York capitalist who was slightly known to three of the gentlemen in Eleanor's party; so that the acquaintance began so informally was very speedily afterward inaugurated with all the forms and ceremonies good society demands. It was soon possible, too, for Eleanor to explain the circumstances which, even in her code of strict etiquette, made a stranger's offer of money for the hour a thing to be gratefully accepted. She had seen in the door of the post-office a runaway cashier of her brother's, and his speedy arrest involved a matter of at least forty thousand dollars.

This Mr. William Smith was a totally different man to Eleanor's last lover—a bright, energetic, alert business man, decidedly handsome, and gentlemanly. Though his name was greatly against him in Eleanor's prejudices, she found herself quite unable to resist the cheery, pleasant influence he carried with him. And it was evident from the very first day of their acquaintance that Mr. William Smith had but one thought—the winning of Eleanor Bethune.

When she returned to New York in the autumn she ventured to cast up her accounts with life, and she was rather amazed at the result. For she was quite aware that she was in love with this William Smith in a way that she had never been with the other. The first had been a sentimental ideal; the second was a genuine case of sincere and passionate affection. She felt that the desertion of this lover would be a grief far beyond the power of satin and lace to cure.

But her new lover had never a disloyal thought to his mistress, and his love, transplanted to the pleasant places of New York life, seemed to find its native air. It enveloped Eleanor now like a glad and heavenly atmosphere; she was so happy that she dreaded any change. It seemed to her that no change could make her happier.

But if good is good, still better carries the day, and Mr. Smith thought marriage would be a great deal better than love-making. Eleanor and he were sitting in the fire-lit parlor, very still and very happy, when he whispered this opinion to her.

"It is only four months since we met, dear."

"Only four months, darling; but I had been dreaming about you four months before that. Let me hold your hands, sweet, while I tell you. On the 20th of last April I was on the point of leaving for Colorado to look after the Silver Cliff Mine. My carriage was ordered, and I was waiting at my hotel for it. A servant brought me a letter—the dearest, sweetest little letter—see, here it is?" and this William Smith absolutely laid before Eleanor her own pretty, loving reply to the first William Smith's offer.

Eleanor looked queerly at it, and smiled. "What did you think, dear?"

"That it was just the pleasantest thing that had ever happened to me. It was directed to Mr. W. Smith, and had been given into my hands. I was not going to seek up any other W. Smith."

"But you must have been sure that it was not intended for you, and you did not know 'Eleanor Bethune.'"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sweetheart; it was *intended* for me. I can imagine destiny standing sarcastically by your side, and watching you send the letter to one W. Smith when she intended it for another W. Smith. Eleanor Bethune I meant to know just as soon as possible. I was coming back to New York to look for you."

"And, instead, she went to you in Colorado."

"Only think of that! Why, love, when that blessed telegraph clerk said, 'Who sends this message?' and you said, 'Mrs. Eleanor Bethune,' I wanted to fling my hat to the sky. I did not lose my head so badly when they found that new lead in the Silver Cliff."

"Won't you give me that letter, and let me destroy it, William? It was written to the wrong Smith, and delivered to the wrong Smith."

"It was written to the wrong Smith, but it was given to the right Smith. Still, Eleanor, if you will say one little word to me, you may do what you like with the letter."

Then Eleanor whispered the word, and the blaze of the burning letter made a little illumination in honor of their betrothal kiss.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE EXTRA SESSION.

SOLID SOUTH (*his pinafore full of chestnuts*). "Silent be, again the Cat."

"Most of the Southern men are distressed to discover that Northern public sentiment holds the South responsible for all the absurd fuss of the last two months. They say that the policy of the extra session was not theirs, but that of Northern men exclusively; that it was opposed by the Southern men at first, and they only consented to it when the Northern Democrats assured them that it was necessary to their success in the Northern States; that to this plea they could make no answer, but that they constantly said to their Northern allies that the South needed no such legislation, nor any new issue or fresh excitement."—*From the New York Herald's Regular Washington Correspondent.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page engraving relative to the English Derby, a page of sketches on the River Niger, and interesting reading matter.*

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BY THE REPUBLICAN COUNCIL FIRES.

THE letter of Mr. SHERMAN dated May 10, 1879, and addressed to an old Democratic friend who had served with him in Congress, shows clearly that General GRANT "has no mortgage" upon the Republican nomination. The Republicans who favor his candidacy have assumed that there was virtually no other candidate, and a few weeks ago, at the time of the publication by the *Times* of its survey of the field, the assumption was very reasonable. Since that time, however, there has been a very positive change of feeling, and Mr. SHERMAN's letter shows conclusively that he regards himself on a possible candidate, and does not consider the question closed. There is certainly no reason that he should, for it would not be possible to show that General GRANT is the only available candidate for the nomination. There is no Republican principle in the coming contest which many original and unwavering Republicans would not represent equally with General GRANT, and there is no executive duty which they would not discharge with as much intelligence and efficiency. It would be a pitiful confession that the party and the country were reduced to the necessity of taking any particular citizen for Chief Magistrate, and it could not be alleged that General GRANT is so pre-eminent among his fellow-citizens that the Presidency, by a kind of conspicuous fitness, devolves upon him as it devolved upon WASHINGTON. If that were the case, so long as his pre-eminence continued, the argument for his holding the office would be conclusive.

The Democratic course in Congress has now shown all intelligent men what may be fairly expected in the event of complete control of the government by that party. The opposition to its ascendency is necessarily the Republican party. There will be no third party, as the course of Judge DAVIS shows that he now plainly sees. Either the Democrats or the Republicans will elect the President; and the question for Republicans will be, What Republican, under all the circumstances, is the most available? The answer to this question is evident. The one who will command not only the regular party support, but the support of that intelligent and independent body of voters which gives the victory to one or the other party. New York, for instance, will be a very important if not a decisive State in the next election. But it is a very close State. The result here will depend upon the independent vote, which is very large in New York, and which was given to Mr. TILDEN in 1876. The question, then, is whether General GRANT is the candidate who would most certainly or most probably secure that vote for the Republicans. What a party wants in an election is not the votes that it is sure of, but those that it is not sure of. Is General GRANT the Republican who will most surely win this vote? On the contrary, is not his name the symbol of what is politically most distasteful to this vote, and would not that fact, together with the consideration that he has filled two terms, and that the argument for a third term is an argument for his perpetual Presidency, render him peculiarly unavailable? It is a kind of orthodox party fashion to insist that he is of course to be the candidate. But that does not absolve Republicans from allegiance to reason and common-sense; and is it not fair to suppose that outside of the strict party lines General GRANT is not the most available candidate? The papers which shout for him most loudly would shout for any candidate who should be regularly nominated. But are there not eminent Republicans who, while receiving as candidates the strict party support, would be infinitely more acceptable to those who are beyond the party lines? This is the question which Mr. SHERMAN's letter presents for the consideration of the party. He is a Republican of long and efficient service, whose voice in the party councils is entitled to as much weight as that of any leader, and his letter is a plain declaration that to his judgment General GRANT ought not to be accepted in advance, and without discussion, as the one necessary candidate for the Republican nomination.

Mr. SHERMAN's letter will be a benefit to his party if it should lead to a frank debate upon the subject. A muzzle policy by which every Republican paper is to look wise and say that "GRANT is the man," and cry, "Hush!" while primaries and conventions are being quietly arranged for him, is both humiliating and ludicrously transparent. We observe that the mere fact of taking the ground that the GRANT nomination ought not to be assumed as a foregone conclusion, and, so to speak, a cardinal point of Republican faith, is often attributed to some kind of personal hostility. But is it really impossible to differ honestly upon such a point as the availability of a candidate? Is it really conclusive evidence of personal feeling and selfish opposition that a question of the desirability of General GRANT's nomination is raised? This kind of attempted party despotism is well satirized in Mr. NAST's recent sketch of King Caucus. It is bad enough when a caucus or a convention assumes to crush the expression of individual opinion or to bind individual responsibility; but when, before any authorized action whatever is taken, there is a kind of tacit conspiracy to compel an appearance of uniformity of sentiment, the crowe becomes altogether intolerable. It is always true, or ought to be true always, that in every step of a Presidential election the amiable nastest should be one of principles, not of persons. We are constantly drawn away from this truth in practice, but it is none the less a duty to recall it, and to endeavor to make it real. Mr. SHERMAN says in his letter, "The true issue for 1880 is national supremacy in national matters, honest money, and an honest dollar." That is apparently to be the situation. Under the actual circumstances, it is undoubtedly better for the Republicans that their candidate should be a civilian, not open to the suspicion of preferring military traditions and methods, wholly free from the entangling associations of two terms of administration, and not exposed to the fixed objection to more than two terms. That the personal popularity of General GRANT would so far transcend such considerations as to make him incomparably the most desirable candidate has not been established. That he should be canonized as a kind of dictator or savior of society, upon the theory that a new armed rebellion is imminent, is absurd, because it is a confession that we are already in a chronic condition of revolution and anarchy. That he is the most popular Republican among the politicians, and therefore the most probable candidate, is not a valid argument for his availability in the canvass. While party opinion is forming, and no action has yet been taken, it is the highest duty of Republicans to consider what will most surely secure the triumph of their principles, and not to let every thing drift because of a desperate feeling that nothing can be done. Nothing, certainly, can be done by those who neither believe nor try.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE *Evening Post* has well said that had Mr. GARRISON been killed in the early days of his great contest, he would have been the STEPHEN of emancipation; but happily for himself, for his country, and for mankind, he lived to be its SIMEON. In the ripeness of years he has departed in peace, his eyes having seen the salvation. No American of his time was more sincerely hated, slandered, and opposed; none is sorer of a great and pure renown. Thirty years ago the most respectable public opinion would have said of his death by mob violence, as the Massachusetts Attorney-General said of LOVEJOY in Faneuil Hall, "He died as the fool doth." But when at last he closed his eyes serenely among his children, it was with universal and tender veneration that the news was told and heard. When the authorities of Savannah requested those of Boston to suppress his incendiary journal, the courtly Mayor of Boston replied that the delinquent was found in an obscure room, printing his own paper with the aid of a negro boy, and that nothing need be feared from any thing so contemptible. But the State of Georgia indignantly set a price upon his head; his name was a reproach; "society" abhorred him and his abolition agitation; the Church denounced him; Congress refused to consider abolition petitions; the Postmaster-General asked the mails to throw out the literature that flowed from GARRISON's inspiration; great cities were exasperated; mobs burned churches and halls; the Garrisonians were pitilessly hunted, abused, imprisoned, murdered; the contemptible printer in the obscure room, printing his paper with the aid of a negro boy, was the impulse of a movement under which the country rocked and reeled and strode forward to civil war; and the leader's words were the indomitable spirit of his followers: "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He did not equivocate, nor excuse, nor retreat, and he was heard. His country heard: the world heard; man and God heard: and because he did not excuse, nor equivocate, nor retreat, he died blessed of all men in a land without a slave.

Americans of any party or section would be unworthy their country and its character if they did not heartily admire the unqualified and sublime courage of this American. In the purely moral sphere of argument and appeal, denouncing the Constitution because, in his judgment, it did equivocate, and the Church because, as he thought, it did excuse, and political parties because, in his view, they did retreat, GARRISON, like CHARLES SUMNER in politics, embodied that iron and unbending will of absolute conviction upon which the final, terrible, accumulated court of slavery was effectually broken. To complaints of GARRISON's "tone" and "manner and "method" is to complain of PAUL and LUTHER. It is to regret that the iconoclast does not spare the idol. The American civilization of liberty, of education, of the free press and of free speech, would have lacked virility if its irreprensible conflict with the denial of human rights had not produced an aggressive and uncompromising spirit as GARRISON's. He is a much more incisive and masculine historical figure than that of WILBERFORCE, or of CLARKSON, or of GRANVILLE SHARPE. No man in history ever more bravely undertook a more tremendous task, and certainly no such man ever lived to see such fulfillment of his labors. We speak of "his" task and "his" labors not as if he were actually alone, nor as if the great moral movement which he symbolized depended upon his life for its own. But he was, nevertheless, the incarnation of the impulse. His life was wholly and absolutely consecrated to the work. He will led it. It took its name from him, and his associates gladly and proudly called themselves Garrisonian. There was no self-seeking in his action. There was no kind of assumption. He was officially president of the American Anti-slavery Society because he was really its soul and leader. Others were more learned, more eloquent, more witty; but he was the cause. He gladly and warmly recognized every service to it. He was always untiring and industrious, and always poor. GARRISON was one of Mr LINCOLN's "plain people," and like LINCOLN he showed that such "plain people" are the truest Americans.

It is a career which may be well pondered by all young Americans. None in our history is more a cordial to the qualities to our national character which most need to be fostered. That calm courage, that invincible independence, which

> "dared to be
> In the right with two in three,"

and would have stood absolutely alone with the same cheerful equanimity—these are what we need most in a country governed by majorities, and where agreement with the majority is the high-road to place and preferment. It was a simple character and a simple career. Fidelity to conviction, an overpowering conscience, an conquerable will, a perfect courage, an equable temper, freedom from "nerves," plain tastes, temperance, frugality, and the happy chance of birth at a time and in a country where the paramount interest was a moral question which at once took possession of his mind and conscience—these are the elements of the extraordinary life which has just closed. The young American may learn from it that independence and moral tenacity are not without rewards, also, besides those of a satisfied conscience. It would have been absurd to suggest to HARRISON GRAY OTIS, the Mayor of Boston, elegant, accomplished, eloquent, that the poor printer whom he despoted in the obscure room, aided by a negro boy, would be an illustrious and historic American; or to EDWARD EVERETT, the Governor of Massachusetts, who thought that *The Liberator* ought to be indicted, that its editor would be remembered with the WASHINGTON whom EVERETT so gratefully celebrated. Massachusetts will not forget her later OTIS and her accomplished EVERETT, but she will remember her GARRISON with the elder OTIS and SAMUEL ADAMS. His position in history is unique, because, although of immense political influence, it is that of a moral reformer, and not of a statesman. Mr. GARRISON was a non-resistant, and he did not vote. It is often said that he would have accomplished nothing upon his own principles, because voting is the only way of making opinion effective. The reply to this is the fact. He did not vote, and would not vote; but the voting turned at last upon his principles, and his views became the policy of the most powerful and patriotic party in American history. Pure, unselfish, heroic, devoted, triumphant, he is one of the most eminent of representative Americans.

"A PUBLIC SCANDAL."

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, has written a letter in which he says that "one of the grievances of which our forefathers complained was that the king had quartered troops on them, and sought by military power to coerce them into submission." He proceeds to intimate that the Republican party wishes to repeat this royal tyranny, saying, "It is little less than a public scandal, after a century of national existence, that any party could venture to ask the people's approval of a species of tyranny that is forbidden in England, and whereves also the parliamentary principle is respected." It seems to us, on the other hand, that it is little less than a public scandal that a Senator of the United States should venture to compare the laws which empower the United States government to enforce its authority, with the tyranny of a king in quartering troops upon a people not represented, to coerce them to his will. The free people of New York, we can inform Senator DAVIS, do not regard the troops stationed upon Governor's Island and at Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth as "quartered upon them." They are national soldiers placed where the people of the United States have lawfully provided that they shall be placed, for the common defense and welfare under the law. It is pitiful demagoguery to appeal indirectly to ignorance by suggesting that the presence of national soldiers any where within the Union, in pursuance of law made by the people themselves, is a tyrannical quartering of troops. Such an assertion from such a man as Senator DAVIS irresistibly suggests that there may have been some other purpose in the remark than the simple statement of the truth.

Senator DAVIS further speaks of this "quartering of troops" under existing laws as intended to "coerce them [the people] into submission." If this means any thing at all, it is that the President, like a tyrannical king, can order the troops that he has quartered upon a defenseless and unrepresented people, to intimidate them from voting, so to compel them to vote as he may dictate, by the bayonets of the soldiers. The fact is that the law provides that if the peace of the United States be broken at any national election, and it be necessary to proceed to military force to restore order, it shall be lawful to do so, even if the disturbance be countenanced by the State authorities themselves. In other words, the law provides that if repeaters in New York, or bulldozers in Louisiana, or red shirts and rifle clubs in South Carolina or elsewhere, attempt to terrify or exclude voters for members of Congress from the ballot-box, the United States authorities, if necessary, may protect and defend them. Is this what Americans call tyranny? Is this to be compared with the conduct of GEORGE the Third in quartering troops upon the colonists, and coercing them into submission? How carefully the law is guarded from abuse was shown by the President in his veto message. Military officers of the United States are expressly forbidden from attempting in any way to say who shall vote, or how, "or in any manner (to) interfere with the freedom of any election in any State." If any national soldier of any kind should attempt to do this, he is to be heavily fined, and imprisoned at hard labor for five years, and disqualified from holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States. How prodigiously like this is, to the tyranny of King GEORGE! And how prodigiously like the most wretched demagoguery to say seriously that a necessary power, so carefully hedged and restricted, is a repetition of the grievances of military oppression of which our fathers justly complained!

"It is little less than a public scandal!" that a public man like Senator DAVIS should denounce the exercise of an essential and wisely guarded lawful authority for protection as monarchical tyranny. And, as will be observed, he is not opposed to troops, but only to national troops. The action which the President vetoed permitted any State to keep the peace with its army at the polls of a United States election, but prohibited the national government from doing the same thing. Are soldiers, in Judge DAVIS's opinion, any less soldiers because they wear a State uniform? Is it any less "tyranny" to keep order with State troops than with those of the United States? Has State authority in our history shown itself more mindful of

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liberty and justice and the principles of the Revolution than the authority of the United States? Is a selfish oligarchy organized as a State government more likely to respect the equal rights of citizens of the United States than the government of the people of the United States? The Democratic attempt, assisted by Senator DAVIS, to represent the people of the United States as tyrants, and the President as a king, and the laws to protect freemen as odiously oppressive, will fail ignominiously.

COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

THE House committee upon a law for counting the electoral vote have agreed upon a scheme. There is really no more important question before Congress, and a wise provision is indispensable. The experience of 1876 shows what serious perils may embarrass us if we drift into another election without a definite method of settling the questions that will probably arise. The election will be close, and the result is likely to depend upon one or two States. To raise a question in Congress upon the vote of such States is very easy, and probably it would be raised. It becomes a very interesting inquiry what the House committee proposes. The effort of the Democratic party to remove national safeguards from the polls—a removal which would promote freedom of cheating and bulldozing—shows how intense is its desire of success. With "the South" made solid by the usual Democratic methods of that section, and New York secured by restoring the old system of 1868, there will be an excellent "show" for Democratic "reform." To make sure, however, a skillful scheme for the electoral count by Congress would be very useful. In the light of these facts let us look at the important provisions of the bill.

There are the usual clauses about the time of election, and the certificates. Controversies as to electoral votes in any State may be passed upon judicially in the State, and the decision is to be sent to the President of the Senate. In the joint meeting of the Houses the votes are to be counted alphabetically as certified, unless rejected by both Houses. When there has been a controversy, and a certified decision, the vote is to be counted accordingly, unless both Houses revise it. If there be a controversy, and no certified decision, the contested votes are not to be counted unless both Houses concur. In case of conflicting judicial certificates, that which is accepted by both Houses is to be conclusive, "unless rejected by both Houses." Objections are to be decided separately by each House, after two hours' debate. The joint meeting is to continue until the count is completed, but there may be recesses until the fifth day, and none afterward. The first thing which strikes the reader is that this plan makes Congress the final judge of the election, and totally reverses the Democratic tradition upon the subject. The Democratic doctrine has always been that the election was a State concern, and that controversies must be settled within the State. In the present plan, however, it is provided merely that a judicial decision may be made in a State, but that, even if it be so made, the certified decision of the State court, although uncontested, may be revised by both Houses. In other words, Congress may overrule the official decision of the State as to what its vote is. This is a Democratic proceeding which seems distantly to resemble "consolidation," or "concentration," or "Federal absorption of the States." It commits the election to Congress, and that there may be no doubt of the transfer of power from the State to Congress, this section concludes as follows: "If there be conflicting judicial decisions or conflicting certificates, the decision as certificates held by both Houses to be given by proper authority shall be conclusive, *unless rejected by both Houses.*" Congress may decide which is the real voice of the State, and having decided, may then reject it. There may be a controversy, for instance, about the electoral vote of New York. The Court of Appeals may decide it, and certify the true and lawful result of the election in the State. There may be no opposition to the certificate. Congress may agree that it is unquestionably the result as certified by the highest court of the State. And having agreed that it is the properly certified vote of New York, Congress may then reject it. This is the complete overthrow of the old Democratic doctrine that the election is a State concern.

It is not a conclusion without reason, but the reason is fatal to Democratic argument and the theory of State sovereignty. Such a provision might be defended upon the ground that the Presidential election is essentially national; that the State certificate may be in proper form, but that the State court may have sanctioned a result produced by fraud or terror; that although formally correct, it is really false, and by deciding the choice of President would do the greatest wrong to the people of the other States; and consequently that it must be set aside by Congress, representing and protecting the equal rights of all the people in all the States. This, however, is no argument which Democrats would hardly accept. Yet upon what other reasonable ground can so absolute an assertion of supreme national authority over the State election be justified? If the election be exclusively a State concern, and the State expressly and without contradiction declares the result, why is not that declaration conclusive? If Congress may set it aside, it is because it is not exclusively a State affair. It will be exceedingly interesting to note the arguments by which this bill will be defended by a party which would forbid the United States to protect their own voters at the polls.

THE OHIO REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE peculiar interest which attended the meeting of the late Convention in Ohio was not due so much to personal as to general considerations. The names of Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. THURMAN had been, indeed, associated with it, as if the Ohio election were a kind of preliminary national contest, in which success or failure would dispose of Presidential candidates. The names of Mr. TAFT and Mr. FOSTER were associated in the same manner, Mr. TAFT being supposed to represent General GRANT's candidacy, and Mr. FOSTER the opposition to it. But whatever significance there may have been in all this, the important consideration was the position to be taken by the Ohio Republicans in their platform, which is the first party declaration since the present political situation arose. Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. GARFIELD declined positively to be candidates. The contest lay between Mr. TAFT and Mr. FOSTER, and upon the first ballot Mr. FOSTER was nominated by a majority of nine. A friend of Mr. TAFT immediately moved to make the nomination unanimous, and the action of the Convention was entirely harmonious.

The platform appeals to the people against the effort of the Democratic party, under Southern control, to establish State sovereignty as against national supremacy, and against the Democratic proposal to refuse appropriations to extort the President's assent to measures plainly intended to promote fraud and corruption at the polls. It praises the financial administration of the government, condemns the opposition to the conciliatory measures of the Administration, protests against the Democratic expulsion of Union soldiers from office, and cordially thanks the President and the Republican members of Congress for their firmness and patriotism in withstanding Democratic designs.

So far as this platform asserts the sound doctrine for which five hundred thousand precious lives and thousands of millions of dollars have been spent, that the government of the United States is operative everywhere and at every instant within the Union, it declares one of the great Republican principles upon which the country will sustain the Republican party. But there are some other great Republican principles which the platform omits to mention. It justly praises the Republican resumption of specie payments, the reduction of the debt, and refunding at lower interest. These are illustrious achievements. But we do not find any declaration of financial policy, or even of opinion upon the pending financial debate. Republicans have nothing to gain by silence or by hedging upon this subject. The elections of last year show the policy of honesty and the success of courage. The Democrats will adopt necessarily a platform winking at inflation and repudiation and all the wild-cat financial schemes for which they have made themselves responsible in Congress. Avoidance under such circumstances is not sound Republican policy, nor characteristic of the Republican spirit. There is one fact reported in connection with the Convention which is refreshing. Judge TAFT, it is said, made no personal effort to obtain the nomination. That is a fact most honorable to him. It may show him to be a very old-fashioned American, but it is still true that nothing is more undignified and disagreeable than the personal solicitation of candidates for high office. Nothing has lost Mr. TILDEN the countenance of honorable voters more than the zeal and activity with which he has sought the Presidency. It is a place neither to be sought nor declined, said Mr. LOWNDES, in the early days, and that is true of every great place. It is from personal solicitation of candidates that every kind of bargaining proceeds. That high office should seek the man, and not the man the office, is a maxim which may have been forgotten, but which is among the soundest of maxims in a republic.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM H. SMITH, First Lord of the Admiralty, proprietor of the news stands on nearly all the railways of Great Britain, and more recently brought into universal notice in a good-natured way as Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in *Pinafore*, is coming out as a wag, and dealt a very neat hit at Mr. J. NORMAN LOCKYER, the English scientist, and editor of *Nature*. Mr. LOCKYER had made some assertion of a somewhat lofty sort, which induced the Lord of the Admiralty to remark: "The only trouble with LOCKYER is that he doesn't comprehend the difference between the 'author' and the 'editor' of *Nature*."

—General NOYES, American minister at Paris, recently gave a dinner to a number of American celebrities, which was lightened up by the presence and genial chat of "Mark Twain." In the course of the dinner he expressed his want of admiration for the general run of Frenchmen, and thought that, so far as looks were concerned, "most of them would be improved by mutilation." The elegant "Twain" is now at work on another book of travels. Baron TAUCHNITZ has arranged to print a German edition of *The Innocents Abroad*, and sent M. T. a handsome check for the honor.

—Senator THURMAN, whose manner is generally grave and stern, often descends from the lofty senatorial perch, and is as pleasant and witty as possible. Riding recently in a Washington horse-car which was nearly full, a little colored boy, all patches, but very clean, peeped in. He hesitated whether to enter the car or to ride outside. The Senator saw his timidity, moved along for him, and said, benignantly, "Come here, sonny, and sit down." As was once remarked, "Such is the vivacity of the American character."

—Count BEUST, who has just gone to Paris as Austrian minister, is said to be the wittiest ambassador in Europe. He is said to have that happy faculty, which the late Lord PALMERSTON possessed, of parrying any direct inquiry in a way which means, "Don't ask too much." Count BEUST is also a poet and musical composer of more than average merit, and the piano in his working-room shows in which direction his cultured hobby lies. During his mission to England his first waltz was played at Buckingham Palace. He did not know of the fact till he saw it next day in the paper. On being asked how he liked his new situation as composer, he replied that though he had formerly made a public appearance between BISMARCK and GORTCHAKOFF, he had never thought of being placed between STRAUSS and WALDTEUFEL. He is on very pleasant terms with ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

—The editor of the Boston *Transcript* says: "More than twenty-five years ago a little boy, not yet in his teens, took his first lesson in 'the art and mystery' of printing, from a gentleman in middle life, who explained how the 'case' was arranged and why, and practically exemplified the process of 'setting up' type. 'This, my boy,' he said, in a serious tone, yet with a kind smile, as he placed his hand on the lever of an old-fashioned Franklin hand press, 'is the most powerful weapon known. In the hands of bad men it is dangerous; in the hands of good men it can work miracles. We hope to abolish slavery with it.' That boy was the writer; that man was WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON was seventy-seven years old on Sunday, May 25. On the previous Friday afternoon he gave a very interesting lecture on "Memory," in Boston, for the benefit of the Old South Church. He begged that no report should be made of it. The *Herald*, of that city, says: "Mr. EMERSON is now unequal to the effort to speak to a large audience. His form is still erect; his piercing eye is as keen as ever; his smile has lost none of its ineffable sweetness; but still it is evident that old age is coming upon him rapidly. He read his lecture at a small desk, in a sitting posture, his faithful daughter guiding and prompting him whenever he lost his place, with his audience of some two hundred persons so thoroughly touched with emotion by his infirmities that they did not mind what they lost, provided only they could look into his serene face and watch its varying expression."

—The Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, New York, has been placed on an ample and enduring financial basis through the liberality of five gentlemen of New York: J. B. HOYT, J. B. TREVOR, CHARLES PRATT, and the brothers ROCKAFELLER. The amount of their gift is $142,000. The ROCKAFELLER brothers' donation is for a library and library building. Mr. HOYT founds and endows the chair of Hebrew Language and Literature.

—The wealthiest man in the present Congress is Mr. NEWBERRY, of Michigan, whose father, OLIVER NEWBERRY, was one of the pioneer shipmasters and steamboat men of the great Western lakes. Mr. NEWBERRY's income last year was $250,000.

—Mr. CHARLES GIBBON, the British novelist, is very much shaken by the hand lately. A wealthy retired physician in Edinburgh was so charmed with Mr. G.'s novel of *Robin Gray* that he sought the writer's acquaintance. He was as delighted with the man as with the book. A short time ago he died and left Mr. GIBBON a handsome legacy, with the reversion of the rest of his property at the death of his wife, an old lady. Mr. GIBBON is one of the favorite authors of the Queen, who admires, particularly, Scottish writers and Scottish books.

—It is stated that M. JULES FERRY, the Minister of Public Instruction, has guaranteed $8000 by way of an advance for the publication of M. THIERS's posthumous works, which are being prepared under the supervision of Madame THIERS and M. CALMON.

—The oldest living member of y^e Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston is JOSIAH QUINCY, who joined the corps in 1823, and was its commander in 1830.

—The Hon. AUGUSTUS CHARLES HOBART, son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, but better known as Admiral HOBART PASHA in the Turkish navy, whiles away an idle hour now and then in boasting of his success in running the blockade on the American coast during the civil war. He garnered many sequins in running arms and ammunition into, and cotton out of, Southern ports during that interesting contest. Unlike Captain Corcoran, of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, he yielded to temptations and became a Turkish tar, instead of remaining an Eng-lish-man.

—LEO XIII. is becoming noted in Rome for the unostentatious way of his life. A letter from Rome says he "is the most simple in taste of all the Popes known to history. His bedroom is paved with common stones, and is never warmed. His reception-rooms are fitted up with luxuries, but his private apartments are as cheerless as a hermit's cell."

—The tawny Mr. MAYNARD, United States minister to Turkey, wears his shining black hair long. When he was presented to the Sultan, that potentate turned to Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, who stood beside him, and inquired: "Is this gentleman an American dervish?"

—Mr. TENNYSON is said to have received $1750 for his poem "The Defense of Lucknow," published in the April number of *The Nineteenth Century*.

—A Paris paper, apropos of their silver wedding, gives an interesting account of the first meeting between the Emperor of Austria and his wife. Some twenty-five years ago the young Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH visited Carlsbad for no special reason, but simply to amuse himself. There he met his three beautiful Bavarian cousins—the Princess de Thurn et Taxis, the Princess ELIZABETH, and the Princess MARIA SOPHIA. Very lovely in the evening, in the animation of the waltz, the Princess ELIZABETH was even more fascinating, in her black cloth habit and riding-hat with its green veil, as she galloped on her English horse with the elegance and daring of a huntress of ancient times. It is related that one day her magnificent hair, which it was difficult to keep confined, fell down over her shoulders, and covered her like a royal mantle. Her confusion was indescribable, while the Emperor glanced from the escaped tresses to the blushing cheeks of his cousin. She hastened home. After luncheon she found on the table an immense album. FRANCIS JOSEPH placed it before her, and pointed out some views of Austria, of the Tyrol, and of Hungary. "What beautiful scenery? What a lovely country!" she exclaimed repeatedly, in her admiration. The Emperor whispered: "Would you like to make them your own? Are you willing to reign there?" And as she trembled and did not reply, he held out to her a bunch of edelweiss—the flower of betrothal. She took it, and put it next her heart. A few weeks later she became Empress of Austria.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate, on the 22d ult., by a vote of 48 to 12, passed the Yellow Fever Bill. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Legislative Bill, and it was sent to the President.—On the 24th, the House passed the Warner Silver Bill, by a vote of 114 to 97.—On the 27th, the House passed the Yellow Fever Bill as it came from the Senate. The Ways and Means Committee of the House resolved to recommend June 16 for the adjournment of Congress.—On the 28th, the Senate passed the Subsidiary Silver Bill.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met at Cincinnati on the 28th ult., and made the following nominations: For Governor, Charles Foster, of Seneca; Lieutenant-Governor, Andrew Hickenlooper, of Hamilton; Judge, W. W. Johnson, of Lawrence; Attorney-General, George K. Nash, of Franklin; Auditor, John F. Oglevee, of Clark; Treasurer, A. K. Turney, of Cuyahoga; Commissioner of Public Works, James Fullington.—The Iowa Greenbackers met at Des Moines on the 28th ult., and nominated a straight ticket, with Daniel Campbell for Governor, and M. H. Moore for Lieutenant-Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is officially announced that the treaty of peace with the Ameer of Afghanistan was signed on the 26th ult. The principal points have already been published. In addition to these the treaty provides that henceforth there shall be peace and friendship between the contracting parties; that British sympathizers in Afghanistan shall be amnestied; the Ameer shall be supported against foreign aggression; that the British Resident at Cabool shall be provided with a proper escort; that he shall have power to depute British agents to the Afghan frontier on special occasions; and that the Ameer shall be permitted to send agents to India. A telegraph line to Cabool will be established. Commercial affairs will form the subject of a separate convention to be concluded for one year. The Ameer is to receive a subsidy of £60,000 annually.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Ava*, of Glasgow, was sunk recently by another vessel, and sixty-six of her crew and four passengers were drowned.

Of the fourteen Nihilists who were court-martialed recently, two, including Herr Brantner, a Prussian subject, have been sentenced to various terms of penal servitude. Three women were sentenced to fifteen years each. It is reported several women will soon be executed. One hundred and eighty-six houses in a village in the government of Ufa have been burned. The suspected incendiaries have been arrested.

General Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed supreme military and civil commander of Natal, the Transvaal, and certain other districts that adjoin and are included in the seat of war, it having been deemed wise in the present emergency to divide the Cape of Good Hope governments into four districts. Sir Stafford Northcote announced these changes in the House of Commons. Sir Bartle Frere remains as Governor of Cape Colony. Lord Beaconsfield made the announcement in the House of Lords. He said that General Wolseley's rank gave him supreme command over Lord Chelmsford, but that the country would not be immediately deprived of Lord Chelmsford's services.

The French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 272 to 171, has refused "urgency" for the motion demanding the temporary release of Blanqui, and the interpellation has been withdrawn. In the debate Minister Le Royer said the government would move the annulment of M. Blanqui's election. They were not prepared to accept the pressure of intimidation with regard to the use of the prerogative of mercy.—General Gresley, Minister of War, and Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine, have been elected Life Senators.—President Grévy has signed a decree pardoning another batch of 400 Communists.

The Governor of Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia, has received intelligence from Professor Nordenskjold, of the arctic expedition, to May 3. The professor announces that he intended to start in the *Vega* for Europe by way of Behring Strait and the Suez Canal. A telegraphic dispatch from Irkutsk reports that the *Vega* has since arrived in Behring Strait.

The Committee on Technique of the International Canal Congress, meeting in Paris, on the 26th ult., adopted the Wyse Panama tide-water level canal project, which, it is estimated, will cost about $200,000,000.

Governor Aleko Pasha formally entered the city of Philippopolis on the 27th ult. He wore the Bulgarian head-gear, and was enthusiastically received.

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THE BLACKVILLE MEDICAL MAN.
"Yes, dis is a clear case of Diffomania."

THE BLACKVILLE SCHOOL-MASTER.
"Yer bin to dis Cademy eighteen months, an' dunno how to spell 'pork!' Yer nebriate, ye!"

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WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE death of this noble pioneer in the anti-slavery cause in America has removed from the scene of his long and honorable labors one of the most distinguished men of our country. Having dedicated his life, in the flush of early manhood, to the service of the oppressed, he persevered in his chosen career, in spite of persecution and fierce obloquy, until he saw the chains broken and the enslaved set free. Nothing could make him waver in duty. He was intolerant of wrong in every form, and the very thought of compromise with evil was abhorrent to his soul. Men of easier conscience, who could daily with wrong, and who disapproved of stirring up strife, regarded him as a political and moral fanatic. He was accused of seeing only one side of the slavery question; but, like CHARLES SUMNER, he held that in this matter "there was no other side." Many men who hated slavery quite as strongly as did Mr. GARRISON believed that the evil might be gradually removed, with more benefit to the blacks than immediate emancipation would secure; but his ardent temperament would brook no delay. He would break the chains at once, and the monstrous wrong, and leave the consequences in the hands of God. No doubt his persistent attitude, his constant, earnest appeals, his vehement denunciations, did a great work in rousing the conscience of the North, and in preparing the way for the great uprising of the people that at length removed the stain of slavery from our land. For his share in this great and glorious work his name will be honored in all succeeding ages.

Mr. GARRISON was a native of Massachusetts. He was born in the pleasant city of Newburyport, on the 12th of December, 1804. At the age of ten he was placed with a Quaker in Lynn, to learn the mystery of shoe-making, but soon returned to Newburyport, where he went to school, and helped to support himself. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, but he did not like the business, and was soon after indentured to an editor in Newburyport, and so, to his great satisfaction, became a printer. When he was sixteen or seventeen he began to write upon subjects of public interest, sending his articles anonymously to his employer, and receiving from him thanks and requests to continue. He wrote, also, notable articles for other papers. In 1826, when his apprenticeship ended, he began a paper of his own, which failed. In the two following years he was an editor in Boston, and in Bennington, Vermont. In the latter town he aroused public opinion upon the subject of slavery, and in Boston he became acquainted with BENJAMIN LUNDY, the editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore.

On the Fourth of July, 1829, Mr GARRISON delivered an oration in Park Street Church, in Boston, in which he vigorously denounced slavery. In the autumn he went to Baltimore with Mr LUNDY, and, as joint editor of the *Emancipator*, he demanded immediate emancipation as the duty of the master and the right of the slave. Presently a Newburyport ship took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana. Mr GARRISON instantly denounced it as "domestic piracy," and declared that he would "gibbet which infamy" all who were engaged in the transaction. Baltimore, a chief seat of the domestic slave-trade, hummed about his ears. He was convicted of "a gross and malicious libel" upon the captain of the ship, and FRANCIS TODD, the owner, and was imprisoned for forty-nine days, until the fine and costs were paid by ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New York. HENRY CLAY had been appealed to on his behalf, and was about to pay the fine, and DANIEL WEBSTER spoke kindly and hopefully to the young man on his release from imprisonment.

Mr GARRISON was now convinced that slavery must be attacked from the North, as the South was intolerant of free discussion. He immediately issued proposals for an antislavery paper, and delivered lectures in various cities in order to obtain the money. On the 1st of January, 1831, he issued in Boston the first number of *The Liberator*. Its motto was: "My Country is the World, my Countrymen are all Mankind." Its first words were earnest, brave, defiant, reminding an of LUTHER's at the Diet of Worms: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retract a single inch; and I will be heard." He kept his word. In the fierce contest, which ended in the overthrow of slavery, Mr GARRISON always fought in the advance. He gathered about him a small party of similar convictions and resolution. They made war, and were warred upon. They were almost universally denounced as fanatics, mischief-makers, and traitors. They were hated, ridiculed, reviled, and mobbed. A price was set upon Mr. GARRISON's head. Yet he waged only a moral warfare. He was an earnest and consistent advocate of non-resistance. His way of fighting slavery was not that of JOHN BROWN. He believed in "Captain Pen," not in "Captain Sword." His moral convictions carried him so far that he would not vote, because voting would be a recognition of the Constitution, which he held to be a bond of slavery. He claimed for women an equal liberty of choice and action with men, and refused to sit in the "World's Antislavery Convention" in England, in 1840, because women were excluded as delegates. In the same year the American Antislavery Society divided upon the question of the participation of women, and the part that favored it became, under the name of Garrisonian Abolitionists, the chief and aggressive wing. In 1843 Mr GARRISON was chosen president of the American Antislavery Society, and held the office until the war ended and slavery was abolished.

After the close of the war Mr GARRISON was not very active in public affairs. His life-work was ended. In general he sympathized with the Republicans as the party of progress. Almost his last appearance before the public was as the author of an indignant and eloquent protest against the policy of the anti-Chinese bill, for to the end he was true to the words of his motto, and regarded all mankind as his countrymen.

Mr. GARRISON was very happy and fortunate in domestic life. In 1834 he married HELEN EMILY BENSON, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, a lady about six years his junior. "She was a remarkable woman in many regards," says a writer in the New York *Times*—"beautiful in person, attractive in manners, well fitted to make small means go far in household administration, a kind hostess, and a most ardent abolitionist." A single incident will show her indomitable spirit and her perfect accord with her husband in his great undertaking. During the second year of their marriage, Mr. GARRISON, who had gone to address a meeting of the Women's Antislavery Society in Boston, was set upon by a mob, dragged from his office, stripped nearly naked, and finally rescued from violence and probable death by imprisonment in the City Jail. "When the tidings were brought to her," wrote Mr GARRISON, many years later, "of what had befallen me, she indicated her unshaken faith in my steadfastness by saying, 'I do not believe my husband will be untrue to his principles.'" And he adds: "On an occasion, however perilous, during the whole antislavery conflict, did she even counsel a less personal exposure or a more moderate course of action on my part. On the contrary, it was her desire that I should at all times be firm, courageous, and true as my highest convictions; and I all the more blest her memory for a co-operation that was so essential to my domestic tranquillity and public service." This estimable woman died in 1876. WENDELL PHILLIPS, who had been estranged from Mr GARRISON on account of differences in regard to continuing the Antislavery Society, sought out his old friend in his bereavement, and on the occasion of the funeral delivered a brief address, in which he said of her: "You can hardly appreciate the large help she gave the antislavery movement. That home was a great help. Her husband's word and pen scattered his purpose far and wide; but the comrades that his ideas brought to his side, her welcome melted into friends."

The writer in the *Times* from whom we have just quoted gives the following clear and impartial account of the quarrel between the two great antislavery champions: "It was during the period of reconstruction that a serious and painful breach occurred between him and his life-long friend and associate Mr WENDELL PHILLIPS, arising from the latter's inability to see with Mr. GARRISON the duty of upholding the party which had done so much, and which alone could do what remained to be done, for the cause of the oppressed. This breach took form in connection with two matters. One was the continuance of the Antislavery Society. Mr GARRISON, with his sovereign common-sense, wished that the society should be disbanded and its agencies suspended. He argued that it had on logical *raison d'être* after slavery had in law and in fact been abolished. Mr. PHILLIPS held that, though slavery was abolished in law, it was not so in fact, and that the society should be continued, if for no other purpose, to furnish adequate opportunity for public and systematic criticism of the Republican leaders, who, in his sight, were as deserving of condemnation as the doughfaces of 1850. The dispute was bitter, and ended by Mr GARRISON withdrawing, with his immediate friends, from the society, and Mr PHILLIPS taking his place as president. The second matter was more purely personal. Mr PHILLIPS was a trustee, in connection with Mr GARRISON, of a bequest made by Mr JACKSON, a prominent Boston abolitionist, as aid fugitive slaves and promote the abolition of slavery. Mr. GARRISON wished to submit the interpretation of the trust to the courts. Mr PHILLIPS resisted, and lawsuits resulted, which became noted as fixing the principles on which trusts could be administered, the immediate purpose of which had become impracticable. Mr. PHILLIPS argued his own cause in part, and finally refused to obey the orders of the court until compelled to do so. Lawsuits are not soothing to the feelings of any one but lawyers, and the difference between the two friends was rendered most acrimonious. For several years they who had stood shoulder to shoulder almost alone against the hostile multitude were not only estranged, but found themselves visiting each upon the other those unsparing criticisms which both had so long visited upon the common enemy." This painful breach of friendship was not healed, as already stated, until after the death of Mrs. GARRISON, when Mr PHILLIPS sought out his old friend in his affliction and made overtures of reconciliation.

The moral lessons to be drawn from Mr. GARRISON's life have been admirably set forth by JOHN STUART MILL, who wrote as follows, about twelve years ago:

> "Instead of idly speculating upon things which have been far better said than I could say them, I would rather endeavor to recall one or two lessons applicable to ourselves which may be drawn from Mr GARRISON's career. A noble work nobly done always contains in itself not one but many lessons, and in his case two may be singled out specially deserving to be laid to heart by all who would wish to leave the world better than they found it.
>
> "The first lesson is Aim at something great; aim at things which are difficult—and there is no great thing which is not difficult. Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. Fear not the reproach of Quixotism or fanaticism, but after you have well weighed what you undertake, if you see your way clearly, and are convinced that you are right, go forward, even though you, like Mr GARRISON, do it at the risk of being torn to pieces by the very men through whose salvation your purpose will one day be accomplished. Fight on with all your strength, against whatever odds, and with however small a band of supporters. If you are right, the time will come when that small band will swell into a multitude. You will at least lay the foundation of something memorable, and you may, like him—though you might not be so well or expect so great a reward—be spared to see that work completed which when you began it you only hoped it might be given to you to help forward a few stages on its way.
>
> "The other lesson is, if you aim at something noble, and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded in not that alone. A hundred other good and noble things which you never dreamed of will have been accomplished by the way, and the more certainly the sharper and more agonizing has been the struggle which preceded the victory. The heart and mind of a nation never are stirred from their foundations without manifold good results. In the case of the great American contest these fruits are already great, and are daily becoming greater. The

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

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prejudices which beset every form of society—and of which there was a plentiful crop in America—are rapidly melting away. The claims of prescription have been broken. It is not only the slave who has been freed, the mind of America has been emancipated. The whole intellect of the country has been set thinking about the fundamental questions of society and government, and the new problems which have to be solved and the new difficulties which have to be encountered are calling forth new activity of thought. A great nation is saved, probably for a long time to come, from the most formidable danger of a completely settled state of society and opinion—intellectual and moral stagnation.

"This, then, is an additional item of the debt which America and mankind owe to Mr Garrison and his noble associates, and it is well calculated to deepen our sense of the truth which his whole career most strikingly illustrates—that though our best directed efforts may often seem wasted and lost, nothing coming of them that can be pointed to and distinctly identified as a definite gain to humanity—though this may happen ninety-nine times in every hundred, the hundredth time the result may be so great and dazzling that we had never dared to hope for it, and should have regarded him who had predicted it to us as sanguine beyond the bounds of mental sanity. So it has been with Mr. Garrison."

Mr. Garrison died on the 24th of May, at the Westmoreland Hotel, in this city, after a severe illness of several weeks. He had come to New York in search of medical treatment suited to the disease from which he was suffering; but from the first his physician had but little hope of his recovery. His mind remained clear until the night previous to his death, when he fell into a condition of unconsciousness, from which he did not awake to this life. His remains were removed to Boston for interment, and the funeral services were held there.

A WOMAN'S HOTEL.

Although the magnificent failure in the shape of a Woman's Hotel, inaugurated in the spring of last year by Judge Hilton, has left the impression upon the public mind that women do not care for these institutions, and decline to live in them, the facts still remain that they are sorely needed in all great cities, that they can be made successful, and that the class they are designed to benefit is fully ready to avail itself of the advantages offered by such establishments when they are conducted in a rational manner, and not rendered uncomfortable by useless and humiliating restrictions.

There exists at present in the city of London, in successful operation, a Woman's Hotel, projected by and under the direction of a lady, who, knowing through a true feminine instinct that women, unless bred to exceptionally large incomes, are best pleased with modest and quiet surroundings, has organized her establishment upon this simple and reasonable plan. She gives it no name; she puts no sign, no posting, no blazonry, to distinguish the house from any other in the neighborhood. The address is simply No. 79 Wigmore Street, and in speaking of it no other phrase is used. The lady means the inmates to rap at the house, unobtrusively, privately, as any other house alongside would be rapped at; she has arranged that these inmates shall number about a score—twenty-two being the absolute full number—and there her No. 79 Wigmore Street stands. It is at the corner of a street; it was formerly, and only a short time since, a shop. This gives a long extra outlook at the wide side of it, added on to the frontage, that lets a capital flood of light into the ground floor, furnished as the large and general sitting-room, that shows up its oak paint and bright crimson cloth admirably, that affords the freest and most cheerful outside view, bringing animation, bringing incidents from it at every moment, and their sympathy. And this, small matter as it may sound, is excellent; because that No. 79 Wigmore Street should be a home was the lady's resolve at the very first outset and beginning. She did not want court-yards, approaches, vestibules, that block out chat and comment, and the kindliness that comes from them. She did not want exclusion, distance, withdrawal, cutting young women off from little outside ties that hold them, that they cling to, that give them thought and happiness. She did not want, above all, the awe that is in expanse and spaciousness, in vastness, and altitude, and echo. It was within her knowledge that simple working-women are not at home under the heavy influence of all this.

In the cosy little domicile in Wigmore Street women are lodged at a cost of five shillings a week, English money—that is, about $1 25. This gives them a comfortable little compartment in a dormitory holding four, each compartment being entirely distinct from any other, except where the partitions cease at a certain height, in order to secure ventilation. In these the furniture is simple, but includes every thing that is essential to comfortable living. In regard to water, there is a plentiful supply, both hot and cold, near the door of each dormitory, that may be used at discretion. There is also the common sitting-room on the ground-floor, with a bright outlook, where the inmates may assemble in the evening and receive their friends. The duties that are required of them are very simple. Each must take charge of her own compartment, making her own bed, and doing as much dusting as is necessary to preserve neatness. Other arrangements are possible, however, if a girl be so situated that she can not spare even this amount of time, and if she can afford to pay a little extra for her lodging, or if two sisters or two friends can manage to lodge together. There are single rooms to be hired; there is one at six shillings a week, one at seven shillings and sixpence, one at ten shillings, each provided with two beds; and from the inmates of these the work expected is reduced to a minimum. Furnished lodgings, in the ordinary meaning, these rooms more nearly approach; for though the use of the general sitting-room is included in the bargain—and it must be used for meals, except in illness—the girls can make their private rooms their parlors if they please; sitting in them for study, if they are teachers; for work, if they get their living by their needle.

The arrangements for meals in Wigmore Street are such as to accommodate all classes of female workers. They can take as many or as few meals in the house as they desire. As at an ordinary hotel, there is perfect liberty to order much or to order little, precisely as is desired. There is a fixed price, too, for all the food; for instance: a penny for a half-pint cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa; a penny for two slices of bread and butter. This is a good contrivance, by which the hearty girl who can relish her two cups of coffee and four slices of bread and butter for breakfast is the only person who pays for her heartiness, and the more delicate girl who finds half this quantity sufficient counts up some little surplus in her purse at the week's end, in consolation for her delicacy. There is also connected with the house, and served from the same kitchen, a quiet dining-room open to any of the women of the neighborhood, to those, for instance, who can sleep at home, but who live at such a distance that they can not return there until night. These may partake of wholesome food—of breakfasts if wanted, of dinners, or any meal—with company, and at prices the same as those charged to the inmates of the house.

Let us compare this house in Wigmore Street, with its simple comfort and sympathetic consideration for the tastes and needs of its inmates, with the splendid mockery on Fourth Avenue. Here the "guests" of the hotel, as they were termed, were forbidden to have sewing-machines in any part of it; in Wigmore Street they may and do have them, and use them according to inclination. Here they were forbidden to take women friends into their private rooms; in Wigmore Street they may take them and invite them to meals as they have a mind. Here there could be no musical instruments in private rooms, and no admittance into the hotel at night after the closing hour of eleven. In Wigmore Street neither of these prohibitions exists, for the piano or the harmonium may go in with the inmate, and the inmate may remain out after closing-time, which is ten o'clock, provided only that she has previously given notice that such is her intention. One rule of the Fourth Avenue building is in full force in Wigmore Street. It is right that it should be. No supervision or selection would be strong enough—and no girl is received as an inmate unless she brings two recommendations—to keep out danger, or, at least, scandal, if there were a free intermingling of men in a home for women. The brothers of some would not be the brothers of the others, it must be recollected; and even, if the most honest and honorable courtship were begun, honest and honorable English girls are not in the habit of receiving their lovers at their lodgings, and it would lead to other conditions not consistent with the equable tone of propriety that is necessary. So, also, is the objection to pets and pictures enforced in Wigmore Street, and with equal reason. In a house receiving twenty-two women, as this does, it is manifest there might be twenty-two birds or animals. If there were, sanitary conditions would not be fulfilled, and with this or any number there could not be kindness to the birds and animals themselves, since women out at work all day must leave their pets more or less neglected (as earning women, lower in the scale, have unhappily to leave their babies); and in the case of pictures hung up, it is equally manifest that there would be unsightly patches all over the carefully papered and painted walls when pictures, on their possessor departing, had to be taken down.

The need of hotels or homes for working-women is clear to all who have ever made the calculations necessary for a comparison between the ordinary rates of wages paid to female laborers and the cost of living ever so simply in our great cities. Institutions like this in Wigmore Street would be the greatest benevolence to a large class of industrious, simple-minded women. They are perfectly practicable, and would be warmly patronized by those they are designed to benefit. It is to be hoped that the collapse of the New York experiment will not deter reasonable and humane persons, of whom there must be many in this city, from attempting the realization of some such admirable scheme as that of the lady philanthropist of London.

CATCHING AN OCTOPUS.

I have taken an octopus (says a recent writer) in my trammel-net—a real live one, not the half-tamed creature which one sees in the aquariums—and I am still suffering from the results of my fight with it. It measured about three and a half feet over all, and may have weighed six pounds. My people put it in a small pell (pool of sea-water left by the tide), and thence I took it. It held on to the bottom with five or six of its arms when I took it behind the head, and gave me about a twelve-pound pull to detach it. Its remaining arms were around my right hand and arm, with all their suckers at work. In the end it came out on to the rocks with a "squash," and then I took it again and put it into our bathing pool, in which it swam about with a most graceful action, until it found a large stone, under which it insisted on hiding itself, although we tried repeatedly to head it off with sticks. It went in under the stone, head and arms foremost, and then turned round and made itself a bed by pushing out the stones (some which it lifted out were quite of three pounds weight). The last thing which it handed out, attached to some of its suckers, was a small bit of lobster shell, which apparently incommoded it, and then it went to rest, with just two or three suckers showing out under the stone.

I watched it through the coming tide, and it made no sign beyond taking in the suckers, and leaving only the backs of one or two of its arms exposed. When I went to look for it again on the falling of the tide, I found that it had made its escape into the sea. When it went under the stone it caused a Ballan wrasse (which I had in the pool) to bolt. The fish "lay to" about four feet from the octopus, and watched it, and was so preoccupied in doing this that it entirely disregarded a friend and myself who were close by observing it. It also caused a fresh-water eel, which lives under the stone in the pool, to make a rapid escape.

But now comes the worst part of my story. Altogether the suckers of the octopus were in contact with my hand and fore-arm for perhaps five minutes—certainly not more. About an hour afterward I felt a numbness in my hand. It continued and increased throughout the day. The next morning my hand was almost useless. I could not use it to brush my hair, or to button my left sleeve link, and I could not raise a tea-cup with it. Now it is so far recovered that I can write; but it still feels as if I had lain upon it and deadened it. It is not swollen, nor has it any external sign of injury whatever. My impression is that there must be some power in the suckers of the octopus analogous to that which enables beasts of prey to shake the sense out of their victims as soon as they catch them. And having experience, I am now prepared to believe any amount of travellers' tales as to the power of large cuttle-fish in tropical seas.

My octopus had no back-bone, and I believe no sepia bag. Its base ingratitude, in deserting the pool as soon as it possibly could, prevented me, of course, from ascertaining this fact by the process of dissection; but I guess at the fact—being well aware that the authorities are against me—because, all through my rough handling of it, it ejected water constantly, but never sepia; and because the fishermen here, who frequently catch octopus (which they call "puddlunker"), assure me that it never "squirts ink." Its color all through the time I watched it was as like as possible to the color of the back of a woodcock. In the water or out of it, I saw no material change beyond that which occurs to every marine creature taken out of the water. The action of its pectoral valves was very apparent, and it worked those on each side alternately, apparently at its convenience; but one side always did the inspiration, and the other side the expiration. The work of breathing was at all times an apparently laborious process, the action of the body being much like that of a broken-winded horse; but this action, when the creature was in the water, was neither increased nor decreased, and formed its propulsive power, tail foremost. I have taken a strong personal dislike to the octopus; and the next specimen I catch will be relentlessly slaughtered (but how I don't quite know) before I allow it to attempt to play any of its pranks with me.

OLD ENGLISH TRAVELLERS IN RUSSIA.

It is about the middle of the sixteenth century that we hear of the great Muscovite Company, and of the doings of their captains and mariners. We may combine some of the more scattered notices before we proceed to the regular narratives. One worthy captain goes as far north as Lappia. "There came aboard us certain Lappians in a boat to the number of sixteen persons, and among them there were two wenches, and some of them could speak the Russe tongue. They told me they had been to seek meate among the rocks, saying, 'If we get no meate we eat none.' I saw them eat rock weeds as eagerly as a cow doeth grass when she is hungry. I saw them eat fowls' eggs raw, and the young birds also that were in the eggs." We think it best to modernize the spelling, although the Vandyck looks best in its ancient frame. Then one Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, sent as an embassy to the Czar himself, gives an account of his reception and entertainment by that potentate. "The emperor sent me divers bowls of wine and mead, and many dishes from his own hand, which were brought me by a duke, and my table served all in gold and silver. When dinner was ended, the emperor called me by name, and gave me drink with his own hand, and so I departed to my lodging. The emperor never putteth morsel of meat in his mouth but he first blesseth it himself, and in like manner as often as he drinketh, for after his manner he is very religious."

Some of his accounts of the old customs of the Russians are very amusing, and are corroborated by other travellers. Their curious religious customs have never greatly varied. At the present day nearly every Russian family has its Ikon, which is a picture with something of an image interwoven with it. For instance, there is the picture of a saint in a household often enough at the present day with a metallic aureole affixed to it. Our old traveller asserts that the common Russians took their images for gods. Even then their priests were married; but when the wife died the priest was not permitted to marry again. The account of their baptisms is very quaint. There is a table put into the middle of the church, "and on it an earthen pot, full of warm water, about the which the godfathers and godmothers settle themselves; then the clerk giveth unto every one of them a small wax candle burning; then cometh the priest, and beginneth to say certain words, which the godfathers and godmothers must answer word for word, among the which is that the child shall forsake the devil, and as that word is pronounced they must all spit at the word as often as it is repeated."

Their marriage customs are highly curious. "When there is love between the parties, the man sendeth unto the woman a small chest, wherein is a whip, needles, thread, silk, linen cloths, thereby giving her to understand that if she does offend, she must be beaten by the whip; by the needles, thread, cloth, that she should apply herself diligently to sew," etc. After the wedding "they begin to drink, and first the woman drinketh to the man, and when he hath drunk, he letteth the cup fall to the ground, hastening immediately to tread upon it, and so doth she; and whether of them tread first upon it must have the victory, and must be master at all times after." He reports that the women sew well and embroider excellently. The husband is bound to find his wife in cosmetics, of which the wives make inordinate use "without any shame. I can not so well liken them as to a miller's wife, for they look as though they were beaten about the face with a bag of meal; but their eyebrows they color as black as jet." "The Russians do not have the credit of treating their wives in the best way. They consider that it is within their rights to administer personal castigation, and if the castigation is not administered, the wives consider that they have lost their hold upon the affections of the husband. For some days after the marriage the bride must not be heard to speak, save certain few words at the table, in a set form, with great manners and reverence to the bridegroom." If she behave herself otherwise, it is a great prejudice to her credit and life ever afterward, and will be highly disliked of the bridegroom himself, who will probably administer personal correction.

In the days of Ivan the Terrible, whose frightful atrocities suggest the charitable idea that he must have been mad, and of Queen Elizabeth, there was a great tendency to draw close bonds between England and Russia. England wanted the monopoly of the Russian trade, and Russia wanted the alliance of a great maritime power. One Horsey was a clerk in the service of the Russian Company, in Russia, and Ivan employed him as an agent to proceed to England. He wanted to marry an English lady, and he even aspired to the great Elizabeth herself. It was resolved that the Lady Mary Hastings, the queen's own niece, might probably prove a suitable match for the Czar. It was quite true that the Czar labored under the trifling disadvantage of being married already, but he hastened to explain that his wife was not of royal birth, and he was entirely prepared to repudiate her. Lady Mary got the nickname among her friends of Empress of Muscovia. On the whole, however, she was not satisfied with "the tricks and manners" of her imperial admirer. She persuaded Queen Elizabeth to allow her to decline the dangerous honor. Ivan got into a terrible passion because Queen Elizabeth did not meet his wishes. He entirely lost any good manners which he might have been supposed to possess, and told the ambassador "that he did not reckon the Queen of England to be his fellow, for there are that are her betters." The ambassador manfully answered that the queen, his mistress, was as great a prince as ever was in Christendom, equal to him that thought himself the greatest, well able to defend herself against his malice whosoever."

Besides the narrative of Horsey we have a narrative by one Giles Fletcher. He bears a name illustrious in English literature, being the father of Phineas Fletcher, the author of *The Purple Island*; and his brother, Bishop of London, was the father of John Fletcher, the illustrious dramatist. He acted as ambassador between the times of Horsey's employments, and in several ways they are found together. He published a narrative, or book, about Russia, which the Russian Company caused to be suppressed on account of its plain-speaking. It is this book which the Hakluyt Society has resuscitated. Fletcher thought himself well out of a lion's den when he got back to London; "for the poets can not fancy Ulysses more glad to be come out of the den of Polyphemus than he was to be rid out of the power of such a barbarous prince." Old Fuller perpetrates the curious bull of saying that, if the Czar had cut Fletcher's head off, Fletcher would in vain have sought for any redress. It is very difficult to see how he could have sought for any redress at all if his head had been taken off. Giles Fletcher loved Russia in the summer. "You shall see such a new hue and face of a country, the woods—for the most part which are all of fir and birch—so fresh and so sweet; the pastures and meadows so green and well grown, and that upon the sudden; such variety of flowers, such noise of birds, specially of nightingales, that seem to be more loud and of a more variable note than in other countries, that a man shall not lightly travel in a more pleasant countrie."

But however pleased he may be with the country, he gives a frightful account of misgovernment and cruelty. The law of debtor and creditor was as bad as the old Roman law, which allowed the debtor to be cut up bodily by his creditors. If the alleged debt were only for a sixpence, the debtor was chained leg, arms, and neck; if the case were given against the debtor, he was daily cudgelled about the shins and calves by an officer till the money was paid. "You shall see forty or fifty stand together all on a row, and their shins thus becudgelled and bebasted every morning with a piteous cry." If the debt is not paid after a year's cudgelling, he, his wife and his children, and all that he has, are sold. Death, with shocking varieties of suffering, was inflicted for all sorts of criminal offenses; by the knout, by torture, by roasting, hanging, beheading. "But for the most part the prisoners that are condemned in summer are kept for the winter, to be knockt on the head and put under the ice." This was the case only with the poor serf. If a lord killed his servant, "little or nothing is said unto him; at the most only a small fine." With regard to other crimes, "if a murder or theft be committed, peradventure he shall be imprisoned at the emperor's pleasure." He gives a wretched report of the life of the people: "They make no account of the life of a man. You shall have a man robbed sometimes in the very streets of their towns, if he go late in the evening, and yet no man to come forth out of his doors to rescue him, though he hear him cry out."

Fletcher gives a curious account of the emperor's way of celebrating holy-days. His favorite amusement was to watch a bear-hunt, that is, a fight between bears and bear-hunters. "But

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many times these hunters come short, and are either slain or miserably torn with the teeth and talents [i.e. talons] of the fierce beast. If the party quit himself well in this fight with the bear, he is carried to drink at the emperor's cellar door, where he drinketh himself drunk for the honor of Hospodar. And this is his reward for adventuring his life for the emperor's pleasure. When it draweth toward bed-time his priest sayeth certain prayers; and then the emperor blesseth and crosseth himself as in the morning, and so goeth to his bed." Fletcher at first found himself treated cavalierly, but after the defeat of the Spanish Armada he experienced great politeness.

THE BURMESE.

Taken altogether, the Burmese are a fine robust race, among whom physical deformity and mental weakness are unusually rare. The men are almost invariably tattooed from the waist to the knees with figures of birds and animals, on a groundwork of delicate tracery and waving lines. The operation is performed with needles, is exceedingly painful, and is executed with a black or blue coloring matter. It is often commenced at as early an age as six years. The arms are frequently tattooed in vermilion with cabalistic characters, supposed to be charms against disease and evil spirits. The hair is tied in a knot on the top of the head, and intertwined with a piece of gay muslin or silk, a jacket of stuff or cotton hangs from the shoulders, while a bright-colored cloth wound round the waist, extending to the ankles, and with one end thrown jauntily over the breast like a Highlander's scarf, completes the costume. The women are frequently nice-looking, and adepts in enhancing their personal appearance by rich and graceful dress. Their black hair is carefully dressed and perfumed, gathered together behind the head, and usually adorned with fresh flowers. They wear a vest or bodice of the material known as Turkey red; a petticoat of native silk, partially open in front, so that in walking it displays whichever leg is thrown forward, and a train of a different pattern, the graceful management of which is one of the accomplishments of a Burmese belle. An open jacket, a shawl draped across the shoulders, and a pair of red sandals are also worn. Their jewelry is massive and handsome, consisting of pure gold and precious stones. Both sexes have the lobe of the ear bored, and the aperture enlarged by inserting gradually an increasing number of slips of bamboo. In these slits they wear tubes or cylinders of gold about an inch and a half long, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Men, women, and children are inveterate smokers, and the ear-tubes are not inconvenient receptacles for half-smoked cigars.

Women hold a very different position in Burmah to the one to which they are condemned by the Mohammedans and Hindoos. They wear no veils, have their own legal rights, can hold real property independently of their husbands, and are universally respected and considered by the other sex. Their manners are pleasantly frank, though always well-bred, and they are allowed freedom of choice in matrimony. It is quite as common and natural to see a betrothed couple enjoying an evening walk in Burmah as it is in England. The greatest reverence is shown by children to their parents, and by all to the aged. Good temper is a prevailing characteristic; and though none seem to be very rich, there is no poverty. If a family should happen to be in want, the neighbors help them, and strangers are always hospitably welcomed and fed.

Marriage is a purely civil rite. When young people "understand each other," the mother or eldest female relative of the man sounds the girl's mother, and if she offer no objection, some of the suitor's elderly kinsfolk propose the marriage formally to the parents of the bride elect, and arrange whatever settlement can be made. Their consent being given, the bridegroom provides the trousseau according to the capacity of his purse. A feast is prepared; the affianced pair eat out of the same dish in the presence of the assembled guests; and then the husband presents his wife with some *leh-pet*, or pickled tea, she does the same by him, and the ceremony is completed. This preserved or pickled tea is made up with some glutinous substance into small balls or cakes, and is chiefly imported from the countries bordering on China. It is much used on ceremonial occasions by the Burmese, who dress it with sesamum oil, garlic, and assafœtida, and look upon it as a great delicacy.

Rice, as in most other Asiatic countries, forms the staple food, and is usually accompanied by stewed fish, meat, and vegetables. Cucumber salad is a very popular dish, and chutneys of different flavors abound, the most indispensable one to a Burmese repast being a very strong compound of prawns and the roes of various fish, seasoned with chillies, garlic, and other spicy condiments. Bird's-nest soup is as highly prized as it is in China.

The meals are served up in circular red trays of graduated sizes, fitting one after another into a conical apparatus called an "ok." The largest tray holds the rice, and is placed at the bottom; and the others contain cups, and plates of meat, fish, etc. The assembled company sit round the rice, and help themselves to it by handfuls, which they season with the contents of the smaller dishes, passing them round from one to another. They are all water-drinkers, as becomes devout Buddhists.

Their religion forbids them to kill any animal, but they have no scruple in eating what has been killed by other people. Their appetites are remarkably robust, and they do not hesitate to eat creatures that have died a natural death, and are not at all inclined to despise the flesh of rats, snakes, and lizards, while some of the tribes highly appreciate roast, and even raw, monkey.

LYING IN BED.

Taking an occasional day in bed, simply on account of indisposition, is a very simple and rudimentary notion of this glorious institution. Bed is the natural domicile of every man:

> "In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
> And born in bed, to bed we die."

Bavard, the French physiologist, maintained that man is an animal who exercises the thinking faculty best in a horizontal position. Thus there are high artistic, social, and intellectual uses connected with the occasional day in bed which imperatively claim discussion. Brindley, the great engineer, when he was fairly bothered and puzzled by some tough problem, always betook himself to bed until he had solved it. Most people have a great kindness for Lord Melbourne, who, under the affectation of frivolity, used to get up Hebrew and the Fathers, and imperturbable good humor to bear with his wife, Lady Caroline, while the pretty Byron-struck termagant used to smash the drawing-room furniture. His intimate friends would find the Premier calmly taking breakfast in bed, with letters and dispatches strewed all over the counterpane. The poets have been terrible fellows to get out of bed. Perhaps it is because the visions of the day and of the night sweetly intermingle. The poet Thomson cultivated laziness as a fine art, and thought out his poems in bed. Pope was a still worse fellow. When he had a fit of inspiration on him, he would keep the servants running about for him all through the night. He made amends to them by the plenteousness of his "vails."

Let us analyze this lying in bed a little further. I maintain that in the mere fact of lying in bed there is something healthy and recuperative to the system. The wheels of life are oiled and eased. The proper and legitimate purpose of stopping in bed is to go to sleep. There is nothing like sleep. There is no tonic or medicine in the whole world like sleep. The more sleep the brain gets, the better does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott could never do with less than ten hours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said, but a philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are the men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been the men who could go to sleep there as much as they liked. This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. "Sleep," says the Greek proverb, "is the medicine for every disease." "If he sleep, he will do well." A friend told me that he treated himself for a fever: he went to bed, with a large pitcher of lemonade by his side; he drank and slept, slept and drank, till he drank and slept himself well again. When you take to your bed, get all the sleep you can out of your bedstead, even although, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay for a double-bedded room, confessing that you been taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep and of a single bed. You will be banking a whole store of recuperative energy. Even if you can not sleep, still keep to your bed. There is no more pestilent heresy than that you should get up directly you are awake. If it is the early riser who catches the worm, the worm is a great idiot in rising still earlier in order to be caught. If you do not get sleep by lying in bed, you get rest. You secure the fallow ground which will hereafter produce a good harvest. Sleep is, of course, the proper employment for bed, but if you don't sleep, you can lie still and read. I don't believe that the man who gets up really learns or does more than the man who lies in bed. If for a moment the writer may be egotistical, some of the hardest work which he has ever done has been from the early dawn till after a breakfast in bed. Of all sleep in the world there is none so good as what you get, in the way of treasure-trove, after the usual time of waking—when, in point of fact, you have given up the expectation of getting any more sleep. As for being "called," as the saying goes, that is simply a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors. I should quarrel with any one who presumed to "call" me. One of the main beauties of an occasional day in bed is that you get an extra stock of sleep, which goes to the credit side of your sanitary account.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In 1873 the records of mortality in this city showed that 16,1[illegible] children under five years of age had died during the year. In 1878, notwithstanding the great increase in the population of New York, the number of deaths of children under five had decreased to 13,4[illegible]. Even this latter number indicates a fearful defect in sanitary conditions; but it shows an improvement, which is mainly due to the efforts of the Board of Health, and to the private charities which have labored to save the little ones. Every summer physicians and visitors go about among the tenement-houses to give medical assistance to the sick poor, and to advise them how to take care of their children. Many arrangements are now made to give change of air for a few days to infants who in hot weather, suffering and weak, are shut up in stifled tenements. The "Sick Children's Mission," the "Flower Mission," the "Poor Children's Summer Home," and many other similar enterprises are saving hundreds of lives every year. A "Sick Infants' Retreat" is about to be established upon the sea-shore near Coney Island, where poor mothers can take their feeble infants for a few days to breathe the invigorating air. The plan of sending older children into country homes for two or three weeks has been found most advantageous. It should be remembered, however, that the success of these charitable undertakings depends largely upon the liberality of the public.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the coffee-house of the "New York Bible and Fruit Mission to the Public Hospitals" was performed on May 27 in the presence of an interested audience. Several well-known clergymen and philanthropic citizens took part in the exercises. It will be remembered by most of our readers that the special design of this coffee-house—which is located in East Twenty-sixth Street, opposite Bellevue Hospital—is to provide a comfortable and inexpensive place of refreshment for those who are discharged from hospitals and other public institutions. It is hoped that this may be the means of preventing many from entering the numerous liquor saloons which cluster in that locality.

Peace and union seem at last to be effected between the two elevated railway companies by placing them under one control. Hereafter all the lines are to be managed by the Manhattan Company, and it is expected that the change will result in safety, improvements, and the speedy completion of the roads.

Every day thousands and thousands of letters are received at the Post-office inadequately addressed. Great confusion and trouble are caused by this carelessness and neglect, and the department has made an appeal to the public, asking that more attention be paid to this matter in future. The need of designating the State is shown by the fact that there are in the United States no less than 14 places named Brooklyn; 9 named Baltimore; 10 named Boston; Buffalo, 10; Burlington, 17; Charleston, 17; Chicago, 4; Cincinnati, 8; Cleveland, 10; Columbus, 19; Dayton, 28; Detroit, 6; Indianapolis, 8; Louisville, 10; Lowell, 10; Memphis, 9; Milwaukee, 6; Nashville, 10; Omaha, 6; Pittsburgh, 8; Philadelphia, 7; Portland, 14; Quincy, 15; Richmond, 10; Springfield, 10; St. Joseph, 10; St. Louis, 4; St. Paul, 12; Toledo, 7; Washington, 30; Wilmington, 15; and Williamsburg, 28.

Congress drags its slow length along, although stormy efforts have been made to fix the day of adjournment on June 10.

Between November 4, 1878, and May 3, 1879, there were thirty-four "snow-storms" in Boston—although from the record printed in local journals it seems as if some of these scarcely deserve the name of "storm."

It is rumored that the King of Spain will marry the Archduchess Mary Christina of Austria some time next fall. The young princess is about twenty years old.

Just One Day is the title of a neat little volume published by George R. Lockwood. Just one day in the life of "mamma" is presented by a series of morning, noon, afternoon, and evening sketches, the touching truths of which will be recognized by every young mother whose darling household pets are numerous. Young husbands inclined to marvel over the mysterious ways of women when "mamma" breaks into nervous crying at the dinner table, or to express surprise because the little wife, who has spent "a quiet day at home with the children," should always be so tired at night, would do well to give this little book a thoughtful reading.

The sixth number of *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, published by Macmillan & Co., London, completes the first volume of this valuable work. This dictionary is of special service to non-professionals who are interested in all matters pertaining to music. Clear and simple explanations are given of all technical terms, as well as of the special nature of a sonata, fugue, and other forms of musical composition. All kinds of musical instruments are well described, and short interesting biographies are given of celebrated composers and performers. Numerous wood-cuts illustrating the peculiarities of some musical instruments, and many presentations in music type of certain forms of composition, add greatly to the value of the work.

A history of the origin of sparkling Champagne attributes its discovery to an accident. The wines of Champagne have a natural tendency toward effervescence, and a monk of more taste than honesty, who had abstracted from a cask in the monasterial cellars some still Champagne, which he bottled for his own private drinking, was alarmed one night by a series of explosions. Corks had been blown into the air, and the stolen wine which he had vainly endeavored to keep in confinement was running in froth and foam over the sides of the bottles. The terrified monk concluded that the devil must have got into the wine; but the prior of the monastery, to whom confession was made, knew better. He tasted the wine, found at once that it was good, shrewdly determined to bottle some for himself, and ended by going through a series of experiments, which had for result the discovery of the true art of making sparkling Champagne.

It is a fit matter for sincere thankfulness that two prominent and sensational murder trials, whose details have fed an unwholesome public appetite, are practically ended. The cases were remarkable, and no doubt good moral lessons might be deduced from the extraordinary developments of the trials. But to the great mass of newspaper readers these details of gross crime and immorality are simply mental and moral poison. The mere headings of paragraphs in some of our daily newspapers are enough to make the head sick and the heart faint, and it is most deplorable that such contaminating streams mingle with the more wholesome flood of news which constantly flows through our households. Can not some more refined process of sifting be applied to what is called the "news of the day?"

Two elegant cars are being made at Troy for the Marquis of Lorne, at a cost of $15,000. Their fittings are luxurious, and in them the Marquis and the Princess will probably travel in this country.

New Orleans has taken a step or two toward bringing itself into good sanitary condition. The work of flooding the streets was begun not long ago, and will tend to cleanse them thoroughly. But the most stringent measures will be needful to compel citizens of all classes to keep their houses and premises in a cleanly condition—a matter which will involve a revolution in the habits of a large portion of the population.

The free public baths will be opened early in June. A new bath, to be located at the Battery, is now being built, and will be finished during the month of June.

The following incident is related in connection with the late Asa Otis, of New London, Connecticut, who left a million dollars for foreign missions. He happened to be at one of the New London fish markets on the wharfs, clad in his customary overalls, and, as ever, unassuming in his deportment, when the captain of a sinking vessel rushed ashore, and seizing Mr. Otis by the shoulder, shouted: "Say, old man, quick! do you want a job?" Mr. Otis looked at him a little surprised, and turned away, whereupon the persistent captain followed him up and again demanded: "Say, you, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?" As Mr. Otis remained silent, the exasperated captain exclaimed: "Well, old chap, if you are too lazy to work, you will die in the poor-house, surer than thunder."

Seventy-five years ago the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, was laid out by the order of Bonaparte. The first interment therein was made May 21, 1804.

Nearly 50,000 children, with their teachers and officers, took part in the anniversary parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools. And a very beautiful sight was witnessed by the numerous spectators. The City Hall, Court-house, Municipal Building, and hundreds of private houses throughout the city were gayly decorated with flags and banners. But the children themselves, bright, happy, and prettily dressed, formed the chief attraction, of course. They enjoyed the marching and the subsequent refreshments, and their older friends enjoyed watching them.

It is said that the Niagara Falls Prospect Park Company have contracted for an electric light machine, and intend to locate the lights in such positions as will enable them to illuminate the great cataract on a magnificent scale.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London makes an appeal for a fresh-air fund, for the purpose of sending the children of the Ragged Schools into the parks. They suggest that they go in groups of about fifty, at such hours as will interfere as little as possible with regular school duties.

Gilmore's Garden is to be known hereafter as the "Madison Square Garden," and is to be lighted by electricity.

A terrible tragedy occurred on May 25 at Niagara Falls. The keeper of a boat-house, who has been noted for his courage in saving life, but who was addicted to intoxication, went over the American Falls in a row-boat in the full view of a large party of excursionists, who were unable to render any help. He was seen in an intoxicated state a few hours previous to the accident; and it is supposed that he went in his boat to one of the islands, drank several glasses of beer with some companions, and then attempted to row to Port Day or to Goat Island—a perilous feat which he had often accomplished on a wager. When the spectators caught sight of him he was in the rapids just above Goat Island; but his efforts to release his boat were feeble, and his oars soon fell from his helpless hands. While his fragile craft swept along toward destruction, the wretched man lay in the bottom of the boat in deep intoxication. More than once the boat drifted into such locations that, had he been sober, he could easily have jumped out and clung to the rocks until some means of escape had been devised. But he made no attempt to help himself, and the horrified spectators saw him cast into the roaring rapids.

An exchange informs its readers that "zwetschenkartoffelbrucheneckrautkrautwurst" is a favorite German dish, and adds that a railroad traveller who had "five minutes for refreshments" undertook to call for a plate of "zwetschenkartoffelbruchenkrautkrautwurst," and the train was at the next station, twenty miles distant, before he had half finished asking for the dish.

King Ludwig of Bavaria, as is well known, has a strange distaste for all publicity, especially at theatres. Nevertheless he has a passionate fondness for the drama, and his judgment in regard to it, and the allied arts of music, poetry, etc., is considered excellent. But he is so shy of all society that he will not attend public performances, but arranges for representations of plays and operas of which he constitutes the sole and entire audience. On such occasions not even the manager dares show himself in the house, but watches the performance from behind the scenes. The king is severely critical of actors and actresses, but readily appreciates and rewards excellence.

Chloroform should certainly be administered with great caution. Its fatal result in a recent case adds one more to the record of warnings. A gentleman of this city, in preparation for undergoing a surgical operation, took chloroform, administered to him by physicians. He died almost immediately, even before fully under the influence of the anæsthetic.

A design for the new international two-cent postal card has been approved by the Post-office Department. On the upper left corner are the words, "Universal Postal Union, United States of America," in English and French. The stamp consists of the head of Liberty copied from the gold double eagle, surrounded by a ribbon border, with a monogram "U. S." at the top, and a buckle at the bottom with the figure "2" in octagon blocks on either side. In the upper half of the circle are the words "Postal Card," and in the lower half "Two Cents." The card has also, to more clearly define it from the ordinary current card, a neat border around the edge on the address side.

A menagerie of wild beasts destroyed by fire must be a conflagration of unusual horror. A short time ago a large building on the premises of J. W. French, near Detroit, Michigan, in which wild animals were kept during the winter, was burned, with all the animals which remained of his once famous menagerie. When the fire was discovered, the whole interior of the place was in flames, and the air resounded with the frantic cries of the frightened animals, which sprang fiercely against the bars in a vain effort to escape. In one corner, securely chained, was the huge performing elephant Sultan, for many years a prominent attraction at circus performances. Mr. French, at the risk of his life, dashed through the flame and smoke, and endeavored, vainly, to unloose the great beast, almost frantic with fear, and whose shrill trumpeting rang out loud and clear above all other sounds. Every living inmate of the shed was soon burned to death, and all that was left was a mass of glowing embers and red-hot cages. The animals destroyed consisted of five performing lions (once claimed to be worth $12,000, but since depreciated in value), the elephant, two California lions, an ibex, three kangaroos, one tiger, one zebra that had been trained to trot in harness, a sacred cow and her sacred calf, and a Rocky Mountain big-horned deer. The scene during the fire baffled description. Two of the lions fell upon each other and fought desperately, and the cries and struggles of other imprisoned brutes were pitiful.

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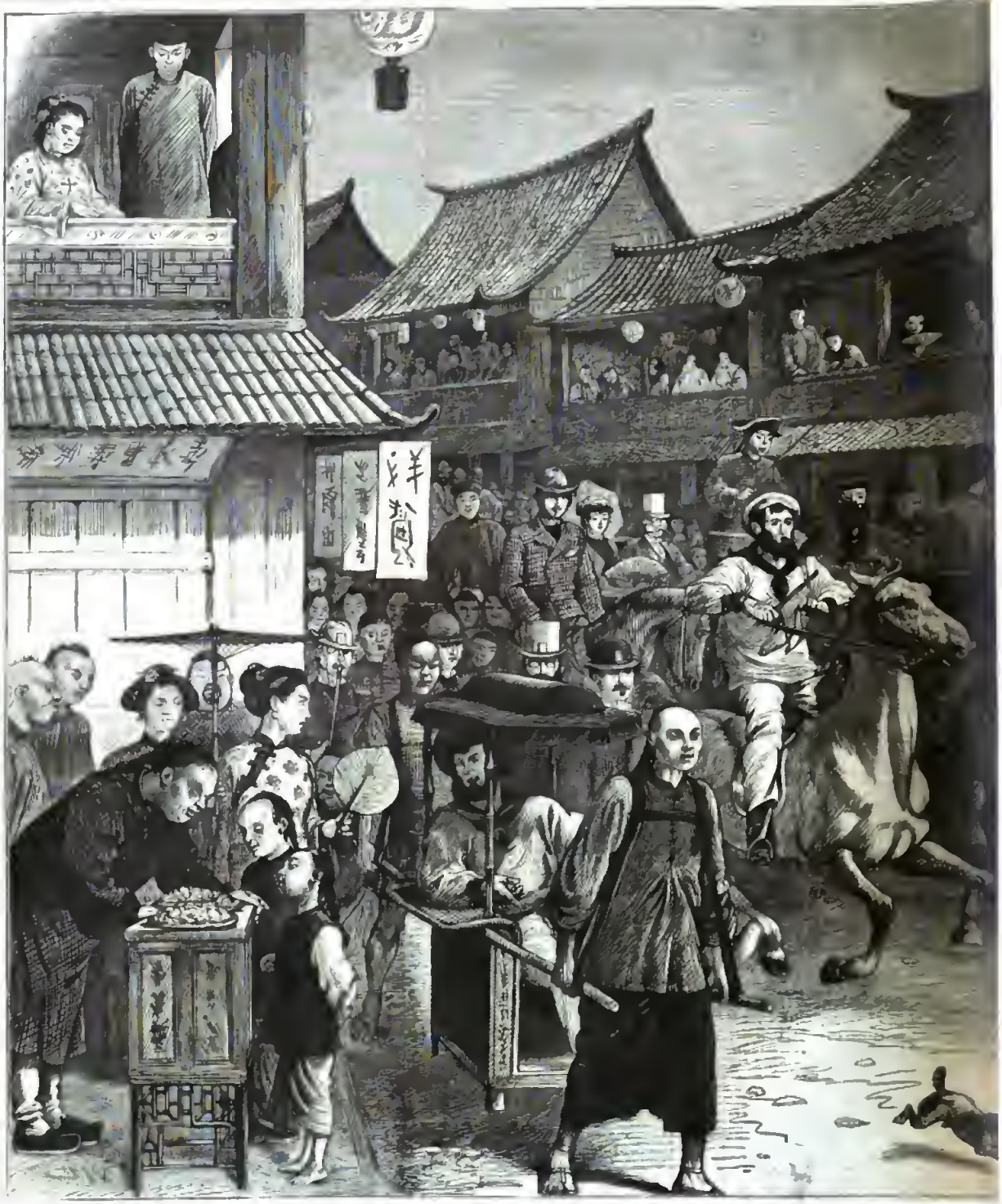

GOING TO THE

DERBY-DAY AT SHANGHAI.

Our readers will find in the Supplement issued with this number of *Harper's Weekly* a full history of the English Derby, with a double-page illustration full of life and character. By way of contrast, we give the accompanying picture of Derby-day at Shanghai. It is proverbial that Englishmen are so passionately fond of horse-racing that wherever they assemble in numbers they are sure to introduce their favorite pastime. China is no exception, and the interest it excites amongst the native heads one to suppose that it is an amusement suitable to the temperament of the nation.

At Shanghai on race-days vast crowds of this dark-haired people, of both sexes and of all ages, stream along the thoroughfares that lead to the race-course. The majority are on foot, some are mounted on scraggy-looking ponies, and many are conveyed on wheelbarrows, while the better-dressed people occupy carriages of various shapes and colors. Interspersed amongst them are to be seen the splendid equipages of Europeans. Lining the roads are venders of all sorts of delicacies, such as sweetmeats, cakes, and fruit, which remind one of the roads to the races at home, only that the characters and surroundings are so very different. On returning from the races this curious concourse seems imbued with the spirit which animated the jockeys, for wheelbarrow races with wheelbarrow, the poor coolies goaded on, perhaps, by the fair (really dusky) occupants by dint of the free use of their umbrellas, and all the different sorts of vehicles vie with each other to get home first, while, to add to the general excitement, Jack Tar, mounted on a wretched beast, is seen going at full gallop through the crowd. On occasions like these the Chinese are seen to advantage, for though they are merry and full of fun, they are never rude.

It is satisfactory to know that, besides the amusement afforded by it, racing is doing some good in China by producing a class of men who are adopting the English style of riding, and any one who has seen the two styles must acknowledge this to be no slight change. The natives ride with such very short stirrups as to give an awkward-looking and unsafe seat. One is convinced that this style can be adopted only with indefect animals—as, indeed, Chinese ponies nearly always are—or with animals trained to go at an amble.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

A GIANT figure descended from an open carriage as a place in the city where the broad thoroughfare of fashion passed a narrow park, and hastily joined the thread of people who were crossing the main path under shadow of the beautiful aspen trees, just budded into luxuriance.

The coachman turned his horses aside from the stream of travel on [illegible] unfeeling look of [illegible] his face. "I suppose he thought, "but I [illegible] as go again the [illegible] she has with her."

Meanwhile the [illegible] park, and stood [illegible] selecting the lonel[illegible] lowed it at a rap[illegible] and plunged, just [illegible] entrance-way of a [illegible] the dingy stairs; a [illegible] Rachel;" a sound [illegible] the door was unlo[illegible] ing a lady seated [illegible]

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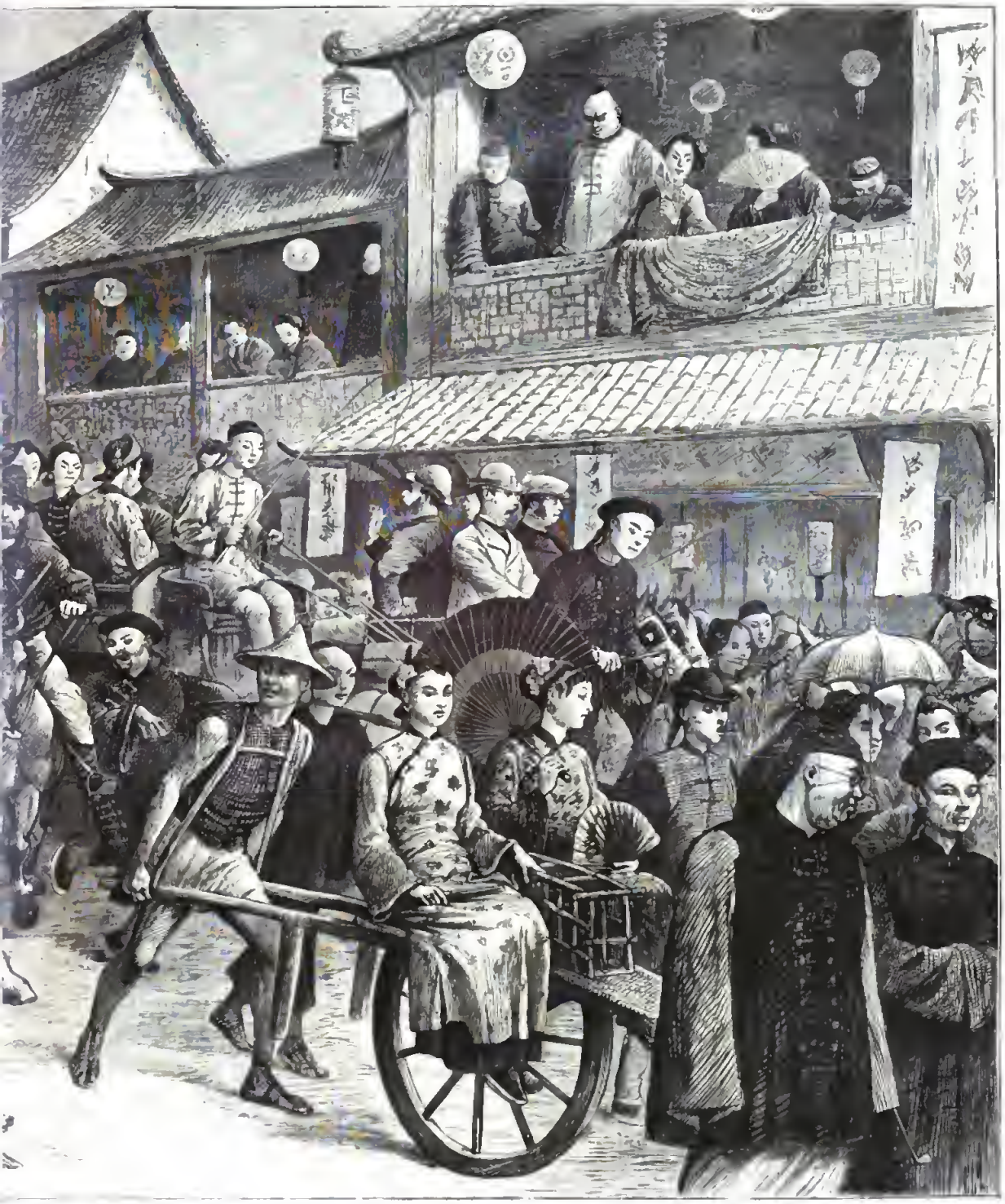

BY AT SHANGHAI.

t. As he did so a sig and sympathy crossed it to tell my mistress," I can't have the heart such a nice way as

figure had crossed the for a moment, then he cross streets, fol o an obscure avenue, e corner, into the dark house. One flight up e door, "It's me, Aunt a rolling weight, and opened a side, revealed arm-chair, a be ca-

claimed at once joyfully, in a remarkably sweet voice, "Well, Josy dear, this is delightful. I have wanted to see you so much all day, and I gave up the hope half an hour ago."

"Only a moment now, Aunt Rachel," said the girl, kissing the lady very affectionately, closing the door softly and locking it, pushing the chair back to its place that she knew so well by the ivy-wreathed window, where the little sewing-table and the heaped work-basket stood, and then sinking upon the sofa quite easy, but not at all breathless, after her rapid walk. "Oh, how sweet it is here!" she said, looking around admiringly. "Aunt Rachel, how do you make your window plants grow so beautifully and luxuriantly? I believe your heart shines on your plants as well as the sunshine; I never saw such monthly roses and callas. And every thing is so peaceful here! I like the old fashioned furniture, dark as ebony almost, and clear as a mirror."

"You like it because you can see your face in it, Josy!" said the elder woman, fondly. "Well, I wish you could every day. The week seems long coming round, and I'm always in fear that there will be a positive command against it."

"Never!" said Josy. "I will not *take* a positive command against it; I will against some things—most things—but not this. No; I'm coming to see you as long as I live, Aunt Rachel! Don't you know 'Love laughs at locksmiths?'"

"Well, I believe you do love me, Josy."

"I should think so. My own mother's sister—strange if I did not love you! But here!" and Josy uprose from the sofa and began to disburden herself of certain little packages which had been concealed in her pockets and in her reticule—"here are some peppermint drops; they are a new kind, very refreshing. And here is a bottle of eau-de-Cologne; now do use it plentifully, Aunt Rachel, when your head aches; and this is the book I promised, called *Data*. I think you will enjoy it. And here—oh, you will like this, for it is my own work, and will show you how I am improving in needle-work; the monogram upon the mouchoir I marked myself."

"Oh, but, Josephine, you must not do these things, my child. You are spending all your pocket-money for me."

"Don't say a word, Aunt Rachel; it is my pleasure. And now I must go. But Sunday, if mamma goes to O——, as she has written, I'll come and spend the whole day with you, and we'll have such a nice talk. You can't think how many things I have to tell you."

"And you can't think what I have to tell you," said Aunt Rachel.

But after the dear girl had gone, the gentle lady gravely pondered.

"But shall I tell her? What good can it do her now as Mrs Melwyn's adopted daughter? Might I not by telling her do more harm than good? I will keep silent, at least for the present, until I have time to study the probable effect of this wonderful secret, that even to me

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seems more like a dream of romance than sober reality."

"Thank you, Thomas," said Joey, reaching the carriage, "and now—straight home." She gave the command with a smile so bright that Thomas sighed, "My conscience, what a way she has! Tell an hoss? Not me."

"One of my headaches, chère maman," said Harry Melwyn, flinging himself languidly upon the sofa. "I promised to go to the Ferbleaus' to-night, but, on my word, I can not unless this pain lets up."

"Joey," said Mrs. Melwyn, dictatorially, to the adopted daughter, who was bending over her embroidery in a room communicating, by open folding-doors with the parlor, where mother and son for an hour after dinner were together, "go and get the eau-de-Cologne, and bathe Harry's forehead."

Joey brought the Cologne and bathed the white forehead, pressing back softly—ah! how softly only her own heart knew, how softly no other heart ever *should* know—the rings of dark curls.

"No fingers like yours, Joey," murmured the half closed lips beneath eyes that after one expressive glance at her face, one rather too-expressive glance, had dreamily closed. "No fingers with a touch like these; no soft little hand like—"

"Do you feel better, Harry?" asked his mother.

"I am recovering—slowly," answered the masculine voice feebly, and then, "Don't go; don't go, Joey," murmured again a lowered love-tone tremulously.

"I must go," said Josephine.

And she went. A few minutes thereafter Harry Melwyn arose with an air of impatience, and said, moodily, "Well, I'm off for the Ferbleaus'. It's a bore, and I wouldn't go if I had not promised Lillie Ferbleau. I suppose they depend on me."

"Indeed, I know they do," said his mother, with a smile of complete complacency.

Returning at eleven o'clock, Harry met Josephine in the upper hall, coming from his mother's dressing room, her arms overhung with drapery—evidence of having assisted at the night toilet, as she often did, Mrs. Melwyn graciously affirming that Joey was so much more soothing to her nerves than her French maid.

"Joey," said Harry, stepping midway of the space and barring the passage, "let me kiss your hand; grant that, if no more."

"Not that," said Joey.

"Listen to me," persisted Harry; "you *must* listen to me! Josephine, angel, Josephine, my darling, you know that I love you with my whole soul; that I never can and never will love any other woman; then why not listen to me? Let me have that comfort. I know, indeed, as well as you have been made to know it, that it is against all my education and against all your cruel training that I should care for you; but, Joey dearest, 'Love laughs at lock-smiths.'"

"Harry, Harry Melwyn, let go my hand; let me pass; leave me. If you ever speak to me of love again, if you dare to speak to me any more as you have to-night, I shall be gone from your sight instantly. I shall not be here; I shall run away and seek refuge with my aunt. I mean what I say; now go. Harry, are you mad? No, I will not, must not, listen; is in treachery to your mother; it is injustice to my own sense of right. There, go at once; oh, why do you keep me? Harry, dear Harry, this is the last; it must be the last. Good-night, good-night."

Mrs Melwyn as the morrow took from the silver tray, brought to her by her little page, a carefully sealed note—a clerically sealed note—which she examined, both seal and contents, slowly, expectantly, and with an occasional sigh, not dolorous, but sentimental.

"My deeply interested Parishioner,—I fancy it is an unnecessary task on my part to convey in written language a declaration the spirit of which has, I fear, in spite of my efforts at concealment, become patent to my people, and which, I think, your clear and penetrating soul must have long since divined.

"And yet, unnecessary as the task is, an uncomquerable impulse urges me to act in positive terms that declaration before you. My dearest parishioner, my beloved 'sister of charity,' my endeared 'angel of mercy,' sweet Mrs. Melwyn, *I love you.* Will you be my wife?

"Let me array the arguments which my ardent admiration for your character, my entire devotion to your lovely image, and all my hopes of earthly happiness unanimously dictate.

"First, in uniting your destiny with mine you will be virtually assuming the office of a protector in that greatly temple whose service you consider chief delight. Second, it will give you the complete possession of that 'disinterested advice' which, in your oft-made appeals to my judgment in regard to your worldly affairs, you have been pleased to call a boon. Providence, my beloved parishioner, has been very bountiful in granting you unusual supplies of those temporal ameliorations calculated to smooth life's allotted pathway through this 'vale of tears.' The proper management of these mundane resources, which your admirably feminine 'aversion to business' has made an onerous appendage to the gifts of fortune, would, in case you accept my proposition, become the object of my humble stewardship, allied with that 'best judgment' the flattering appreciation of and gracious deference to which have been, in a woman of your solid intelligence, among the most amiable of your fascinations. Third, although the envy and malice which accompany high position and brilliant personal charms have not been lacking, as you well know, in some circles of my congregation, I feel assured that to the greater part of my people the enshrining of yourself as my gracious colleague in pastoral office will be hailed with appreciative gladness. And in regard to the unhappy few not so included, we may trust that time will heal the wounds that the positive and open expression of my choice will inevitably inflict. Fourth (lastly), dear Mrs. Melwyn, in becoming my wife you will secure for yourself to 'the bound of life, where we lay our burden down,' the unrivalled attachment and unwearying devotion of the heart that has long been yours—the heart that beats at this moment with the most ardent palpitations of hope and fear. Do not, I beseech you, keep longer in suspense over this momentous topic

"Most agitated and supremely attached

"Guy Sanscroll."

Mrs Melwyn, after reading this singular epistle, leaned her head upon her hand, dropped her eyelids and the corners of her well-turned lips pensively, and mused for many minutes. Then she arose, and going to her mirror, surveyed herself critically, first in full figure, advancing and retreating, then with a side glance at various angles. Her survey was apparently in affirmation of some mental question; the exclamation that concluded it was a comment upon her previous reflections. "Liberty is sweet," said the matron.

The note written thereafter, and dispatched immediately, proved that this conclusion was deliberate.

"My dearest Pastor,—Deeply sensible of the honor you have paid me, I must—and not without pangs of reluctance, which I am sure you will comprehend—decline for the present even the consideration of the subject which your deeply prized letter enfolds.

"I am bound—need I say it?—by strongest ties of consanguinity to a career not yet accomplished, and I have, unfortunately, an adopted daughter, the enigma of whose life is still to be solved. While these obligating interests remain to claim my vigilance and protection, I have no right to harbor suggestions of a strictly personal kind.

"In the mean time, my revered pastor, dear Dr. Sanscroll, let me say confidentially and for your consoling alert the unhappy monosyllable which circumstance compels in in this case, at least, the foster-brother of 'yes.'

"And I am as ever, with all good wishes,

"Your devoted friend,

"Clara Annette Melwyn."

This note dispatched, Mrs. Melwyn flung herself into her arm-chair with an air of agreeable fatigue, and resumed her meditations.

"So longer young, but with sufficient maternal charm to be attractive for five years to come. And liberty is sweet. I do not indorse the flippant declaration of my volatile friend Mrs. Malcom, that 'tis worth while enduring for some years the trammels and tedisms of matrimony to be in the end a rich widow. That would be reflecting unkindly upon poor Eugene, who certainly, whatever faults he had—what husband has them not?—redeemed them nobly in his generous provision for me.

"What an amiable clause in the will!—'And at the marriage of my son Harry, *if my said son marries to please his mother*, then he shall become possessed,' and so on. Well, it is time she boy should enjoy this provisional inheritance; he is nearly twenty-three. And I do approve of Lillie Ferbleau. Personally she is a nonentity; but nonentity is an advantage in a daughter-in-law, and in all other respects she match is unexceptionable. Josephine must at once accept Nathan Cutler. He is not, to be sure, young, or what silly girls call fascinating; but he is rich and rising, he is *substantial*; and what can Joey expect more? I will give her, as my adopted daughter, a generous wedding in October, and Harry shall be married early in November, as soon as every one is in town. The weddings over, I will go abroad for three years. I will spend 'the seasons' in London, where my sister's position affords me a brilliant opening, and during other months travel upon the Continent, coming home possibly once or twice to look after my property.

"Dr. Sanscroll will wait. He adores me. I only wish that detestable Harriet Mansfield could know at once of his offer. She is so unendurably assuming! Only yesterday she was here, asserting such importance, and making her significant innuendoes, as if Dr. Sanscroll and the whole congregation belonged to her. Oh, if she could only know how peerless is her rivalry! She will have to wear her intolerable assurance a little longer. This is the only bitter drop in my felicity; but I must not let it precipitate me into undue haste. I must have too few years abroad, my petite pastime of leisure and travel. I never was more capable of enjoyment than I am now."

So Mrs Melwyn planned. But who in this world of fitful fortune, of capricious fate, and of a providence that seeks through all caprices and all fluctuations only "the greatest good to the greatest number," can plan, and plan *selfishly*, trusting the future for a sure fulfillment?

Not Mrs. Melwyn, certainly, as time proved.

A lovely day in late September—one of those dreamy, sunshiny, wind-hushed, and colorful days that make us say, "Autumn is the most beautiful season. Spring, with all its emeralds, its song, and its sparkle, can not compare with our Western fall in intensity of charming."

Exquisitely in light and shadow, through the locust-trees and the broad elms, fell that September day on the lawn of Edenyard; and upon the river-side, bluff, where a lady, in attitude and expression all contentment, was seated in her wheeled arm-chair, enjoying the river view in its afternoon tinting. On the low arbor-bench at her side was a girl whose dimpled youth and bloom of health seemed to belie her momentary air of sadness.

"Joey darling," the lady was saying, "I do not want to complain, for Heaven knows to me you are all sunshine; but sometimes I fancy—perhaps it is but fancy—that in secret, in solitude, hidden from every one, there is a shadow that you feel, a secret sorrow of your own. Is there? Now tell me truly, Joey."

"Oh no, dear aunts," Josephine answered, quickly; "I am very, very happy. This lovely home in the country, with you always so thoughtful and affectionate, is delightful. Indeed, it seems to me like a fable, like the romance of Aladdin's lamp, that when, in my sudden overwhelming trouble, I flew away to you for shelter—hardly for sustenance—you should have opened this restful, delicious retreat, this paradise of luxury and comfort. You have saved me not only from a hated marriage, but from every evil consequence of flinging myself penniless upon 'the wide, wide world.' You must tell me some time by what magician's wand it was accomplished. You promised, you know, that by-and-by you would tell me every thing." And then, in a somewhat changed voice, she added, "No cloud, Aunt Rachel—unless, perhaps, the *moonlight*. Lately we have had such superb moonlight nights; and somehow, I don't know why, such evenings sudden me. I can not sleep before dawn, or rest the day after. I wish these brilliant autumn moonlights were all over; that is all, dear aunts."

Hardly had she spoken these words, hardly had Aunt Rachel time to think, "Joey has some regretful associates with the moonlight," when steps came bounding down the walk, an advancing figure appeared in the nerve of the bluff found in an, and Josephine arose, pale and trembling, to be caught impetuously in the arms of a young man, who, regardless of all other presence, cried softly, but with such unmistakable rapture as only lovers know, "At last, at last, my darling!"

Explanation followed. "This is Harry Melwyn, my adopted brother, dear aunt," as the part of Josephine, whose pallor had changed in vivid blushes.

"An old, old friend," said Harry, who, the personation of youth, to whose image in look or word or aspect the word "old" could be applicable never, as presented himself—"an old, old friend, Aunt Rachel. Let me call you by that name, which I have learned from Joey, at once; for if I did not to-day, I certainly should to-morrow. And I shall be here to-morrow" (this to Josephine), "that is, if you do not drive me forcibly away. I have come to stay for a day and an evening—one of our evenings—one of these September moonlight evenings."

Explanation followed. But between this brief prelude to it and the time when in completeness it was resumed the little company of three spent an hour until sunset upon the bluff, talking but idly, Harry lying in the grass at Josephine's feet, and, in answer to eager questions, describing fragmentarily scenes of his summer tour in Europe, from which he had returned, he said, a month earlier than he was expected; describing vividly, but plaintively interlacing his story with interjectional appeals to Josephine—"But what were you doing then, Joey?" "Where were you in July?" "Where were you in August?" "What were you thinking of that morning that I climbed 'Pilatus,' and saw the sun rise?" "That night I rested at Geneva, and had such a vision of you, what were you dreaming of then, Josephine?" And so on.

And after sunset it was tea-time. Going up the lawn, Harry, gently rolling the wheeled chair, and leaning over Aunt Rachel's shoulder, said to her, unheard by Joey, who went as before, her graceful image winning every now and then such an absorbing thought of admiration that the rolling-chair stopped for an instant sympathetically, in connection with some other confidential remark, "My mother was determined that I should marry no one but an heiress?"

"How fortunate, then," said Aunt Rachel, dryly, "that Josephine is an heiress."

"An heiress indeed," repeated Harry. "She inherits every thing that I prize: grace, loveliness, intelligence, kindness. Joey is kind to every one. But," he added, disdainfully, "my mother did not mean in that way."

"Nor do I," said Aunt Rachel, mysteriously.

Gloria, the housekeeper, met them at the lawn terrace. "Tea is ready, madam; and a lady has been here who seemed in a very excited mood, and she would not leave her name, and she said she would be back in an hour, and the oysters are cooked in the 'Club' style, and must be eaten now, and the waffles are being buttered."

"We are all ready," said Aunt Rachel, smiling at Gloria. "But who," she thought, "can this excited lady be?"

Such a pleasant, comfortable, romantic teatime! Lights, half sunset glow, half lamp-light; furniture, dainty yet cottage-like; service, informal; oysters, delicious, tea, a reverie; waffles, body buttered and sprinkled with honey; Aunt Rachel obtusely observant, and so contented that tranquil content was "catching;" Josephine as beautiful; Harry as loving, as hungry, as exuberant, as radiantly young with youth's satisfactory effulgence. A typical tea-time, prophetic—could it be not?—of domestic bliss, agitating yet restful.

The lingering meal was scarcely finished when the excited lady was announced, and the trio united in receiving her, Aunt Rachel, Harry, and Josephine appearing simultaneously in the drawing-room doorway.

At sight of this group the excited lady, who was standing by the sofa opposite the door, nearly fainted. But she instantly rallied, and rallied passionately

"Here you are, then—*together*. You ungrateful children!" she cried. "Are you not ashamed to meet my mortifying eyes? And you, madam, an invalid, an antediluvian, a being with one foot in the grave, are you not afraid, superstitiously afraid, to harbor such miscreants? Oh, Harry, how could you come home impulsively a month before you were expected, and refuse to marry Lillie Ferbleau, and rush away from the city without waiting to see me, to join again this base girl? Yes, Josephine, I know how artfully you have insinuated him. I know how the words have become current that you were but a wageless slave in the house of adoption. I know—"

And here another guest was admitted—a gentleman dusty with travel, a worthy artistic pendant for the excited lady as he stood, flushed and panting, before Aunt Rachel. "Can you tell me, madam, where I can find Mrs.—" And then suddenly paused, as the lady he sought dawned upon him, and half dazed with pleasure, anxiety, and ardor, he rushed to her, exclaiming, "Mrs. Melwyn! My dearest parishioner—Clara Annette—are you *here*?"

"Here, Dr Sanscroll? Certainly, with my family," answered the lady, instantly calmed when confronted with this exaggerated reflection of her own mood of excitement. "But why," she added, loftily, "this unexpected intrusion?"

"Dear madam," cried Dr Sanscroll, "have you banished me from pardon? Let me explain, I pray you. You are mistaken; you are acting under the impression of a malicious fabrication; *I am not engaged to* Miss Mansfield. The story is the mischievous plot of misguided jealousy. I received your letter, reprimanding me so bitterly, too late to reach you yesterday. When I sought you this morning you had started. You journeyed by boat, I by rail. Excuse the dust of my journey. Heaven be praised, I have overtaken you!"

"Be calm, Dr. Sanscroll, I entreat you," said the lady, becoming really embarrassed by this undisguised fervor. "We will talk of all this later." She took his hand, and he stood beside her.

"I am reasoning with Harry," said Mrs. Melwyn. Then, in her own fascinating voice, no longer sharpened by anger, "What have you to say for yourself, my son?"

"Only this, chère maman, and listen, listen faithfully, for I shall tell you only the truth of my angel. *She begged me not to love her.* And I promised her that I would *never* come to her until I was a man in my own right. And I am now. Oh, mother, did you measure me so slightly? Did you think that I went abroad for a six months' pleasure? No, indeed. I had but one thought at heart—to establish myself creditably, to place myself in working order, and with a working-man's fair wages, so that I could support a wife, the wife of my choice, the girl of my heart, my life-long treasure! And I can do so now. I have arranged every thing. I am a clerk, with a sufficient salary, and with the prospect of speedy preferment in the business firm of H——, F——, & Co., of Paris and New York. I am a free man. I have a right to seek Josephine." He paused. There was the silence of a moment.

Then, "What shall I do with these children?" said Mrs. Melwyn to Dr Sanscroll, who, still standing at her side, held her hand. "You see, *they love each other.*"

"Let them be *married*," said Dr. Sanscroll, who, in view of his own prospects, at that moment felt as one "who stands on Pisgah's heights, and views the landscape o'er"—"let them be married, and I will perform the ceremony."

"And, Mrs. Melwyn," pleaded Aunt Rachel, speaking quite radiantly for "an invalid, an antediluvian, a being with one foot in the grave," "my niece Josephine will fulfill as your daughter all your demands upon that relation. For Joey is not only a good girl, she is an heiress. Years ago, madam, I had a friend who regarded me very tenderly, but whom, since I would not inflict upon him the burden of my lameness, I did not marry. He said he would make me happy in spite of myself, and he has kept his word, for he has made it possible for me to add to the happiness of one I love—*love very dearly.* A year ago he died in England, and left me the bulk of his property. I am a rich woman. Joey will have an ample marriage dower, and as my death she will inherit my entire possessions. Joey, dear child, I ought perhaps to have told you all this before, but, I hardly know why, I—I—" She was going to say "waited," but the word was stopped by a kiss—stopped by two kisses, one from Josephine, who with tearful eyes and soft embrace nestled to her side, and one from Harry, who, feeling his transport of moved love too sacred to be expressed to the girl of his heart excepting in solitude, kissed Aunt Rachel instead.

Dr. Sanscroll, moved by a similar sense of transport and assurance, acted differently. But no one knew that, save Mrs. Melwyn.

Every one was too happy at that moment to think of proverbs. It is only in disaster and perplexity that we pause on life's crossways to read those legends on the mile-stones of our race. But if Cupid had been passing, drawn into his own element by the three combined proofs of his own bewitching mastery—the bride hastened to the altar by pique; the lovers united, against all the "worldly" discipline and "cruel training" of avarice and mobitious plot; she woman endowed by a heart "faithful beyond death"—the smiling god would certainly have exclaimed, "Love laughs at locksmiths."

SPIDERS.

Spiders are usually spoken of with aversion. They are ruthlessly trodden upon whenever they are so unfortunate as to come within reach of a human foot. But spiders do not deserve to have every man's hand and foot against them. They are not only exceedingly useful, but very interesting little creatures. It is not generally known that they have an ear for music. There are very few living creatures which are not capable of being influenced more or less by harmony, so it is not very surprising to find that spiders sometimes yield to the spell by which Arion charmed the dolphin. How the subtle influence acts upon the delicate organs of the spider it is impossible

to say. The sensations produced may be those of pleasure, or they may be analogous to those which are produced by the influence of mesmerism. Musical sounds, as we know, do not always give pleasure to the ears of the animal creation; so that we may be giving spiders the credit of listening to music from a pure love of harmony, when in reality they are held in a kind of trance, which lasts as long as the music continues. There is a story told of a captain of the Regiment of Navarre in connection with this subject. He had spoken too freely of Louvois, the French minister, and so was sent to prison. To relieve the tedium of his confinement he requested permission to have his lute. The instrument was given to him; and after four days' playing, not only did some mice come out of their holes to listen, but the spiders descended from their webs to form as strange an audience as ever a musician found before him. When the music ceased, mice and spiders retired; but each day they returned in increasing numbers as soon as the tones of the lute were heard. "I long doubted the truth of this story," says Sir John Hawkins; "but it was confirmed to me by Mr. P——, attendant of the Duchess of V——, a man of probity and merit, who played upon several instruments with the utmost excellence. He told me that being at ——, he went up into the chamber to refresh himself until supper-time; he had not played a quarter of an hour when he saw several spiders descend from the ceiling, which came and ranged themselves about the table to hear him play; at which he was greatly surprised. They remained on the table till some one came to tell him that supper was ready, when having ceased to play, he told me the creatures mounted to their webs, to which he would suffer no injury to be done. It was a diversion with which he often entertained himself out of curiosity."

As spiders are for the most part banished from every room where they are likely to hear music, opportunities are very seldom afforded of witnessing their behavior under its influence, but occasionally people are met with who do not share the general antipathy to these interesting and ill-used little creatures. A few years ago the writer had a conversation about spiders with the waiter at Messrs. Boffin's well-known dining-rooms in Oxford. This man had a pet spider, which lived in the sitting-room of his home, and he said that he could always induce it to come out of its hole by whistling. The little creature's web was carefully preserved from injury; and at the time this interesting circumstance was related to the writer, the spider was regarded as the pet of the family. Similar cases might, perhaps, be furnished by observant lovers of the animal world; but unfortunately very few people seem to be aware of the spider's partiality for music. If experiments were made with different kinds of instruments by skillful musicians, it is extremely probable that very interesting results might be obtained.

Some observers go so far as to say that reasoning powers are not confined to human beings, but that the creatures of the lower creation are capable of reasoning also. This opinion would certainly appear to receive confirmation from the behavior of spiders. For instance, take the following story, contributed lately by Dr. Laurence Hamilton to the London *Times*: "The incident," says Dr. Hamilton, "I witnessed myself. A boy removed a small spider to place it in the centre of a big spider's web which was hung among foliage, and distant some four feet from the ground. The larger animal soon rushed from its hiding-place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured. The big insect gained rapidly upon its desired prey, the smaller creature. (Spiders are cannibals, notably the larger females, which are given to devouring their smaller male lovers.) But the little spider was equal to the occasion, for, when barely an inch ahead, it cut with one of its posterior legs the line *behind* itself, so that the stronger insect fell to the ground, thus affording time and opportunity for the diminutive spider to escape along the ascending rope of the web. This is not the only fact which seems to indicate that a spider's instinct may almost equal reason." Any one reading the foregoing might fairly be excused for attributing the clever escape of the little spider to reason. It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending, to avoid some threatened danger. If a number of spiders were placed in a position similar to that described above, only one, perhaps, would be found to adopt the same mode of escape, even supposing they all tried to run up one of the ascending lines of the web. As a rule, spiders do not run from danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied. The instinct of a spider prompts it to drop by a line drawn for the purpose from its spinning apparatus. So that the anecdote related by Dr. Hamilton points to reason and not to instinct in the little creature whose exploit he witnessed. It was instinct which led it to run away from the large spider; but it must have been something more than instinct which led it to sever the line, and so cut itself off from pursuit.

A window well covered with cobwebs, in which the occupiers are allowed to remain undisturbed by brush or duster, will afford a patient observer a very good field for studying the habits of some of the Arachnida. As far as the writer's experiments have gone, it would seem that some spiders only feed in the dark. As a rule, the presence of a fly struggling in the web is the signal for the owner to emerge from its cover and rush to the attack; but it will be found that flies may struggle in the webs of some spiders without any notice being taken of them while it is light. The writer on one occasion placed a fly in the web of a spider by gas-light, and although the entangled insect struggled vigorously to escape, thus shaking the threads in every direction, the spider in possession took no notice whatever of its presence. But as soon as the gas was turned out, the peculiar buzz was heard which a fly always makes as soon as it is seized in the web. The spider had gone down to secure its victim. However, as soon as the light was raised, it immediately left the fly barely secured, and returned once more to its hole. The light was again lowered and raised with the same result. Now this seems to prove very clearly that spiders can see.

It is well known to naturalists that some spiders catch their prey without the aid of webs, trusting solely to their agility in springing out cat-like on some unsuspecting fly. The fact that spiders can see, and see objects at some distance from them, is proved by the following incident, which the writer witnessed while feeding his spiders. An ordinary house-fly was placed in the web of a very small straw-colored spider, which immediately ran down from its hiding-place and seized the fly by one of its legs. Its intention was evidently to hold on until the fly was exhausted by its struggles. But the struggles were put an end to in an unexpected manner. In the corner of the window, two panes away from the small spider's web, dwelt a much larger spider. It saw the struggle going on, and then suddenly left its hole, ran across the intervening window-panes, and seizing the fly, killed it at once. The fly ceased struggling, and then began an amusing contest for its possession. The little spider had never relaxed its tenacious grip for a moment, and seemed determined to prevent its more powerful neighbor carrying off the fly. This the larger spider tried to do by means of a thread attached to the dead fly. But, strangely enough, its efforts were unavailing, and at length it abandoned the attempt, retreating to its own domain, and leaving the little spider in undisturbed possession. And yet the large spider was certainly in want of a meal, for it did not hesitate to seize a fly from the hand as soon as it was placed in the web. This is a somewhat unusual thing for any spider to do, since they are, as a rule, very shy of approaching a fly when it is held in their webs by the hand.

Another experiment showed the power of spiders to use their eyes. The writer on one occasion placed a lady-bird in the web of a large spider. The result was curious. Instead of at once attacking it, the spider approached the little red insect very cautiously; when it was quite close it paused, and then made a sort of peck at the lady-bird. After repeating this two or three times, the spider slowly put out one of its legs and touched the lady-bird on the back. This investigation evidently satisfied it that there was nothing worth having; for with that curious erratic movement so characteristic of the Arachnida, the spider left the little spotted beetle, and retreated to its hole under the gas-pipe.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 15.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada assembled in Baltimore May 21, and adjourned May 25. Mr. D. L. Moody was chosen president. The Convention was preceded by a meeting of the General Secretaries of American Associations held May 16-20. Among the distinguished persons present were M. Charles Fermaud, of Geneva, who was elected last August chairman of the International Executive Committee, Mr. M. H. Hodder, of the London Association, and Mr. G. W. Mason, of Melbourne, Australia. Nearly one-half of the 2400 Young Men's Christian Associations of the world are in the United States. The development of the plan of association has been more energetic here than in the Old World. More than one hundred of the American Associations employ salaried secretaries. Fifty-six buildings have been erected, at a cost of over $2,000,000. Libraries have been founded, classes in various branches of instruction formed, lectures delivered, counsel and help given to thousands of young men. The work in the United States has many ramifications, associations being organized among college students, commercial travellers, railroad workmen, German-speaking young men, and freedmen.

These facts, some of which are familiar, show the breadth of a movement which has already given a new aspect to the practical Christianity of our age, and which is yet far from being exhausted. At the opening meeting of the Convention in Association Hall, Baltimore, nearly four hundred delegates were present. The receipts of the Executive Committee for the year were $16,875, and the expenditures $16,873. Among the happy results of 1878 has been the formation of State Associations in the South. Reports were received from 588 Associations; of these, 400 report 65,430 members. Associations have been formed in Cairo, Beyrout, Jerusalem, Calcutta, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama. Sixteen secretaries are now engaged among railroad men. After an interesting session of several days' duration, the Convention adjourned on Saturday at midnight. The last meeting was held in the Mount Vernon M. E. Church, the service beginning at 8 P.M. The church was filled in every part, many persons remaining standing during the entire three hours.

The anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of England was held in Exeter Hall, London, May 5. Dr. Punshon, one of the General Secretaries, read the report, from which it appears that the income of the Society for 1878 was £131,333, and the expenditure £157,347. The central or principal stations maintained in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the West Indies number 378; connected with the stations are 2549 chapels and other preaching places. The ministers and assistant missionaries are 481, and other paid agents 1536. The aggregate of church members in the missions is 89,500, and in addition are 16,315 persons on trial for church membership.

The commission of Protestant Episcopal bishops of the United States, appointed for the purpose of examining the qualifications of the bishops elect of the Church of Jesus, in Mexico, have determined to consecrate the Rev. Dr. Henry Chauncey Riley, on June 24, in the city of Pittsburgh. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, will perform the consecration, and Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, will preach the sermon. The Rev. Tomas Valdespino, also bishop elect of this Mexican Church, was, after his arrival in New York, pronounced by physicians to be far gone in consumption. He left, May 17, for Vera Cruz to end his days in his native country.

In the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which met at Edinburgh May 5, the declaratory statement of doctrine which was read one year ago was, with a few verbal changes, adopted. It had been in the main approved by the Presbyteries. The statement has been reported in this column; it materially modifies the leading doctrinal positions of the Westminster Confession. The statistics of the Church showed 175,006 members; its income in 1878 was $1,836,940.

The report on foreign missions made to the Northern Presbyterian Assembly showed the receipts for 1878-79 to be $427,631; expenditures, $441,934. The deficit added to the deficiency of the preceding year leaves a total debt of $62,331. The Board has in forty-two years expended $9,700,000. A legacy which soon becomes available will, it is expected, pay the debt. The Freedmen's Committee's receipts for the year amounted to $57,167, and expenditures to $50,247. The committee has the care of 16,577 colored communicants, and employs forty-eight ordained missionaries, thirty-six of whom are colored. The Board of Church Erection reported its receipts for 1878-79 to be $67,450. The number of churches built by its aid during the year was 175. By a vote of 314 to 109 the Assembly decided not to transfer the Freedmen's Committee to the Home Mission Board. A resolution was unanimously adopted requesting Dr. Patton, of Chicago, not to accept the call to England recently made.

The Assembly appointed a committee to select thirty-two delegates to the General Alliance of Presbyterian Churches, which holds its next session in Philadelphia, September 21, 1880. Resolutions against the theatre-going of church members and the reading of secular papers on Sunday were adopted. The next session will be held in Madison, Wisconsin.

On the 27th the Assembly adjourned, after a session of twelve days. A resolution of resistance to the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to obtain possession of the public schools was unanimously adopted; also another, re-affirming the deliverance of 1835 in relation to the hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

Following immediately the Presbyterians, the Baptists opened their anniversaries at Saratoga on May 27. The Foreign Missionary Union was, as usual, first in order. The receipts of the Union in 1878 were $235,430, and the expenditures $231,453. Several returned missionaries addressed the meeting; among them was the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the mission in the city of Rome. He has come home to obtain the funds for paying off a debt of $6000 on his chapel. The delegates from the Southern Baptist Convention were warmly received. Dr. Tucker, who spoke for the Southern delegation, expressed the opinion that in so large a country the two Baptist bodies ought not to be united.

Reference has been made in this Intelligence to the success of General Armstrong at Hampton, Virginia, in the education of Freedmen and Indians. A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* tells the story that one of the Indian students, walking out long since through the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, saw a plaster cast of himself. Thereby hangs a tale. Anthropologists have been solicitous to secure casts of Indian faces, and our government secured such casts from sixty-four Indian warriors imprisoned in the fortress of St. Augustine for murder and other outrages. They were Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arrapahoes, and Comanches. In time they came under the influence of Captain Pratt, were instructed in letters, and some of the younger men have been transferred to General Armstrong's school, where they are making good progress. In March of this year "twelve of the originals of the plaster casts" taken at St. Augustine were admitted to the Christian Church at Hampton. The incident that one of them, dressed in civilized garb, should meet in a national museum a plaster cast of himself, taken when he was a savage, is one not often paralleled.

At the recent meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the diocese of Massachusetts, three Congregational ministers offered themselves for ordination. One of them was the Rev. Mr. Abbott, formerly of the editorial staff of the *Congregationalist*.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church has now one thousand auxiliary societies. During its last fiscal year its contributions reached the sum of $88,000—an increase of $4000 over 1877.

St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, has replied to the Diocesan Convention by holding "a requiem service for the soul" of the late Rev. Dr. De Koven.

The testimonial to the Rev. Bishop Horatio Potter, which is intended to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the diocese of New York, will consist of memorial plate, an address engrossed upon illuminated parchment, and a gift of money. The days fixed upon for the religious services and the presentation are the 22d and 25th of November next.

The British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts held its anniversary at Willis's Rooms, London, April 29. The income for 1878 falls off a little from that of the year preceding; the total receipts were £145,236. The long contention in relation to the appointment of missionaries may have had some effect in checking contributions. The number of missionaries engaged in the service of the Society is 567, of whom 135 are in Asia, 131 in Africa, 61 in Australia, 248 in America and the West Indies, and 2 in Europe.

The Religious Tract Society of London held its eightieth annual public meeting May 2. The issues of the year were 694 new publications, 217 of which were tracts. The total issues for the year were 70,341,730, and for the entire period of the society's existence are 1,853,341,730. The receipts of the year from all sources were £149,125, and the expenditures £145,860. Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting.

The Legislature of New York having adjourned, and the apprehension of a change in the excise laws being thereby removed, Dr. Crosby has promptly announced the intentions of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Briefly stated, the objective point of the Society is the New York Board of Excise Commissioners. "The main facts which citizens should now note," says Dr. Crosby, "are that the thousands of places which have the word 'hotel' over the door are not hotels, that our Excise Commissioners are guilty of this defiance of law and insult upon their fellow-citizens, and that with these Excise Commissioners the Society for the Prevention of Crime is now dealing." The Commissioners are already under prosecution. Another difficulty in the way of reform is the failure of the police to arrest open offenders. Their excuse is "that police testimony is not of any weight" in the courts. Still another difficulty is the smallness of the punishment given to offenders—only a fine of $25. The judges have the option of committing to prison. In this great undertaking Dr. Crosby finds the support of public opinion, and should have it. A pressure must be put upon Excise Commissioners, police officers, and some judges, to constrain them to do their duty faithfully, and no less pressure than that of the bulk of the city's population will suffice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question from the smaller' question-book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five-year-old promptly responded, "I do."

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant; "you may call it a wagon-load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

A lady in Fair Haven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. Sing "Hey the merry maiden and the tar."

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied; "but I've a father in jail."

"We've moved into our own house, now," said Spilkins, "and have quit the pay-rent-al roof forever."

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

They were engaged in archery, and her attitude was very fine as she let fly the feathered arrow from the twanging bow. "William, are you hit?" she softly murmured. "Shot through the heart," he answered. "Do, William," she pleaded—"do, William, Tell." And thus it is that history repeats itself.

A boot-maker has this extraordinary announcement in the window: "Ladies will be sold as low as seventy-five cents a pair."

The newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's clay pipe a delicate sky-blue, with a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley on the bowl. If you haven't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, or perhaps better.

An exchange contains the marriage notice of a Mr. and Miss Carr. We notice it merely as an instance of car coupling by a clergyman, which is something unusual.

A Buckland female calls her husband Mucilage, because he is such a stick.

"Irony" as ven Law.—Sentencing a blacksmith for "forgery."

Every young doctor must get on, if he only has patients.

Some men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a one threw his mother-in-law out of the window in the fifth story of a burning building, and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

A friend who called on a wag found him busily engaged in writing, with a pitcher of water before him. "An unusual companion, I suppose," sneeringly observed the visitor. "No," was the reply; "I keep it handy to water my wit." "Indeed," quickly added the other, "I thought it was thin enough already."

She gave him her fingers at parting,
And he tenderly pressed their tips;
And satisfied not, as he bolder became,
He lifted them to his lips.

His grasp grew ardently tighter,
And her face flushed rosily red,
And he swept a kiss from the proper place—
"From hand to mouth," he said.

"Professor," said a cheeky Soph, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern professor, loving his little joke, promptly responded: "No, Sir; brass has no effect whatever on them;" thereby scoring three against the unsuspecting man of cribs.

When a pretty girl is attired in a wine-colored silk, is she an intoxicating beauty?

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself:

"Dear Sir,—Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

Pulpit Themes.—"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, most any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you, I'd tech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab noticed dat dey most always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

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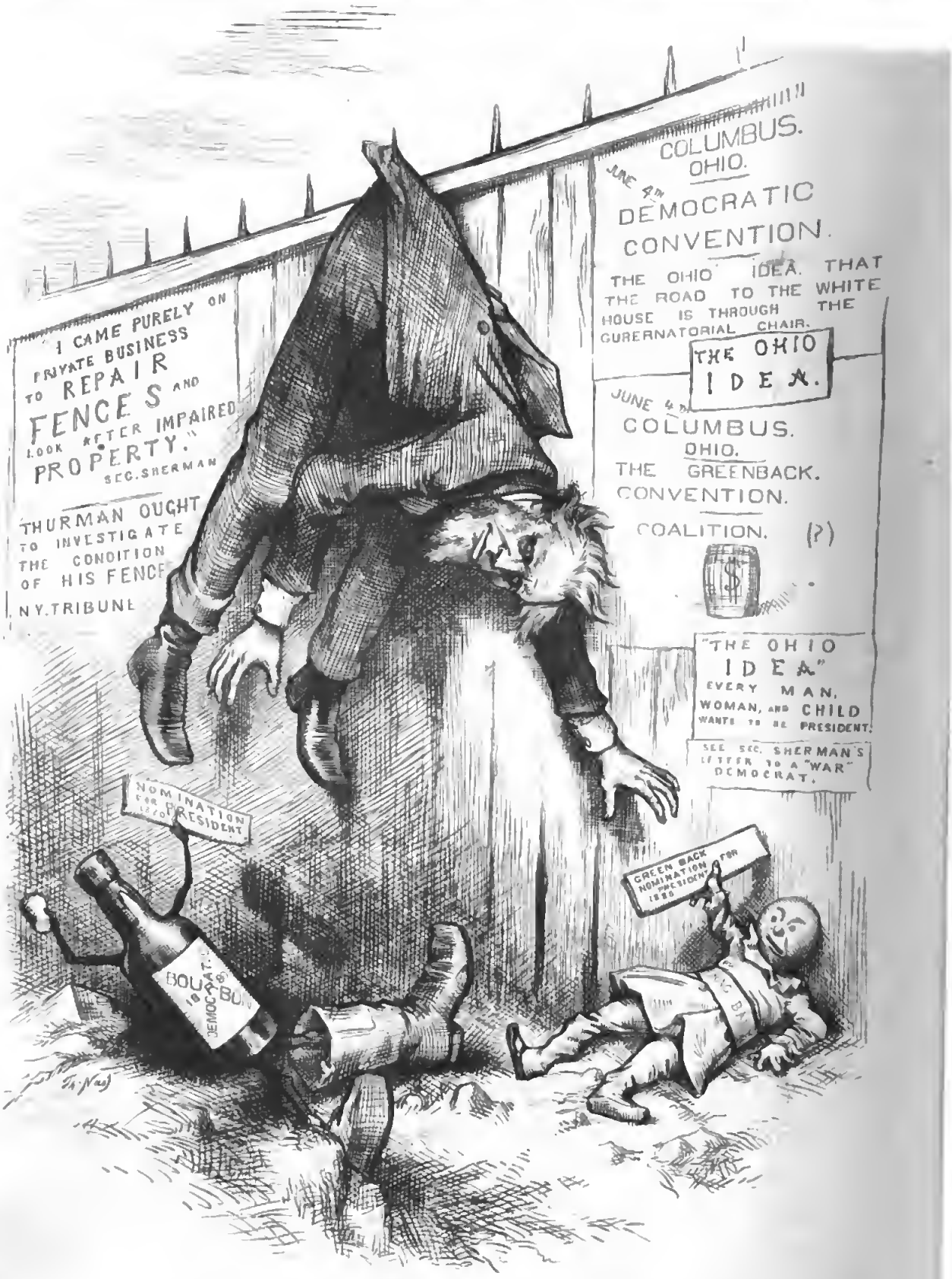

"NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

THURMAN'S FENCE IS ALL RIGHT, BUT HE IS IN SUSPENSE ABOUT BOTH NOMINATIONS.

THE CABOOL RIVER NEAR BREECHLOADER.

CLOSE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

THE closing scenes of the Afghan war—that is, the interview between YAKOOB KHAN and Major CAVAGNARI, and the subsequent signing of the treaty of peace—took place at the camp in the Gandamak Valley, a spot that for Englishmen possesses a historical interest of the most terrible character. Immediately at the base of the snow-clad Safed Koh, within four miles of the camp, is that memorable hill on which the poor European remnant of the Cabool force, thirty-seven years ago, made its final stand. There seventy men, chiefly from a single regiment, but including many officers, wearied, famine-stricken, and desperate, held at bay their ferocious Afghan pursuers, until, their ammunition being exhausted, the Afghans rushed upon them with knives, and slaughtered all but some half-dozen men, whom they took prisoners. Where those brave soldiers fell, there they lay until General POTTOCK's avenging army passed, and gave them such hasty sepulture as the time permitted. Incredible as it may seem, their bones still whiten the hill. The stones with which General POTTOCK's men concealed the ghastly sight have in the course of years been disturbed and displaced, and only recently parties sent specially from the present English camp have removed evidences of the combat, of which surviving Afghans still speak with marked respect.

YAKOOB KHAN made his appearance at the English camp on Thursday, May 8, great preparations having been made for his reception. Major CAVAGNARI left the camp at 6 A.M., with a guard of honor under Major WOOD, consisting of fifty Hussars and fifty of the Guides Cavalry. All the troops in the camp were drawn up soon after on the Cabool road; the infantry, in extended files, at open order, forming up with the cavalry and artillery, which were in ordinary line of formation. The guard of honor was formed up by the road-side to await the Ameer, who was soon seen approaching with MUSTAFI HABIBULLAH, his minister of finance, and DURAN SEAB, a military officer of distinction, riding immediately behind him, and six of his nearest relatives in a line at a few paces distance. Major CAVAGNARI and his secretary awaited the Ameer in the road, and received him with a formal shake of the hand, the escort meanwhile saluting. A correspondent of the London *Times*, eye-witness of the scene, describes the Afghan ruler and his suite as follows: "The Ameer is a man of good appearance, looking his age, which is thirty-four. His features are of the usual Afghan aquiline type,

somewhat care-worn, but marked with character and resolution. He wore the usual Afghan cloak of light brown native material, but made to sit gracefully over his erect form. His trousers and boots were of European cut, and his head-dress was a close-fitting cap of Astrakhan wool with a tassel. He rode a handsome chestnut Turcoman charger, caparisoned with a European military saddle and bridle, and on which he sat gracefully. DAOUD SHAH is a heavy, uninteresting looking man, of great stature, dressed in an ill fitting Afghan cloak, with loose trousers, and English soldier's boots innocent of blacking. MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH has no pretension to a military air, but looks like an ordinary Indian official. The suite of relatives were all young men, some of them showing marks of good birth and breeding, but otherwise not remarkable. HASHIM KHAN, sometimes, but mistakenly, called AHMED ALI KHAN, was regarded with some interest as being the Ameer's mother's nominee for the throne in opposition to YAKOOB. Physically, however, he is very inferior to AMEER YAKOOB, who looks every inch the important personage he is."

After the reception the cavalcade was soon re-formed, the Guides leading, followed by the Ameer and his two principal officers. Major CAVAGNARI rode on the Ameer's left, and Major WOOD on the right, both a little behind the Afghan ruler. The line of relatives followed them, a few mounted attendants and some hussars bringing up the rear. In this order the procession arrived within two miles of the camp, and entered the street formed by the troops, where Sir SAMUEL BROWNE joined it. The troops were in the best uniform which the exigencies of the transport service have permitted them to retain. Each regiment in turn presented arms, the bands playing the English national anthem, followed by the regimental quickstep. As the Ameer's tents were approached a royal salute was fired from a heavy battery, the last gun being fired just as the Ameer alighted at the tent. Here Major CAVAGNARI took leave of the Ameer, and left him to repose in quiet. Every thing went off well, and the Ameer could hardly fail to be pleased with the cordiality and marked respect with which he was received by the English. The guard of honor was in attendance at the tent, but with excellent taste was withdrawn after saluting.

On the afternoon of the same day Major CAVAGNARI paid his first visit of ceremony to YAKOOB KHAN. To save the Ameer unnecessary fatigue, it was arranged that Sir SAMUEL BROWNE should pay his visit at the same time. The latter was accompanied by Colonel MACPHERSON and his divisional staff; Major CAVAGNARI by his secretary, Mr. JENKYNS, who also performed the difficult part of interpreter. The English officers were received outside the Ameer's tent by MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH and General DAOUD SHAH, and on entering were welcomed in due form by the Ameer. Sir SAMUEL BROWNE was accorded the place of honor on the Ameer's right, Major CAVAGNARI being seated next to him. On the left were the Ameer's two officers. After the usual inquiries as to health, etc., the names of the British officers present were mentioned to the Ameer by Major CAVAGNARI, who then handed him a "khareeta," or letter from the Viceroy, which the Ameer passed to MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH, who forthwith opened the important and imposing document, and advancing close to the Ameer, proceeded to read its contents. This letter was the first personal communication made by the Viceroy to the Ameer. It was addressed to him under the style and title of "Ameer MOHAMMED YAKOOB KHAN, Wali of Cabool," thereby acknowledging him as *de facto* ruler of the country. This formal recognition of his position will undoubtedly be valuable to the Ameer in his present difficulties. The purport of the khareeta was to offer the Viceroy's condolences on the decease of SHERE ALI, and to introduce Major CAVAGNARI as the Viceroy's plenipotentiary during the approaching negotiations. After some further formal conversation, tea was handed round in small china cups, the attendant being careful never to turn his back on the Ameer. The British officers then withdrew, the Ameer shaking hands separately with each of them.

On Friday afternoon the Ameer returned the visit of the Englishmen. The Afghan ruler, who was dressed in the same plain but becoming costume described at the first meeting with Major CAVAGNARI, was, of course, received with a royal salute. The interview was held in Major CAVAGNARI's double-poled tent, which did duty as a durbar tent. The chairs were arranged in horse-shoe fashion, so as to avoid, in accordance with the required etiquette, assigning the Ameer a marked central position. On the Ameer's left sat Sir SAMUEL BROWNE and Major CAVAGNARI; on his right, General DAOUD SHAH, MUSTAUFI HABIBULLAH, Sirdar HASHIM KHAN, and five others, the Ameer's near relations. The British staff, about twenty in number, occupied places indiscriminately to the right and left and below those already mentioned. After some formal inquiries and conversation, the officers present were separately presented, and shook hands with the Ameer. The same correspondent from whom we have already quoted says, in connection with this scene: "I may record one observation made by the Ameer in the course of conversation, because it may be thought to convey a slight touch of irony or humor. He expressed a fear that the English officers had experienced much discomfort in advancing so far into a country like Afghanistan. This remark was judiciously answered by Major CAVAGNARI, and tea having been handed round, the Ameer took leave under the same formalities with which he had been received."

The two visits concluded the strictly ceremonial interviews between the Ameer and the British commander, and at the next meeting business was formally begun. The details of all that passed have not yet reached us, but we learn that the impression produced by the Ameer upon the English was exceedingly pleasant. He is said to have won "the good-will of the camp by his very dignified and correct demeanor, free alike from either cringing or swagger." The treaty was signed on Monday, May 26, its provisions being such as to reconcile it, as far as possible, to the Afghans without compromising the special advantages to England for which the war was undertaken. Great care has been taken not to imperil YAKOOB KHAN's position by demands which might excite the jealousy of his subjects. Great Britain demands no war indemnity. The Khyber and Michni passes, which she annexes, run through the territory of independent tribes. In the assigned districts England will have the right to locate troops wherever she considers it necessary, and to construct military highways. The Ameer will act in subordination to the British relative to foreign relations and affairs with the intermediate frontier tribes. A British Resident at Cabool will forthwith be appointed. The treaty will give Great Britain the right to appoint Residents at Herat, Candahar, and other cities.

The quietude of the scene depicted in our engraving on the preceding page is in harmony with the peace that has now settled down upon Afghanistan; but we publish it as showing the spot where one of the great catastrophes of the war took place. At this point, near Jellalabad, on the Cabool River, a squadron of the Tenth Hussars undertook to cross on the 31st of March. Missing the ford, they were swept away by the current, some fifty men perishing in the terrible confusion that ensued.

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We know the above to be true.
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For Nine Years cured when all other Remedies failed.

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Auditor Fort Wayne, Jackson, & Saginaw R. R.
JACKSON, MICH., *Dec.* 16, 1878.

NOTE.—There is no end to the testimonials that might be given in favor of these great remedies.

METHOD OF USING THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and **Cuticura Soap** are for sale by all druggists and dealers. Price of Cuticura, 50 cents per box; large box, containing two and one-half times the quantity of small box, $1; six boxes for $5. Price of *Resolvent,* $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5. (Cannot be sent by mail.) Three $1 packages of each, or six of both, for $5. Price of *Soap,* 25 cents; six cakes, $1 25. (By mail, 30 cents; three cakes, 75 cents.)

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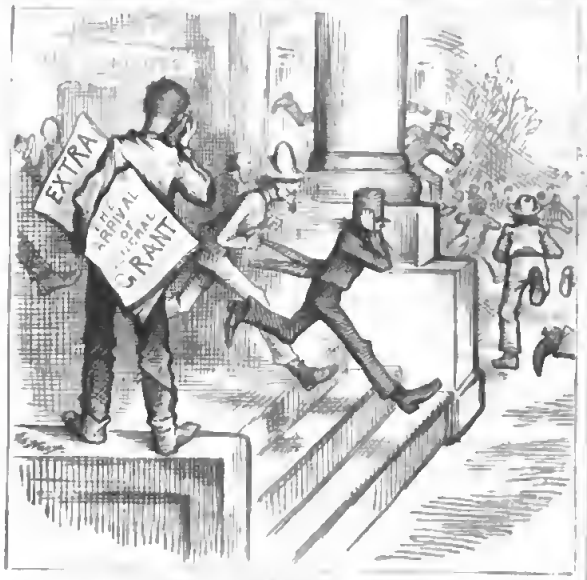

WHEN CONGRESS WILL ADJOURN

Mellon importer man want gabbee, want lie for nowee papee. Chinaman workee, Chinaman no talkee, no gabbee.

[*Copied from a Curious in a recent number of the "Pekin Illustrated Weekly."*]

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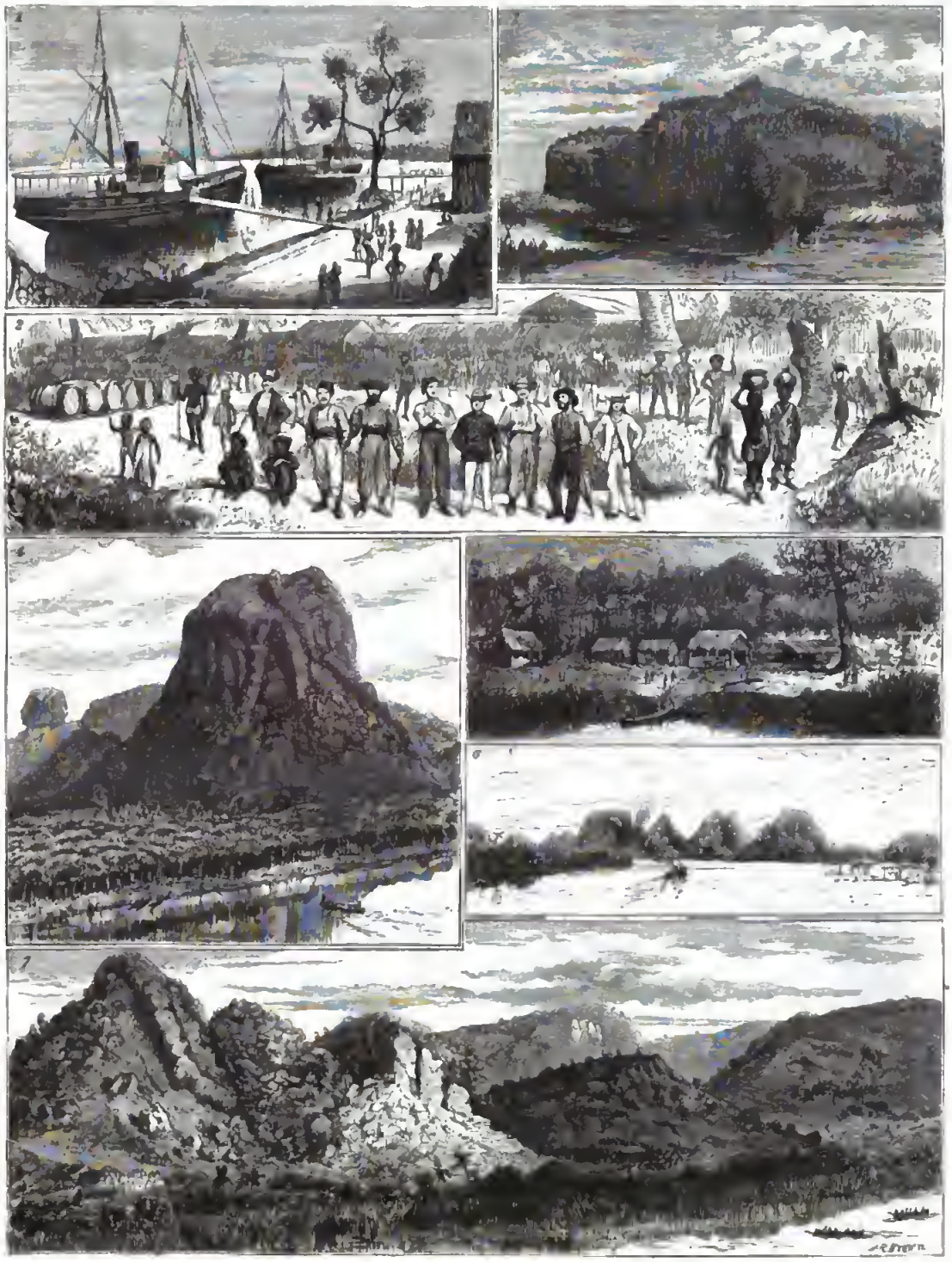

LIFE AND SCENERY ON THE RIVER NIGER.

UP THE NIGER.

Our first sketch represents two vessels loading at the port of Ahasa, situated at the mouth of the Niger, preparatory to leaving on a trading voyage. The expedition, fitted out by several firms, usually starts about the end of June, when the river has risen sufficiently to allow the passage of vessels of light draught. There are several stations along the Niger where trading is carried on throughout the year, but it is only when the river rises that the steamers, which are built expressly for this traffic, can ascend with cargoes, and return loaded with the products of the country. This has to be accomplished within four months, as at the end of that time the river begins to fall again. During the dry season the water in the Niger is in many places scarcely over two feet in depth, and navigable by the lightest steam launches only. The rainy season, however, always witnesses a return of trade, and the larger steamers ply constantly up and down the river.

The town of Eloh, shown in sketch No. 2, consists of round huts, thickly built together, and covering the slope and cliffs. A small trade is done with the natives. Formerly some European traders were stationed here, but they were driven away by the jealous native inhabitants. The cliffs are high in many places quite perpendicular. The different levels of the river during the rainy and the dry seasons are plainly marked on the face of these cliffs. From the deck of the trading steamer the people on the shore may be seen clustered in crowds, while the villages look like red mud heaps. On closer inspection they are found to be dry, well ventilated, and comfortable dwellings.

Sketch No. 3 gives an idea of the general appearance of the town of Onitsha—a place where several of the steamers discharge and load. The river here is deep enough for the steamers to moor close to the shore. The town is built on rising ground, and the climate is clear and temperate—entirely different from that of the lower part of the river, where the land is flat and swampy, owing to the overflow during the rainy season.

Mount Franklin, sketch No. 4, is a bold mass of rock rising to a great height directly from the river. In sketch No. 5 we have a view of a native village, showing the style of building that prevails on the banks of the Niger below Abbaw, or Aba. The natives of this region paint their half-naked bodies with red ochre, sometimes with a plain coating, and sometimes in rings or other simple patterns. The women ornament their ankles with heavy ivory rings, some of which weigh several pounds. Others wear brass rings, whose polished surface shines bright against their chestnut brown skin.

In sketch No. 6 we have a view of the mountains near Bofe, and in No. 7 one of Mount St. Michael, near Igbo. The peak rises to a height of about 400 feet, and the hills are studded with trees. A curious rock formation, like a wall, winds up the side and over the crest of the peak.

EPSOM DOWNS—

HORSE RACING AT EPSOM.

THE delightful little town of Epsom, in Surrey, England, enjoyed a most attractive reputation and possessed a most entertaining history long before the neighboring Downs became the scene of the greatest race meetings in the world. It was doubtless owing to the bracing breezes, picturesque scenery, and hunting and hawking opportunities that HENRY VIII was so fond of resorting hither, and amusing himself in his two extensive and well-stocked parks. It was in the smaller of these that JAMES I built the once-renowned palace of Nonsuch, and there were few finer views in England than that the king could enjoy when on a fine day he set carousing with his courtiers on one or other of the two tall turrets of that magnificent structure. Here also came CHARLES I in the days when as yet there was no thought of Rump Parliaments and Roundheads. OLIVER CROMWELL, too, Puritan though he might be, appreciated Epsom, was not foolish enough to look upon horseflesh with disfavor, and kept some good brood mares in the vicinity of the Downs. In 1670 that beautiful harpy, BARBARA PALMER, whom CHARLES II created Duchess of Cleveland, obtained by royal grant from the amorous monarch the palace referred to and its estates, and was dubbed Baroness of Nonsuch. Epsom was to England, in the days of the Merrie Monarch, what Brighton is now. That inimitable old gossip who flourished at the time, Mr PEPYS, says of it: "Rode through Epsom, the whole town, overcoming the various companies that were there walking, which is very pleasant, seeing how they are there without knowing what to do but only in the morning to drink the waters. But, Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens that I could not have thought to have seen there—that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there."

No actual racing seems to have been done on the Downs till about the year 1711, when a Mr PASTURE instituted something like a regular meeting, which only became annual since 1730. Many years, however, passed away before the two great races associated with the little Surrey town were founded, the Derby taking its title from the sporting earl of that name who established it, and the "Oaks" being so designated from his seat in the immediate neighborhood. Epsom lies on the western verge of Banstead Downs, whereon is situated "the Oaks." This was originally an ale house, but was purchased by General BRAGGS, of American renown, who added an elegant dining room, and fitted up the place for a hunting seat. It was sold by the general to the Earl of Derby, who greatly enlarged the building, and inclosed so much of the adjoining common that at one time it was surrounded by grounds two miles in circumference. Here was given the famous fête champêtre in honor of the earl's first marriage, which furnished General BURGOYNE with the subject of a musical entertainment, entitled *The Maid of* [illegible] Earl of Derby [illegible] year following [illegible] which has stood [illegible] and—if we may [illegible] business, public [illegible] it takes pleasure [illegible] English [illegible]

When the [illegible] was not a [illegible] ers in 1780 [illegible] Kelipse—a [illegible] was, there were [illegible] and 1784 fell [illegible] and it was not [illegible] Mansfield was [illegible]

:N" ON DERBY-DAY.

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faced the starter. Since then double numbers have always prevailed, though only twelve came to the post in Wild Dayrell's year (1835), and the same number in 1873, when Mr Hinxs's Doncaster secured the prize. For the first half century of its existence the Derby can hardly be said to have been an event of national, and much less of cosmopolitan, interest. The excitement attending it was confined almost exclusively to strictly racing circles. During the last fifty years, however, it has gradually but surely attracted more and more attention, until now it seems to be looked upon as a matter of world-wide importance. Through out England the Derby creates a *furor* of excitement, and men, women, and children are aroused to enthusiasm, though during the rest of the year they may be perfectly indifferent to racing and race-horses. Unlike the practice in the immortal Perry's time, when a "famous race" on Banstead Downs was "put off because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day," both Houses of the legislature make Derby-day a holiday. And not alone in England is the great race regarded as the event of the year, but in all countries there seems to be a sort of breathless expectation that extends even outside of the racing fraternity. The result is telegraphed to America, India, Australia, as well as Europe, the moment it becomes known, and the name of the winning horse is for a time more famous than that of the most illustrious hero. One writer justly remarks: "A change of ministry or even of a dynasty could hardly stir men's minds with greater excitement; the winner secures for himself an equine immortality of fame—*exitat per ora virum*—and his name becomes as well known as that of the greatest statesman, lawyer, or theologian of his age, or as that of the greatest benefactor of humanity."

The great spring meeting at Epsom takes place in May in the week succeeding Trinity-Sunday. Until 1838 the Derby was run on Thursday, and the Oaks on Friday. Now the great race of the year is run on Wednesday, which is a most judicious change in several respects. By this alteration the public have a day given them to recover from the turmoil and excitement of the Derby, and are thus enabled to enter with greater relish into the more quiet but not less pleasurable amusements of the Oaks day. This interval is also of great service to those who have fillies entered for both races. The old course, now seldom used except for the cup, is two miles, of an irregular circular form, the first mile up hill. The new Derby course, as it is called, is exactly a mile and a half, and somewhat in the form of a horseshoe. The first three-quarters of a mile may be considered as straight running, the bend in the course being very trifling, and the width very great; the next quarter of a mile is in a gradual turn, and is called Tattenham Corner; the last half mile from this is straight. The first half mile is on the ascent, the next third of a mile is level, and the remainder is on the descent, till within the distance, where the ground again rises. The

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Derby is a one-and-a-half mile race for three-year-old colts and fillies, and is usually won in from 2 m. 43 s. to 2 m. 52½ s. The stakes vary, according to the number of the subscribers.

It has been said, with more truth than usual, that "all the world and his wife goes to the Derby." From an early hour in the morning a continuous stream of humanity, in vehicles and on foot, pours forth from London southward, the head of the current reaching Epsom by nine o'clock, or even earlier, and the end not till past mid-day. The conveyances in which the Londoners disport themselves on this great occasion are of the most motley description, and indicate clearly the fascination that the Derby has for all classes of persons. There are the well-appointed drags, which have multiplied exceedingly since the modern revival of coaching, and the ill-appointed 'buses and wagonettes, with four horses, which seem never to have been yoked together before, and suggestive of a doubt whether they will make the double journey without mishap. There are the quiet private carriages and pair, and the more showy vehicles with the almost extinct race of postilions, the sporting publican's Whitechapels, the one-horse carts of petty tradesmen, of aristocratic coster-mongers, of "dealers." Here and there is an undertaker's business chaise with a business horse in it, the smart hansom with its bouquets of gauze, the four-wheel "growler," pony-carts with animals hardly bigger than Newfoundland dogs, and almost barrows drawn by wonderfully fine trotting donkeys—*cum multa alia quæ nunc describere longum est*. On each side of these is an equally unfailing stream of pedestrians—for thousands bravely walk from London to the Downs. Bicyclists (a sort of cross-breed between pedestrians and vehicular riders) are in full force, and from time to time seem to put fresh life into a jaded horse as they flash by on silently revolving wheels. It was said some years ago, when the railways offered such great facilities for getting to the scene of action, that "the glories of the road" would gradually fade. But the yearly increasing numbers of Derby-goers have falsified this prophecy, and the road is as crowded and lively as ever. Not the least important feature of the pageant is the "stationaries," whose amusement it is to watch the passing cavalcade. The gatherings of men and boys along the route, the maid-servants at the upper and the mistresses at the lower windows of the houses, and the pupils of the various schools popped up on platforms behind their walls, form a conspicuous feature of the scene.

The Downs themselves, when the multitudes have fairly arrived, can only be compared to an enormous ant-hill, covered with human beings to the number, perhaps, of a quarter of a million. There is, of course, incessant motion among the crowd, except for the few brief moments when each race is being run. The Grand Stand and its inclosure seem so densely packed that they would scarcely hold another form. This structure, which is exceedingly handsome and commodious, was erected in 1829, the expense being estimated at £13,890, which sum was raised by means of shares. The interior comprises several rooms for refreshment, and a saloon 101 feet in length and 28 feet wide. The whole length of the building is 136 feet, arranged for the accommodation of 5000 persons, with seats on the roof for 2500 more. Besides this, there are numerous other stands, which, with booths and shows of every description, line each side of the course for a considerable distance. The appearance of the course just previous to the start for the Derby, with the vast multitude which covers it all gazing in one direction, is a sight of thrilling interest, and unlike any other that can be witnessed in the world. The horses are saddled and led about for some little time previous to starting, in the warren—a paddock near the course—to which the public are admitted on foot on payment of a shilling, and which attracts vast crowds, some from curiosity to see the condition of their favorite horses, but the greater number to stare at the nobility, as nearly half the male portion of the peerage may be met with on this spot.

As the moment for the race approaches, the betting becomes more fast and furious. This goes on on all the stands and in all the inclosures, in the Grand Stand particularly, and especially in that portion of it devoted to the members of Tattersall's. There is betting, too, outside, where the "list men" are busy at their special functions. Specimens of this singular fraternity are exhibited in our engraving, but for a description of them we appeal to an English writer whose familiar use of their vernacular gives point to what he has to say. They appear "with the names of their 'firms' on their hats and bags, and bellowing the odds like double-barrelled fat bulls of Bashan. Some terribly rough and sinister-aspected customers are among them, but as a rule they are 'straight' in their dealings, and will generally pay you when you back the winning horse—for this reason, if for no other, namely, that the game of laying the odds is too good to give up by making default. Each has his 'clerk,' who will give you a ticket when you deposit the money, and the money when you present the ticket, unless, by-the-way, a member of the organized army of 'snatchers' tears the ticket out of your fingers, and then, with the band of ruffians supporting him, swears that you are the thief and aggressor. The welshers also abound in every nook and corner, and do a good trade with 'young men from the country.' It sometimes goes hard, however, with the members of this fraternity; for when a welshed backer has 'pals' to support him, and raises the cry of 'Welsher!' if the culprit escape without broken bones he is lucky." "Welsher" is the turf slang name for a sneak who runs away with the stake-money with which he has been intrusted. In American slang he would be termed a "beat."

The Derby of 1879 is a memorable one in the annals of the English turf, and, indeed, of racing all over the world, as it is the hundredth anniversary of the famous Epsom Downs. It is curious that within a few years of each other the three great races of England—the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger—will have celebrated their centenaries. The last-named, though it did not receive its title until two years after its establishment, is the oldest of the three, having been first won in 1776 by Lord ROCKINGHAM'S Allabaculia. The Oaks, which was won first by Lord DERBY'S Bridget in 1779, completed its one-hundredth year last season. The Derby, first won by Sir CHARLES BUNBURY'S Diomed in 1780, becomes a hundred years old now.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I WILL not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley—a stout, middle-aged lady, with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.

"Bow-wow," responded her little dog Bijou.

Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed, and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours, without result. She was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire, and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.

The bag was produced by the maid. It was a large bag of black leather. Bijou eyed it apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terrier, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on breast and paws, jumped into the outside pocket of this travelling mansion, and submitted to having the strap carefully adjusted over his prison in such a manner as allowed a breathing space. Bijou was smuggled on board trains; the maid was not trusted with the bag in her third-class seat, and it was a point of economy with his mistress not to pay for a dog's ticket in her own first-class carriage. Miss Norfolk-Stanley took the bag herself, thus exciting the interest of keen-eyed birds of prey hovering about in scent of jewel cases and bags carried by the English lady traveller. At frontiers the pet was popped under her mistress's mantle, while the maid took the bag in the custom-house officer for inspection; then the inmate was successfully restored. Bijou remained as silent as a mouse in the pocket for hours, and resisted the most tempting inducements to bark at startling noises. He knew full well that when the enemy had deserted the field his mistress would take him out of the dismal captivity. Bijou's fur stood on end, at the approach of a guard, by instinct.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley and her maid appeared on the platform of the Turin dépôt at nine o'clock in the morning. Nephew Dick would find the birds flown when he saw fit to grace the Piedmontese capital with his presence. Bijou was invisible to the most penetrating eye, curled up in the bag.

"Give me a ladies' carriage, and alone if possible," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley to a smiling official, with a persuasive exchange of francs from palm to palm. The smiling official bowed, and soon the lady was installed in a vacant carriage.

"You shall come out, pet, if we are left alone," she whispered, unfastening the strap over the pocket of the bag as it rested on her knee. Bijou thrust out his little black head, reconnoitred the premises, and discreetly withdrew from sight again.

The Turin dépôt is one of the most amusing fields of observation in Europe. How Charles Lamb, the gentle philosopher, fond of a London crowd, would have enjoyed it! The British lion monopolizes the field, as a rule, and presents here his most eccentric national aspect. He comes from Nice and Mentone, *via* Genoa, stiff in gait, with dyed whiskers and haughty mien, followed by wife and troops of daughters. He comes from India, *via* Brindisi, tall and lean as a cane, in Oriental cap and belted tunic, like a very large school-boy, accompanied by a sickly and querulous helpmate, whose aspect suggests loss of health and children on the borders of the jungle. Every where is clamor, confusion, panic of haste; piles of wraps, still odorous of long sea-voyages, trip the unwary pedestrian. A negress, with a blue silk cap on the back of her head, and large ear-rings, drops a pile of cushions, and pauses to replace them in a scarlet rug, with good-humored laughter. An anxious mother escorts her darling boy, who is collapsed over the shoulder of a panting facchino, and demands wildly her coupé, engaged for Paris. An ambassador of Morocco, in a crimson gown and white turban, passes with dignified repose of manner, surrounded by his suite, enveloped in snowy burnouses, each wearing yellow slippers. A group of young soldiers lean on their muskets, and criticise the throng; porters skurry along, and guards gesticulate; but the quick, mocking Italian eye has ample leisure to scan the laughing negress with her gorgeous wraps, the tall old gentleman, the toddling old ladies round as balls, the ambassador in his turban.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley gazed out on the hurrying throng with that selfish complacency peculiar to the traveller who has already secured a good seat in a Continental railway carriage. She held an old-fashioned theory that, deprived of the escort of Nephew Dick, a ladies' carriage was the safest place for herself. That she was alone in this opinion was speedily revealed by the fact of every other woman in the crowd bestowing her person in the conveyances adjacent, rather than submit to the awful possibility of a troop of children for hours. Bijou's mistress was an old traveller; experience had made her timid and suspicious. She read all the robberies in English and foreign newspapers, and looked dubiously at mankind of the tourist species. Who were these men? Why did they observe her? A ladies' carriage for her, if you please, and not one where each man in the corner may prove an assassin and a thief if a favorable opportunity offers. She had learned the words "Help!" and "Thieves!" in six languages, for emergencies.

Two ladies paused at the door of the carriage. The smiling official, in remembrance of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's bribe, resisted their efforts to enter, and led them elsewhere. They were both women of medium height, in long water-proof cloaks, their heads enveloped in blue veils, which concealed their faces. Miss Norfolk-Stanley saw a long yellow hand, with thin fingers peculiarly talon-like, stretched forth to turn the handle of her carriage door. The hand belonged to the first woman, and she experienced a strange sense of relief when it was again withdrawn, and the owner passed on. Why? Because Bijou could caper about at liberty if she retained the carriage alone. She assured herself this was the sole reason for dreading the yellow hand and the shiver which crept over her at sight of it.

This danger surmounted, there remained one more to be overcome before Bijou and his mistress could breathe freely. The surly guard jumped on the step, demanding tickets. The surly guard gave and received no quarter. His expression of countenance was saturnine, his gray mustache curled upward in a truly savage manner, and his cap was pressed down over a deeply wrinkled forehead. He was always in a hurry, and his life was rendered burdensome by the questions of nervous travellers. He eyed Miss Norfolk-Stanley sharply—sole occupant of the ladies' carriage, sitting with a leather bag carefully held upright on her knee.

"You have no dog?" demanded the surly guard, peering about on the floor suspiciously.

"Certainly not," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, blushing to the fib which she uttered in alarm for her pet.

Then the surly guard banged the door, departed, and the train actually started at last. Bijou slipped out of his prison, executed a wild but barkless dance over the seats, stood on his hind-legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny travelling flask.

The train wended its way toward the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the mountain rampart dividing France and Italy, and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valleys weather-beaten little hamlets were huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silvery ripples; the peasants worked in the blooming fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations, and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans, with slightly compressed lips. She would go to Paris, and thence direct to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself!

The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to restore her pet to the bag pocket when the opposite door flew open, and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van, and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again that long, yellow hand groped upward for the door handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk-Stanley's territory. She resigned herself, with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign-looking, mere harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the sex. A second glance at these veiled and muffled figures deterred her. The strangers, with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually, as the windows were closed to exclude the smoke.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mont Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was ingulfed in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the roof of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke, like an opaque wall against the window sash! Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar, and sought her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling-bottle of cut steel had vanished.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveller with yellow hands quietly unfastening *her* cloak, and producing *her* smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial of colorless glass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train passed into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage.

After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was tested before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mont Cenis opened that great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes! Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been again closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a heavy cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.

Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—of which the strap had not been refastened when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress's dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any law, short of reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.

The two women, divested of their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk-Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of outer darkness, but in the heart of Mont Cenis.

"Do not kill her. Discovery would be awkward," whispered the elder, a keen, yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.

Her accomplice removed the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley, and lifted the cloak from her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain, rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the rack above for valuables, and seized the leather bag, Bijou's home, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.

"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Modane. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."

"It was such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected at the frontier!" murmured the younger woman.

"Attend, *ma chère*; I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive to the French custom-house, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend, I join Adolphe, and lean on his arm; you go with the boys, and speak German. We no longer know each other. You take the Geneva route, and I journey to Maçon. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse, containing a little silver."

Daylight at last! Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress's robe. The light re-assured him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the older woman saw him, darted forward, and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky little body landed on the ledge of the sash just as the surly guard appeared, who was walking along the outer railing as platform, in response to that shrill volley of barks. What! a dog in the ladies' carriage, after all? Aha! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands; heads appeared at neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.

A dog in the ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out the window by a vengeful hand? One glance from his point of vantage on the step revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; bags and cases were scattered on the floor; a faint scent of chloroform lingered. A very well arranged plan, hinging on the train's not pausing again until Modane was reached, when all traces of disorder would have been removed, but for frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stowed away in the pocket of a leather bag.

A group of those highly ornamental gens-d'armes in cocked hats and brilliant uniforms who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a condition of confused consciousness, and was removed to a hotel under guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog instead of demanding his ticket.

Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Modane in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocket-book, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had staid in the same hotel at Rome.

In the years 1877 and 1878 a band of thieves waged war on the Continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued every where the higher branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily re-instated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable women.

Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and a moving train, he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurled him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 21, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled "Discipline and Dissipation," and other attractive features.*

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THE OLD QUESTION RE-OPENED.

THE great blunder of forcing an extra session must now be very clear to intelligent Democrats. Their party has gained by it nothing whatever, while the Republicans are united upon a principle which was vindicated by the war. The feeble Democratic effort to place the Republicans in the position of wishing to control elections by the army express in its own folly; while the Republicans assert with increasing force the fundamental principle that for all its lawful purposes the national government is every where and always operative within the Union. It does not "enter" a State at the will of the State. For its own lawful purposes it is always in the State as much and as rightfully as the State authority. The denial of this truth was the essence of the doctrine of secession. The formula of secession toward the Union was, "Let us alone." Appomattox replied, "No government lets its armed enemies alone." The political moral of the war was not that there are indestructible States, but that there is an indestructible Union. It cost the country half a million precious lives, thousands of millions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of maimed and wounded men, incalculable private sorrow and public loss, with the total destruction of social and industrial institutions, to overthrow the Southern interpretation of the Constitution. The Democratic party, with foolhardy temerity, has deliberately attempted to restore that interpretation, and in long Congressional speeches has reproduced the arguments of Calhoun and the fire-eaters, as if the war had no permanent significance and result whatever, and as if every body supposed, with Mr. S. S. Cox, that

"Nobody knows, but the so-called Lord,
Why the so-called North drew its so-called sword."

The North knows very well why it drew the sword, and what the sword gained; and without the slightest ill feeling, but with inflexible resolution, the North proposes to maintain it.

It was very edifying, as we have heretofore observed, to hear Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, arguing to Tammany Hall, in the approving presence of Mr. John T. Hoffman, for the necessity of free elections. Which, in Mr. Carlisle's opinion, most threatens freedom and honesty of elections in New York, the repeaters of Tammany Hall, or the army of the United States? Or does he suppose that the people of New York are such fools that they do not know? Yet this question is the one raised by the extra session, and the Democratic view of it is sustained by the old Calhoun argument of State sovereignty. The folly of the Democratic policy is still further shown, not only by its disregard of the vital fact that the Calhoun doctrine of the Union has been overthrown by a tremendous war, but by the other equally vital fact that the sentiment of nationality has been so fostered and developed by the growth of the country that it is now instinctive, and every year makes the appeal to State pride and power, as against national pride and power, more and more puerile. This national instinct, however, does not discredit or belittle the fundamental principle known as local self-government. The power of the small district and political community, the complete State organization, civil, military, and judicial, making each State a water-tight compartment adequate to float the whole ship—all this remains untouched, while the supreme and immediate authority of the whole nation for the lawful ends over every part of every State continues. To try to represent this view as absorption and centralization and consolidation is as hopeless as the attempt to show that the existing statutes prohibiting military interference with elections authorize the control of elections by bayonets. The question is in a nutshell. The Democrats propose that the national government shall surrender to the States its right and duty of protecting its citizens in the exercise of a national function. The Republicans decline.

Upon this question the Republicans are ready and glad to appeal to the country. The Ohio Republican Convention properly places it first in the platform, but the platform does not properly adjust the responsibility. The Democratic party must, of course, be held accountable. But it is the Northern, not the Southern, wing which is the aggressor. It is such Democrats as Speaker Randall, Messrs. Cox, Clymer, and others, who are the real leaders in the business. It will be found at last, we think, that, as in the old *ante-bellum* days, the manlier element of the Democratic party in the Southern element. Northern Democrats are as eager to storm what they suppose to be Southern wishes that they run before they are sent. Conscious that the vote of the party is in the Southern States, in their zeal to propitiate it they are more Southern than the South. It was Messrs. Thurman and Beck who suggested the revolutionary programme, while the Southern leaders were averse to it. In the electoral struggle of 1876 it was the Southern Democrats who were sober and patriotic; the malignants were Northerners. So during the present situation it is the Northern, not the Southern, Democratic journals which try to taunt and sting Congress to disorganize the government by omitting the appropriations; and should the appropriations pass, it will be owing probably to the action of Southern Democrats. We agree with the New York *Times* that it is the Democratic party, not a section of the country, which is to be held responsible for the extra session and its extraordinary follies. The question which the session has raised so paramount is in no sense sectional. It affects the whole Union and every State equally. The election of members of Congress in Louisiana or in New York is an election in which every State and every interest in the country is concerned. Members are not the delegates of a State in a Congress of States; they are representatives of the people to make suitable laws for the people every where in the Union. The representatives from Maine and Iowa have no equal votes with the representative of Louisiana in sugar legislation, and with that of Virginia in the Iowa that affect tobacco. The vote of the member from Arkansas affects the manufactures of New England, the mines of Pennsylvania, the commerce of New York. Therefore the Constitution provides that the Congressional election shall not be regulated by the States exclusively. Steady persistence in maintaining the real result of the war will at last persuade the most obdurate Bourbon that the enormous sacrifice and the tremendous struggle were not "so-called," but were among the most effective facts of history.

MORALITY AND MONEY.

Alluding to our recent statement that it was a fraud upon the laboring-man to compel him to receive eighty-four cents for a dollar, a correspondent asks whether it be a fraud upon such a man if the purchasing power of the eighty-four cents is the same as that of the dollar. As he puts the question, the answer is, No. But that is not the real point at issue. Nobody knows better than our correspondent that the actual commercial value of the bullion will regulate the value of the coin, for the stamp of the Mint does nothing but attest a certain quality and weight. It is true, as he asserts, that gold is not an absolutely unvarying standard of value; but it is the steadiest and the most convenient, for reasons which are familiar to him as to every one.

When, therefore, he asks why the debt should be paid in any other coin than that which has been agreed upon, namely, gold or silver, he merely repeats the question why the man who lent money to the government at any time during the war should not be repaid with paper of the same value as at the time when the loan was made. There are many answers. It is not, for instance, the man who advanced the money who is now to be repaid, and the evidence of the debt has changed hands a hundred times at different rates. This one consideration shows that the only way to look at the question is to determine what was the moral understanding of the contract. And can there be any doubt about that? Granting that gold and silver were equally legal tender when the loan was made, did either of the parties understand or intend that if one of these coins should become practically valueless, the borrowed dollar should be paid in it? With such an understanding, could any loan have been made?

Our correspondent says that he is opposed to paper money "which is not backed with gold and silver." But he might as well say gold and pewter, if he does not mean that the metal backing shall be of an equal value. The problem of bimetallism is to preserve a regular ratio of value between the metals, and the most sagacious bimetallists are opposed to free and indefinite coinage of silver because it would drain the country of gold. The cheaper metal will drive out the dearer. There is no more disastrous mistake than to suppose that there is no moral quality in the national debt, and that a promise to pay one hundred dollars could be honestly satisfied with one cent, or one dime, or one dollar, whatever might be said of the value of the amount loaned as of the monetary medium. The laboring-men, for whom inflationists—and we do not include our correspondent in the term—are so loudly concerned, have invested their savings, through the savings-banks, in the promises of the United States to pay a dollar. Why should those laborers, and their widows and orphans, be satisfied with the payment by the United States of a coin less in value to-day than a dollar?

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

The latest illustration of the zeal for reform which distinguishes the Democratic party is the removal of the chief of the Capitol police force in Washington. The president of the board, in communicating the decision—that is to say, the decision of the two Democratic sergeants-at-arms of the House and the Senate, who compose the majority of the board—attested the fidelity and efficiency of the chief, Captain Blackford, who was a wounded Union soldier and a Republican. It is not asserted, however, that he was in the ordinary sense a politician, or that he made improper political use of his position. Republicans as such, however, can and complain of this removal. Although all real movements for reform have been made, as they are making now, under Republican administration, and although the great and moving body of civil service reformers are Republicans, yet the Republican party as such does not hold as a practical party principle that proved merit alone, and not political considerations, should determine such appointments; and that the Democratic party holds no such view, this removal is the most flagrant illustration.

If the spoils principle be correct, it is childish to whimper over the removal of a Republican soldier. If an examiner of ribbons, or a night-watchman, or an entry clerk, or a coal-bearer, ought to be appointed, not because of proved fitness, but as a matter of patronage, neither he nor his friends ought to complain when, the patronage being lost to their side, the place goes with it. The argument that there are Democrats quite as well fitted for the place as Republicans is very familiar, and, upon the spoils principle, it is conclusive. That Captain Blackford was a Union soldier does not especially endear him to Democrats; and the resolution of 1865 merely provides that, "other things being equal," Union soldiers shall be preferred for appointment. But the Democrats are now the judges of the equality of things, and in Captain Blackford's case they evidently think things to be so unequal as to require his removal.

When the Republican party chooses to prove that it adopts reform as a party principle, Republicans may complain of such outrages as the removal of Captain Blackford, but not until then. There are few questions more vitally important than administrative reform, but the Ohio Convention did not think the subject worthy even of a complimentary allusion. The reform is making steady progress in Republican hands, but Republican managers flout and sneer at it, and utterly disbelieve in it, despite of its triumphant and irrevocable success in England. There was nothing more farcical than the talk about Mr. Gorham's removal as Secretary of the Senate from Republican Senators who politically live and breathe by the practice which turned him out. If the truth were known, it would probably appear that Captain Blackford was appointed as a Republican rather than a Union soldier, and it is not by any means sure that he would have been appointed had he been a Democratic Union soldier. His removal shows undoubtedly what would happen in every department of the public service should the Democrats obtain complete control of the government. There would be a more universal and disgraceful "sweep"—which would be called reform—than was ever known, and we should be the object of the just contempt of every intelligent observer. But Republicans as a party have not yet done any thing which as a party would authorize them to protest against the shameful proceeding. Those Republicans who honestly oppose the spoils system have not been able yet to direct the party action, and while, of course, they expect nothing whatever from the Democrats but an infinite increase of the abuse, they confess that their own party has earned no right to condemn Democratic action. Meanwhile the good cause makes its own way, and will at last mould the Republican policy.

POLITICAL REACTION IN EUROPE.

A private letter from a European statesman, whose opportunities of knowledge are unusual, contains an interesting view of the European political situation that we print some extracts. He writes from Germany:

"The great question of the day is however—in this country—the revision of customs tariffs and other indirect taxes. We hear of nothing but *Finanz* (revenue), and *Schutz* (protection), and *Kampf* (fight), and *Geld* (dollars)—the last-named being a (two-edged) sword with which the central government wishes to be intrusted for the purpose of compelling or persuading other countries to come to terms and make such treaties of commerce as Germany wants. There is no doubt but that the German industry suffers in many instances because it can *not* compete with that of other countries, and that some protection may be wanted; but it is not for *that* reason that the radical reform now contemplated has been set on foot. The great cause is the ever-increasing expenditure for military purposes. To meet this expenditure the empire has been obliged hitherto to divide the ever-increasing yearly deficit between the states, which, in general, had but one way of raising wind to collect their *Matrikularbeiträge*, or contribution to the empire—direct taxation. The direct taxes had, however, grown to be so very heavy in most of the states that they could not very well be increased, and it was therefore proposed to increase the *indirect* taxation, which is essentially to the hands of the central government, as it is to the United States. To make this go down, the interests of the home industry have been put forward, so that now there is even an enthusiasm for such protection. This arrangement will at the same time have the practical advantage of putting money into the pocket of the central government, which thereby is saved the trouble of asking for contributions from the states, and which will then, at least for some time to come, have a pleasant time of it, and live in plenty.

"The United States are directly interested in this, as, among others, the American breadstuffs are now introduced at prices with which the home production can not compete. Hence there is to be a protective duty on breadstuffs. The effect will unavoidably be to render bread dearer than it is now, and this will fall heavily upon people with small income. I am satisfied that, on the whole, this reform of indirect taxation will prove ruinous to Germany, for it will doubtless be carried out, and the consequences will have to be met as best they may. Among these we must count upon some ill feeling to other countries which will suffer from the disturbances in several branches of trade, and then upon reprisals in self-defense, which will always cause irritation. The great question is whether the other Continental states will follow the example of Germany, and abandon the principles of free trade. If the commercial question stood alone, I should not fear that such would be the case, but the reaction is general, and is directed against every thing that has the word 'free' in it. Free trade is, in the opinion of the so-called conservatives, who in reality are *reactionaries*, only another child of the same mother, and ought to be done away with, together with free government, free speech, free press, etc. A reaction like the one that is now setting in in Europe, powerfully helped on by Socialism and murderous assaults on crowned heads, was considered impossible only a few years ago, but it is now daily growing in strength, and there is no telling how far it may yet carry us.

"The failure of free constitutional government on the Continent I very much attribute to the fact that the different classes of society, which have never before co-operated politically, do not understand one another. There is mutual distrust, and in the higher classes an almost abject fear of democracy, which poisons these relations, and render a quiet peaceful political development quite impracticable. The higher classes, which can not any longer command, have not yet learned to lead, the people, who on their part are full of distrust, and unwilling to be led by them, and thus the fundamental conditions of free government are really not to be found. The fault is with every body or with nobody; but what is now happening shows, in my opinion, that institutions of historical growth can be altered but very slowly, and that, having lost sight of this truth, we must now be prepared for a reaction which will carry us far back—how far, God only knows."

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic and the Greenback Conventions in Ohio met upon the same day. They did not formally unite, but such action was made unnecessary by the Democratic nomination as Governor of the chief inflationist and Greenbacker in Congress, General Ewing. The nomination shows either that the Democratic party in Ohio is out of line with that of the country, or that the Democratic is the party of financial dishonesty and trickery. How strong and threatening this spirit is in Ohio is proved by the avoidance of the question by the Republican Convention, and by the enthusiastic selection of the chief representative of inflation by the Democratic Convention. The evasion of the Republicans will lose them the support of some Democrats who, disliking the pronounced position of their own side, will yet stick to their party rather than desert it for another which upon a cardinal point has not the courage of its opinions.

The Ohio Democratic platform is an amusing illustration of feeble party slap-trap. It accuses the Republican minority in Congress of refusing to support the army unless it could be used to intimidate voters, and the President of vetoing legislation that is plainly constitutional. Is the vote less constitutional than legislation? Such a charge, and the declaration that the President ought not to have vetoed the bills be-

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cases they had received the most mature consideration of Congress, are an illustration of characteristic Democratic contempt for the intelligence of the people of the United States. It is an instructive commentary upon the nature and tendency of existing parties that in the Democratic Convention a delegate who, according to the report in the New York *Times*, was drunk, nominated a practical repudiator for the office of Governor, upon a platform of ridiculous and palpable untruth. The respectable citizens of the country are invited to suppose that constitutional liberty, the equal rights of citizens, the national honor, the prosperity of labor and of the laboring-man, and the general welfare of all sections of the country are safer in the hands of a party whose recent and most important performances are the nomination of an inflationist to be Governor of Ohio, and a threat of disorganization of the national government if the President does not surrender his constitutional rights.

There was another observable incident in the Convention besides those we have mentioned. General STEEDMAN, the temporary chairman, following Senator HILL in the Senate, announced that to the Democratic party belonged the credit of suppressing the rebellion. There were brave men and good soldiers in the Union army who were Democrats. That is gladly conceded by every Republican. But since General STEEDMAN and Senator HILL raise the question, it is well to recall that the last Democratic President announced that the Union had no right to save itself from rebellion—an opinion which he derived from one of the chief of living Democratic leaders, Mr. BLACK. Every one of the rebel chiefs was a Democrat. They defended their rebellion upon Democratic doctrine. Every Copperhead that stung the soldiers from the rear was a Democrat; and the Democratic National Convention, in the midst of the contest, declared the war to be a failure. General STEEDMAN and Senator HILL choose to raise this question. They will have quite enough of the answer. The Democratic party in this country has been the party of caste and aristocracy and special privilege; the party of the most odious inhumanity and injustice; the party of State tyranny against the equal rights of American citizens and the natural rights of men; the party of sycophancy to foreign ignorance; the party of dissension and national dishonor. What its leaders expect to gain by reviving, in the political contests of to-day, recollections the most damning to any party in a free and intelligent country, is not yet apparent.

HINTS FOR A TAMMANY ORATION ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

How fearfully we have been oppressed in New York since the lamented TWEED abandoned the protection of our electoral rights we all know. The coercing of honest voters by Federal minions, since that good friend of the people and of an unencumbered ballot departed, is a humiliating chapter in the history of New York. Freedom of repeating, liberty of stuffing, and the right of crowding out voters have been wantonly repressed. The hand of Federal tyranny, maintaining equal rights, has laid heavily upon us, and the honest voter has writhed under the heel of ample protection. The decay of the republic and the swift advent of imperialism, against which our TWEED in Tammany so often lifted his voice, are made frightfully manifest in the order and fairness of recent elections. "It is sad, cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a noddy." Oh, for an hour of TWEED signing his uncle SAMUEL J.'s name to dispatches asking how much majority is necessary! Oh, for our TWEED, on this immortal and most glorious day, to denounce in the Great Wigwam the malignant iniquity of vetoes which stem the torrent of ruffianism at the polls, and basely thwart the unnaturalized alien, proudly asserting his God-given right of fraudulent voting! Feeble voices may essay the curse, but they will be only faint echoes of their master.

But let us look from our own misery to our suffering brethren in other States. From the tyranny which secures us decent elections let us turn to the vile bayonets by whose shadow the meek bulldozer is blasted. The Atlanta *Republican*, in downtrodden Georgia, says:

"In thirteen years of Southern life we have never seen a soldier at the ballot-box, or a voter deprived of his vote by a soldier or through fear of a soldier. We have seen negroes knocked down and dragged out, cut, shot, killed. We have seen in this city a United States Deputy-Marshal knocked down by a citizen, and the witnesses so intimidated that they did not dare to repeat testimony once sworn to. Soldiers have been sent from time to time during the last ten years to localities of bad reputation where violence was apprehended. They have been quartered within reach of the civil officers, to be called upon to suppress disorder if there were occasion. In 1874 a squad of men were marched to the City Hall Square in this city. While there, although the whites formed a cordon around the ballot-box, and hundreds of colored men were by physical force and violence prevented from voting, the soldiers not only did not interfere, but they allowed a white man, who was taking down the names of colored men who could not vote, to be run off the ground. The presence of soldiers in a town (not at the ballot-box) has often prevented, we doubt not, the wholesale shedding of blood in the South; but we are willing to swear that we have never known or heard of an instance when a single Democrat even complained that they had tried to prevent him from voting or in other way molested him."

It is to the tender mercies of this brutal soldiery—a soldiery who are punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment at hard labor for five years if they attempt to interfere at elections—that the traitorous and liberty-hating Republicans would abandon us! Is there a shoulder-hitter or a brass-knuckler in the land whose heart does not swell with indignation? Is there a Southron with a spark of Ku-Klux in his soul who does not defy and spit upon this hellish plot to intimidate freemen! Let us all, assembled at Tammany Hall on this glorious Fourth, invoking the august shade of our Grand Sachem TWEED, solemnly swear upon one of his stuffed ballot-boxes that the Federal minions and the Federal bayonets ruthlessly arrayed against free rioters and undaunted frauds—had better look out for themselves. O men and brethren! great is cant.

"RURAL LIFE."

We gladly welcome the first number of *Moore's Rural Life*, a cheap monthly paper of flowers, fruits, shrubs, and landscape and kitchen gardening—a very comely and attractive periodical—which will bring its own welcome. We commend it the more willingly because of the association of Mr. PETER B. MEAD in the editorship. He is a master of floral knowledge and an enthusiast in fruits and flowers, and no villa or cottage could have a more delightful or instructive horticultural mentor.

COMMENCEMENT.

ONE of the most melancholy reflections connected with the sudden heat of the summer is that of the intense suffering of "Commencement," as the end of the collegiate year is felicitously called. We do not allude to that intellectual drought which is sometimes supposed to attend listening to baccalaureate sermons and to the orations, intermediate orations, and essays, the philosophical and scientific orations, and salutatory and valedictory orations, of the graduating classes, as well as to the discourses before the literary societies, but to the physical suffering of great audiences packed for hours in churches, halls, and theatres, with the triumphant mercury soaring to incalculable heights. It is a suffering which is annually repeated and endured with a heroism which would be noble and touching if it were not wholly unnecessary. The spectacle of a crowd of young and old persons of both sexes, fanning, perspiring, melting, mopping, gasping, under a steady fire of orations for three or four hours, would be an inspiring illustration of the powers of human nature, if it were not so monstrous and needless a waste of vital force. The story will still bear repetition of the clergyman who, clad in the thickest of clerical black broadcloth, among his reeking brethren upon the Commencement platform, the mercury marking 114° Fahrenheit, amid a dissolving audience, exclaimed, at the fourth hour, to his moist and drooping neighbor,

"The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy."

The heart of every guest bidden to the Commencement exercises, in the first fierce and furious days of summer, asks the same question. It asks annually, and it receives no satisfactory answer. It is true that the college year ends now, and the long vacation begins, and it is fitting that those who have finished their course should at some time celebrate the fact, and depart amid the glories of eloquence and music and the fragrance of flowers. But why not have these glories and this sweetness at a time and under circumstances which permit enjoyment, and which do not involve suffering? Our summers are tropical. The heat is intense. The long winter and spring season of every kind of interest has wearied the public mind and exhausted public attention. Why should not the college cunningly wait until the season of the returning town, the renewed interest and expectation, the cooler air of autumn? Treat the long vacation as the graduate's last vacation, and when it ends, and the new year of the college commences, let him pronounce his Commencement discourse to fresh ears, in cool airs, so that, in the words of the same delightful poet, it shall be said that

"still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."

This was formerly the custom at Brown University, in Providence; but recently that venerable institution has yielded to the fashion, and holds its Commencement at midsummer. We do not learn that it is a more interesting or enjoyable day in consequence of the change, or that the dignity of the university has gained by it. In other years Commencement-day, on the first Wednesday of September, was a day of great importance in that peaceful and pleasant city. Indeed, it competed successfully with the Fourth of July. It was, in truth, the great day of the year. We hope that it is so still, and we have no reason whatever to doubt it. But if it be as great a day as ever, it doubtless pays the frequent penalty of greatness, and is exceedingly uncomfortable. We plead for cool Commencements, but we are conscious of the hopelessness of our cause. It is too evident that the moist festival is still felt to be "joy." The largest opera-houses, the most spacious churches and halls, are crowded at this season—114° Fahrenheit included—with vast throngs which applaud and perspire, fling the laurel or rose crown and perspire, and mingle tears and perspiration as the valedictory cadences die away. While "the business" is such as this, whoever suggests that a cooler season for these interesting festivals would be more enjoyable will be surely set down as a mere fogy and Marplot, who shows by his gross consideration of temperature and the thermometer that he has no sympathy with the finer intellectual joys of Commencement, and, in fact, that he does not really understand the subject.

PERSONAL.

MADAME THIERS is about to make a superb present to the public library at Marseilles, viz., a splendid edition of the *Chinese Encyclopædia of the Emperor Kien Long*—an extremely rare work, and to be found in Europe only at the British Museum, and at the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. This edition, which contains fourteen volumes, with numerous illustrations, was promised by M. THIERS to the town of Marseilles four years ago, when he presided over the Congress of Orientalists.

—Very much honored was Miss MAUDE HOWE, daughter of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, in Rome recently, when she took the character of Aspasia in some tableaux. The King and Queen of Italy were present. STORY robed her, and CASTELLANI lent her some almost priceless jewelry, which he has just sold to the British Museum.

—The London correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "You will hear a lot of irresponsible chatter about the Prince of Wales being a 'business man' and a hard worker, but rarely are you told of his boon-companionship characteristics among men. He never allows time to flag with melancholy where he is, but rather to fly with mirth. He never permits a word of scandal or an innuendo to pass without a rebuke, and always defends the absent. In few things is he unable to point a moral and adorn a tale either in the English, French, or German languages; and no proper person, high or low, with distinguishing ability in arts or sciences, in refined social entertainment or elevated national views, can fail to gain the ear and the approval of this generous Prince and future King of England. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at why he is so popular. A true man, a perfect prince, and a boon companion are not always found in one person."

—Judge DILLON does not make a bad exchange in resigning a hard-working and moderately paid United States District Judgeship for a $7500 law professorship in Columbia College. But this is not all. A Washington paper states that he is to receive an annual salary of $10,000 as consulting counsel for the Union Pacific Railroad Company, of which his uncle, SIDNEY DILLON, is president. This will not interfere with his college duties.

—The late WILLIAM SLOANE, of this city, who amassed a fortune of about $1,000,000 in the carpet business, left bequests to charitable institutions, connected chiefly with the Presbyterian Church, amounting to $140,000, to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL, $30,000, and $35,000 to be distributed among his old and faithful clerks, some of whom will receive $5000 each, others $1000.

—An Irish gentleman, speaking recently of Parliament, said: "Shure we've got the three most remarkable men in the House—the biggest man, the smallest man, and the man that's no man at all. There's Major O'GORMAN (they often call him O'Gormandizer, because he ates and drinks so much), he's the biggest man; then there's Dr. O'LEARY, he's the smallest man, no bigger nor me thumb; an' KAVENNAGH, he's naythur legs nor arrums shure; he's no man at all, at all." Thus briefly did our Hibernian friend sum up the physical peculiarities of three of his countrymen; but with due deference to his opinion, we venture to think that the "no man at all, at all," the luckless KAVANNAGH, with "naythur legs nor arrums," is the best man of the trio. Intellectually, he is far ahead of the pigmy O'LEARY, or the colossal O'GORMAN. He is the author of more than one book, and a by no means insignificant opponent in debate; nor do his physical disabilities cripple him so entirely as might be imagined. He writes (a good hand, we were going to say, but that would be wrong, as he does not happen to be possessed of hands, so we must content ourselves with the adverb) well, hunts—how, we do not pretend to say—and has shown his success with the fair sex by marrying one of the prettiest women in Ireland. He is wheeled into the House in a sort of chair, and, once seated, is as well able to hold his own as most members.

—Ex-Governor TILDEN is known among the booksellers of New York as a large purchaser, especially of rare editions of standard works. In this respect his collection is unique.

—One of the conspicuous public men in England is Sir WILFRID LAWSON, active and influential in Parliament, and famous for his position as a temperance man. He is an out-and-out teetotaler, and at the same time one of the greatest wags in the kingdom. EDMUND YATES, in the *World*, speaks of him thus: "Prepare yourself to laugh, for from morning till evening, indoors and out-of-doors, on every subject, at every opportunity, you will hear such an amazing number of jokes and witticisms poured forth that after a short time you will come to the conclusion, which every one else has in turn arrived at, that the fount which supplies them is inexhaustible. There is scarcely a man of any note in England, there is scarcely a figure in contemporaneous history, about whom Sir WILFRID LAWSON has not some amusing anecdote to relate; there is rarely a story you can tell that will not be capped by a better one on the same or a similar subject from your host. In his conversation there are the same simplicity and absence of affectation as in his Parliamentary speaking. Allied to this native wit is a wonderful facility for rhyming; and the few lines, hastily scrawled on the back of an envelope, and passed along the benches of the House of Commons, create as much amusement among the British senators as do the impromptu verses (read out in the evening) which are the sequel of any contretemps that can possibly bear a ludicrous aspect, occurring among the visitors met to enjoy the unbounded hospitality of winter-tide at Brayton."

—VICTOR HUGO was talking about age, and confessed, in a charming humor, that the most disagreeable advance to him was that from thirty-nine to forty. "Oh, that terrible forty!" he said. "But," remarked some one, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied HUGO; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

—Mr. E. C. STEDMAN, the poet, has just gone to Europe for a six months' vacation. His wife goes along. Mr. STEDMAN will beam upon Ireland and her lakes first, and thence bestow pleasant glances upon the chief places and people of England.

—LEO XIII. has been particularly gracious to Cardinal NEWMAN. He desired to see him first of all the new creations, and on parting said, "I must give the new cardinal a proof of my most particular esteem and affection." Then placing Cardinal NEWMAN's arm in his own, he walked with him through the antechamber to the general waiting-room. The Pope and cardinal conversed chiefly in Latin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: President Hayes, on the 29th ult., sent a message to the House, vetoing the Legislative Appropriation Bill. The House endeavored to pass the measure over the veto, but failed of the required two-thirds, only 114 voting in favor of it, while 91 voted against it. The Senate's amendments to the Subsidiary Coin Bill were agreed to by the House.—On the 3d inst., Mr. Springer (Democrat), of Illinois, introduced a bill in the House providing that on Congressional election days no soldier within two miles of the polls shall be allowed to go out of the barracks at which he is stationed unless for the purpose of mounting or relieving guard, or of giving his vote, after which he shall return immediately. Two bills were passed by the House—one for a Mississippi River improvement [illegible], and the other to appropriate $20,000 for the Australian Exhibitions.—On the 5th, the President nominated Secretary George W. McCrary to succeed Judge Dillon in the Eighth United States Judicial Circuit.—On the 9th, the Legislative Appropriation Bill was reported in the House.

The Maine Greenbackers held a Convention at Portland on the 3d inst., and nominated Joseph L. Smith for Governor.—On the 4th, the Ohio Democrats met at Columbus, and nominated, among others, for Governor, Thomas Ewing, and Lieutenant-Governor, A. V. Rice. The same day the Ohio Greenbackers also met at Columbus, and after resolving against any coalition with the Democrats, nominated for Governor General A. S. Piatt, and Lieutenant-Governor, Hugo Preyer.

A tornado visited portions of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska on the 30th ult., destroying buildings, sweeping the fields of their crops, and scooping the water from rivers and wells. At least forty persons were killed and eighty wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A NAVAL engagement took place off Iquique, on the Peruvian coast, last month, between two Chilian men-of-war and two Peruvian iron-clads. Three were sunk, and many lives were lost.

King Cetywayo, with a view to leaving the British no point to strike at, and adopting a system of bush warfare, has burned the royal kraal, and retired to Northwest Zululand. It is reported that Dabulamanzi, his brother, while attempting to join the British, was killed in an engagement with the king's troops.

An avalanche has fallen on the village of Fontana, in the Canton of Tessin, Switzerland, and destroyed a church and several houses. Six persons were killed.

A dispatch from Mandalay says certain females of the royal family, for whose safety the British government stipulated, have been placed in irons, and will probably be starved. A dispatch from Simla says that an agent of the King of Burmah is on his way there with a complimentary letter to the Viceroy of India.

In the Spanish Cortes, on the 3d inst., Señor Martos demanded the abolishment of the oath of allegiance. The Minister of the Interior replied that Deputies might refuse to take the oath, but it could not be abolished. Señor Castelar said the oath was a relic of the feudal system. He would take it, but only under protest.

The late Portuguese ministry, before its retirement, concluded a treaty with Great Britain looking to the suppression of the slave-trade, the development of commerce, and the civilization of Africa. The treaty provides for the freedom of commerce and navigation between the adjoining British and Portuguese colonies, declares the Zambesi River free to the commerce of the world, and grants Great Britain facilities for the passage of troops and munitions of war across Portuguese territory in South Africa.

The International Ship-canal Congress has adopted, by a vote of 98 to 8, the Panama and Limon Bay route.

The volcano of Mount Etna is in full eruption. Several new craters have opened, forming a vast abyss in the side of the mountain. A considerable portion of the bed of the Alcantara River is covered by the lava. The damage to agriculture is already very serious. The inhabitants have been forced to abandon the village of Bays. Many large and valuable estates have been destroyed. The four main craters continue to pour forth streams of lava, while many of the smaller ones have become inactive. The stream of lava which has interrupted the road at Passo Pisciaro is half a mile wide and a hundred feet deep.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 3d inst., annulled the election of M. Blanqui by a vote of 372 to 33.

Official reports from Cashmere say that it is impossible to exaggerate the distress the famine is causing there. Many towns and villages have been depopulated.

Reuter's dispatch from Constantinople says the Porte has sent a dispatch to the powers declaring that the installation of Aleko Pasha as Governor of Eastern Roumelia without hoisting the Turkish flag and observing other customary formalities constitutes a violation of the Berlin treaty.

The treaty of peace between Great Britain and Afghanistan was ratified on the 30th ult. A salute of thirty-one guns was fired at Simla in honor of the event.

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THE NEW IRON PIER AT LONG BRANCH NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.—[See Page 490.]

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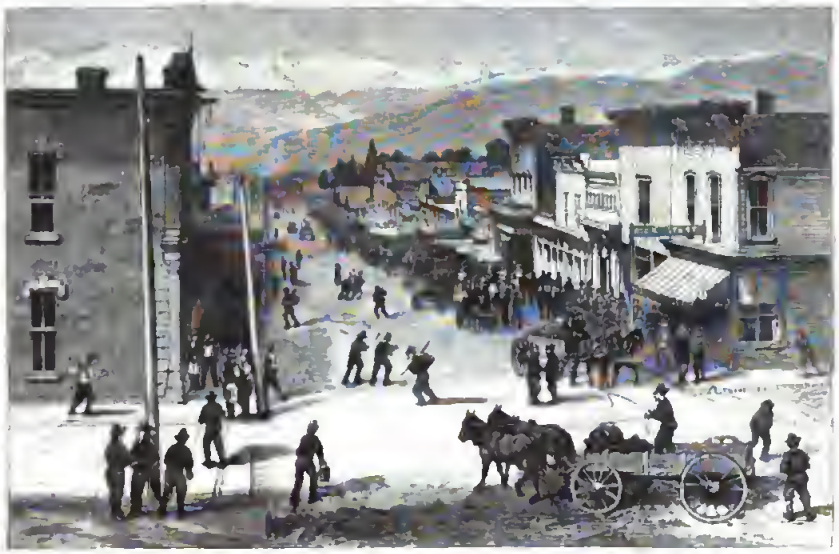
LEADVILLE.

THE mining districts of our Great West are famous for cities that, mushroom-like, have grown up almost in a night. Leadville, in Colorado, is one of the most remarkable of these urban miracles. Two years ago the place was not in existence. On the 1st of August, 1877, there were six buildings upon the present site. On the 1st of January, 1878, the population was estimated at 800. A year later the town organization was perfected, and Leadville now presents the amazing spectacle of a town containing 20,000 inhabitants, located in the heart of a mountainous district where a few months ago there was naught but barren solitude.

The first discovery of carbonate ores was made on the south side of California Gulch, about one and a half miles above Leadville, in 1876, in what is now known as the Rock Mine. The ore was found in great abundance, but of low grade, carrying a large percentage of lead with a comparatively small amount of silver. Soon after this, prospecting began in a line running north, and resulted in the discovery of the Adelaide, Camp Bird, and Iron mines, together with the Wolfstone in Stephens Gulch. Other mines were also opened from time to time, until the district became one of the most actively worked in the whole country. As an instance of their value and productiveness, we quote the following record of the Carbonate: "Mineral was reached at a depth of sixteen feet on the 20th of June, 1877. Development has progressed steadily from that day to the present, the expenses having eaten up only twenty per cent. of the amount received for ore. From January 1 to December 1, 1878, the sales of ore amounted to $86,825 01, and the expenses to $17,648 98, leaving a clear profit in eleven months of $69,176 03." When it is understood that no stoping has been done, and that much time has been spent in opening on incline and making other improvements to facilitate economical working, some idea may be had of the value of a Leadville carbonate mine.



VIEW IN CHESTNUT STREET.

INTERIOR OF SHAFT HOUSE.

Leadville's earliest settler was one Mr HANNA, whose first experience on the site of the new populous town were of a depressing kind. A contemporary tells us: "Two years ago, the 9th of May, there came to Leadville a man with a shirt on his back and fifteen cents in his pocket. He came on foot, by the way of Mosquito Pass, and slept the first night in Leadville behind a log. On this night two years ago the lonely foot man found a few piles of brush, a lot of stumps and half-burned trees, but not a human being besides himself slept that night in what is now known as the city of Leadville. It was as lonely as a wilderness of stunted mountain pines shot up from a cold barren soil, between ugly bowlders and craggy rocks, could well be made. The name of that lonely traveller who slept that night in this lonely wilderness was Mr GEORGE ALBERT HANNA. He was the first settler. His wife was the first white woman in Leadville."

We are afraid to say how short the time was between Mr HANNA's bivouac behind the log and the date of his occupancy of the first house built with doors and windows in Leadville. The first neighbor he had was Mr WILLIAM RANDOLPH, who pitched his tent on a little rise of ground opposite to what is now known as the Grand Hotel. He came from Rosita. The third arrival was Mr D H ROCKWELL. His shanty was put up a little east of the Grand, on ground now occupied by his billiard hall. He came from Granite. CHARLES MAYER followed a few days later, from the same place. He came with a grocery store, which was opened out in a little twenty-by-thirty log shanty on the ground now covered by his commodious place of business on Chestnut Street. This was about the middle of July. About two weeks later along came Mr H A W TABOR, now president of the Leadville Bank, and one of the owners of the Little Pittsburgh Mine. Mr TABOR first started in the grocery business on Chestnut Street, one door west of Harrison Avenue. WILLIAM NYE was the sixth settler. He came up from Malta, and opened a saloon in a slab shanty on Chestnut Street, six doors west of Harrison Avenue. This was the early part of August. "From that date," says Mr HANNA, "they began coming so fast that I could not keep track of them."

The first public-house in Leadville was begun on the 16th of June, 1877, and was finished and thrown open to the public on the Fourth of July, nineteen days later. The builder was Mr HANNA, who, as the founder of the town, was also its great public benefactor. He performed all the labor of constructing his new house of entertainment, from the foundation to the roof. The dimensions of the building were ten feet in width by twelve in length, the height a story and a half. The first floor served as dining-room, office, kitchen, baggage-room, parlor, reception-room, etc., and the second, as attic, was used principally for lodging purposes. It offered accommodation for eight sleepers at a time. For the convenience of guests the day was divided into three sleeping periods of eight hours each. In this way the first hotel in Leadville afforded sleeping accommodations for twenty-four guests, divided into three companies, each of which occupied the attic for the time mentioned. The name of this hotel was The City, and its site is now covered by the Grand Hotel, on Chestnut Street. Mr HANNA kept this hotel until the Fourth of July, 1878, when he opened the Grand, which had been built around and over the little City. The Grand was kept by Mr HANNA until the 14th of last December, when he sold it to Messrs. WAGNER & CO., the present proprietors, for $14,120, cash. This sum was the net result of Mr HANNA's first eighteen months' hard labor in Leadville, beginning on a capital of fifteen cents.

Not long ago a reporter of the Leadville *Chron-*

VIEW IN HARRISON AVENUE.

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ole visited Mr. Harris with the view of learning all that he might about the early settlement of Leadville. From his account much of the foregoing information has been obtained. In reply to a pertinent question in regard to the men who had made fortunes by discovering mines, Mr. Harris answered as follows, his story being interrupted, however, by a demand upon his attention which could not be subordinated to the interests of journalism: "Oh yes, I knew them all. There was August Riche; he came out from Fairplay, and was the worst played-out man I ever met. He was a shoe-maker by trade, but never did any thing about this camp but dig for carbonates. His entire wealth consisted of pick and spade and a faithful old dog, the latter being his only companion. The two lived together in a dug-out about a mile up California Gulch. The dog and August were sure to show up as often as once a week for bacon, etc. Although hard up, he seemed to have friends. It was but a few days before he made the discovery of the Little Pittsburgh that I was talking with him, and he said it was mighty thin forage. 'By the holy Moses, he would keep digging till he struck it, if it took till the end of time.' He did, and to-day is worth, at the least calculation, $800,000. But he is the same old Aug. Tom Hook was another shoe-maker. He too came in camp dead broke. He sold out a little too soon, and is now obliged to live on the interest of $130,000 worth of government bonds. And then there was Pete Finnerty, who discovered the Little Chief Mine. He came in camp with a mule team, paid for and wholly his own. He kept a little boarding house in a log shanty near the gulch during the winter of 1877. But things went slow with him, and he went out prospecting. It was about seven months ago that he struck the Little Chief, and is worth to-day about half a million, in round numbers. The Dillon boys were prospecting partners of Finnerty. They are not worth to-day but a little over $100,000 each. Hallock and Cooper discovered the Carbonate Mine in October, 1877. They were laborers, and had become accustomed to a rough life. Now they are worth $300,000 each. A man by the name of Woods—an old miner from Lake Superior—discovered the Iron Mine. In fact, he was the man who made the first discovery of carbonates in this camp. But he did not know the value of his discovery, and sold out to Leiter, of Chicago, for $50,000." Here the interruption alluded to took place.

The progress of Leadville prior to December 1, 1878, was surprising, but its wonderful advance in every possible direction since that date is simply amazing. It seemed then that the city might possibly reach a population of ten or twelve thousand in a twelvemonth, but no one could have foretold that within four months, and those the most unfavorable of the year, the number of its inhabitants would be augmented by at least four thousand. A steadily increasing stream of fortune hunters poured in through all the avenues of approach, defying the storms of winter, and adding their capital, enterprise, and energy to the restless activities of the camp. The rapid growth and the increasing prosperity of Leadville naturally gave birth to active speculation. During December and January merchants commanding large capital, in their eagerness to secure eligible locations, paid large prices for lots on upper Chestnut Street and Harrison Avenue. This gave impulse to a real estate mania which soon affected the whole camp. Lots held at only $50 to $100 last fall suddenly jumped to $1000, $2000, and even $4000 each. Many sales were made at these figures. Real estate throughout the town felt the influence, and buying and selling became the order of the day. Real estate agents are now almost as numerous as lawyers. Lot jumping, or, more properly, lot squatting, outside the placer-claim limits, became a regular occupation with many small operators. Long streets of foundations and skeleton frames sprang up in a night. The whole slope lying between upper Chestnut Street proper and Fryer Hill is now covered with foundations, frames, and buildings in all stages of growth. It became tacitly understood that the actual construction of a building should give an undisputed title to a lot. This gave impetus to cabin building, and log houses sprang up like Jonah's gourd. As fast as completed they were sold or rented at most remunerative figures. Meantime the utmost building activity prevailed in every other direction. The only limit was the supply of lumber, which, as the demand intensified, jumped from $22 to $30, thence to $40, and finally to $50 per thousand. As a necessity, hewn logs were substituted for boards in the walls of many pretentious buildings, even on business streets. East, west, and north the town spread like a prairie fire.

At present Leadville is fully equipped with all the social, educational, and religious advantages that can be found any where in a town of its size. It has three daily newspapers, one good school building, two church edifices, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, and Catholic organizations, a city hall and jail, a fire company, two theatres, fourteen hotels, ten restaurants, five general merchants, four dry-goods, ten clothing, eleven grocery, three drug, four jewelry, six boot and shoe, one commission, three fruit and confectionery, two furniture, five feed and grain, three hardware, and two book and stationery merchants, twelve meat markets, three sign painters, two bath-houses, six barber shops, three bakeries, ten blacksmith shops, one machine shop, three wagon shops, one auction house, one harness shop, thirty-two lawyers, twelve physicians, two dentists, one photographer, three banks, one knitting factory, six steam saw-mills, one planing-mill, one shingle and lath mill, five smelting-works (including one each at Malta and Adelaide), and three sampling-works. There is the usual number of saloons and gambling halls, and even dance-houses, to rob the unwary of money and health and honor. The simple enumeration of business houses conveys but a faint idea of the volume of business transacted. Many of the merchants carry stocks which would be considered preposterously large in towns of similar size at the East.

And Leadville's future progress promises to be as brilliant as its past. Before long it will enjoy the luxuries of pure water and gas. The water-works are so far completed that the mains have been laid, the hydrants put in place along several streets, and the water let in. Gas has been authorized by a nearly unanimous vote of the citizens, and an efficient Fire Department, with one hook-and-ladder and two hose companies, has been organized. Leadville's present telegraph facilities are to be doubled by the use of a duplex machine. A two-wire line from Pueblo is in process of construction, and was to have been completed by the 1st of June. The growth of the post-office is an index of the rapid progress of the town. One year ago the Leadville post-office occupied a seven-by-nine corner in a small building on Chestnut Street. In the single delivery window stood a call-bell, to whose warning some clerk would enter from an adjoining store to wait on the expectant citizen. There was no money-order department. To-day the office occupies one of the largest rooms in the city, and requires the unremitting attention of ten clerks. It has its separate ladies', stamp, and money-order departments. Long lines of men may be seen at all hours of the day standing at the four general delivery windows, impatiently "waiting their turn." During the week ending March 22, 312 money-orders were issued, amounting to $6844 47, or at the rate of $355,911 94 per year. Stamps to the amount of $620 62 were cancelled, or at the rate of $32,267 04 per year. And all this has been accomplished within two years. As one of the citizens of Leadville writes: "It is simply magical, this creation of a city in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, two miles above the sea, in a twelvemonth."

FATE AND RICHARD DAYTON.

"You might marry, Dick."

"On what? Are wives supported on saved cigar-money and tailors' bills? Can I keep house on an overdrawn bank account? No, no, Clive; I have eaten my cake, and enjoyed it. Now I must be content with the necessaries of life—a wife is a luxury."

"Yes, such a wife as Emma Loring would make. But there are varieties of wives; and, Dick, depend upon it, you will find it as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one."

"Marry a girl for her money! Clive, I am ashamed of you. I may be poor, but Richard Dayton could never, never, be poor enough for that meanness. Nothing in heaven or earth could induce me to marry an heiress—nothing." And the young man set his lips and looked defiance into the future.

The two friends were strolling leisurely through a pretty green wood, Clive lazily blowing the smoke of his Havana in graceful eddies, and Dick half angrily and half thoughtlessly striking down the tall golden-rods that fringed the narrow path. After Dick's little outburst both remained silent a few moments, and before Clive could either renew or change the subject some one touched Dick on the shoulder, and said, "Is the gentleman angry? Is the gentleman in love or in trouble? Let me read the gentleman's fortune."

The two young men turned together and met the gaze of a young Romany girl. She was so beautiful that her request would have been hard to deny; and she seemed so much in earnest that the laughing, bantering mood which both assumed was speedily dropped for one of genuine interest. Clive held out his little plump white hand first, and the girl barely glanced at it.

"You can eat and drink and sleep, my pretty Sir; others will work for you, and there are fools in plenty that will always make an almighty of Clive Raynor. But there is no wife in your fortune; and the girl you'll love will laugh at you."

"Can not your skill show me how to prevent the lady's scorn?" asked Clive, with ill-concealed annoyance.

"What is stronger than fate? You will love above you and beneath you, and you are not great enough either to stoop or to rise. That is all;" and she gave him a look which turned all his carefully controlled emotions into a perfect tumult of passion and delight.

Then she turned toward Dick. He was watching her with a curious pleasure, though he had clasped his hands behind his back. The attitude struck the girl at once, and she shrugged her shoulders scornfully.

"I have no need of your hand, good gentleman: your fate is written on your brow. Do not leave here to-day; your fortune has just arrived—stay and welcome it. A fair fortune, my good gentleman; and if you had a piece of gold, you might cross my hand for reading it."

"I have not."

"I know it; but your friend can do it for you;" and she held out her slim little yellow hand to Clive. The action was accompanied by a glance so bewitching that Clive for once gave gold away with a positive pleasure, and would, indeed, have prolonged the interview if his friend had shown the least inclination to do so. But Dick had already wandered onward, and the girl was in the act of parting the thick undergrowth which led to the tent behind it. So, though her beauty had stirred his heart as nothing in life had ever done before, he was too conventional to risk the danger of some other strollers from the hotel finding him *tête-à-tête* with a gypsy girl.

Dick smiled as his friend rejoined him. "Lucky fellow!"

"Unlucky, you mean. What is life without a wife?" and Clive jingled his money in his pockets, and looked sentimentally backward.

"Will you wait and shake hands with your fortune?"

"No. I shall leave by the six-o'clock train. I have just time to catch it comfortably."

But when six o'clock arrived, the train did not appear, and by-and-by came a telegram saying that there was a wreck down the road, and that the passenger train would be delayed for an indefinite number of hours.

"So you can't go to-night, Dick, after all."

"The girl knew of the accident, of course. Come, let us return to the hotel, or we shall miss our supper as well as the train."

Half way up the long flight of steps leading to its main entrance they met Carrol Ashton. He was fresh from his third daily toilet, and looked quite conscious of all his strong personal points. Moreover, there was an unusual little flurry of excitement about his manner; so much so that Clive involuntarily asked: "Any thing new, Carrol?"

"I should think there is. Jane Ten Eyk is just arrived. Such a turn-out! Such trunks and servants! Why, old Marlow, his clerks, and all his *corps diplomatique* have been running after her and bowing down to her. What a snob Marlow is! He hasn't seemed to know me at all yet, though I have been paying him money for six weeks now."

"Never mind Marlow, Carrol. Who is Jane Ten Eyk?"

"Who is Jane Ten Eyk? What an ignoramus, Clive! Jane Ten Eyk is the great Western heiress: owns a whole silver mine in Colorado—pans out a thousand dollars a day—and no end of railway stock (Pacific, I think), besides being absolutely her own mistress."

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see what a chance she is for a poor handsome fellow like Carrol Ashton? She will be at the hop to-night, and I shall be there also; and of course I—I shall fall in love with her."

Dick had already passed on to the dining-room, and Clive, after a few silly words of encouragement, followed him. Dick was busy with beef-steak. Clive called for a glass of iced tea.

"Shall you go to the hop to-night, Dick?"

"Certainly not. Shall you?"

"Yes, I think so. A new face is always interesting."

"Perhaps Miss Ten Eyk will not be there."

"Oh yes, she will. Carrol's sister, in some feminine way, found that out. I wonder if she is pretty?"

"You would not think so."

"What, have you seen her, Dick?"

"I knew old Peter Ten Eyk; once helped him in a knotty piece of business, that is four years ago. I dare say his daughter has forgotten me."

"Nonsense! I thought Ten Eyk lived in some desolate little mining town among the Black Hills, or the Rocky Mountains, or somewhere of that kind. Carrol said so."

"Yes, he lived in Dogwood Gulch. Five years ago I had the gold fever, Clive, and went there. I did not find any gold. Ten Eyk was one of those little quicksilvery men that attract all the gold in their locality to themselves."

"And Miss Ten Eyk?"

"Had just returned from a St. Louis school then. A very nice young lady, I should say."

"Then why not renew the acquaintance?"

"To tell the truth, Clive, I had to borrow money from old Ten Eyk to get back to New York, and his daughter knew it. Of course I repaid it, but the old miser wanted interest. I did not like that, and I took the liberty of saying so, and also of sending him my account for a few professional services. So you see I have no pleasant antecedents on which to renew the acquaintance. Let us drop the subject."

Clive was willing to do so. He was a suspicious fellow about money matters, and in his heart thought it likely that Dick Dayton was in debt to the estate of the late Peter Ten Eyk. Besides, it was rather a principle of his to let any conversation drop which was inclined to drift toward cash.

But Dick did not find it so easy to drop the memories this short conversation awakened. He wandered off to a deserted end of the long piazza, far away from the lights and music and laughter of the dancing-room, and lived over again the events of those dreary weeks in Dogwood Gulch. Certainly most prominent in them was a girlish figure clad in gray alpaca. He recalled a hundred circumstances—not all of them pleasant or picturesque—in which they had been concerned, and he wondered if the plain little chrysalis could have become the gay butterfly report said she was.

He had a mind to just step inside the ball-room and have a look at her. Then he remembered the gypsy's prophecy, and smiled scornfully at the inclination. "Those vagrants," he thought, "know, because they keep their eyes and ears open. The girl in some way had learned both of the accident and of Miss Ten Eyk's arrival; and because I so considered—" Here Dick had the grace to stop in his reflections; yet he knew that he was strikingly handsome, and that uneducated women are apt to overrate the power of great beauty.

But he threw his cigar away and strolled toward the front of the hotel. Should he look at her or not? Was this girl the fortune that had been predicted? If so, he could, in this instance at any rate, defy fate, and choose for himself. And he chose to ignore Miss Ten Eyk that night, and to leave for New York before she was up in the morning. And Richard Dayton had so seldom in life felt able to order his movements according to his whims, that absolutely snubbing destiny in this fashion gave him an exhilarating sense of independence.

After that small temptation Miss Ten Eyk gave him little concern. His fate, indeed, seemed to lead him in ways far enough from the fortune that was associated with that young lady. He was obliged to work very hard, in order to retrieve a fruitless past, and lay the foundations of a more remunerative future, and he gradually dropped out of that gay society who dress more elegantly than Solomon's lilies, and yet who, like them, toil not, neither spin.

Still, he occasionally saw his old companions, for there are always hopes of a clever young lawyer, and as long as he has a decent suit of clothes, and does not want to borrow money, he is among the list of future possible eligibles. And after Richard Dayton's argument in a certain great railway case, his prospects brightened visibly. Acquaintances who had forgotten him for two years began to leave cards at his office, and send him pretty reminders of balls and dinners and very exclusive "evenings at home."

It was at one of the latter that he met Clive Raynor again. They had not seen each other for many months, and their hand-shake was unaffectedly glad and honest. "I thought you were in Europe for your health, Clive," said Dick. "You don't look well."

"No, I dare say not. I have gone through enough to kill me. Do you remember that handsome gypsy girl? She has made the biggest fool of me, and after all my running round after her, things came to nothing, and I had to go to Paris to console myself."

"Did you really want to marry her?"

"I don't know—I suppose so; but while I was trying to be sure about the whole affair, Reglita goes and marries one of her own wild yellow cousins, and he was so impolite, and said such dreadfully disagreeable things to me, that I was obliged to give up the girl. It nearly killed me. I had to go to Paris; and I shall never marry any one now. Reglita was right. I shall never have a wife, Dick."

The little, handsome, daintily dressed fellow did look so much changed that Dick had no heart to treat the confidence in any other way than seriously, and out of their mutual recollection of the lovely Romany girl sprang easily enough the memory of another woman—Miss Ten Eyk.

"Did you like her, Clive?"

"A good many of the fellows did; she always seemed to be laughing at me; and Reglita was very pleasant in those days. I did not care much about her. Carrol got his refusal, and a few others since him. People say that she suspects every man, and that she manages her own business mostly, for fear the lawyers cheat her."

"If she is like her father—" began Dick; and then, impelled to raise his head by the magnetic influence of a pair of great gray eyes, he saw Jane Ten Eyk earnestly regarding him. Before Dick could arrange his thoughts she had decided what to do, and was standing before him with a pleasant smile and outstretched hand. Dick was gratified. Men are as sensitive as women to such little social triumphs, and Jane chose—at least for this evening—to drive all her admirers into hostile relations with Richard Dayton.

Dick looked at the girl he had left in Dogwood Gulch very curiously. He thought of the gray alpaca dress and little white aprons, and contrasted them with the shimmering silk and flashing jewels, and Jane detected the thought ere it was defined in his own mind.

"You are thinking of my dress, and making comparisons, Sir. Men are born modistes. Why do you not look at my face? Is it also changed?"

"Very much," said Dick, bluntly.

"Good; I like that. For the better, or not for the better?"

"In some respects it is better; in others not so well." Then Dick had to define and support both of his positions, and by the time this was done, Jane Ten Eyk and he were on the very best of terms.

"You can go in and win, Dick," said Clive, mournfully, as he lit his parting cigar at Dick's that night. "Reglita said so, and she was always right. It is your fate, Dick."

"Nonsense, Clive! A man makes his own fate. You could have married Reglita if you had willed to do so; there was not a soul to forbid you: you are your own master."

"No, no; I could not, Dick. There was society, and all that. What would people have said if I had married a poor girl—a poor gypsy girl, Dick? I could not do it—I really could not."

"And I could not marry an heiress. What would people say? I could not do it—I really could not, Clive. So, if you please, we will say no more about Miss Ten Eyk."

Clive was quite willing; he greatly preferred to talk about the beautiful Reglita and his own blighted heart. And Dick really tried to make himself believe that because he did not talk much about Jane, he cared little for her. He chose to ignore the fact that he went out very often, and always with the hope of meeting her. He knew that society coupled their names together, and that acquaintances did not hesitate to congratulate him upon his good fortune. But he also knew that no word of love had passed between them since the renewal of their friendship, and he firmly believed that under no circumstances would he marry Jane Ten Eyk, unless by some strange turn of events he should become rich and she become poor.

One day he said this very plainly to an old gentleman who had been speaking to him on the prospects such an alliance as Dick's talents and Jane's dollars would open up for any legal or political aspirant. "I would not marry any woman, judge," he said, "who was richer than myself."

"Then, Sir, allow me to tell you that you have behaved very shabbily to Miss Ten Eyk—very shabbily indeed! Good-morning, Sir."

That was a charge that Dick's whole nature repelled, and yet perhaps it might be true. He resolved at once to have an understanding with the lady, although the subject was so delicate that he scarcely knew how to approach it.

Jane spared him the trouble. She was sitting

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in her morning-room with a newspaper before her, and when Dick was announced she seemed nowise astonished at the unusual hour of his visit. After the first courtesies of the meeting were over, she said, "I suppose you have seen this paragraph, Mr. Dayton, and it is very kind of you to attend to the matter at once."

Dick read the paragraph her finger indicated, and saw that it was a statement of their approaching marriage.

"How do such things get said, I wonder? I suppose it is one of the penalties of my wealth. Have I done any thing to countenance such a report? Why don't you speak, Mr. Dayton? It is not possible you dared to circulate this falsehood, sir?"

All these questions Jane put with a constantly increasing pallor and hesitation, and all the time Dick had remained perfectly silent, with his eyes on the paper, and his cheeks flushing redder and redder. But when Jane covered her face with her hands and began to cry quietly, he could no longer debate with himself.

"Jane! Jane! dearest Jane!" he cried, taking her hands, and kissing the tears passionately off them, "you know I never did. Who honors and loves you as I do? Why, I have loved you for six years. If there was only any possible chance of these words ever becoming true, who would be so proud and happy in all the world as I would?"

Jane did not answer, but her eyes were clear as truth itself, and in her face Dick read, or might have read, a very sweet untold story.

But instead of asking her to tell it, he spoke of her riches and of his own poverty, and of what the world would say, and so accepted for himself the desolation of an empty heart rather than incur the shame of being called a fortune-hunter.

"He never thought of me! He never thought of me!" sobbed poor Jane, with her head buried in her pillow, after Dick's farewell. Her true and tender woman's heart had been dreadfully wounded and disappointed by his proud decision, but she would not show her sorrow to the world. For a time there seemed to be no change in her relations with Dick Dayton, but gradually they drifted further apart, and Dick again reminded himself that a man has his fate in his own hands; but it is doubtful whether he found any consolation in this supreme exercise of authority.

During the following summer he heard many reports about Miss Ten Eyk which helped him to believe that he had acted wisely in maintaining his independence, even at the expense of his affections. It was said that she had become more and more authoritative regarding her estate, that she had removed managers, and changed her investments without seeking advice either from friends or lawyers. People spoke of her as growing hard and penurious, and rapidly losing all the womanly graces which belonged to her sex and station.

So Dick rather congratulated himself on his escape. He was gradually gaining wealth and reputation, and when he had achieved an income of five thousand dollars a year, he meant to marry some pretty young girl who would be the realization of his peculiar ideas as to what a wife ought to be. One night he thought he had found the girl of these dreams, and the next morning, for one whole hour's reverie, the pretty Maria Fontane was paramount. Then, as he lifted the morning paper, the first words that struck his eyes were, "Miss Jane Ten Eyk."

He read the paragraph angrily, put on his hat, and hastened down town to his office. As he had almost hoped, he found among his mail a letter signed "Jane Ten Eyk." It was dated from St. Louis, and read thus:

"MY FRIEND,—When this reaches you, my absolute ruin will be known to a world so cold and cruel that I have not the courage to meet it. I have gone back to the little home in Dogwood Gulch, and if you will think as well of me as circumstances admit of, I shall not be quite unhappy.
"JANE TEN EYK."

Then he turned to the newspaper, and read over again the "circumstances." They looked dark enough. It was said that a year ago the lead in the Ten Eyk mine had been lost, and that Jane had recklessly raised money on valuable securities in order to pursue a search for a treasure that was believed to be exhausted; and it was asserted that if Miss Ten Eyk would have taken proper counsel in the matter, she might at least have saved herself a comfortable competency.

Dick smiled queerly over these criticisms, hastily packed his travelling trap, bought a ticket for Kansas City, and started that night westward. Now that Jane was poor, he had no longer any doubts; he was willing, under such circumstances, to oblige Fate, and accept the wife she had chosen for him. He read her decree in a new light. It was in Jane, and not with her, that he was to gain a fortune. For the first time he respected the divination of the Romany girl.

After a week's travel he arrived at the Ten Eyk homestead. It was only a little frame cottage, but old Peter Ten Eyk had considered it a species of palace, and been exceedingly proud of its bow-window and its wide piazzas. Dick knew that the eastern one was Jane's favorite place in the afternoon, and he went at once there to seek her. She was sitting in a low rocker, sewing and dreaming, but she heard Dick's firm, rapid steps, and *knew them*. Dick's first glance at her face showed him it illumined with a tender expectation. He never knew who first threw ceremony to the winds: the only recollection was an embrace in which every thing was explained and every thing forgiven.

What a blissful evening that was! A full summer moon transfigured the mountains, and in its glory the lovers paced the wide plateau, and laid their plans for the future. Dick would not speak of Jane's fortune either in its past or its future. "Let the creditors of the estate have every dollar there was." And Jane was very grateful to him; it was a great relief not to have to explain all her mistakes.

Of course they were to marry at once, and after a short European trip, the home which Dick had been contemplating lately would be ready for them. Jane was very happy. Dick was better than a silver mine, and she was supremely content with the exchange. Mrs. Grundy, however, had her opinions about the whole "ridiculously Quixotic affair;" and the rigidly just ones thought it a very demoralizing thing that Jane Ten Eyk should be rewarded for her obstinate conceit with the handsomest and most promising *parti* in her set.

But the lovers in their self-satisfaction cared for none of these comments. They had a quiet wedding in the Ten Eyk home, and no one knew precisely on what steamer they sailed for Havre. Society can scarcely afford to interest itself about people who care so little for its demands, and therefore Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dayton were quite forgotten until near the following Christmas, when their select little "At Homes" gave the fashionable world a faint surprise.

They were open now to criticism, and were not spared. Dick was absurdly happy and demonstrative about that plain little wife of his, and Jane's affectation of contentment with her loss of fortune was ridiculous; the world knew better, and was quite sure that she was envious and miserable beneath it.

In business circles Dick's singular behavior was also discussed. Why did he not marry the woman before she made ducks and drakes of old Peter's money? And at the clubs this question was thoroughly canvassed, to the exclusion of much more general ones. For men at clubs do discuss their household affairs; they call it politics, but women know better.

Still, people can not talk forever on one subject, however aggrieved they are about it, and in a few weeks the Daytons bade fair to quietly sink into the general obscurity of the unromantic mass. Just at this point Fate again interfered with Richard Dayton's plans. One afternoon he saw a gentleman leaving his house whom he knew, in a vague sort of way, as intimately associated with the management of the Ten Eyk estate.

An unpleasant feeling of some annoyance to be encountered, and which he ought no longer to put off, impressed him, and it was with a sensible decrease of his usual buoyant spirits that he sought his wife's room. His first glance at her face and attitude convinced him that something unusual had happened. She had a number of suspicious-looking papers before her, and was holding her head in her hands in a very thoughtful manner.

Still she smiled pleasantly at Dick, though in an uncertain mood; and rising with a sigh, pushed the papers inside the secretary, and locked it. Dick was determined to know the worst at once. "Something is worrying you, Jane; what is it, dear?"

"Dick, I am afraid that you will think that I have been deceiving you: that is the trouble. But, indeed, indeed, I can not help the way things have gone. I am so sorry, darling!"

"Why, what ever is the matter, wifey?"

"Oh, Dick, Simon Hewes has been here—father's old manager, you know—and he says, Dick, dear, that they have found the lead again in the Ten Eyk mine—struck it richer than ever—and those shares, Dick, I bought, and that every one said were just so much waste-paper, Hewes has sold them for two hundred thousand dollars, and now he wants to know how the money is to be invested. I can't help it, Dick—indeed I can't; and what in the world am I to do with the mine and the money?"

"So I *have* married an heiress, after all," said Dick, laughing, and kissing the heiress twenty times over as evidence of his forgiveness. And Jane was very humble, and very thankful for Dick's kindness in the matter, and for the really handsome way in which he not only forgave his contrary destiny, but also took it into his own special care and keeping.

"Marriage takes all the nonsense out of a fellow, you see," said Clive Raynor, in his club, the night that this new topic about the Daytons came up; "and, besides, Dick did not know that he married an heiress."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" said the elegant Jenkins; "it is only a new version of an old comedy—*Love's Stratagem*. Bet you a hundred dollars Mrs. Dayton knew where the Ten Eyk lead was all the time; and old Simon Hewes knows railway scrip somewhat better than his Bible. I only wish some pretty girl would fool me in the same way. 'Pon my honor I do, now, really."

But if Dick ever suspected any feeling in the matter, he laid it all on Madame Fate, and he very graciously forgave her the deception, and accepted the fortune that was evidently so inevitable.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

SIR DAVID WILKIE, from the character of his delineations, will always be a great favorite. Sir John Sinclair, happening once to dine in company with Wilkie, asked in the course of conversation if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired: "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?"

To which Wilkie replied, "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter."

"How! I?" exclaimed the baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I was so delighted with the sight that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter."

We must not pass from Wilkie without relating the following amusing story: On the birth of the son of a friend—afterward a popular novelist—Sir David Wilkie was requested to become one of the sponsors for the child. Sir David, whose studies of human nature extended to every thing but infant human nature, had evidently been refreshing his boyish recollections of kittens and puppies, for after looking intently into the child's eyes as it was held up for his inspection, he exclaimed to the father, with serious astonishment and satisfaction, "He sees!"

During the residence in England of Haydn, the celebrated composer, one of the royal princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his (Haydn's) portrait. Haydn went to the residence of the painter and gave him a sitting; but he soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, with his usual care for his reputation, would not paint a man of such distinguished genius with a stupid countenance, and in consequence he adjourned the sitting to another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Sir Joshua communicated the circumstance to the commissioning prince, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl who was in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native tongue with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly and successfully seized its traits.

Opie was once painting an old beau of fashion. Whenever this gentleman thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said, very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

Sir Joshua once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence, to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation, adding that forty pounds would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation Sir Joshua rose to take his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door, Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart, while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank-note for one hundred pounds!

Of Gainsborough we are told that both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.

Haydon's "Mock Election" was painted in this wise: As many other artists have been, both before and since, Haydon was in difficulties, and in July, 1827, was an inmate of the King's Bench Prison. One day some of his fellow-prisoners got up a burlesque of an election. "I was sitting in my own apartment," writes the painter, "buried in my own reflections, melancholy, but not despairing, at the darkness of my prospects, and the unprotected condition of my wife and children, when a tumultuous and hearty laugh below brought me to my window. In spite of my own sorrows, I laughed out heartily when I saw the occasion."

Haydon sketched the grotesque scene, painted it in four months, and with the aid of noblemen and friends, and the advocacy of the press succeeded in exciting the sympathy of the country. The picture proved attractive as an exhibition; still better, it was purchased by King George IV. for five hundred pounds; and it was conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St. James's Palace. A committee of gentlemen then undertook Mr. Haydon's affairs, and with the purchase-money of the picture and the proceeds of the exhibition the painter was restored to his family. In 1828 he painted, as a companion to this picture, "The Chairing of the Members," which was bought by Mr. Francis, of Exeter, for three hundred guineas.

"Not one in ten thousand, perhaps," it has been said, "can move his ears." The celebrated Mr. Mery used, when lecturing, to amuse his pupils by saying that in one thing he surely belonged to the long-eared tribe; upon which he would move his ears very rapidly backward and forward. Albinus, the celebrated anatomist, had the same power, which is performed by little muscles not seen. Mr. Haydon tried it once, in painting, with great effect. In his picture of "Macbeth," painted for Sir George Beaumont, when the thane was listening in horror, before committing the murder, the artist ventured to press the ears forward like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound. It is very effective, and increases amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectator's being aware of the reason.

Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, Sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting, but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we can not see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterward farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

Rubens seems to have been a remarkably diligent painter. We are enabled to form some estimate of his astonishingly productive powers when we consider that about one thousand of his works have been engraved. An extraordinary number of his paintings adorn the most celebrated public and private galleries, and many churches in different parts of Europe. Yet of the countless pictures every where attributed to Rubens, but a small proportion were entirely painted by his own hands; the others contain more or less of the workmanship of his pupils. Like many other great painters, Rubens was an architect too; his own house and the church and college of the Jesuits in Antwerp were built from his designs.

We conclude with the following amusing list of anachronisms in painting. These are to be found in works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's *periwigged* spectators of "Christ healing the Sick;" Abraham about to shoot Isaac with *a pistol;* an Ethiopian king in a *veryher, boots, and spurs;* Bellin's "Virgin and Child" listening to a *violin;* and in Albert Durer's "Angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise," the angel wearing a *flounced petticoat*. Then we have Cigoli's "Simeon at the Circumcision" with *spectacles* on nose; the Virgin Mary helping herself to *a cup of coffee* from a chased *coffee-pot;* and St. Jerome painted with a *clock* by his side. N. Poussin has represented "The Deluge" with *boats*, and "Rebecca at the Well" with *Grecian* architecture in the background. And in a picture representing "Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua," the lobsters are *red*, though yet, it is to be presumed, unboiled.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HE looked up very humbly, and said he was sorry to be found in such a place, but he could assure the Court that he was never in the prisoner's box before. "Never?" asked the Court, with some severity. "Look a-here, judge," said the culprit, "name the fine, but for Heaven's sake don't spring that *Pinafore* gag on a feller!"

He entered the grocery, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No; we sell nothing on tick;" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

That was neat, the remark of a young lawyer on Washington Street, the other morning. A friend accosted him: "John, I wish you would change this twenty-dollar bill for me." The blushing but pleased attorney lifted his hat and replied: "My good boy, you flatter me—you flatter me."

The tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town, and when you warmly advise him to go, he says he has much confidence in your good judgment, and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "wouldn't you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I ask you to go out with me to any party or theatre?" inquired Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit to going were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please, my dear."

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry-goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "as I only joined the church last week."

If speech is silver, then the floors of the Senate and House ought to be knee-deep in dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and half dimes.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his best razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

A child without legs has just been born. "Thank Heaven!" said the weeping father, "this will never be a champion pedestrian."

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady to her boarders. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them.

When a society reporter wishes to puff a plain, vulgar girl, he remarks that she is as beautiful as she is accomplished.

"What made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other, "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife." "And I," added a by-stander, "came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one."

A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment: "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' it's nayther of us." "Yaw, dat ish drue. I am aniudder man, und you is not yourself, und we are some odder bodies."

A young man having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honored toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from Scott:

"'O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'"

Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

"But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

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"THE FAVORITE FALCON."—T. Hovenden.

"THE TOAST."—P. Moss.

"PROCESSION OF THE SACR

"THE GOSSIPS."—H. Moller.

THE PARIS SALON OF 1879.

[Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.]

The Grand Opening.—Description of the Scene.—Some of the most notable Pictures.—American Exhibitors.

Paris, May 13, 1879.

This Salon has opened with fine weather, which, according to tradition, invariably accompanies the ceremony, as rain usually descends on a séance of the Académie Française.

President Grévy and his daughter inspected the exhibition on Saturday. On Sunday the magical formula of the varnishing brought together the usual piquant assemblage of artists, literary men, and actresses of celebrity. Monday the gates of the Palais de l'Industrie were thrown open to the world. What American has not dreamed of attending the opening of the Paris Salon? Fashion as much as art has placed this golden fruit on a high branch of the tree of human possibilities, and the fame thereof has spread beyond the sea. The golden fruit must be plucked and eaten if practicable, even if it should leave a bitter flavor of disappointment on the palate. Reputation often exceeds reality, and certainly a visit to the Salon of this year is calculated to dispel many illusions in the mind of a stranger.

Imagine yourself, friendly reader, at the entrance of the vast Palais de l'Industrie on a soft gray morning. Outside, the trees of the Champs Élysées are green, the fountains of the Rond Point fume in silvery plumes of falling waters, the *femmes*, with their floating cup-ribbons, carry rosy babies, and the little *cafés chantants* are decking their gardens for a summer campaign. You enter the gates, and ascend lofty flights of stone steps on the right, excessively dirty at the moment from the passage of many feet. A throng of visitors precedes, surrounds, and follows you, eager to gain the same goal. A first glance at this audience surprises you as much as the collection of pictures; indeed, the crowd bears a curious resemblance to the art exhibition of the year 1879. You behold a crowd of furry and bearded men in rough overcoats, accompanied by their womenkind in startling toilets which you have been taught not to deem French, above all, Parisian. These furnish the latest phase of the republic, and do not belong to the *haute femme*. True gems of elegance may be discovered in this assemblage later, just as great and good works of art may be discovered in the motley assemblage of daubs comprised in the three thousand works accepted by the jury of the season, and which fill twenty-eight rooms.

Above, the walls of the vestibule are hung with tapestry, and the cases of miniatures and modern enamels are worthy of inspection. There is the smiling and persuasive saleswoman, true daughter of Paris, with her little pile of catalogues, yellow and blue. Now you find yourself in Salle XXV., which is actually that of entrance. It is a vast room, lofty and light. The leather ottoman encircling standards of plants in the centre is already encumbered with weary humanity. The crowd pours through the door; bonnets and hats pass continually between your range of vision and the pictures lining the walls. Is this a merciful interposition, or otherwise? A French critic has stated that a first glimpse of the heterogeneous collection brought together here may well occasion a doubt as to what effort of aspiring genius can have been rejected, and prophesies the speedy withdrawal of the best artists in exasperation from the field. You observe a variety of huge and often gaudy pictures on the walls of this entrance salle, visible above the heads of the surging throng—a "Republic," by M. Ehrmann, a "St. Vincent de Paul," by M. Lecomte-Denony, or a fine landscape by M. François, the "Vallée de Rosellon."

"STILL LIFE."—Miss H. Cobern.

"A HOLIDAY."—H

"OLD PEASANT HOME, SWITZERLAND."—C. R. Dobson.

"SCENE IN BRITTANY."—H. Bolton Jones.

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THE PARIS SALON—SOME AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS

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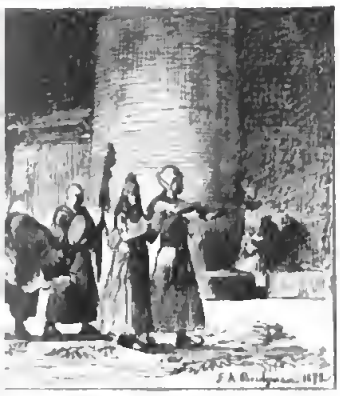

ULL."—F. A. Bridgman.

"AT THE FOUNTAIN."—Miss Elizabeth Gardner.

"THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM."—C. S. Pearce.

"FAMILY LIFE."—Miss C. W. Conway.

Lefferts.

Right and left extend vistas of adjacent salles—large rooms, small rooms, narrow rooms. Ah! if the jury had gathered all the works of true merit together, what a pleasure would have resulted! But on; they were far too sagacious for that. The bewildered visitor must wander on through all the dreary rooms, either discovering a beautiful study in surprise, or overlooking true excellence because of mediocre neighbors.

At the outset the salle of entrance gives you the key to several prominent features of the artistic mind, as here revealed. Blood is very popular in the Salon of 1879. It gushes from the wounds of greenish tinted martyrs, while theatrical attendants bend over them in lackadaisical sympathy; it lies in horrible stagnant pools on marble pavements beneath the fallen heads of heroes, or pours from the trunk of a Medusa while Perseus capers near; it even stains the linen which St. Elizabeth of Hungary binds about the broken head of a beggar child. Blood, accompanied by the most wanton and writhing aspect of human agony, evidently holds a high rank in the estimation of the jury. A battle-field is a positive relief, when gained. Here is legitimate, wholesome carnage; soldiers thrust each other with bayonets, and die manfully.

Another marked characteristic is a fondness for depicting religious scenes. Why does the French school deal so largely in Madonnas, insipid without holiness, in ascetic saints, with their heads held on one side, anticipating visions; in Crucifixions, dismal without grandeur? Surely the foreigner is unable to ascribe deep religious reverence to the average French mind. Fra Angelico would weep, in heaven, to behold the saints and angels of the Paris Salon occupying a prominent position in the leading artistic city of the world at the present day. Raphael and Masaccio would find St. John in the Wilderness, instead of a beautiful boy clad in sheep-skin, with the great, luminous eyes and spiritual expression which foreshadowed his own destiny, here depicted with a mild and simpering aspect, as of an urchin on his good behavior, but tempted to follow the flight of a bird in the sky. Why do not young artists abandon this field to the old masters, to whom it justly belonged?

In contrast, there are the portraits of a great number of dresses, carefully executed, with quite indifferent wearers inside of them, as well as unusual prominence given to striped stockings on occasion, together with the usual collection of panels of fruit and masses of flowers, either heaped in little carts, or beneath the umbrellas of a street stand. The fish and game, the strawberries, peaches, and cray-fish, are sufficiently excellent to tempt the appetite of the lover of art who hastened hither after the cup of morning coffee. The visitor who hoped in vain for an exhibition without the inevitable Jeanne d'Arc might find an echo in another doctrine of escaping from perpetual contemplation of Dr Jenner's system of vaccination, as rendered by the Roman sculptor Bonaverde. Not only was the philanthropist Dr Jenner in marble a presiding presence at the Exposition, but the sculptor Monteverde now appears at the Salon attired in his blouse, with folded arms, a bristling beard, and a very determined expression of countenance, contemplating his work. Fortunately Dr Jenner has dwindled to a tiny wax model, placed on a pedestal before the sculptor. A man in the act of puncturing the arm of a struggling baby is not an agreeable object of contemplation, however faultless in execution, and should be banished to the hospital as speedily as possible.

Here is a portrait of Mlle Samary, of the Théâtre Français, by Mlle Abbema. The portrait is sufficiently droll and odd to please the caprice of a young actress who aims at originality. A vivid green background relieves the jaunty blouse head of Mlle. Samary; she is attired in a woolen dress of gray that fastened with an exaggerated buckle and belt at the waist, while an enormous purple bow adorns the throat. Her blue eyes scintillate with mockery and fun, her nose acquires a most uncompromising *retroussé* from her pose, and her red lips laugh. Such is the freshest bud of the Théâtre Français, who now sparkles in the new play of *Rimsoki*. Here is a sombre picture which

"VINTAGE TIME IN FRANCE."—D. R. Knowles.

—Miss Mary L. Foote.

"STILL LIFE."—Miss Helen Searle.

"TWO INFANTS."—J. W. Fawcett.

IE EXHIBITION.—From Original Sketches by the Artists.

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attracts your attention across the room where it hangs: a Russian Guard, wrapped in his cloak, mounted on a stout horse, and traversing a rough waste of snow. An old French officer, in the ugly uniform, red and black, with a weather-bronzed face and thoughtful eye, has paused before this study in mute contemplation. No other picture will appeal to him with equal power. The artist has gained his aim, and found his audience. A second soldier has paused before another picture in another salle. You discover a fresh interest in the canvases because of those observing them with innate appreciation of the subject treated. The second soldier is young and gay. The picture is the "Jeanne" of M. Forcade. A peasant girl in sabots, with a basket on her back, has found a red silk mask amidst the débris of flowers scattered on the pavement by a reveller at dawn. She holds up the mask, using the shop window as a mirror, and glances archly over her shoulder at the spectator, while singing:

"On soupe encore, le gaz éteint,
Tant pis pour toi, Mélancolie!
Oh! que c'est gentil, la Folie
Jusqu' à six heures du matin."

M. Bonnât's portrait of Victor Hugo, in Salle IV., is fine, and attracts much attention. The poet is seated, his head resting on one hand, and the other thrust into his vest. The attitude is easy and harmonious, without much elegance, while the expression is perplexing. "Of what is the old man thinking?" It is to be hoped that he contemplates, in retrospection, the mighty works of his youth and prime rather than of his decline.

Female beauty abounds: nymphs are tossed on green waves; peasant maidens feed their little brothers and sisters in corners; ladies smile beneath plumed hats and wreaths of flowers, attired in purple velvet and black satin, even illuminated with the electric light. Madame Judic beams on her admirers in an embroidered robe of autumnal tints. Bouguereau's young Bohemians gaze at the world with limpid, fearless eyes. The "Birth of Venus," a large and ambitious work, reveals all the skill and beauties of the great artist, yet causes the heretical mind to revert to the tribune of the Uffizi at Florence and Titian's Venus, fading from the canvas with the years.

A magnificent portrait by Carolus Duran seems to embody the very pomp of accessories in modern painting. A lady, blonde and stately, in elaborate dress of white satin, stands with a rich mantle of velvet and furs gathered about her flowing draperies. One is reminded of the state portraits of Catherine of Russia or the Palatine princesses. She is in good company, also, this great dame. The large landscape with animals, by the famous Belgian artist Marie Collart, hangs on one side of this room, and the fine work of M. Émile Delperée, "Luther before the Council," opposite.

Two portraits by Alexandre Cabanel are especially worthy of attention; that of Madame la Marquise de C—— you prefer to any in the collection. The lady, slender, supple, and erect, stands against a background of rich blue curtain. Her dress is pale ivory-tinted satin, bordered with sable, the color of her own hair. There she stands in severe and elegant simplicity, without an ornament in ear, on neck, or beautifully rounded arms. What softness and delicacy of hues where the rich furs touch the white flesh of throat and shoulder! This is the very beau ideal of a fair Parisienne. The portrait of Mr Mackay is equally successful in its way.

Rambling on, you discover in close proximity to each other "Les Ramasseurs de Pommes de Terre," by M. Bastien Lepage, and "Avant la Pêche," by M. Pierre Billet. What a charm is discoverable in both pictures! Here is the young French school which all the world must salute. In the first picture two sturdy peasant women are gathering the harvest of ripened potatoes in the brown October fields. A gray sky, brown and sere fields, and the women at work, themselves homely daughters of toil, such is the canvas of M. Bastien Lepage, whose friends anticipate for him a glorious future. The second study is more suggestive to a casual observer. M. Pierre Billet depicts a party of fisherwomen awaiting the boats, grouped on the grayish verdure of the coast, while the sea expands before them, blue and calm as on days of midsummer. How characteristic the repose of these women and girls! One has fallen asleep, with her head on her creel; another plucks the grass, her brown feet extended at ease; a third sits erect to scan the horizon. These works, with the interesting and beautiful picture by M. Feyen-Perrin, two fisherwomen seated, with their knitting, on the sea margin, redeem the Salon, while reminding the visitor that there is a France outside of Paris.

On one wall a shimmer of satin, rosy, amber, and warm, reveals the young girl who has climbed the hill in advance of her companions. Her narrow skirt of the First Empire is held aside, coquettishly displaying a satin-shod foot, while delicate hands, covered with white lace mittens, grasp a staff of a shepherdess such as might have belonged to Marie Antoinette. This is "La première Arrivée," by Jean Gustave Jacquet, the property of Alexandre Dumas. Above a door the camels of Frère toil across the tawny desert. Beyond, an Oriental beauty, by Benjamin Constant, reclines on a terrace of the house-top, surrounded by slaves, and gazes down on the town, her own tunic, ornaments, and rugs glowing with the gorgeous sunset hues of the luminous atmosphere.

You pause before Mr Bridgman's picture, not only charmed by the beauty of the work, but proud of a countryman who reaps a just reward of merit. The picture possesses a mysterious beauty. The procession of the Egyptian god Apis is passing along in the shadow of the temple. The sacred animal is decked with flowers; the priests and dancers surround him. What minute and careful finish in the rich trappings of the bull! what lightness and grace in the dancers, their limbs veiled in spangled tissues! what curious sandals on the feet, and instruments held in sacred rites, such as are treasured in museums! Mr Bridgman's Egyptian girls are true daughters of the Nile, and do not emanate from the Rue Mouffetard.

You discover, with equal pleasure and interest, the "Vie de Famille," by Miss Cornelia W. Conant, of New York—a work which evinces the true artistic ability of the painter, as well as reveals the fine advantages for careful study in Germany and France, during a period of some years, enjoyed by this lady. Miss Conant is destined to win popularity and reflect honor on her country.

In Salle XVI. is the "Diana Surprised" of M. Jules Lefebvre, the work awarded a first place by the jury. The room is long and narrow, with a screen in the centre. You seat yourself, and gaze long at the exquisite picture so well placed. Art is not dead. Diana, surprised by the hunters, stands in the shadow of a rock, her affrighted nymphs crouched about her. The goddess does not flee. She pauses, with her auburn tresses gathered in one hand, and her white draperies flowing back, her attitude stately, and her head turned in profile, with a threatening flash in her eye. The girl kneeling at her feet, with upturned face, has hair of pale gold, while her companions in the background are dark in flesh-tints and garments. Another girl crosses the stream in flight, with one arm raised to shield her eyes. The shadowy rock, the rippling brook, the delicate loveliness of Diana and her nymphs—such are the outlines of this fine picture.

Beside Diana, M. La Pleau exhibits a young lady extending the poor-box in a Catholic Church with a persuasive "*Pour les pauvres, s'il vous plaît.*" On the neighboring wall, M. Laporte's "Jolly Monk" surveys in the monastery garden a great golden pumpkin. There are glimpses of Italian streets, by Lebel; a Breton interior, by M. Lebrun; a ripple of foliage and water, by Legrand. At the other extremity of the salle, "The Death of Chramm," by M. Luminais, portrays this son of Clotaire I. bound to the stake with his wife and family for revolting against his father.

A crowd surrounds a small picture in a corner, of which you obtain only a glimpse of frame. The rumor circulates that it is a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. Such is fame.

Now you enter Salle IX., and perceive Gustave Doré's colossal work on the wall—"The Death of Orpheus." After all the mediocre, tame, and exaggerated pictures, this great one stands alone. It is as if a whirlwind of genius had swept across the surface, leaving gnarled trees and groups of powerful figures. Here are the rooms of water-colors and drawings, without end, apparently, and containing much of interest had you eye and brain to perceive all. You notice a crayon head of the Mona Lisa in passing, which actually reproduces the subtle smile of the original.

The galleries and garden remain. In Paris alone could the shrine of sculpture be rendered equally attractive. Imagine the great dépôt of Forty-second Street filled with flowering plants and lined with busts and statues! Such is the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie beneath its glass dome. The gentlemen smoke, the ladies meet and exchange greetings. The color known as peacock green is very prominent in their costumes, and eccentric little straw bonnets, bent down over the eyes, abound. Here are rayed velvets of every hue, and wondrous flame-tinted feathers. All dresses are short, with natty boots and dainty ruffles visible, save that of the hapless provincial lady, who appears in a trailing white skirt, with her cumbersome gown held up. You observe a plump blonde in maroon, with vivid scarlet in her hat—a combination rendered harmonious by the skill of a modiste. Behold two ladies from the Faubourg St. Germain, who move about without the ostentatious rustle of their neighbors. One is attired in black satin, with a small mantle of the same rich fabric, and a wide Cavalier hat, also black. Her companion's dress is a marvel of those indistinguishable Indian tints now in fashion, so rich and yet so subdued. Her mantle is very quaint and tiny. Surely it was made of a fragment of India shawl. Instinctively these two ladies remind you of the Cabanel portrait above stairs.

Then you emerge on the Champs Élysées, amidst the throng of waiting carriages, once more. You have visited the opening Salon of 1879. Is it the golden apple, placed on high on the tree of possibility, or Dead Sea fruit? If a Parisian imported this identical collection in the American National Academy of Design of New York, or in other cities, would he not shrug his shoulders with pity for a new people hopelessly crude in coloring as yet, and with much to learn in the future?

ARTEMIS.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITORS.

We are indebted to Mr. M. Woolf, an American artist now residing in Paris, for the opportunity of printing the double-page series of sketches of the contributions of some of our American artists to the Salon. The sketches were drawn expressly for *Harper's Weekly* by the artists, and placed in Mr. Woolf's hands for transmission. The following list of American exhibitors shows how well the New World is represented at the very centre of European art. We give the name and residence of each artist, the master under whom the study of art has been pursued, and the title of the work exhibited.

Anderson, A. A., of New York, pupil of Bonnât and Cabanel—"David tending his Father's Flocks."

Bacon, Henry, of Boston, pupil of Cabanel and E. Frère—"A Burial at Sea." Baird, W. B., of Chicago, pupil of M. Yvon—"At Grez (Seine-et-Marne)." Baker, Miss Ellen K., pupil of M. P. Soyer—"A Portrait." Bierstadt, Albert, of New York—"A River Scene in California." Bispham, H. C., of Philadelphia, pupil of Van Marcke—"The famous Lion Sultan." Blashfield, Edwin H., of New York, pupil of Bonnât—"Combat between Two Women of Ancient Rome in a School of Gladiators." Bolt, R. B., of Boston, pupil of M. Français—"The Shores of the Rance, near Saint Malo." Bridgman, F. A., of New York, pupil of Gérôme—"Procession of the Sacred Bull." Bunce, W. G., of Hartford—"A Morning in Venice."

Chase, Harry, of Vermont, pupil of M. Mesdag—"Dutch Tug-Boat." Coffin, W. A., of Allegheny City—"An Inn, Brittany," and "A Modern Academy of Painting." Coman, Miss C. B., of New York—"View near Dordrecht, Holland." Conant, Miss C. W., of New York—"Family Life." Corsons, Miss H., of Philadelphia, pupil of T. R. Fleury—"Still Life." Cox, K., pupil of Gérôme—"Young Venetian Girl."

Dana, W. P. W., of Boston, pupil of Picot and Le Poitevin—"Breakers"—Channel Islands. Daniels, George, of New York—"Autumn Effect," and "Oranges and Apples." Deschamps, Miss Camille, of New York, pupil of T. R. Fleury and C. Muller—"A Portrait." Dillon, Henry, of California, pupil of C. Duran—"A Portrait." Dodson, Miss S. P. B., of Philadelphia, pupil of Luminais—"Deborah," and "The Dance." Dubois, C. E., of New York, pupil of Gleyre—"October," and "Old Peasant Home, Switzerland."

Flagg, M., of Hartford, pupil of J. de la Chevreuse—"A Portrait."

Gardner, Miss E. J., pupil of Merle, Bouguereau, and Lefebvre—"At the Fountain." Gay, Walter, of Boston, pupil of Bonnât—"A Fencing Lesson," and "View in Fontainebleau." Greatorex, Miss E. H., of New York, pupil of Joannin—"The Flowers of Mentone."

Harvy, T., of New York, pupil of Duran—"Environs of Grez." Healy, G. P. A., of Boston—"Two Portraits." Heaton, A. G., of Philadelphia, pupil of Cabanel and Bonnât—"A Little Calculation," and "A Special Favor." Herpin, Mrs. M. Manseras, of Boston, pupil of Madame Colin-Libour—"Apples and Grapes," and "Flowers." Blake, Miss Annie, of Philadelphia, pupil of Guillemet—"A Portrait." Hovenden, T., of New York, pupil of Cabanel—"The Favorite Falcon," and "Landscape." Hyneman, H. N., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"Desdemona."

Irwin, B., pupil of Duran—"The Rivals," and "A Portrait."

Jones, H. B., of Baltimore—"View in Brittany."

Knight, D. R., of Philadelphia, pupil of Gleyre and Meissonier—"Vintage Time in France."

Lippincott, W. H., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"A Holiday." Loomis, C., of Syracuse, pupil of Bonnât—"Viola," and "The Presentation of the Intended."

May, E. H., of New York, pupil of Couture—"The Curiosity," and "A Portrait." Maynard, G. W., of Washington—"A Portrait." Millet, F. D., of Boston—"The Peace-Makers," and "San Stephano." Mosler, H., pupil of Hebert—"The Return," and "The Gossips." Moss, F., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"A Toast."

Nieuker, Mrs. M., of Boston, pupil of Müller—"Negress."

Parker, S. N., of New York, pupil of Duran—"St. Sébastien," and "A Portrait." Pattison, J. W., of Boston—"Two Children." Pearce, C. S., of Boston, pupil of Bonnât—"The Sacrifice of Abraham." Perkins, F. A., of New York, pupil of Couture—"An Italian." Picknell, W. L., of Boston, pupil of Gérôme—"The Valley of Rustini."

Ramsey, M., of Philadelphia, pupil of Bonnât—"Presentation of a Lettre de Cachet."

Sargent, J. S., of Philadelphia, pupil of Duran—"A Portrait," and "An Olive Grove in Capri." Searle, Mrs. Helen, of Vermont, pupil of J. W. Preyer—"Fruits." Shonborn, L. J., pupil of Bonnât—"A Portrait." Stewart, J. L., of Philadelphia, pupil of Zamacois, Gérôme, and Madrazo—"A Portrait." Stone, Miss M. L., of New York—"L'Angélus." Swift, C., pupil of Harpignies—"A Waif."

Turner, E., of Chicago, pupil of Gérôme—"The Banns."

Ward, E. M., of Urbana, pupil of Cabanel—"The Cooper." Ward, D. L., of New York, pupil of Capdevielle—"An Italian Cobbler." Williams, F. D., of Boston—"A Street in Montigny." Woodward, W. W., of Indiana, pupil of R. Fleury—"A Court, Old Paris."

THE LONG BRANCH IRON PIER.

LONG BRANCH claims a distinctive feature over any of our sea-side resorts that have grown so rapidly in public favor, in the fact that it presents a continuous bluff twenty to forty feet in height, extending about five miles, and without a parallel on the Atlantic coast. This bluff rises abruptly from the beach, and the plateau above, in the vicinity of the hotels and cottages, forms a promenade skirting the Ocean Avenue drive, affording from this elevation a most commanding view far out over the expanse of ocean, where the visitor may often count over a hundred sail within easy range.

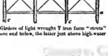
The preservation and improvement of this bluff, though conceded to be a matter of the highest importance, have been through all these years of exceptional popularity sadly neglected. In a book published by the writer a dozen years ago, he earnestly called attention to the fact that this Monmouth County shore must, without protection, continue to recede, as it had done, at the rate of three or four feet per annum; a noteworthy compensation being found in a corresponding making out of the western coast of California. It is well known that the pioneer "boarding-house" stood some two hundred yards beyond the present shore line, to a point between the present Brighton and Clarendon hotels. Only recently, when men have come in from outside, bringing in large ideas and capital, and rival resorts have stimulated enterprise, has the place seemed to awaken to a sense of the necessity of being up and doing. Mr. R. J. Dobbins, of Philadelphia, built a fine bulkhead, and ran out jetties to secure it, on the Rosland House frontage. The adjacent proprietors of the West End have expended some $2000 since last season in increasing their jetties and repairing the front. And nearly the entire frontage will be protected in some form the present season along the most prominent portion of Ocean Avenue. When work was begun upon the new pier, which is illustrated in the present issue, a face wall was laid up at the starting-point, not of the ordinary piling and timbers, but of solid cement, beginning deep down in the clay. As this structure is the pioneer of its kind in this country, and in some of its details embraces unique features of recent American invention, a description of the method of construction as actually witnessed will be new to the public.

From the face of this wall, and extending along the entire Ocean Hotel frontage of 700 feet, are rows of spiling supporting a broad deck, forming a promenade supplied with restaurants, etc. Beneath this are four straight lines of bath houses flanking the head of the pier, and at the extreme ends spaces are reserved for the kitchens of the restaurants above. Ranging in front of this deck, it is proposed to place a line of "parlor bath-houses" (a recent invention), with ornamental pagoda roofs, and the interior provided with a shower, a wardrobe, and a dry carpeted floor and cushioned seat, all combined in one compartment, giving a luxurious ease in dressing hitherto unattainable on a wet, sandy floor. The pier proper is supported upon wrought-iron tubes screwed together in sections of the required length, and increasing in diameter from six to eight, ten, and twelve inches. These are all provided with a cast-iron foot of conical form, the point pierced and forming a nozzle. After the piles had been set a little distance from the shore, a cast-iron disk some two and a half feet in diameter was also affixed to the spile close to the foot. The only remaining fittings in setting the spiles were the caps to receive the trusses and the "Carley" disk, here represented:

This is, in size and form, about the same as that of the one affixed to the foot, but it is slipped loosely on the spile a; and within the hub, as represented in the sectional view b, is hollowed a receptacle around the spile, widening above, and supplied with loose iron balls about one and a half inches in diameter. These being introduced through an aperture in the casting run around the spile, and dropping into the narrow portion below, wedge themselves against the spile, so that as the disk settles to a bearing on the shifting surface of the sand, it forms a maintaining power for the spile, and also forms a lateral anchorage. This ingenious contrivance is the recent invention of Mr. HARVEY CARLEY, a young carpenter employed on the works and living in the village. The following sectional view of the foot a and disk b illustrates the process of settling the piles in position:

When a pile is lowered and "pointed," a powerful hose is firmly bolted to the column head, and a hydraulic pump speedily fills the interior, and forces the water through the nozzle at the foot a, cutting away the sand and clay beneath, until by its own weight it finds its proper depth. There are here found strata of iron, of the consistency of sand, mingled with the clay beneath. As the pile settles some five or six feet into this, a well hole must be formed by the stream of water of the diameter of the disk, which is directly filled, more by the sand from above than the clay at the sides. This banking of sand about the pile is deemed more desirable than the mushy consistency of the clay.

Three lines of piling are then run out the length of the structure. These support corresponding lines of heavy wrought trusses somewhat like those on our elevated roads, and on these are secured transversely the heavy timbers that receive the planking. At intervals, as shown in the full-page illustration, the pier is widened from nearly thirty to fifty feet by the addition of two lines of piling. Although this was deemed abundantly strong by the original constructor, a series of lateral bracing is being added at the wider sections, as here shown, looking lengthwise with the pier.



Girders of light wrought T iron form "struts" above and below, the latter just above high-water

mark (a a). From the points where these intersect with the piles, iron rods of sufficient strength extend transversely (b). These braces will resist the concussion of the boats landing alongside the pier, as they will do, with their bows seaward.

The intervals between the piling (running lengthwise) are twenty feet. The entire length has been increased from 660 to 960 feet, to a bulk-head originally designed for a breakwater, but which will be erected at the close of the season as a bulk head, thirty feet broad, and extending 225 feet as the head of a T. Upon this an elegant building will be erected ultimately, but at present there will be no permanent structures upon the pier proper but the gate-houses now being erected, of an exceedingly ornamental design, and provided with turnstiles.

As a final precaution, the entire pier will be girdled by 240 heavy oaken fender piles, sixty feet long, brought from Maine. These will be driven flush with the pier deck, four feet apart, and the same distance from the pier at the widest part, and so extending in a direct line from section to section. Dolphin buoys will be anchored off on either side, to which vessels may swing in coming to.

As seen in the illustration, there will be double brackets from each post of the ornamental railing. These rise to a height of twenty feet, forming flag-staffs, which, with their bunting and the gas jets of the brackets, give a highly picturesque effect. Upon the extremity of the pier a regulation light will warn vessels to keep off, and constitute a signal. Local steam-yachts will be furnished by the hour from stairways leading shoreward from the nearest fifty-foot section, and from outer sections boats from the life-saving stations can put off without encountering the combing surf. When the season is over, these crews will be allowed the privilege of the pier, and may be quartered in the buildings attached to it, these having been generously tendered for the purpose by President FITCH.

The inauguration of this enterprise dates from last summer, and is due mainly to the determined energy of the Messrs. LELAND, of Ocean Hotel, where it is located. The Coney Island Pier Company followed during the winter. The same engineers are employed upon both, Messrs. MACLAY & DAVIES, of New York. The plan of construction is substantially the same, though at Coney Island it became necessary to run farther out to reach deep water, necessitating a longer walk to excursionists. The Carley disk is not used upon the piles, but the same lower disk and foot are used, but are cast in one piece.

In our illustration the spectator is supposed to be looking southwest, from a point a little to the north of the end of the pier looking toward the Ocean Hotel. Further on the view embraces the Mansion House adjoining, then, respectively, the United States, Lands', the Central (formerly the Pavilion), Howland's, and the West End, with cottages interspersed. In the height of the season, with bathing groups on the beach and promenades, and dashing turnouts on the bluff and Ocean Avenue, the scene is brilliant in the extreme.

From the Battery, New York, to the pier, the distance, "as the crow flies," is twenty-eight miles. It is thought this can be run in about one hour and a half. This will constitute a delightful sail to a cost of less than a cent a mile!

The designer and contractor is Mr. JOS JOHNSON, of Brooklyn, of fish-hook fame. He is also a large stockholder. There is no doubt the revenue from the toll of one dime will net a satisfactory dividend to the New York capitalists who have backed it by their enterprise.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 22.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 24.—St. John Baptist.
Sunday, 29.—Third Sunday after Trinity; St. Peter.

THE Roman Catholic bishops, assembled from all parts of the United States to take part in the dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral in this city, have taken into consideration the debts of Archbishop PURCELL, and have issued to the clergy and laity an appeal for help. They present from the assignee an official report of the assets and liabilities of the archbishop's estate, which is as follows:

Liabilities		$3,[illegible]
Assets:		
Real estate	$[illegible]	
Good notes	174,[illegible]	
Doubtful notes	[illegible],741	
Worthless notes	143,[illegible]	
Cemetery	6,[illegible]	
Stocks, bonds, etc.	[illegible],474	
Ground rent due	[illegible]	
Cash	3,[illegible]	
Furniture	[illegible]	$1,1[illegible]

The net assets collectable are set down at $776,768. There will remain to be provided for $2,[illegible] of debt. Creditors of two congregations of Cincinnati have agreed to settle at fifty per cent. The bishops recommend a settlement of the whole debt on that basis. They therefore ask the churches to contribute, in subscriptions payable in five years, $1,500,000. They agree that subscription lists shall be opened in every parish, reports to be made to the diocesan by November of this year. Cardinal M'CLOSKEY, Archbishop WILLIAMS, of Boston, and the Rev. WILLIAM QUINN, Vicar-General of New York, will take charge of the money.

All this is well as far as it goes. Still the fact will remain that the poor who in simple faith intrusted their savings to their archbishop will receive only half of what is due them. Such a fact must always be an ugly one for any Church, Protestant or Catholic. Now the Roman Catholic Church in this country can build costly cathedrals; can lavish on them untold thousands for ornamentation; can dedicate them with an elaborate ceremonial, in which appear prelates clad in vestments of lace and cloth of gold, jewelled crosses, and vessels of silver, and yet, by the confession of its chief pastors, can not pay the debts of Archbishop PURCELL in full. The sequel most likely will show that the bishops in council have made a mistake, and failed to meet the reasonable requirements of public opinion. Their Church can not afford to wrong the poor.

The series of meetings at Chautauqua Lake, New York, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. J. H. VINCENT, will open, July 17, with a "School of Languages" and a "Teachers' Retreat." The "Foreign Missionary Institute" will begin Saturday, August 2, and close Tuesday afternoon, August 5. The Sixth Annual Sunday-school Assembly will hold its first meeting Tuesday evening, August 5, and will continue in session until August 21. There will be the usual classes and class drill, accompanied with literary and scientific exercises. Among the distinguished strangers expected to be present at the Missionary Institute is the Rev. W. O. SIMPSON, of the Wesleyan body in England.

On the Pacific coast, the Yosemite Sunday-school Assembly, which began June 7, will be followed by the Monterey Assembly, opening June 24 and closing July 4.

The Baptist Home Missionary Society held its anniversary at Saratoga May 28. The receipts for 1878 were reported to be $217,068; the expenditures, $207,350. The expenditures reported include the loans of the Church Edifice Fund. The Society maintains eight schools in the South for freedmen. The receipts show an increase of $41,884 over the preceding year. The Board were instructed to perfect a plan for the organization of a Woman's National Home Mission Society. Strong resolutions in favor of the enforcement of the laws of the United States in relation to polygamy were adopted.

The Baptist National Publication Society reported that the debt of its missionary department, which was one year ago $25,000, had been fully covered by special subscriptions; of the sums subscribed $19,430 have been paid. The total receipts of the business and missionary departments during the past year were $335,412—an increase of $31,903 over the year preceding. Of this total $278,373 was received in the business department alone. The copies of new publications printed were 57,500 in number; of publications not new, 104,925 copies were printed in 1878. The total issues of the Society since its organization have been 107,590,[illegible]. Four thousand schools and five hundred churches have been formed by its missionaries.

The London Sunday-school Union has under its care 6351 schools, 106,059 teachers, and 964,734 scholars. Its receipts during the past year have been only £970, and its expenditures £1377. This Union is now of importance to the whole Sunday-school world from its proposal of a Universal Convention to be held in 1880, the centenary of the establishment of the Sunday-school system by ROBERT RAIKES. The erection of a statue to ROBERT RAIKES will be a part of the celebration of the centenary year.

The death is announced at Jerusalem of the venerable Bishop GOBAT, at the advanced age of eighty years. He had held his unique episcopate for over thirty years, all of which were usefully spent. His piety and catholicity have endeared him to all evangelical Protestants. The Prusso-Anglican bishopric of St. James was founded by the joint efforts of King FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. of Prussia, the brother of the present Emperor, and English Churchmen. The King gave half of the endowment, £15,000; the other half was raised in England. This episcopate has not been a favorite one with the High-Church party. During his long life at Jerusalem Bishop GOBAT became very well known to American and English travellers.

The Congregationalists have the practice of repeating in Boston their denominational anniversaries held first in New York. They add to the list in Boston one or two which are not represented in the greater city. Of the latter class the College and Education Society reported receipts for the year reaching $63,805, which, with the balance on hand, will make a total of $64,508. The expenditures were $64,482. The grants to colleges amounted to $37,904; to students, $20,685. The number of young men helped was 407. The Congregational Publication Society has sold books for cash during the year to the amount of $56,000. A call is made for $100,000 to aid in spreading cheap books and tracts among the people. This Society, though forty-seven years old, has not developed a great trade.

The Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) opened its fifty-ninth Convention in New York on Friday, May 30. The Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES, the president, made the opening address. A slight increase in the number of communicants was reported. It was stated that three students had graduated from the theological school.

American preaching certainly tends to become more Biblical. The people are less drilled than in former years in the abstraction of doctrinal systems. The Rev. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, in recently reviewing his fifteen years of work in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, states to his people that he has delivered 185 lectures on the life of Christ, 139 on the Epistles, and 68 on the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. BOARDMAN lectured on the six days' work of creation in Association Hall, Philadelphia, a little more than a year ago, so successfully as to attract a large audience on the mornings of secular days.

The Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly begins this year July 8, and closes July 18. It will be conducted by the Rev. J. S. OSTRANDER, of New York. Among the lecturers are the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, editor of the New York *Independent*, on "Babylonish History of the Deluge;" the Rev. Dr. J. P. NEWMAN, on the "Chinese Question;" the Rev. Dr. D. M. REEVES, on the "Relations of Science and Religion;" the Rev. Dr. J. M. KING, and others. The students will be formed into three classes—Preparatory, Junior, and Senior—and drilled by teachers each day. Among the attractions, to the bills would say, are the Palestine Park, a Kindergarten for the children, and musical entertainments. The Woman's National Christian Temperance Camp-Meeting will also be held on the Round Lake grounds—from August 26 to September 2.

The scheme of Catholic colonization in the West has taken the form of a company, organized in Chicago, with a capital of $100,000. Bishop IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minnesota, states that of the Catholics taken from the cities of our Atlantic slope to that State only about two per cent. are discontented with the change. Nothing could be better than the drafting of the overflowing tenement population of this city to the West. The exchange of pure air for foul air, and of dire poverty for abundant food, is advantageous, even though accompanied by the privations of frontier life.

The Church Missionary Society of the Established Church of England held its anniversary in Exeter Hall May 7. The total receipts for the year 1878 were £187,236, and the expenditures, £204,190. A single gift of £25,000, for the development of evangelistic native agency in India, was mentioned in the report. Five students under the care of the Society, all pure Africans, have received licenses of theology from the University of Durham, and three others the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The mission on Lake Nyassa, in Africa, has been re-enforced, notwithstanding the loss of two missionaries by murder.

The *Vermont Chronicle* compiles tables of the divorces granted in that and other New England States. The statistics are a fearful comment on the lax legislation of recent years. In the last few years the ratio of divorces to marriages has been, for Vermont, 1 to 16; Massachusetts, 1 to 20.7; Rhode Island, 1 to 13; Connecticut, 1 to 10.4. In the last-named State the increase of the number of divorces has been since 1849 very great. In 1849 the divorces granted were 91; the law of that year increased the number one-third in 1850. In 1864, 426 divorces were granted; since that year the average number has been 408 yearly. In Rhode Island there have been 1870 divorces for 21,715 marriages. The *Chronicle* says that "in Connecticut there must be one divorce to every eight Protestant marriages. ... Divorce in Connecticut is more uniform, if not more certain, than death." This is a severe judgment—too severe, indeed—and could only be made with propriety by a New England authority.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MAY departed in a fervid heat, angered, apparently, at the universal complaints concerning the cold spring, and June burst upon us with scorching heat. Had she not by good fortune come on a Sunday, when people are supposed to make little exertion, and to keep comfortable, if possible, there would doubtless have been a sad record of sun-strokes. As it was, when the thermometer rose to 98° in the shade, nobody promenaded in the blazing sun-rays, but all endeavored to take this sudden tropical blast with quiet resignation. It is prognosticated that we shall have a very hot summer, and those who have been grumbling because it was cold will vary their complaint to mutterings at the heat. Are people ever long content with the weather? Whether we are so or not, the summer is fairly upon us, and fretting and fussing should be abandoned as a matter of policy, if no higher motive can prevail. Moderation in all things is the only wise, safe rule for the coming three months. We can work, but so far as possible it should be in the coolest hours of the day; our clothing should be light, and so, also, our food; exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and alcoholic stimulants, should be avoided, as well as all violent exercise. In short, we need to study sensible, hygienic modes of living when the mercury ranges between 80° and 100°.

By the confession of one of the criminals, the mystery of the great robbery of the Manhattan Savings-Bank last October has been disclosed. For months the police and special detectives have been engaged in tracing the robbers, and the long search has been rewarded. It appears that for years a band of burglars had been plotting with the watchman of the bank to rob the vault. Several plans were defeated. More than one actual but unsuccessful attempt was made before the plunder was accomplished. Several men charged with complicity in the crime are now in custody, and others remain to be captured.

The other day a couple of burglars who had been imprisoned (?) in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn, coolly walked out of their quarters and disappeared. Nobody seemed to object to their movements or opposed their going until they were quite secure from pursuit. It appears that they had been allowed to go to the kitchen for their coffee in the morning, and on this occasion, seeing there was nothing to hinder them from walking into the street, they naturally departed. The wall of the surrounding yard had been torn down for convenience of workmen engaged upon building operations in the vicinity.

Fulton Market having been condemned by the Health and the Building departments, there is a prospect of a new market taking its place. The plan suggested is for the market-men and stand-holders to lease the site from the city, and erect the new building themselves.

The Wyse Panama route for the Isthmus Canal was adopted by the International Canal Congress after a lengthy discussion, which grew to be a stormy one before its close. The projected route follows closely the line of the Panama Railroad from the Bay of Limon to Panama Bay. American engineers generally favored the Nicaragua route, which has been most thoroughly surveyed, and which they believe to be the most practicable. The Panama route is, however, much shorter, being about forty-five miles in length, although it presents many engineering difficulties, and will be far more expensive than the Nicaragua route, unless the modified plan, with locks, be carried out. From twelve to twenty-five locks will be required.

The New Orleans *Times* describes the fine gold-weighing scales which were made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans Mint, and have lately been placed in position. They are marvels of mechanical ingenuity and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has a capacity of ten thousand ounces Troy, or about six hundred and eighty-six pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full weight will indicate a variation of one-thousandth part of an ounce, or the millionth part of its weighing capacity. The other pair of scales is intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with wonderful precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars' worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.

The annual spring parade of the New York Coaching Club occurred on a delightful May afternoon, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators throughout the entire route. Eleven coaches were in line, carrying in all about sixty ladies and gentlemen, gayly attired in elegant costumes. The route of the parade was from the Brunswick Hotel to Mount St. Vincent, in the Central Park, and following the parade was a banquet at the Brunswick.

A missionary who recently made a trip into the interior of Africa found, only seventy miles from Sierra Leone, a cool, healthy climate, and a people of rude civilization, who understood how to smelt iron and manufacture weapons and implements. These people were quite willing to receive Christian teachers.

One Mr. BASS (very appropriate name, that, for a fisherman), of Irwin County, Georgia, recently caught a catfish, a squirrel, and an alligator all upon the same hook at the same time. The fish probably caught the squirrel while swimming across the lake, and afterward caught and swallowed an alligator about a foot in length, and then found and swallowed the bait upon a set hook. The Hawkinsville (Georgia) *Dispatch*, which records this fish story, remarks that "when a catfish starts out on a foraging expedition, he will take in any thing from a wheelbarrow to a saddle blanket."

At the recent Moore celebration at the Academy of Music, a large and beautiful cat made its appearance, and attracted much attention from the audience, when it seated itself in the centre of the balcony aisle, and seemed to watch with great interest the ceremonies which were in progress on the stage.

Last summer a lady who carried a valuable gold watch was in a house in Madrid, Maine, when it was struck by lightning. The watch stopped at the time, and although jewellers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it can not be made to move. It is so magnetized that watchmakers say no part of it could ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.

The free public baths already in use are located at the foot of Gouverneur, Fifth, Thirty-seventh, and One-Hundred-and-Fourteenth Streets, East River, and of Bethune and Thirty-fifth Streets, North River. An additional bathing-house is now being built, and will be located at the Battery when completed. It will probably be in position early in July. Each bath is in charge of two male and two female keepers, the former assuming control on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M., when men and boys only are admitted. The female keepers have supervision of the baths on the three days for women and girls—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.

The furious cyclone which burst over Kansas on the evening of Decoration-day is said to have extended over an area of one hundred and fifty miles by one hundred miles. About fifty persons are reported killed, and many wounded. The course of the cyclone was remarkable, and the details concerning the ruin wrought seem almost incredible. Later accounts may be modified.

It is announced that the Russian government has appropriated 300,000 rubles for the construction of the largest telescope that can be advantageously made, including the building in which to mount it. The object-glass is to be between thirty and thirty-six inches in diameter, if it is found practicable to cast a disk of this size of the necessary evenness and purity. Otto Struve, director of the Pulkova Observatory, expects to visit this country in order to examine the great telescopes made here, with the intention, if the examination prove satisfactory, of having the lens made in America.

A Baltimore church—whether trustees or pastor, or all in combination, we are not informed—has invented a new way to compel the payment of church debts. When certain members of the congregation went, as usual, the other Sunday to the service of the sanctuary, they were surprised to find their pews nailed so as to prevent entrance. On asking an explanation, the pastor kindly informed them that the pews would remain in that inconvenient condition until the money due was paid. The device was successful.

A warning concerning the use of balloons, toys, etc., especially those peddled on the street, is thus given by the *Journal des Connaissances Médicales*: "Many of the most virulent diseases of the blood have lately been found to be communicated by this means, as each of these toys must pass through the mouths of three or four workmen before it is finished, and each is usually tried by the vendor while he is making the sale. Skin diseases which have lately spread among the children in Paris and London were propagated by these toys. Mothers should be on their guard to see that they are thoroughly cleansed before use."

A striking instance of brute intelligence occurred not long ago near Nairne Township, in South Australia, and is related in an Australian paper. A very large bullock injured his eye with the hook of a chain, and it soon became so inflamed that it was thought best to cast him for the purpose of dressing the wound. It was found, however, impossible to do this, and as a last resource his head was put into the "bail"—a contrivance for securing animals between two upright boards, one of which is movable. Having thus secured him, the men dressed the eye with bluestone. Then they unfastened the bullock, and immediately rushed from the stock yard, thinking he would be infuriated with pain, and expecting to be attacked. Instead of this, the poor sufferer walked off to the shade of a large tree, and on the following morning, much to the astonishment of its owner and all who witnessed it, the bullock walked up to the stock yard of its own accord, and placed his head in the bail, to have the eye dressed; and this he repeated every day until the eye was quite restored.

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AT JEROME PARK.—Drawn by Henry Sell.—[See Page 494.]

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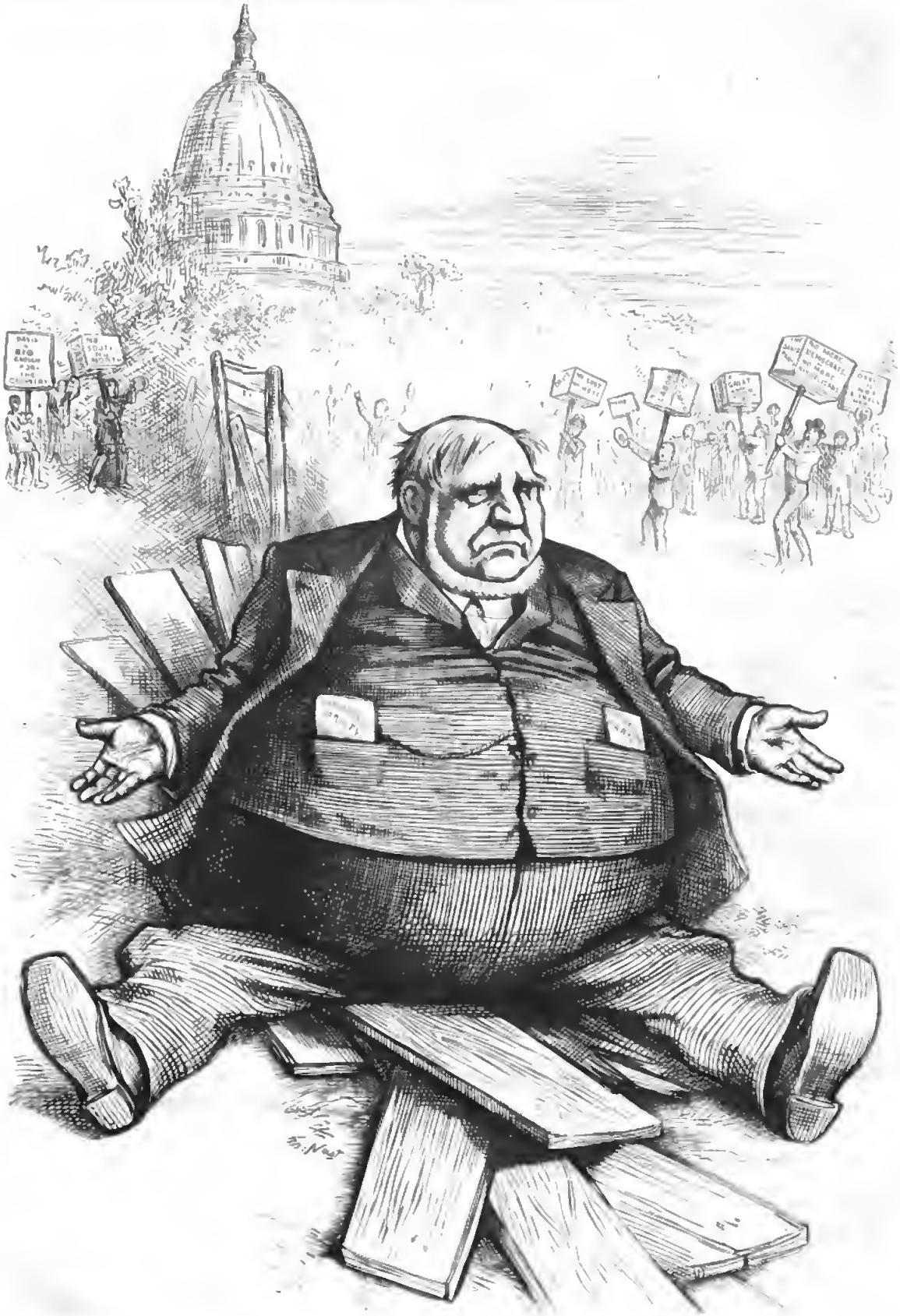

THE DAVID DAVIS BOOM.

THE "INDEPENDENT" SENATOR, BY SITTING ON THE PARTY-LINE FENCE SO LONG, HAS COMPLETELY OBLITERATED IT.

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JEROME PARK.

It will be some time before horse-racing in America attracts the attention or assumes the importance that it has done in England. Not yet will the law-givers of the nation in Congress assembled follow the example of the English Lords and Commons, and dissolve their august assemblage for the purpose of hastening to the race-track on an American "Derby day." Nevertheless, racing is fast becoming a national sport with us, possessing more interest year by year, and being more generally attractive to all classes of pleasure-seekers. In Jerome Park we have an embryo Epsom Downs, and although its visitors may be counted by hundreds when compared to the great throngs that accumulate on the English race-courses, it is all the same a centre of fashionable interest, and an institution that has done much toward affording amusement.

Jerome Park was named in honor of the public-spirited millionaire who suggested the idea, bought the property, made the improvements, built the course, and erected the buildings at his own expense. This gentleman—Mr. Leonard W. Jerome—was always fond of horses, and his stables were quoted far and near. In the vicinity of the pleasant village of West Farms, Westchester County, nestling in the beautiful Harlem Valley, he found a farm known thereabouts as Bathgate, the approaches to which run through a singularly romantic and picturesque country, guarded by bold bluffs, made beautiful by the winding river, and bound to the metropolis by the iron bands of rail-cars, dotted with trees, and commanding a large expanse of view. Having seen and fancied it he bought it, and in addition the adjoining two thousand acres that sweep further up the country, on whose hither boundary lies the Fifth Avenue Boulevard, and along whose side line races the swift Harlem engine.

The property once secured, Mr. Jerome broached to a few friends the idea of establishing an American Jockey Club, under whose direction annual races should be held, for the proper conduct and honorable supervision of which the club should be held responsible. Very quietly, and with the knowledge of a very few people, Mr. Jerome proceeded with the work. He sent for Mr. Wheatley, well known throughout the country as a man of large experience and sound judgment in horse matters, and with him prepared a design for the course. The result was such as might have inspired experts in the business of landscape gardening with envy. It is centrally located, roads from many points of the compass tend directly toward it, the cars steam by it, and teams are driven there daily from all points of the surrounding country. The course, made expressly and entirely for running, is novel in design, and necessarily so on account of the lay of the land. It has a long stretch, with a double curve like an elongated figure 8. It lies about a quarter of a mile from the main road, the principal entrance being on a new avenue, now made 100 feet in width from the Central Bridge over the Harlem River.

The Grand Stand is on the east side of the course, and is 450 feet in length by 40 feet in width, with ten tiers or galleries of seats, and will accommodate 8000 persons. It is divided into three sections, the centre one of which is exclusively for the members of the club and their families, the other sections are for the public. The front facing the track presents an open colonnade, two stories high, supported by ornamental iron columns, surmounted by a cornice and pediments on the centre and each end, presenting a very airy and unique appearance. The entrance to the stand is on the east front, and access is obtained to the galleries by wide, easy, and spacious staircases. On the first floor are the ticket-offices and refreshment-rooms, containing every convenience for the comfort of visitors. The galleries are fitted up with comfortable seats, from all of which a perfect view of the course and surrounding grounds is obtained. Immediately opposite the stand, on the bluff above mentioned, are the club grounds, on which are the club-house and other buildings for the exclusive use of the members of the club, including an observatory some fifty feet in height, from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The stands for judges, time-keepers, and starters, and for the accommodation and convenience of the members of the press, are in keeping with the style of the grand stand. At the north of and adjoining this latter structure is an open stand to accommodate 2500 persons, and also several private boxes, having a perfect view of the home-stretch.

Further up the valley, to the north and in view of the stand, are located the stables which are built in detached groups, each stable containing ten stalls of twelve by sixteen feet each, and surrounded by sheds ten feet in width; and kitchens for the trainers and others. Adjoining the stables is a half-mile exercising track. The course is surrounded by an open picket fence ten feet high. The ticket-offices are situated at convenient places on the main avenue and road, affording due facilities to the public. The club-house faces the track, and is supplemented by a large stand, which affords ample accommodation to such of the members as prefer it. Taken altogether, the arrangements are most complete. From the sleeping apartments for the hostlers and the comfortable stables for the horses up to the preparations made for the club and the public, Jerome Park may well challenge comparison with any of the great race-courses of England and Europe. The stables are built in the most careful and substantial manner. They are seven in number, four being on the northwest side and three on the north side of the track. They have been constructed with due attention to equine comfort and convenience, and nothing in the way of improvement has been spared. The sleeping apartments for the attendants and grooms are partitioned off from the stables, and the kitchens are built in between and at the rear of the main buildings. The whole has a plain but substantial board fence running along its front side, for the purpose of preventing visitors from annoying the horses.

Jerome Park was opened on Tuesday, September 25, 1866, and the "inauguration" meeting extended over the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 29th. The racing was renewed on October 1. There was an immense attendance on the opening day. The great race was called the Inauguration Race—four-mile heats, for all ages. Three years, 90 pounds; 4 years, 104 pounds; 5 years and upward, 114 pounds. The race resulted as follows: Kentucky, 1 1; Fleetwing, 3 2; Onward, 2 3; Idlewood, distanced. Asteroid, considered to be Kentucky's great rival, had met with an accident, and was unable to start.

Fortunately for Mr. Jerome's novel enterprise, the weather was fine. This undoubtedly had much to do with the crowds that pressed to the scene, and there was another feature which did much toward stamping the undertaking with success. This was the encouragement given to the meeting by the ladies of New York city. Hitherto, for obvious reasons, it had not been the custom for ladies to attend the races in any large numbers. The police regulations had not been good, and were not enforced; the crowds on the race-courses were always more or less rough and reckless, and no comfort or pleasure could be derived which in the least compensated for the risks run in getting out and coming back. Under Mr. Jerome's leadership the club had made racing comfortable and respectable, and the presence of the ladies of New York city gave it the indorsement necessary to make it a popular and reputable recreation. Never before was there a greater array of feminine beauty lent to the inauguration of what must always be considered a peculiarly male amusement. The New York *Times* justly attributes the impulse given to racing among higher circles to this very unexpected action on the part of the sex, whose sympathies are not usually with amusements in which they can have so slight a share. The correspondent of that journal writes: "There were at least a thousand ladies at the Park yesterday, and in time it will become a marked event among the gentler classes of the metropolis, as we believe it has already become among the turfmen and their encouragers of the masculine persuasion. No one thing could tend so rapidly to the popularizing of these races as the attendance in great numbers of ladies—ladies of fashion, ladies domestic, ladies professionally literary, ladies of birth and culture, ladies of dress, and ladies of more quiet tastes. Dress is good in its place, and this would seem to be an occasion where dress is a good thing. The right tack has been struck; the ladies have given the club and the course their indorsement, and no doubt each day's racing will be marked by the same good order and quiet of that of yesterday."

One feature that marked inauguration-day at Jerome Park was the presence of General Grant, then commander-in-chief of our army, who came on from Washington expressly to attend the meeting; another the presence of the great tragedienne Ristori. At the conclusion of the first race, an insignificant event to prepare the way for the great "Inauguration Stakes," word was passed that General Grant was coming down the hill, and then that he was inside the course fence. The report proved to be correct, and as the modest commander-in-chief came to the steps of the Grand Stand, the band struck up, "See! the conquering hero comes," while the people crowded round, clapping their hands, and giving utterance to all the usual exclamations of delight. Making his way with some difficulty and much firmness through the crowd that seemed bent on impeding his progress, the chief of the army uncovered his head, and went up the grand stairway. There he was confronted by numbers of ladies and gentlemen delighted to see him, and to whom he extended a calm recognition. Unfortunately for himself, however, he was not to be let off so easily, and in less than two minutes he was plunged into all the miseries of a regular reception. This he worried through, however, with great equanimity, and appearing on the front of the stand, showed himself to the great concourse of people who had been waiting patiently for him. Cheers rent the air, which he acknowledged courteously, and then the business of the meeting went forward.

The races at Jerome Park thus brilliantly inaugurated have since become a most popular institution, attended by the beauty, talent, and wealth of our city. The spring meeting of 1879, which has just been concluded, exceeded in numbers and brilliancy any that has gone before. The reputation made by Mr. Lorillard's horse Parole in England interested many to see the other horses from these famous stables which were entered for the late events. On the first day the attendance was not large, a rain of some thirty-six hours' duration having done much to injure the track, and the threatening of another deluge convincing would-be visitors that the prospect of pleasure was not sufficient to compensate for a possible wetting. Fair skies smiled upon the second day of the meeting, however, and for the rest of the week the business of attending the races was entered into by all classes with great enthusiasm.

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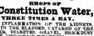

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J. A. Tucker.

13 Doane St., Boston, Dec. 20, 1878.

Note.—Mr. Tucker is a well known citizen, and has served the city in many important capacities. He is at present a member of the Board of Aldermen. He is also well known to agriculturists and farmers as the manufacturer of the celebrated Bay State Superphosphate.

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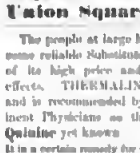

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THE LITTLE ANGLER.

So softly lay I dreaming 'neath the willows,
When, sharply limned athwart the evening sky,
Perched high above the streamlet's tiny billows,
A dainty urchin form I chanced to spy.

His silken sash showed loving hands had bound it,
His curls were such as soft lips nestle to;
That awkward pole, where had the youngster found it?
Rhonda, of course, devised that crooked pin.

I saw him gaze with such an air of longing
At speckled shapes beneath the glancing wave,
Not e'en the tiniest minnows round him thronging
Would taste the awkward meal the youngster gave.

But soon I saw him as an allegory:
I fancied that I held that rod and line;
There lay the riddle of my weary story,
And all the happiness that was not mine.

I was the awkward fisher, vainly trying
To lure my prey with neither hook nor skill;
And every prize, my stupid might defying,
Was leaving me forlorn and helpless still.

Ah, me! what boots the spirit's proud endeavor?
The gifts from Fate we fondly hoped to win,
We find, alas! when they are lost forever,
We tried to lure them with a crooked pin.

DISCIPLINE AND DISSIPATION.

In our double-page picture the artist seeks to illustrate the bracing and beneficial effects of military discipline. He enforces his moral by showing us two men opposite to each other in a railway carriage, and he contrasts the loutish, slovenly civilian with the smart, well set up soldier.

"My study of 'Discipline and Dissipation,'" he writes, "was suggested to me by seeing the incident in a railway carriage. The one figure, 'Dissipation,' being one of those idle tramps who lives by begging from one place to another, idling, drinking, and sleeping away an existence. The other figure, 'Discipline,' a being who might possibly have shared the same life, but, by having regular duties and training, keeps himself straight, and becomes a useful as well as ornamental member of the community. Hence the contrast."

We cordially agree with the designer of this picture in his esteem for discipline. It is just in the spirit of obedience and subordination, on which all discipline must be based, that our modern society is so woefully deficient; and there can be little doubt that if we had some of the regulative system of the Middle Ages in place of the entire freedom from control which every man who is not a soldier or a sailor nowadays claims as his birthright, we should not only have fewer crooked legs and round shoulders, but more cheerfulness and contentment. But at the same time we must not exaggerate the power of discipline; military discipline alone has not made this soldier such a contrast to his fellow traveller, nor do we think he could with justice address to him the familiar phrase, "Sum quod eris, fui quod es."

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

I.—CARNIVAL SUNDAY.

PRINCE CARNIVAL has yielded up the ghost. The doleful solemnity of the Florence Corso, where Tuscan mirth scarcely effervesces now in that charming diversion of pelting the crowd with plaster, eggs, and vegetables; the fitful energy of Roman sports, aided by a languid Trastevere; and the efforts of more sprightly Naples, the august presence of King Victor Emanuel and Countess Rosina on a balcony acting like the fanning breath of royal patronage on dying embers, if you will, can not revive the merry monarch. Prince Carnival is dead, and all these yearly ceremonials serve as the funeral pageants of his demise.

At Nice, alone, is his sceptre still tipped with gold. At Nice, alone, does the flower of pleasure, carefully fostered to an exotic growth by municipality, Monaco, and hotel proprietors, yet bloom for the amusement of the watering-place frequenters.

On Dimanche Gras the sky is of that brilliant sapphire blue peculiar to the Riviera, the Mediterranean sparkles and glances beneath the light passing breeze, and the ships expand their white sails, or melt away in the golden haze of horizon. Back toward Cimies the hills fold their purple slopes, fringed with olive and lemon groves, and sweep up at last into snow peaks as sharply defined as the Alps. In all these blended beauties of nature—the silvery shimmer of the snow peaks against the blue sky, the tropical warmth of palm gardens, where the lizards sport on vine-mantled walls, the restless scintillations of the sea—spring and summer waft their sweet promises in the perfume of flowers, while the keen breath of winter still mingles with the fervid heat of the sun in the cold wind from the heights. This pungent, exciting atmosphere acts like an electric battery on the nervous system. All the men, women, and children in the city of Nice, say, along the shore, awaiting the trains which shall bear them to this centre, may be said to represent human harps and violins, strung tensely for participation in Dimanche Gras.

Commander Albert Whitcombe drives over from Villafranca with several of his fellow-officers. His vessel of war, the frigate *Thunderer*, only dropped anchor in that enchanting haven a few days since, and the scene is new to him. Commander Whitcombe is a grave, rather taciturn, man of forty-five, with that crisp, authoritative utterance suggestive of the quarter-deck rather than the drawing-room. His nationality is by no means easily defined at a glance. He is large and powerfully built, with a fair complexion curiously suggestive of a Danish or Swedish origin, a yellow mustache, tinged with gray, and long imperial; a blue eye, cool and steady in expression, chin and face square, resolute, and unflinching. He is not in the least a lady's man, and yet at each station the ladies simply adore him, for about his name shines the lustre of hero, and to the foreign lands he now visits has already gone forth the fame of his achievements in the blockade off Charleston and Beaufort, and at Island No. 10. What American woman abroad ever fails to respond with pride to these claims on admiration? Accordingly much incense is burned before the shrine of Commander Whitcombe's brave deeds, with no perceptible influence on his unassuming simplicity of manner.

The scene is new to him, and dazzles his senses. He has never before visited this paradise of the American naval officer, although the Pacific and Chinese waters are familiar to him. Nice looks its very best. The weather is superb, the day is Dimanche Gras, and Prince Carnival, in the rôle of Parisian dandy, but never again the old Saturnalian mask and tambourine strummer of the Piazza del Popolo, will soon appear to make his best bow.

THE LITTLE ANGLER.—FROM A PICTURE BY C. T. GARLAND.

The Quai Massena is thronged; the white Promenade des Anglais stretches along the shore with its vista of club-houses and villas, feathery palm-trees wave their fronds in the public garden, gay music begins to resound. The grave commander experiences a subtle current stirring in his own calm veins—the natural sympathy with martial strains, noisy groups, moving banners, scents of myriads of flowers, and a brilliant glow of sunshine over all. The group of American officers obtain a post of vantage near the Préfecture. Young Lieutenant Harleigh, with the merry hazel eyes and boyish face, is all animation. Commander Whitcombe pulls his long mustache, and is silent. All around the space, windows and balconies are richly decorated with a variety of colored hangings—blue, green, orange, and crimson—so that they resemble tulip petals. Here a cluster of children's heads appear in an embrasure of green vines, tufted with tiny flags, there a stately blonde poses gracefully beneath her red canopy, not unmindful of the outline of delicate profile against such relief. Carriages come and go, freighted with the latest Paris millinery, and cars pass rapidly, visible at angles of the street, like detached stage scenery not as yet adjusted to the movements of the drama. The Place de la Poissonière is the fountain which receives all the tributary rills of moving throngs.

At two o'clock a gun booms. Instantly a shower of confetti and a tempest of flowers fill the air, and from confusion forth steps the sun. O glorious Mediterranean orb of day, shining with such golden refulgence! No pale northern rays emanate even from this aether sun, and in its radiance bloom a dozen gigantic bouquets, pyramids of roses, japonicas, and jasmine moving along jauntily without visible means of locomotion.

Commander Whitcombe ceases to pull his mustache, and smiles; his shoulders are powdered with the confetti snow, as are those of his companions. Prince Carnival is hovering about, and his sceptre is tipped with gold. Sheer nonsense and delightful fun abound. A lion of color, frosted green and pale blue, marks the flight of a gay cavalcade of mounted grasshoppers and butterflies, which are pursued by an enormous lizard basking on a bank, and opening wide the jaws of an antediluvian reptile. Now a striped tiger, with bored topaz eyes, gambols along in the wake of a pink angel with spangled wings riding a snail. A gigantic pasteboard egg follows, the yellow claws of the enterprising chicken within already doing service in walking, and the callow head peering above the rim of broken shell. A band of Esquimaux guard a magnificent polar bear confined in an iron cage, and a human wheelbarrow is propelled through the crowd with acrobatic dexterity by a companion. The principality of Monaco appears, palace and towers of painted paper perched on formidable rocks, the car driven by a veritable Monsieur Blanc in snowy raiment, hands and face enamelled to a porcelain tint. A country wagon succeeds, drawn by oxen, and containing an immense cauliflower. Shouts of laughter greet the gigantic vegetable, which forms a globe, with the outer leaves folded tightly over the central heart. The municipal throne is reached—that seat of homage, the Préfecture—and lo! the leaves fall back, and insects appear, a human caterpillar clad in soft brown fur, and a sprightly company of beetles in shining armor. These inmates of the cauliflower are armed with tiny vegetables. Prince Carnival is no respecter of persons; a well-aimed carrot knocks off the hat of an English lord, while Commander Whitcombe receives a rosy onion in his left eye. These missiles prove to be bonbonnières, no sooner grasped by their recipients than a monkey, swinging on the branches of a tree, steals the trophies, escapes nimbly to a higher perch, and presents them to the blonde lady of the crimson balcony. So the hours wear away, that kaleidoscope of changing scenes, the Corso, presenting an inexhaustible variety of costume and acting, prompted by French wit, and adorned by French artistic skill.

Bakers produce from their oven a pie, and a sprite pops out of the crust to present bouquets. Scarcely has the sprite returned to the pie mansion when a famous kitchen advances, where the inmates of the market basket have rebelled against the cooks with such success that the human victims are hung up for sale in the meat safe, while the usurping fowls and animals preside over the copper stew-pans in turn. The rabbit *chef*, in white apron, stirs a soup, and haughtily orders about the turkey, partridge, and chicken scullions. Now from a ruined tower, ivy mantled, emerge large bats that hover and skim about the entrance on silken wings, and now a mimic theatre rehearses its tiny drama to the music of its own orchestra, the living actors being moved by strings, as are puppets, held by the prompter.

The sun slopes toward the west, the golden haze of the horizon deepens to opalescence, the sky is still serenely blue. The last clown has turned his somersault on the Corso, and goes to dine previous to the evening's balls, the pavement is white with confetti and strewn with trampled flowers. As the group of officers prepare to follow, a carriage drives slowly along, and Lieutenant Harleigh raises his cap.

The carriage is a basket-phaeton, and has two occupants. Commander Whitcombe is aware that an elderly lady, muffled in a white India shawl, is looking at him, and directing the attention of her companion, a girl. In all the brilliant carnival throng this girl is unique. Stay! May not her equipage and pose lend some added charm to her singular loveliness, a subtle grace be also imparted by the clever French fingers? The low phaeton, curved like a shell, is of a creamy yellow hue, the ponies attached are of the same lustrous tint, with manes of silky softness, and the carriage brims with flowers of one unvarying color—the rich Mediterranean violet. The girl is attired in violet velvet; amethysts swing in her ears and encircle her slender throat; a broad yellow hat drooping over her golden tresses. She bestows a smile on Lieutenant Harleigh, and passes on, even sends a little shower of her violets fluttering forth to any hands awaiting them.

"Who is she?" demands Commander Whitcombe, involuntarily.

"Oh, la belle Américaine, of course," returns Lieutenant Harleigh. "Every ship's company has fallen in love with her for the past three years. I'm rather gone in that quarter myself. She is a perfect stunner for beauty, and lots of tin besides. Her father was a millionaire, you know."

"Ah!" Commander Whitcombe makes no other comment, and separates from his gay companions to dine at the club.

Down on the Promenade des Anglais he pauses to watch the sun set, a vast crimson globe, beyond the sea. The glancing, sparkling sea is his element; it rests and refreshes him after the carnival riot. Presently he hears the sharp trot of hoofs advancing, and turns to again behold the pretty flower-lined phaeton. The girl in violet velvet is alone now, and with a charming grace of manner she tosses him the largest bouquet in her fortress, with a little American flag attached. He is a hero, and this is her acknowledgment. He glances from the flowers to the giver somewhat helplessly.

The sun is sinking beyond the heaving waters, the palm-trees of the shore wave gently in the breeze, and the crimson track shed across the sea stains with vivid rose the window panes of the Cercle Méditerranée. The shaft of gorgeous light also envelops the girl, smiting sparks from her jewels, tingeing a stray tress of hair, shining in the depths of her lustrous eyes. She might be an Iris, conjured by Prince Carnival's wand, amidst all the tricks of the fantastic day, only to vanish again on the dissolving rainbow instead of by the prosaic road.

Commander Whitcombe raises his cap in courteous acknowledgment of his gift. He is unaccustomed to carnival license, and finds this rather a bold attack. Would his own womankind, the standard by which a man insensibly measures the whole outer world, have done this thing? Henceforth he is unable to disassociate this girl in her gleaming amethysts from the sea.

It happens that another gentleman passes, and observing the hero holding the bouquet, drives on, stroking his mustache. In this case the mustache is black, the face dark, thin, and plain, the glance of the small eyes perfectly impassive, yet all pertain to a very noble owner indeed. The second gentleman is a duke.

Then the day wanes, and the bloom of twilight steals over the calm waters, quenching the fiery

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glow of sunset, and folds into darkness the surrounding hills.

II.—A JAPANESE LADY.

"Mrs. Richards invited you, and Miss Cecilia added her compliments. They have occupied the villa these three years, and it is a charming place to visit. Always keep open house for the fleet, you know."

"Pray express my regrets."

"Then you decline? We could be back for the fun of the evening."

"Not to-night, thank you."

Lieutenant Harleigh drives away, Commander Whitcombe is left to his own devices. He has abruptly refused to dine with the lady in the white India shawl and the girl who embodied the Mediterranean violet on Carnival Sunday. Why he has done so is not clear to his own mind. Even a hero may be occasionally guilty of capricious irritability. He prefers to ramble about the town of Nice to dining with any of his fair country women. This is the truth, if an ungracious one. Thus he strolls along the shore alone, glad to escape recognition. Evidently he is a grim, rather uncommunicative, man, fond of solitude.

At eight o'clock the Square Masena is a brilliant scene. Charity holds a bazar for perishing Lyons silk weavers, but it is charity smothered in flowers and gas-light, always under the graceful supervision of Prince Carnival.

Commander Whitcombe finds himself at the entrance, and gazes about him undisturbed. The parterres bloom below, and above glow artificial flowers of light in wreaths and garlands of tinted globes. Venetian lamps sway on trees, arches and arrows of green and blue quiver amidst the shrubbery, the hero Masena is transfigured against outer darkness of night by myriads of crystal pendants about the base of his statue. Laughter, music, and merriment also abound here.

The American officer discovers a series of fairy temples, where the tinted globes gather in cones of golden fire and the crowd surges about buffets and tombola. The first temple is a rustic structure draped in vines, where Flora reigns, and a bevy of fair English girls dispense her fragrant gifts, clusters of hyacinths, lilies, and roses, so arranged that the very walls seem built of flowers. Beyond, a Polish countess, magnificently attired in silk and gold embroideries, holds court in a Turkish kiosque, where she proffers pipes and cigars. Verily charity under Prince Carnival's sceptre wears a resplendent garb. These shop-women are noble, rich, and *distingué*, while scarcely one of the gentlemen who assist at arranging parcels behind the counter is without a title to his name. Delightful amusement of masquerading usefulness in a work-a-day world! Subtle charm of receiving from the dainty fingers of a marquise or a duchess the bouquet selected at an enormous price, and paid for out of a republican pocket! The crowd eddies about a large structure gaily decorated with flags, where two Russian ladies zealously demand a sale of lottery numbers.

Commander Whitcombe, skirting these elements, comes unexpectedly on a new field. He approaches a booth artistically imitative of Japanese architecture in projecting roof, straw paper walls, and strings of colored lanterns. The interior is lined with screens, fans, mirrors of polished steel, and strips of transparent rice-paper covered with figures. An open parasol is suspended from the roof, a white crane flies heavily on the silk banner in the corner. The lights twinkle on hoops of crystal, lacquer-work trays and boxes, and bronze ornaments.

As he advances, Commander Whitcombe observes the same small dark gentleman who honored him with his scrutiny on Dimanche Gras standing beneath a tree, with a lorgnette deliberately aimed at the occupant of the stall. The hero would not be a man if his own curiosity were not aroused by this odd manœuvre. Why not? Lieutenant Harleigh and the other officers are dining with Mrs. Richards and Miss Cecilia Anderson, therefore his example need elicit no badinage nor criticism. The Japanese bazar is presided over by a Japanese lady. She is unconscious of observation, distraite in manner, even listless and dejected. If she had stepped down from one of the fans on the wall or from the rice-paper pictures her impersonation could scarcely be more perfect. Her robe of dull blue silk is gathered in tightly about the form down to the knees, and terminates in a train; fringes of silver sparkle on the sash; long sleeves conceal her hands; a rich scarf, red and yellow, arranged as sash completes the costume, while imparting the stooping aspect so highly prized some years since as a "Grecian bend." She does not immediately perceive the American, although the lanterns shed radiance on her face, which is rouged on each cheek-bone, cleverly darkened by means of some golden-tinted powder, like the pollen of a lily, the eyes pencilled, the brows rendered oblique, and the black hair swept back into a chignon, confined by means of silver pins. Commander Whitcombe finds amusement in studying her. Tiny birds poise and vibrate on her head, crystals elaborately cut and set in twisted silver wire encircle her throat.

"Have you a talisman for sale sufficiently powerful to guard an unfortunate stranger from the seductions of the ladies in this fair, mademoiselle?" he finally inquires in French, and places himself in such a position as renders the lorgnette among the trees useless.

Somebody is taking an unfair advantage of the Japanese lady. Let the man with the lorgnette advance to the front. Such is the hero's reasoning.

She turns her oblique eyes on him with a start, and she is the shop-woman directly. Her slender fingers present bronzes, straw mosaics, pomades, miniature tortles, frogs, and fish in enamel-work. Oh yes, she has talismans and charms, all scented with the peculiar Oriental perfumes. Monsieur must test them for himself.

"Pray choose for me," he replies, gallantly.

The Japanese lady gazes at him a moment with a strange expression. Never in his life has the glance of a woman's eyes, flashing full in his own, so penetrated to the [illegible] ing through the [illegible]

"Bonsoir!" [illegible] the door of a [illegible] drawer an [illegible] pantomime.

"Only fifty [illegible] sudden recognition [illegible]

Commander [illegible] discovers with [illegible] fibres of a silk [illegible] gin of a pond [illegible] heart between [illegible]

"I call this a [illegible] advice you to be [illegible]

"Why a woman [illegible]

DISCIPLINE AND DISSIPATION.

AWN BY FRANK HALL.—[SEE PAGE 497.]

d set the blood coursing.

ards. Then she opens
met, and takes from a
h she presents to her

aleur," she adds, with
emotional manner
unscrews the lid, and
crystal which inclosed
an lies freezes the mar-
anese lady poises this

heart, monsieur, and I

quaeries, amazed.

"Because it holds the silky fibres so tenaciously; it is constant."

The gentleman winces perceptibly

"You know best," he returns, thoughtfully, and purchases the trinket.

The *tête-à-tête* is at an end. The small dark person is standing at Commander Whitcombe's elbow handling a sakí cup. A gay party also approaches, and the voice of Lieutenant Harleigh is heard to exclaim,

"Oh, Miss Cecilia, what a trick you have played on us!"

"Not at all," returns the Japanese lady, calmly. "The princess was ill, and requested me to take her place."

There she stands looking at them with her oblique Oriental eyes. The small dark gentleman smiles slightly and smoothes his mustache

"Has not my disguise deceived you, *Monsieur le Duc?*" she inquires, with a sudden and brilliant smile, the first evidence of coquetry yet manifested.

It occurs to Commander Whitcombe that the small dark gentleman is in love with the Japanese lady. Also that he is much older than his tailor desires him to appear. He is a duke! These servants appear, on if by magic. They wear a green livery and white stockings. What is this nobleman doing now? Actually buying out the booth, and loading the servants with the trinkets They are for the new Japanese pavilion in his garden, he explains. The Japanese lady bites her lip, and hastily claims half of the stock for herself.

This is the little drama enacted before the eyes of Commander Whitcombe and others. The gaslights glitter in wreaths and garlands, the flowers send forth their fragrance, music rises above the hum of voices. The hero feels strangely like the child at the fairy pantomime, but habitual pride prevents outward manifestation of surprise. He has bought an ivory nut, a duke is loading his flunkies with a whole bazar, and the lanterns twinkle above the head of the Japanese lady.

III.—THE SLIPPERS.

"I am tired of fools, aunty."

"Yes, my dear, but I hope you have not told them so."

"Ah! why?"

"Remember the Turkish proverb, 'He who tells the truth must have one foot in the stirrup.'"

"Worst of women! I always listen as if pearls of knowledge fell from all lips. My face will yet become frozen into an eternal smile."

"Cecilia, I do believe the slippers are coming out again. I should like to live to see you a duchess, child."

"Where is your republican simplicity, madame?"

Aunt Richards is a genteel lady of fifty, with a long aquiline nose, and hair bleached in Paris to that silky whiteness which renders a woman suddenly handsome whose middle age may have been insignificant. Aunt Richards's charming crown of snowy hair, black eyes beneath strongly marked brows, and somewhat impressive manner, give an aspect of high spirits, even of arrogance, which many persons resent. In reality she is one of the tolerant, most irresolute, of kindly women, and slave to every caprice of the heiress, her niece. In the harvest fields of life she is a blade of straw, externally sweet and brittle, but containing an pith. She receives her share of criticism, also, in her management of that motthesome charge, Miss Cecilia. Ladies whose daughters do not possess a million in their own right agree that it is quite shameful in Aunt Richards to thrust the girl forward as she does, yet they associate with her, and are glad to discuss the latest Worth toilet with the aid of her enlightenment.

Cecilia is beautiful, gay, witty, and amiable. Aunt Richards firmly believes that should fate transform her into the poetical beggar-maid, her cheerness would still make her shine in the humbler walks of existence. Cecilia can do any thing—trim a bonnet fit for a milliner's window, make her début on the stage as prima donna. How the girl can sing! As for her poetry— Aunt Richards would as like to show some specimens to admiring friends, if the poetess had not locked them up. Yes, indeed, only poor people need write books for sale, you know; still, if Cecilia would have some of those lovely sonnets printed for private circulation, quite in an elegant way.

"Are you at home this afternoon, darling?" the good lady presently inquires.

"Yes." Cecilia glances furtively at a gilt clock, and her companion leaves the room.

The girl holds the slippers on her knee, but suffers the needle to drop from her fingers. The work is curiously emblematic of Cecilia's life. She has traced a pattern, and followed it, in a wayward fashion, with blended colors of richest hues, and interwoven threads of gold and silver. Five years ago the slippers were begun, and are still unfinished. The woven threads and blended colors are her own thoughts and dreams She will not complete them, Penelope-wise, until Ulysses returns—nay, until the hero comes. They must be worn by the man she loves, and she has never loved any man. Cecilia has laughed and cried over this lamentable fact; the feline element in her nature delights in the zest of conquest, and then revolts against the victim conquered. She has tried to feel sorry for the lovers she has made miserable, after decoying them to hope by fairest promise. Pity is a portion of her organization either dead to sensibility or never awakened. She is made of the fibre which leads millionaires' daughters sometimes into distrustful, cynical spinsterhood. Cecilia does not distrust her own fascinations, however. She can not endure to meet a stranger, and not produce a vivid impression. All the way-side beggars and trades-people are in love with her, awaiting her charming smile; the children of the poor know her for and wide. Here is this newly arrived commander of the *Tamahaut*, grave, severe, and a hero of fame, who declined to dine with her a month ago. Has a day since elapsed when Cecilia, concealing her pique, has not baited

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Battery, and meditating sending his family to a stuffy farm-house among the hot hills, where, packed into close rooms, they should pass the summer, while he, still busy and alone, remained behind, now saw that he had an opportunity of eating his cake and having it; of making the city his family base for the season, and taking possession of his spacious and delightful marine villa, in company with a thousand others like him, for an occasional week or day, without relaxing his daily attention to business. In fact, the erection of the great houses by the sea at Coney Island and Manhattan and Brighton beaches has made New York a seaside resort for busy New-Yorkers. Their offices remain as usual in town, while their chambers open upon the ocean, and they sleep through the cool summer nights to the music of the breakers. This is an advantage in which every visitor to the city is interested. If the merchant or friend from the interior comes to town upon any business, he can dine and sleep by the sea as conveniently as in his noisy hotel up town. Last summer, which was the first of this new dispensation, there were hundreds of strangers who found in this opportunity a new zest to their visit, and thousands of home-kept New-Yorkers who, sending their families to pass the day upon the shore, joined them at dinner and returned at evening, no longer envying the lucky fellow who loitered at Saratoga or lounged at Newport or the White Mountains.

It is remarkable that this shore should have been surrendered so long to "roughs" and "fast" parties that a quiet New-Yorker would have thought as kindly of going to Greenland as to Coney Island. But how great was the desire for some such family retreat from the city was shown the moment that the opportunity was offered. The city moved seaward. Saratoga heard, and trembled. Newport listened, and shuddered. Lake George wondered if it was really so hot. And the Notch and the Delaware Gap and the Twin Mountain House asked anxiously if salt air was a solace for hay fever. The circle of metropolitan advantages is swiftly enlarging; and what is not possible for a city which in the same year saw the opening of the elevated railroads and of the suburban ocean hotels?

HOMER AND "PINAFORE."

IN her new book, *Theophrastus Such*, George Eliot protests against the spirit of parody and burlesque, which is greatly increasing, and which, as she thinks, degrades noble associations, and paralyzes good influences. FREDERIC HARRISON, in his late essay upon the choice of books, also challenges this tendency, and says that an age which delights in *Pinafore* can not enjoy Homer. The illustration seems to us to be ill chosen, because the parody and fun of *Pinafore* are legitimate, and fall upon solemn and established absurdities with the "lethal" weapons of good humor. The kind of parody which George Eliot has in mind, which distorts and ridicules what is essentially fine, deserves all her eloquent censure. One of its worst forms is that of a comic history, which is infinitely dreary; another is the parody of beautiful poetry; another, of generous sentiments. But, upon reflection, Mr. HARRISON would not deny, certainly, that the system which puts the British navy under the direction of a man selected not because he has any interest in the navy, or knowledge of it, or fitness for administration of any kind, but simply because he is a party leader, or because he can supply votes or influence to a ministry, is a system which deserves the most pitiless pelting of ridicule. The literature of civil service reform in England has had no stroke more trenchant and humorous than the song of *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.*, who for his zeal in polishing up the knocker of the big front door becomes ruler of the Queen's navee. That song has no doubt awakened many a laughing listener to the utter absurdity of some of the most solemn of political practices.

Again, the delightful burlesque of the Italian opera in *Pinafore* is perfectly legitimate. It is thoroughly good-natured, and the Italian opera is not a very terrible dragon. But the enjoyment of the burlesque is that of a sound, healthy taste, and therefore it does not fall under George Eliot's condemnation, and Mr. HARRISON shows a lack of humor in thinking it incompatible with the enjoyment of Homer, that is to say, of simple, natural, hearty poetry. If he had cited the *opera bouffe*, he would have hit the mark. The taste which enjoys *L'Assommoir*, the unspeakable filth of a certain kind of French novel, or the dirt of the demi-monde opera, is indeed a taste to which Homer and Shakespeare, and all true nobility in human life or the reach of human imagination, would be as unmeaning as the song of the Siren to a sow. But the popular enjoyment and success of *Pinafore* are significant and interesting, for the very fact that they show a healthy and simple taste which was not to be assumed in an age of *opéra bouffe*.

It is not, after all, the burlesques and parody, but the manner and spirit of them, which are significant. THACKERAY'S *Rebecca and Rowena* does not harm *Ivanhoe*, certainly, while his *Prize Novelists* are an effective antidote to the sentimentality and shallowness and essential falsity of the parodied novels. Public taste could not have been more shrewdly admonished or recalled to a manlier and sincerer standard than by these amusing squibs. DISRAELI could never again "take in" the clear-headed boy who had laughed over *Codlingsby*, and all the rest of that kind of literature would have lain under suspicion. The genius of burlesque and parody is a nimble sprite who may sometimes abuse his power, but he is one of the most serviceable and effective moral agents in our busy world. The wisest statesman might take a useful hint from *Pinafore*, and the most bumptious novelist be chastened by *George de Barnwell*.

THE SISTER OF KEATS.

THERE are many Americans to whom KEATS is the chief name among modern English poets. He died nearly sixty years ago, and his sister, Madame FANNY KEATS DE LLANOS, is now living in Madrid, at the age of seventy-six, and by reverses of fortune has been reduced to poverty. Eminent literary men in England, and other admirers of her brother's genius, to the number of about thirty, recently petitioned the government for a civil-list pension. Lord HOUGHTON, the biographer and editor of KEATS, personally applied to the Prime Minister. But Lord BEACONSFIELD declined to grant the pension, while he sent willingly $750 from the Queen's Bounty Fund. Lord HOUGHTON states in a letter to the *Daily News* that there are many precedents for such a grant, and mentions his application to Sir ROBERT PEEL, thirty-five years ago, in favor of the sister and nieces of ROBERT BURNS. Sir ROBERT thanked him, and the old lady and her daughters were made happy for life.

Upon the failure of the application for a pension for Madame LLANOS, the signers agreed that a subscription should be opened for her benefit, and authorized a public statement that their movement had regard "to the very strong public claims of one whose brother's works are already classical, and to the urgency of the case through heavy family misfortunes." The London *News* warmly and eloquently seconds their appeal, as enabling those who recognize the great genius of her brother to atone, in the only way practicable, for the wrongs and sorrows of his life, by saving his sister from the winter cold of age, penury, and neglect. Messrs. RICHARD GARNETT, WILLIAM ROSSETTI, and H. BUXTON FORMAN are the committee named to act as receivers of the fund in England; and any one in this country who may feel disposed, by any sentiment of gratitude or obligation to the poet, to assist in this good work, may send any sum for this purpose to GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, at the office of *Harper's Weekly*.

"THE LOVER'S TALE."

TENNYSON'S new poem, "The Lover's Tale," is printed complete in another part of this paper. It was written in part when he was only nineteen years old, and two parts of the four of which it is composed were then printed. The poet now publishes the whole, including a fourth part, a work of his "mature life." The poem is interesting not only for itself, not only for that rich and flowing Tennysonian music and exquisite play of imagination and vivid touch of description which make his verse fascinating, but as a study of the growth of his power and the development of his art. The chief general impression of the poem doubtless is that the poet's tone has been unchanged from the first. After fifty years, the verse which he now prints is essentially what the verse that he might write now would be. This is seen at once in the want of jar or break between the first parts and the last. "The Golden Supper" could have been written only by TENNYSON. Every one familiar with his verse would concede it. But it is no less true of the opening part and passages. Under whatever circumstances they had appeared, no student of modern English poetry would fail to ascribe them to TENNYSON.

> "Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
> Quiver'd a dying glory on her hair."

These are purely Tennysonian lines. Nor less so these:

> "Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
> And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
> And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
> Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
> And glory of broad waters interfused."

If ARTHUR HALLAM were the boy friend who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, he saw truly in such touches a new power in English literature.

There are many who will enjoy this poem who may have seen the famous edition of *Poems Chiefly Lyrical* published in 1830. We remember it in the possession of one of the most famous of American authors—a slight volume, and of a strain so new that it seemed all affectation and folly to the lovers of SCOTT and BYRON. A young man wrote a review of the volume, and offered it to one of the chief American critical periodicals. But the editor rejected it, and could not express strongly enough his dislike of the aromatic, lackadaisical rhymster. Let any reader compare "The Lover's Tale" with "Manfred" or "The Corsair," which were the popular poems of TENNYSON'S youth, and he will understand that HALLAM unconsciously recognized in his friend's verse the dawning of a new era.

The recent prices paid in London for copies of TENNYSON'S earlier volumes show the firmness of his hold upon English favor. Early copies are, indeed, a kind of bric-à-brac, and the fondness for them is largely fanciful. But there is an undeniable charm of association in them which explains and justifies their peculiar value. Those who remember the manuscript copies of "The Lady of Shalott" and "Oriana," which circulated in this country forty years ago, will look with great interest upon the little volume from which they are copied; and even the two volumes of 1842, which introduced TENNYSON to his great fame, and which were exactly reproduced in the first Boston edition in this country, sold at a "fancy price" at the recent London sale. This latest publication of TENNYSON is very characteristic, and there is in English literature no more powerful and passionate love tale in verse than this.

PERSONAL.

POSTMASTER JAMES, after having decorated the grave of his predecessor, General DIX, on Decoration-day, proceeded, accompanied by the Post-office officials, to the grave of WILLIAM BRADFORD, the first printer in New York, and there did honor to the memory of the pioneer of "the art preservative of arts," who on the 16th of October, 1725, began the first newspaper in this city, called the *New York Gazette*. For fifty years he was printer to the government of New York, and for thirty years the only one in the province. His grave-stone in Trinity Church yard was restored, with the original inscription, by the vestry of Trinity Church, in May, 1863, and is as follows:

> Here lies the Body of Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, Printer, who departed this Life May 23, 1752, aged 92 Years: He was born in Leicestershire, in Old England, in 1660; and came over to America in 1682, before the City of Philadelphia was laid out: He was Printer to this Government for upwards of 50 Years, and being quite worn out with Old age and labour, he left this mortal State in the lively Hopes of a blessed Immortality.
>
> Reader, reflect how soon you'll quit this stage;
> You'll find but few attain to such an age.
> Life's full of Pain: Lo! here's a Place to Rest.
> Prepare to meet your GOD! then you are blest.
>
> Here also lies the Body of ELIZABETH, wife to the said WILLIAM BRADFORD, who departed this Life July 8, 1731, aged 61 Years.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, in his piquant paper, *Truth*, tells this amusing "personal:" "I had occasion to call in a professional accountant to inspect the books of a concern in which I was interested. He looked a very benign individual, and on my explaining to him that I wanted a balance-sheet, he said, in a suave voice: 'Quite so; and do you wish me to take a sanguine view, or the reverse?' I said, 'I don't quite understand. I want to know exactly how I stand.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I didn't know if you wished me to show a profit or loss; I can, of course, do either. I thought you might want it for publication.' He evidently fancied I was going to dispose of the concern to the public. The Cyprus balance-sheet is for the public."

—The London *Times*, in reviewing a recent novel by Mr. JAMES PAYN, says of the author: "In reading novel after novel by Mr. PAYN, we are more and more impressed by the opinion that the author must be a singularly fortunate man. How far he has to rack his brain for his plots is a matter into which we do not care to inquire, though his plots are invariably strong enough to carry the burden of the story. But what we would envy in him, were we addicted to novel-writing, is the quality of an indefinable freshness which no fertility of production seems to stale. Mr. PAYN, although he is continually writing, never seems to dredge out any of his books *contre cœur*. Habit must have developed the gift of seizing the happy ideas as lies in wait for—ideas which, although they may be stored for his future occasions, are sure to be recast and developed in course of time, while his characters are very evidently studies from the life. All that must go far as a help to invention, and to the natural versatility which is among the most profitable of faculties. But Mr. PAYN, moreover, is an admirable *raconteur*, and has an excellent memory for the amusing stories which he introduces by way of appropriate illustration, while he brightens his pages and points his conversations with the flashes of humor which seem to come all the more freely to his latest novels."

—The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Marquette, the Rev. Dr. VERTIN, is the youngest prelate of that Church in the United States, being only thirty-five years of age, and thirteen years a priest.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON, according to the London *News*, has been gifted by nature with a voice distinctly audible at the edge of a crowd of 10,000 persons in the open air, and his perfect mastery of his own language is never spoiled by the unreasonable intrusion of foreign idioms. But above and beyond this, he has the indefinable power of so saying what he wishes to say as to make it both immediately intelligible and permanently impressive to all who hear him.

—George Eliot's new work, *Theophrastus Such*, just published in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, awakens great attention in America and England. London *Truth* says it creates all the more interest "as it will almost certainly be the last from the pen of George Eliot."

—The numerous friends of Mr. JOHN G. SAXE will be glad to know that his health is rapidly improving, and his complete recovery quite probable. His trouble has been mainly with his nerves.

—Mr. H. H. WARNER, of Rochester, a young and successful business man, is building a handsome observatory for Professor SWIFT, to be called the Warner Observatory.

—M. GAMBETTA is criticised sharply by the extreme radicals of his party, who call him the ALCIBIADES of Paris. He dwells in an elegant house, keeps the finest horses and the best of cooks. The Republican leader has always had the habit of making himself comfortable, and was renowned in his student days for keeping a better table than any of his comrades.

—The Rev. SAMUEL SMITH HARRIS, just elected bishop of the diocese of Michigan, is a native of Alabama, and thirty-eight years old. He graduated at the University of Alabama at the early age of seventeen years and nine months. In 1860 he was admitted to the bar, and in 1865 removed to this city, where he practiced very successfully until 1868, when he entered the Episcopal ministry. After officiating in Columbus, Georgia, and in New Orleans, he was, in 1875, called to the rectorship of St. James's Church, Chicago, the mother of the Episcopal churches in Illinois, and the wealthiest parish in the Northwest. Dr. HARRIS is not only a man of fine pulpit ability, but possesses that executive ability which is indispensable to the successful management of a large and flourishing diocese like Michigan.

—A correspondent, describing the personal appearance of the gentlemen composing the present Board of Visitors at the Military Academy at West Point, says President NOAH PORTER, of Yale, would be the most difficult member for a stranger to classify: like a genuine New Englander, he has a versatile look, as though he could do any thing he turned his hand or mind to. DORMAN B. EATON, and General ANDERSON of Georgia, are good-looking men, the former representing the classical, intellectual type, and the latter the handsome cavalier. General ANDERSON, with his youthful broadcloth dress, and black hair and mustache, at the distance of three yards looks more like a young first lieutenant than a middle-aged veteran. General ABBOTT, though of the regular army, chooses to appear in civilian's dress, and does it gracefully. EUGENE HALE is so unobtrusive and quiet in his manners that it is difficult to realize that he is here. General GORDON, of Georgia, attracts much attention. He is tall and dignified, and evinces force of character. JAMES H. BLOUNT, of Georgia, is genial and practical; his manner wins every body. Senator WINDOM has a striking head and figure.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The Senate passed the Jurors Jury Bill on the 6th inst. Senator Edmunds analyzed it so sharply that the Democrats tried to recommit it for amendment. The Republicans did not at first vote on recommittal, but there being no quorum, they then voted and prevented the action, and afterward compelled the Democrats to pass the bill by a party vote.—On the 7th, the House passed a joint resolution approving the action of the President in sending rations and tents to the yellow fever sufferers. The House also passed the bill to make additional appropriations for the postal service. There was opposition to the increase of the pay of letter-carriers, but the increase was voted.—On the 9th, the House passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 169 to 22, all the negative votes being Democratic. The bill is a substitute for the one reported the week before, and has no political riders. Mr. Ryan (Republican), of Kansas, moved to suspend the rules and pass the Clymer Army Bill which had been ratified by the Democratic joint caucus. The Democrats were surprised by the motion, and immediately voted to adjourn.—On the 10th, the Senate refused, by a vote of 21 to 30, to order the Warner Silver Bill to be reported. All the Republicans voted nay. The House passed the Judicial Appropriation Bill by a party vote, retaining the clause nullifying the election law, and also adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 17th inst. Both Houses unanimously passed a bill to erect a monument to mark the site of the house in which Washington was born.—On the 11th, the House, by a vote of 172 to 81, passed the Army Bill, including the following restrictive clause: "That no money appropriated by this act is appropriated or shall be paid for the subsistence, equipment, transportation, or compensation of any portion of the army of the United States to be used as a police force to keep the peace at the polls at any election held within any State."

The Minnesota Greenbackers held a State Convention at St. Paul on the 10th inst., and nominated for Governor Asa Barton, and for Lieutenant-Governor William McGhen.—The Iowa Republicans met at Des Moines on the 11th, and renominated for Governor John H. Gear, and for Lieutenant-Governor, F. J. Campbell.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Zulu king, Cetywayo, on the 10th ult., dispatched an envoy to Colonel Crealock, asking him to send a European to discuss terms of peace. John Dunn accordingly went to Cetywayo's kraal, but has already returned, the negotiations having failed, because the British refuse any terms but unconditional surrender. Cetywayo's good faith is doubted.

Alexander Solovieff, who attempted to kill the Czar of Russia on the 14th of April last, was hanged on the Smolenski Field on the 10th inst.

France and England have agreed to abstain from interference in the Egyptian administration, and will not require the appointment of European ministers or Comptrollers-general, but they will hold the Khedive responsible for the consequences of his acts.

Bolivia has authorized privateers sailing under her flag to seize Chilian merchandise even in neutral ships, and not contraband of war.—The German representative at Lima has been instructed by telegraph to apply for the release of the German steamer *Luxor*, detained at Callao by the Peruvians on the allegation that she was conveying contraband of war.

Russia has presented to Bulgaria a portion of her flotilla on the Danube, consisting of two steamers, six small gun-boats, and six torpedo-boats. These vessels will temporarily retain Russian crews to instruct Bulgarians in their management. There may be a question whether it is allowable under the Treaty of Berlin for the Bulgarians to maintain a war flotilla.

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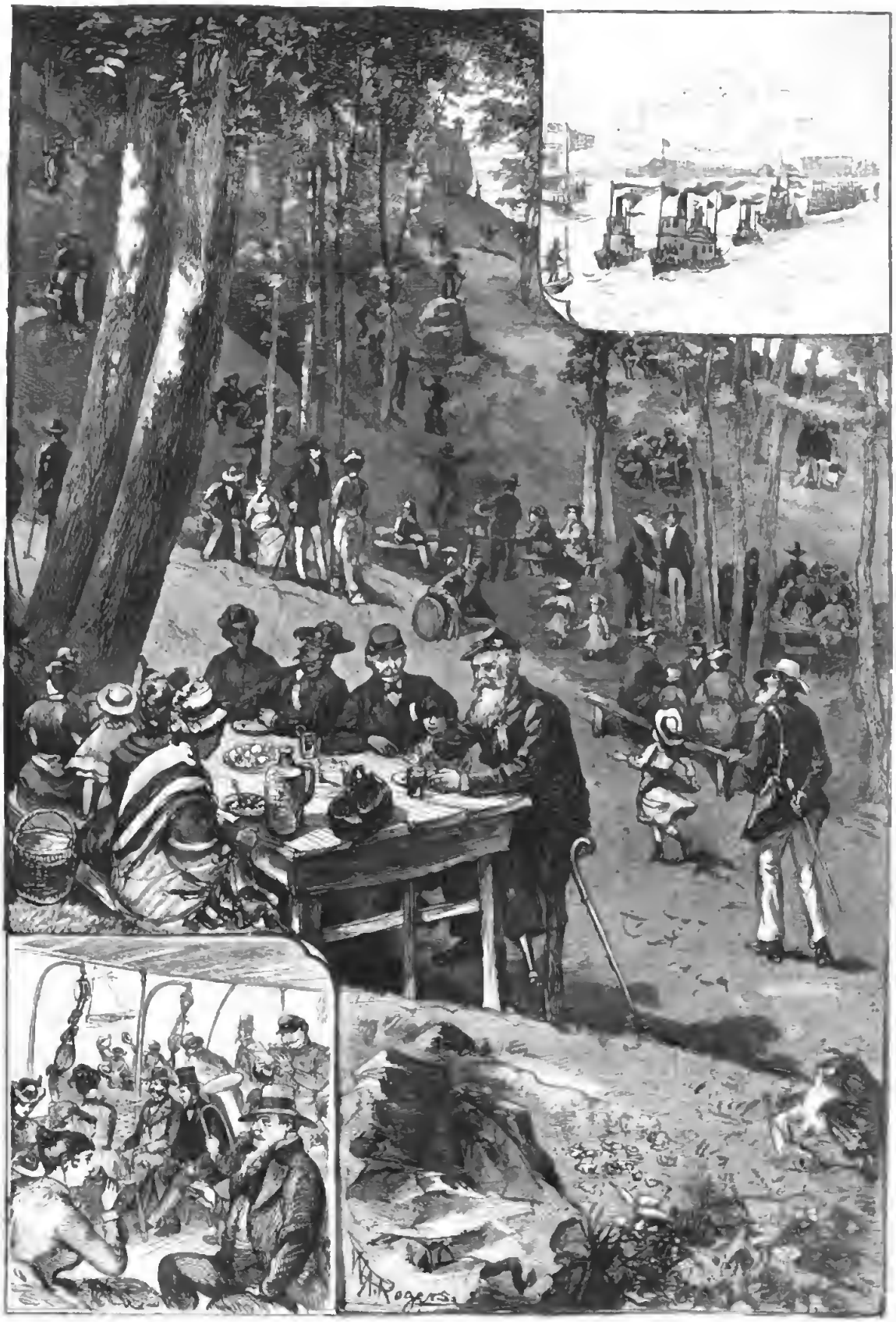
SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE HARLEM RIVER.—Drawn by C. A. Kenna.—[See Page 507.]



EXCURSION OF THE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION TO ALPINE GROVE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 506.]

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APPLE BLOSSOMS.

A LASSIE lives on yonder hill,
Whose step is light as air;
Her laugh is like the rippling rill,
Her brow is passing fair.
No eye an bright, no smile on sweet,
No lip so like a cherry
Of all the maids I've chanced to meet,
Ah, none so blithe and merry!

One vernal morn, when still the grass
With dew was sparkling bright,
I saw this loveliest maiden pass,
And wondered at the sight.
Fair on her white and beauteous brow—
With sweeter charms invested—
A wreath, plucked freshly from the bough,
Of apple blossoms rested.

Ah, ne'er did coronet so rare
On royal head repose;
No gem of Ind on matchless fair
As each half-opened rose.
Yet well, methought, this lovely wreath,
With dewy drops still laden,
Befits the radiant brow beneath
Of this most queenly maiden.

She passed, but still the vision staid,
Till in my heart there grew
An image, haunteously arrayed
In blossoms wet with dew.
And now—but ah! the tale is told;
Why o'er it longer tarry?
That radiant brow, ere June is old,
An orange wreath shall carry.

PARIS JOTTINGS.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

A new Novel by Hector Malot.—Reminiscences of an old Mansion.—The Last Home of Corneille.

PARIS, *May 31, 1879.*

M. HECTOR MALOT has written a new work, entitled *Sans Famille*. This powerful author, whose popularity is so well deserved, will be widely read in France, where *Sans Famille* has been eagerly anticipated, volume after volume. The story differs from the marvellous delineations of the Church in the provinces, grouped together in *La Bataille de Maringe* by those connecting links of separate study, "A Good Young Man," "A Papal Title," and "Married by the Priests." Nor does it resemble those subtle delineations of the modern Parisian, like the Vicomte de Saint Auxtrebertha in *Marriage of the Second Empire*. In *Sans Famille* M. Malot has returned to the purer sources of childhood. With what delicacy, pathos, and grace he treats the subject! The interest of the reader is enlisted at the outset by the dedication to Mlle. Lucie Malot, in which the author seeks to behold his work through the eyes of his daughter. His aim is to arouse the interest, touch the sympathy, and elicit the criticisms of a child. The charm of this intention is shed over the pages of the book. The reader, as well, in following the vicissitudes of the little hero, marvels how each adventure may have impressed Mlle Lucie Malot, placed in a niche as critic by her father.

How clear is the pastoral picture of the opening chapter! In the cottage of the good Mère Barberin, her foster-child, the delicate Rémi, watches her make the pancakes and fritters for Mardi-Gras. The employment is full of absorbing interest to the little man, and serves as a fitting occasion for a retrospective glance at his history.

The husband of Mère Barberin is a stone-mason, whose trade has kept him at Paris. In an evil hour he passed beneath a scaffolding, which fell and crippled him. A stranger, covered with mud from the highway, brought these sad tidings in the gleaming, and Mère Barberin wrung her hands in grief, then listened in the village curé for advice. Monsieur the curé wrote to the superintendent of the hospital. The reply was prompt. Barberin required all money owed, for a legal process which he would make against the contractor. Scaffolds should be secure, and not fall on pedestrians, claimed the plaintiff. Pedestrians should not pass beneath scaffolds, protested the builder, and carried the day. This had been the battle at Paris. In the cottage of Mère Barberin the combat had been severely felt. The little silver till of earnings swept away, the cow must be sold, and the money sent to Paris for the lawsuit. Here M. Malot describes the mild and sagacious heart, friend of the poor, the cow which feeds the whole family. Surely a more touching tribute was never bestowed on a cow than that lavished on La Roussette. After her disappearance potatoes and salt had become the sole food of little Rémi. To-day Mère Barberin prepares a surprise. She has indulged in the extravagance of purchasing a cup of milk of a neighbor, and flour for the Mardi-Gras fritters. All day little Rémi has gazed wistfully at the earthen dish placed amidst the warm cinders, where the delicious pancakes are rising. Now the critical moment has arrived when the butter frizzles in the pan. These cheerful preparations inspire apprehensions in the reader. Will the fritters even be browned for the delectation of hungry little Rémi? Alas! no. The blow of a stick falls on the door, succeeded by the entrance of a large man in a linen blouse.

"Ah, is in a day of fête here?" exclaims the new-comer, in a rough tone.

It is Barberin, crippled, soured, and furious at his defeat in the lawsuit, returned home. Gruffly he orders the fritters set aside, on outfit for a hungry man, and soup substituted. There is no soup, the good Mère Barberin explains. The eye of Barberin roves about the place. The lard pot on the shelf is empty, and the cow is gone. He knocks down a string of onions placed above the chimney with his stick, orders the pot of hot water placed on the fire, thrusts in the onions, and adds the little store of butter hoarded so carefully for the Mardi-Gras fête. The little Rémi is petrified with fear, and dares not taste the soup when served. Barberin is a perfect type of the French navvier rendered vicious by circumstance. He is brutal, savage, capable of any trickery, and filled with a smouldering resentment to all authority as a personal grievance. In a word, he is the material of which revolutions and communes are productive. When the trembling child had sought his bed in the corner of the common living-room, Barberin harshly reproves his wife for keeping this foster-child, threatening to send him to the foundling hospital. He then goes out to seek a friend at the cabaret, and Rémi learns from his kind nurse that he was found, a baby of six months old, on a garden step in Paris as Barberin went to his work one morning, and the finenesses of his linen and laces, as well as the spectacle of a man running away among the trees, tempted the poor artisan to keep the *enfant trouvé* in hope of future reward. All is changed in the peaceful cottage by the return of the master. Next day he drags Rémi to the mayor in hopes of obtaining a small sum for the support of a foundling. *En route* he passes at the cabaret, where Rémi is fascinated by the aspect of a grand old man, bearded, attired in sheep-skin and leggings, accompanied by three learned dogs and a monkey. This is the Signor Vitalis, the principal character of the book, once a famous opera-singer, and descended to poverty in old age, and the company of dancing dogs. Briefly, the brutal Barberin rents the beautiful boy in this Italian, deceives his wife, and drives Rémi from his door during her absence. One of the finest pictures in the book is that of the child pausing on the hill-top to gaze back on the humble cottage, where the smoke rises in a spiral of blue mist, and beholds the white cap of Mère Barberin as she seeks him on her return.

The opening pages of Rémi's adventures are full of interest. Surely the eyes of Mlle. Lucie, the critic, must have sparkled at the droll description of the dogs, led by the sagacious poodle Capi, as well as the antics of M. Joli Cœur, the monkey, who, in the costume of an English general, accepts the boy Rémi into his service at the recommendation of his former domestic, the poodle Capi. Signor Vitalis, philosopher, presides over this company, teaching the dogs tricks, and the boy to read, and music, by means of bits of wood. This is the most pleasing portion of the book. The sunshine sparkles over the pages. The monkey grimaces, and mimics the gendarme, who arrests his master to Toulouse. Left alone, the boy and the animals pause beside a canal, on which floats a boat fitted up as a mansion for a sick child, strapped to a board, while his mother devotes her hours to his recovery. This phase partakes of a veritable fairy tale. Rémi and the dogs are invited on board to amuse the invalid, and drift away down one French river after another. Of course Madame Milligan, the gentle English lady, is Rémi's mother, and the sick child, Arthur, his own brother; but it requires one volume and a half more to render clear the villainy of the next heir, Mr. Milligan, the uncle, who smiles very much, revealing sharp-pointed teeth, and causes Barberin to play into his own hands later to the extent of furnishing Rémi with false parents in London in the shape of a groom and burglar by profession. French books often open with the most effective situations, and become interminably "spun out" before the *dénouement* to the English reader. Emerging from prison, the Signor Vitalis refuses to give up the boy to Madame Milligan, which affords the author full scope for those delineations of hunger, cold, and misery on characteristic of French literature; for a snow-storm, in which the two dogs are carried away by wolves, and Joli Cœur dies of exposure; for the culminating scene of a return to Paris, with introductions of the Italian padrone and the children musicians of the streets, when Vitalis dies of cold during the winter night leaning against the gardener's gate, who rescues Rémi in the dawn. If Mlle. Lucie is satisfied with the weaving together of the threads in conclusion, the foreign reader may be amused instead. M. Malot has quitted his proper field in describing the English manorial hall. All the friends of the heir Rémi are gathered together on his estates, Mère Barberin and the dog Capi, while the gardener's deaf-and-dumb daughter Lise, miraculously restored to speech by the intervention of Madame Milligan and a great physician, is the happy wife of Rémi. Surely this complaisance on the part of an English mother, proud of her family, is sufficient to arouse a smile; but Madame Milligan goes further: she consents to the marriage of her second son, Arthur, with a pretty Italian girl from Lucca, sister of the violinist Mattei, apparently in order to complete the organ-grinder circle of the baronial hall.

The pictures of character and scenery in *Sans Famille* remain full of light and charm. At the same time M. Malot does not depart from the vein peculiarly French in describing Paris in the dark hues of winter, sleet, and poverty, rather than brilliant and gay as the superb capital.

AN ANCIENT MANSION.

The Hôtel Fieubet still stands on the right bank of the Seine, robbed of its many embellishments of earlier years, the richly sculptured balustrades and caryatides, but still recalling to the admirer of old Paris that the structure was built by Hardouin Mansart for Gaspard de Fieubet, Seigneur of Cendrey and Ligny, counsellor of Parliament, and chancellor of the Queen Marie-Therèse. The master of the house remains not less a personage of his time, sympathetic, droll, the friend of youth and pleasure, and an agreeable chymster—a charming qualification in a courtier. Fieubet is frequently mentioned in the letters of Madame De Sévigné, as well as in the *Memoirs of Gourville*. He was deserved popularity by exercising a truly Parisian gift. He succeeded in making all the world laugh at his neighbor. One day he drove in a state coach with this neighbor, his friend Courtin, the former ambassador to St. Germain, where the court was held. Highwaymen attacked these noble gentlemen, and with all possible politeness despoiled them of valuables. Resistance was useless, and the victims submitted. When the carriage rolled on again, however, Courtin revealed a purse of gold with a radiant smile of triumph. He had cleverly concealed it in one of his stockings during the search of the robbers. Fieubet immediately thrust his head out of the window, and recalled the highwaymen, while the friend stared at him, stupefied, holding the purse in his hand.

"Gentlemen, I perceived from your manners that you were honest people who gallantly accepted of the word of honor of those you encounter," said Fieubet. "Monsieur has deceived you, and I do not wish to be considered his accomplice. Search him again, and you will be rewarded for your trouble."

This is the picture. Fieubet with sarcastic politeness recalling the bewildered thieves, while the furious Courtin sits with eyes and mouth open holding the purse of gold conveniently in his hand. The court laughed much at this adventure, and above all at the helpless wrath of Courtin, who long retained a sentiment of rancor toward his waggish friend.

FROM THE ARC DE L'ÉTOILE.

The aspiring tourist who toils in the summit of the Arc de l'Etoile in these May days will observe on the left hand, far beyond the branching avenues, the domes and masses of shrubbery, the somewhat bleak structure of the new Opera-House, with the adjacent gilded angels glittering in the sun. How little he realizes the significance those narrow streets and crooked passages, all destroyed to build the Avenue de l'Opera, possess in the true Parisian, even in remembrance! The avenue is a necessity which the tourist recognizes, opening a new thoroughfare across the busy town from the Rue de Rivoli to the boulevards; and the fresh mortar, the pop-shows, even the electric light, of that quarter, are not displeasing to his eye. Modern Paris recalls the streets of this quarter, and the dark unsightly passage St. Guillaume. Once the capital ended between the Café de la Régence and the Théâtre Français. Once the wall of Charles V. reached here, and Jeanne d'Arc was wounded on this very spot. Once the windmills turned on the Butte St. Roch, while in the Park Market below the false money was plunged into boiling oil on a test. In later times Regnard wrote of a remote retreat at the termination of the Rue de Richelieu, where he could watch the secret grow and enjoy seclusion:

"Au bout de cette rue où le grand cardinal
Laissa pour monument une triste fontaine."

Where are the rues Traversière, du Rempart, de Jeanisson? The Avenue de l'Opéra has engulfed all these, and more. Here is the Rue l'Échelle, replete with sad memories, and the Rue Sainte-Anne, thus christened for Anne of Austria, where dwelt Bossuet and Helvetius, as well as that famous beauty Madame Du Barry, during the Revolution. A marble slab on the front of No. 18 Rue d'Argenteuil announced to the world the house in which Corneille breathed his last. The Rue d'Argenteuil once had the rural aspect of a road leading to a village of that name. M. Victorien Sardou has purchased the porte cochère of Corneille's house, which dates from the period of Henri IV., together with the antique knocker which the great man rattled on many times, and transported them to his residence to Marly-le-Roi. The modern dramatist has also preserved the baluster of the staircase, and the Department of La Seine Inférieure is striving to gather together other relics of the illustrious poet, at a time when the municipal council of Rouen has suffered his home on the Rue de la Pie to be wholly demolished.

M. Édouard Drumont gives an interesting description of the last home of Corneille, demolished by the Avenue de l'Opéra, which possesses the value of a souvenir in the modern Athens of Baron Haussmann.

"The street is old, without antiquity, paved with rough stones painful to ascend and sad to descend. The sun never laughs with a gay heart here. The windows have lines stretched across for wet linen to dry. The industries are vulgar: workers in ebony, frame-makers, cabinet-makers, all encroaching a little on the highway. A poet would exclaim: 'Inspiration never descended there!' It is the street where dwelt Corneille. It is the old road of Argenteuil become a street without personality. No. 18 bears a slab of black marble, announcing that the great Corneille died here. Yesterday was the two-hundred-and-sixty-eighth anniversary of the event. Let us enter and salute the master. Let us take the tabac-trade on the left. Here we are at the second story. The door of the apartment faces the stairway. A second door on the left once opened into the study of the poet. Here is the bed-chamber, with the immense alcove, where Corneille died; there is the cabinet de travail where he acquired immortality. It was this cabinet de travail, lighted from the court, which M. Gérôme has shown us in one of his most remarkable pictures. The picture is contained entire in the four lines with which Victor Hugo terminates the preface to the opera of *Esmeralda*. 'In 1671 was represented with all the pomp of lyric scenery a tragedy ballet entitled *Pysché*. The libretto of this opera had two authors: one was called Pequelin de Molière, and the other Pierre Corneille.'

"Molière was then in the full splendor of his genius. Director of the theatre, the manager of court *fêtes*, he gained large sums of money. The author of *Attila*, on the contrary, was nearly forgotten; he was a man of the *vieux jeu*. Doubtless after the reception of one of those voluminous petitions which he addressed to Louis XIV., the king said to Molière: 'If you would see M. Corneille? If you could do something with him?' The author of the *Misanthrope* obeyed. He knocked at the door in the Rue d'Argenteuil, murmuring: 'This good man is behind the age.' I see them here *tête-à-tête*. The younger fixed his penetrating eye on the old man. The elder, wounded by the fall of *Attila* and *Agésilas*, is naively enchanted to be placed in a grand work. In this salle one still hears the old Corneille chanting the madrigals of *Psyché*. For a moment all is illuminated in this cold apartment, ugly, with brick floor, where Israelitish dentists have succeeded the author of *Polyeucte*. This transient impression vanishes speedily when you glance around. No change has been made in these chambers, yet nothing recalls genius. From the icy floor to the icy ceiling all repulses the imagination. The whole house has the same aspect. It is one of those houses which Alphonse Daudet excels in painting. Once the bed of Corneille was placed in the room where he expired. The apartment became tenanted by la Marquise de la Fourchandière. This lady of high birth and spirit was reduced by the Revolution in this modest abode. She said at the commencement: 'I shall possess the most magnificent of luxuries. I shall live in the mansion of Corneille; I will re-read his works beside his bust. He will belong to me.' She was deceived. It was she who belonged to Corneille. She could not penetrate with impunity between these four walls, where had dwelt for forty years this all-powerful genius, who could invoke at will terrors and passion. It happened that these eloquent shadows, the Cid and Cinna, the men of state and emperors, Héraclite and Don Sanche, Rodogune the implacable, and Chimène the touching, terrible queens and amorous heroes, came to speak. This formidable dialogue reached the marquise even in her sleep at night. The marquise, frightened by her tragic dreams, perceived that the bust of a dead man was a living personage. She said to the landlord, 'Be to I must leave.' As always, genius was chased away.

"The bust now occupies a place in the court. Behold! it is decked with flowers for the fête. Two vases filled with roses, and two porcelain cups containing peonies. Fifteen sous' worth of flowers about that majestic face, which appears pensive and proud, with its resemblance to a Castilian cavalier. A lady, Madame Bazoni, made for this portrait, fifteen years ago, a laurel crown, and generations of concierges have guarded the image of Corneille. 'I have dusted it for thirty years,' explained to me the present concierge. Once in three months the bust was lifted from its niche in the court, and the concierge made its toilette. The lodgers descended to witness the ceremony; the children, without knowing the significance attached to this superb name, paused to watch the duster traverse the inspired brow from which sprang, fully armed, Cinna, les Horaces, the Cid, and Rodogune."

Such is the souvenir of M. Édouard Drumont. This bust, devoid of artistic value, has been purchased by M. Langlois.

The tourist who scales the height of the Arc de l'Étoile on the spring day, and observes the Opera-House in the distance, with the golden angels marking the opening of the new avenue, may well ponder on these curious reminiscences of the past.

ARTEMUS.

THE VETERANS' EXCURSION.

THE excursion given to the veterans of the late war and their families by Mr. JOHN H. STARIN, on the 7th inst., was a great success. The weather was perfect, and over 5000 persons participated in the pleasures of the day. After all the barges had gathered their quota of veterans at the New York and Brooklyn piers, they united off the Battery, and after making a circuit of Governor's Island, the flotilla of fifteen craft steamed up the North River in the following order: Steamboat *Blackbird*, with battery manned by students from the school-ship *Minnesota*, under command of Lieutenant LYNES; second, steamboat *D. R. Martin*, with commandant, staff, and invited guests; third, three steam-tugs and steamboat *Niagara*, having in tow, fourth, seven barges, containing the veterans and their families; fifth, the steamboat *Evening Courier*, in sail to certain designated places as route to Alpine Grove, opposite Yonkers, the destination of the pilgrimage, and pick up desultory parties. All the boats were lavishly decorated with bunting from bow to stern. It was noon before they got fairly off upon their expedition. As they ran up the Hudson, steamers that passed saluted them with whistles, whose shrill music occasionally almost drowned the Governor's Island Band on board the *D. R. Martin*. The veterans of humbler rank in the barges also had their musicians. The members of the Union House and School Band, all orphans of soldiers or sailors, blew away lustily, and beat their drums with a youthful vigor that knew of no abatement until the barges returned in the evening, and the band of Kohls Post lent their more matured powers to swell the harmony. At one o'clock dinner was served on the staff-boat. General GRAHAM proposed the health of the giver of the excursion. It was drunk standing, and three lusty cheers were given for Mr. STARIN. The next toast, "The ladies," was responded to by General CORBAIN, after which the company adjourned to the upper deck, where they amused themselves with dancing. After a delightful sail past the Palisades, Alpine Grove was reached. Here the party disembarked. The following associations were represented: Kimball Post, No. 100; Sumner Post, No. 34; Ellsworth Post, No. 47; Phil Kearny Post, No. 8; Kohls Post, No. 23; Ricker Post, No. 63; Thafford Post, No. 3; Rankin Post, No. 10; Mallory Post, No. 84; Harry Lee Post, No. 21; Barbara Fritchie Post, No. 11; Mansfield Post, No. 35; Metternich Post, No. 122; J. H. Perry Post, No.

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89, Frank Head Post, No. 18; Reno Post, No. 44, James C. Rice Post, No. 29, Hawkins and Duryea Zouaves Veteran Association; Soldiers' and Sailors' Veteran Union; Protective Corps; and Williamsburg Veteran Association. Among these were many whose empty sleeves, halting gait, or scarred faces told of hard service rendered during the war.

For an hour and a half the excursionists enjoyed themselves in the beautiful grove. Dancing and speech-making were indulged in, and the band boys, despite the coldness of the water, stripped and swam out into the Hudson. At five o'clock the excursionists re-embarked, and the flotilla returned to the city, reaching the dock at about eight o'clock. The affair was managed by General CHARLES K. GRAHAM, Grand Marshal; Major JOHN M. COONEY, Adjutant-General; Colonel JOSEPH FORMAN, Assistant Adjutant-General; and General GEORGE VON SCHAICK, Officer of the Day. The Commandant of the Fleet was W. H. M. KELLY.

ON THE HARLEM.

ON page 504 we give a picture of the animated scene that may be witnessed every pleasant afternoon, during our long boating season, on the Harlem River just above the bridge. This part of the river forms the practice course of various rowing clubs of New York, and affords also opportunity for every one to row or sail who can command a shell or a sail boat. On the right of the picture are the Atalanta and Columbia boat-houses, in close neighborhood, and in the distance on the left we catch a glimpse of M'Comb's Dam Bridge. Boats of all descriptions crowd the river whenever the weather is pleasant, and a more lively and attractive scene can hardly be imagined.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GERMANY celebrated, on June 11, the golden wedding of Kaiser William, who in 1829 married the Princess Augusta, daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The bridegroom was at that time thirty-two years old, and the bride about eighteen. The half-century of the married life of this royal pair has witnessed many changes, and many strange and stirring events. Although four attempts have been made upon the life of the Emperor, he is greatly beloved and honored by his subjects. On the recent golden wedding day the city of Berlin was beautifully decorated in honor of the royal pair, and the people entered into the festivities with an earnest enthusiasm which showed that their hearts were fully interested. In the long procession of princes who marched from the palace to the castle chapel, where the thanksgiving ceremony was celebrated, there were representatives from many royal houses of Europe, all ready to honor the aged monarch. The Emperor and Empress were enthusiastically cheered by dense crowds as they passed at the head of the magnificent procession of princes, and a salute of one hundred and one guns was fired at the conclusion of the ceremony at the chapel. On their return to the palace the Emperor appeared three times on the balcony, in response to the continuous cheering of the crowd. Not only in Berlin, but on the Rhine and in many other parts of Germany, the most loyal demonstrations were shown by people toward the Emperor and the Empress on this memorable occasion.

Some singular stories have been told in years past in regard to the magical effects produced at sea by pouring oil upon the troubled waters during violent storms. Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship *Bemelal*, had heard these stories, and resolved to test the truth of them. So he provided two canvas bottle-shaped sacks, each filled with about three gallons of common whale oil. On his last voyage he encountered a violent storm in the middle of the Atlantic. The gale was terrific; the waves broke over the stern, threatening to sink the vessel. Then the captain thought of his oil, and puncturing the canvas bags, he caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect was marvellous. The waves, although remaining at the same height, no longer broke over the stern, and wherever the oil had spread over the surface of the water there was apparently a calm. Captain Jarman considers that such a simple and inexpensive method of reducing the danger in storms at sea is worthy of being adopted. It is said that whaling vessels, which are saturated with oil, often lie quietly during storms, while other vessels near them are violently tossed about.

There continues to be discussion concerning plans of organization and classification for the World's Fair to be held on Manhattan Island in 1883, as well as discussion of the question of a site. The committee of the United States Board of Trade recently agreed that the private property at the upper end of the Central Park, between One-Hundred-and-Tenth and One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth streets, and Fifth and Eighth avenues, was the best site on the island. It was suggested that eighty acres of Two-Hundredth Street could be purchased probably for $900,000, and it is believed that the property lying between One-Hundred-and-Thirty-fifth Street, Eighth Avenue, and Harlem River can be leased.

At the recent examination of applicants for admission to the College of the City of New York, nine hundred students submitted to the ordeal, of whom only twelve were rejected; the others are to be admitted on the usual eight weeks' probation. These examinations, as well as those for advancement, cause fear and trembling among many of the students, and are trying for all, especially when examination week proves a hot one.

Williams & Guion's new steam-ship *Arizona* is the largest passenger steamer afloat except the *City of Berlin*. She is 465 feet in length, 4000 tons burden, and the engines have a horse-power of 7000. She has accommodations for 150 first-cabin and 100 second-cabin passengers, and is fitted up with every comfort and luxury. The recent trip of the *Arizona* from Queenstown was made in seven days, eleven hours, and twenty-two minutes.

Although the late extensive fires in the Orenburg district, Russia, have been ascribed to incendiarism, the greatest fires which have occurred in that country for many years past were due to accidental causes. In 1866 a workman dropped the ashes of his pipe into a heap of shavings—a careless act which caused the destruction of the three great hemp wharves of the Tutchkoff Bridge, St. Petersburg, and 20,000,000 worth of stores, as well as several lives. In 1858 a similar negligence resulted in the destruction of the entire town of Bousoulouk, on the high-road from the Volga to Orenburg, and left its 15,000 inhabitants homeless at one blow. In 1870 the forests along the railway track between Moscow and Nijnii-Novgorod, ignited by the sparks of a passing locomotive, blazed for several days over a space more than fifty miles in extent.

With the tribute which John G. Whittier gives to the memory of Garrison, the poet says, "Something on my part seems due to the intimate friendship of more than fifty years, unbroken and undisturbed by any differences of opinion and action during the long antislavery struggle." The poem itself is characteristic of the writer, and justly appreciative of his dead friend. We quote two or three verses, although the whole is needed for completeness of thought:

* * * * * *

"Not for thyself, but for the slave,
 Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
 The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

"From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
 We heard a tender under-song;
The very wrath from pity grew,
 From love of man thy hate of wrong.

* * * * * *

"Wherever wrong shall right deny,
 Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
 A hand to set the captive free!"

The London *Telegraph* laments over the fact that the dwellers on the banks of the river Ribble have been allowed to kill, by emptying sewage into the stream, upward of two tons of salmon, smelt, and other fish within a short time. The *Telegraph* remarks that "for the sake of the whole community, it is to be hoped that a repetition of what has occurred in the Ribble will not be permitted, and that the loss which the public has already experienced in the destruction of so much valuable food will be the last instance of the kind to be chronicled."

Mount Etna, after having given vigorous manifestations of internal vitality, has subsided into comparative quietude. The flow of lava has ceased.

A well-known physician of St. Petersburg, named Dr. Weimar, has been arrested on the charge of supplying Solovieff with the revolver used by him in his attempt on the life of the Czar. At his examination Weimar said that the revolver was handed to him for transmission to Solovieff by a person whose name he is not in a position to mention.

The Duke of Argyll, whose brief stay in this city on his way to Canada awakened general interest, was a firm friend of William Lloyd Garrison. He was much shocked on arriving here to hear of Garrison's death, as he had supposed him in his usual health. The two had cordially sympathized in antislavery views, and the duke entertained a high opinion of the sincerity and honesty of Garrison's opinions and efforts in the cause of liberty.

A plague of locusts prevails in the Caucasus. They are devouring whole districts, and the price of food has greatly increased.

Travels in the Dominion is the name of a book announced to be soon published in London. The Marquis of Lorne is the author, and it will be illustrated by the Princess Louise.

Forty carrier-pigeons were let loose in Cresson, Pennsylvania, one morning lately, at eight o'clock, and were to fly nearly 280 miles to their homes in this city and vicinity. It was supposed they would make the distance in about seven hours. The owner of some of the birds, however, discovered his pigeons in their coops in Brooklyn about one o'clock, although exactly when they arrived is not known. Those that made the quickest time were to receive prizes, and all were to be sent to the New York Aquarium, where they were recently exhibited. By evening twenty-seven of the pigeons had arrived.

The third annual opening day of the Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports on Staten Island brought together about five hundred persons, who witnessed with keen pleasure the skill displayed in archery, tennis, and croquet.

The Spring Meeting of the Jerome Park Races closed on an intensely hot day, but with a large attendance, and six "splendid contests." The great race of the day and of the meeting was the Lorillard Stakes for three-year-old colts, and was won with ease by Spendthrift against ten other fine animals.

It is reported as a singular incident that during a recent thunder-storm in Aberdeen, Missouri, seven cows, two young horses, and eleven sheep feeding in a pasture were struck by lightning and killed, while a mule in the same field was uninjured.

Proprietors of watering-place hotels, country boarding-houses, and mountain resorts begin to feel happy only when the mercury persists in running up to about 90°.

The Emperor of Austria has lately been presented with a remarkable suit of clothes, the wool from which the garments were made having been upon the sheep eleven hours before the suit was completed.

Sick children in the London homes and hospitals will be the recipients of a new charity. A "Sea-shell Mission" has been established, to be supported by boys and girls who visit the sea-shore during the summer, and who have been asked to collect shells and send them to the city for the amusement of the little sufferers.

The oldest and the coldest town in the world is said to be Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia. It has 7000 inhabitants, and the ground is frozen to a depth of hundreds of feet, except in midsummer, when it thaws out a little at the surface. The records say that the temperature from November to February remains between 42° and 60° below zero; but in August, for a few days, the thermometer rises as high as 60°.

Some very dangerous sports are practiced by the boys of New York and Brooklyn—and doubtless also of other places—which should be forbidden by law. Stones and shot are thrown forcibly from some sort of a rubber propeller, at the imminent risk of people's eyes, and, it may be, their lives, not to mention the frequent breaking of windows by the projectiles. Then there is a game of tossing a peculiar-shaped block of wood into the air, and striking it violently with a bat. This is often done almost in the faces of pedestrians, and has in many cases caused a severe wound. Can not dangerous sports be forbidden in the streets of populous cities?

The collection of lace belonging to the Princess Beatrice can hardly be equalled. It contains a part of that Alençon which was found in a lumber-room some years ago at St. James's Palace, and which is reputed to be worth about £20,000. It dates from the time of Henry VIII.

A movement is now being made to establish an observatory near the summit of Mount Etna, at an elevation of about 9000 feet. It will be fully furnished with good apparatus, and will be occupied only during the summer. Professor Tacchini, of Palermo, who is the principal promoter of the enterprise, is specially desirous that the institution should be international in its character.

A little settlement in Newark, Vermont, has recently emerged from its obscurity in consequence of the sudden death by poison or epidemic of several children, and the speculations and investigations which have followed this fearful calamity. Most pathetic is the statement made by one stricken father. He begins with the simple fact: "I had five children three weeks ago—Fred, twelve years old; James, eight years old; Jennie, five years old; Willie, three years old; and Mary, the baby, eight months; they were all carried off." And then he goes into details, ending in tragedies, while the poor stricken mother sits by, the very picture of despair. It was at first supposed that the children were poisoned by drinking the water of a brook into which impure drainage flowed. But later reports showed that three out of the eleven children who died did not drink the polluted water, and the fatal disease is thought to be diphtheria. However that may be, the sanitary conditions of the locality are very bad. The school-house is in an unwholesome locality, and the interior damp and musty. Moreover, some weeks ago two children, who had been sick with diphtheria, and had not fully recovered, went to the school—they not having been very sick—in the same clothing they wore during their illness, without any disinfection. The fatal epidemic soon broke out, which may have been diphtheria, made more than usually virulent by the polluted water and the stagnant pools in the vicinity.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IF you were to accuse Miss Angelina de Pinkey of overweening self-conceit, you would not shock her in the least; she would retort that one has a perfect right to admire the masterpieces of nature. The day after the announcement of her engagement to Fred Dury, an old friend offered his congratulations. "Not me," she said, and she twitched her nose haughtily; "congratulate Fred."

"There's a great difference between housekeeping and boarding out," said Mr. Youngbusband; "for when I boarded out I used to wait sometimes half an hour for my dinner, but now I have it just when I can get it."

At a recent performance in the New Haven opera-house, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe: "Ain't it too bad those fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

A pretty girl was a vendor at a French lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

An elderly gentleman finds himself at a masked ball set upon by three lively dominoes, who finally ask of him in chorus, "Oh, is it true you are sixty years old?" "Whoever told you so, ladies, told you a no-such-thing," cries the old gentleman, gallantly. "I'm twenty years old for each of you—that's what I am."

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

A party of Irishmen went to a clothing store to buy a suit of clothing in which to bury a dead comrade. All varieties of garments were examined and discussed by the mourning friends, but none could be decided upon until one of the party held up a light thin suit, saying, "Begorra, let's take this, b'ys; it's thin an' cool, and poor Pat will find it mighty comfortable."

A Boston man is about to make a trip around the world in an eighteen-foot boat, taking his wife with him on the journey. He has steadily declined tempting offers to take the wives of several other Bostonians.

"You are right," says a lady correspondent, "we do not go to matinees and Academy exhibitions to flirt." And then she adds: "But if we do, it is because our husbands never will find the time to accompany us, on account of business and their own pleasures."

A certain resident of North Adams recently buried his wife, a woman of unusual size, and a few days after the sad event a neighbor attempted a little in the consolation line by remarking, "Well, Mr. ——, you have met with a heavy loss." "Yes," replied the mourner, with a sigh, "she weighed 'most four hundred pounds!"

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash punishment bienty; I lite mit one!"

A brute beast of a man says when you want to get the best of an argument with a woman of thirty, you should lead off with, "Now, then, a woman of your age," etc.

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad! I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"Did your husband die intestate?" asked a lawyer of a woman in a probate suit. "No," she said, bridling up; "he died in his own house in this village."

In an Indiana church the best-looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

The success of a church-choir singer is, after all, a matter of chance.

A story is told of a soldier who, about one hundred and fifty years ago, was frozen in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is ex—" He then froze as stiff as marble. In the summer of 1869 some French physicians found him, after having lain frozen for one hundred and thirty years. They gradually thawed him, and upon animation being restored he concluded his sentence with "—ceedingly cold."

NERO'S LIVING TORCHES.

IN connection with our striking double-page illustration, engraved from the painting of H. SIEMIRADZKI, a sketch of the career of the odious emperor, one of whose cruel practices the picture commemorates, will aid the impression which the artist desired to make. Tradition tells us that when the news of the birth of NERO was carried to DOMITIUS, the father of the future emperor cried out to his friends that nothing but a beast was detestable and pernicious to the public could ever be produced of him and AGRIPPINA. This was the welcome given by his parent to the child born at Antium, on the coast of Latium, December 15, A.D. 37. "Another manifest prognostic of his future infelicity," writes SUETONIUS, "occurred upon his lustration-day. For CAIUS CÆSAR, being requested to give the child what name he thought proper, looking at his uncle CLAUDIUS, who afterward, when emperor, adopted NERO, he gave his, and this not seriously, but only in jest, AGRIPPINA treating it with contempt, because CLAUDIUS at that time was a mere laughing-stock at the palace."

NERO lost his father when he was three years old, and was left heir to a third part of his estate. Of this he did not at first obtain possession, the whole being seized by his co-heir CAIUS. His mother having been soon after banished, he lived with his aunt LEPIDA, in a very miserable condition, under the care of two tutors—a dancing-master and a barber. After CLAUDIUS became emperor he not only recovered his father's estate, but was enriched with the additional inheritance of his step-father, CRISPUS PASSIENUS. Upon his mother's recall from banishment, he was advanced to such favor with the emperor that it was reported that assassins were employed by MESSALINA, CLAUDIUS's wife, to strangle him, as BRITANNICUS's rival, while he was taking his mid-day repose. The assassins, it was said, were frightened by a serpent which crept from under his cushion, and ran away. This tale may have grown from the finding on his couch, near the pillow, the skin of a snake, which, by his mother's orders, he wore for some time upon his right arm, incased in a bracelet of gold. He is said to have laid the amulet aside in aversion to her memory, after the bitter estrangement that took place between them, and subsequently to have sought for it vainly in a time of great extremity.

After the death of CLAUDIUS, the Prætorian Guards, at the instigation of AFRANIUS BURRHUS, their prefect, declared him emperor instead of BRITANNICUS, CLAUDIUS's son, and their choice was acknowledged both by the Senate and the provinces. His reign began with a semblance of moderation and good-will, under the guidance of BURRHUS, and the philosopher SENECA, NERO's tutor. The baneful influence of his mother, however, together with his own moral weakness and sensuality, frustrated their efforts, and he soon plunged headlong into debauchery, extravagance, and tyranny. "Petulance, lewdness, luxury, avarice, and cruelty," says a Latin author, "he practiced, first with reserve and in private, and prompted to them only by the folly of youth; but even then the world was of the opinion that they were the faults of his nature, and not of his age." After it was dark he used to enter the taverns disguised in a wig or a cap, or ramble about the streets intent upon mischief. He used to beat those whom he met coming home from supper; and if they made any resistance, would wound them and throw them into the common sewer. He broke open and robbed shops, establishing an auction at home for disposing of his booty. In the scuffles which took place on these occasions he often ran the risk of losing his limbs, or even his life, being beaten almost to death by a senator for being impertinent to his wife. After this adventure he never again went out at night without a number of tribunes following him at a distance. In the daytime he would be carried to the theatre incognito in a litter, placing himself upon the upper part of the proscenium, where he not only witnessed the quarrels which arose on account of the performances, but also encouraged them. When they came to blows, and stones and pieces of broken benches began to fly about, he threw them plentifully among the people, regardless of consequences, and once even broke a prætor's head.

NERO showed himself of the opinion that there was no other use for riches and money than to squander them profusely, regarding all as sordid wretches who kept their expenses within due bounds, and extolling those as truly noble and generous who lavished and wasted all that they possessed. In nothing was he more prodigal than in his buildings. He completed his palace by continuing it from the Palatine to the Esquiline hill, calling the building at first only "The Passage," but after it was burned down and rebuilt, "The Golden House." This is the elaborate structure seen in our engraving. Of its dimensions and furniture it is scarcely possible to give an adequate description. The porch was so high that it was able to contain a colossal statue of NERO 120 feet high. The space included in it was so ample that it had triple porticoes a mile in length, and a lake like a sea, surrounded with buildings, which had the appearance of a city. Within its area were corn fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, containing a vast number of animals of various kinds, both wild and tame. In other parts it was entirely overlaid with gold, and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The supper-rooms were vaulted, and portions of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve and scatter flowers. They also contained pipes which scattered ointment upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was circular, and revolved perpetually night and day in imitation of the motion of celestial bodies. The baths were supplied with water from the sea and the Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent building, all that NERO said of it was that "he had now

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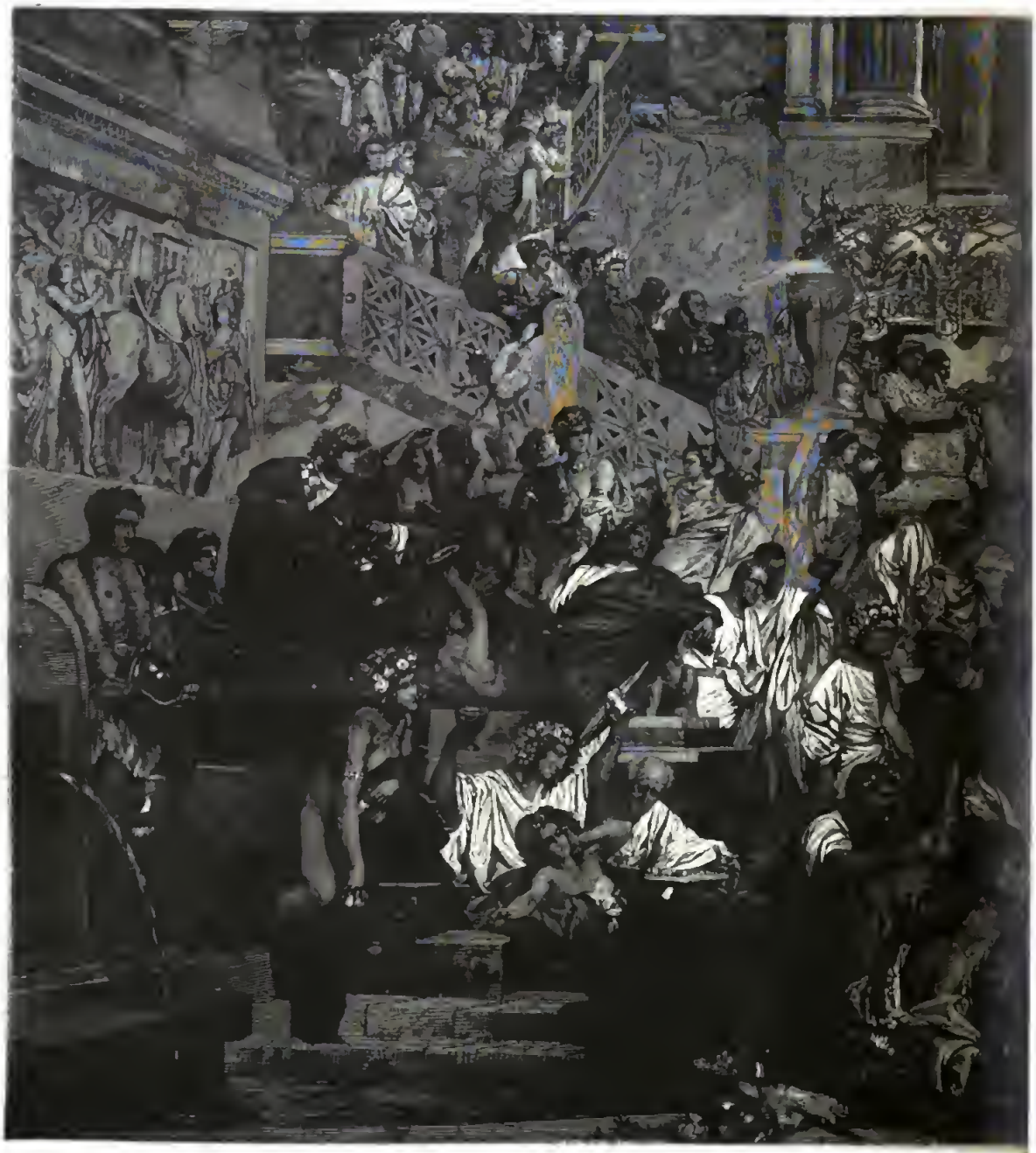

"THE LIVING TORCHES OF N

a dwelling fit for a man." Nero's crimes, of which so much has been said in history, were many of them of too foul a character to mention; but two of the most awful deeds which blacken his name are the inhuman murder of his mother, and the burning of the city of Rome. He began the practice of parricide and murder with CLAUDIUS himself, for although Nero was not the contriver of his step-father's death, he was privy to the plot. His mother, AGRIPPINA, being used to make strict inquiry into what he said and did, and to reprimand him with the freedom of a parent, he was so much offended that he endeavored to expose her to public resentment by frequently pretending a resolution to quit the government and retire to Rhodes. Soon afterward he took from her all honor and power, deprived her of the guard of German and German soldiers, banished her from the palace and from his society, and persecuted her in every way he could contrive, employing persons to harass her when at Rome with lawsuits, and to disturb her in her retirement from town with the most abusive and scurrilous language, following her about by land and sea. Finally, becoming terrified by her manners and violent spirit, he resolved upon her destruction, and at length accomplished her death.

In describing the burning of the Roman city, SUETONIUS tells us of Nero that "he spared, moreover, neither the people of Rome nor the capital of his country. Somebody in conversation saying, 'When I am dead, let fire devour the world,' 'Nay,' he said, 'let it be while I am living.' And he acted accordingly, for pretending to be disgusted with the old buildings and the narrow and winding streets, he set the city on fire so openly that many of consular rank caught their own household servants on their property with tow and torches in their hands, but durst not meddle with them." During six days and seven nights the terrible conflagration continued, the people being obliged to fly to the tombs and monuments for shelter. A vast number of stately buildings, the houses of generals celebrated in earlier times, and decorated with the spoils of war, were laid in ashes, as well as the temples of the gods which had been dedicated by the kings of Rome. Thousands of the people were burned to death or crushed beneath the ruins of falling houses, while the streets were filled with piles of goods and furniture, burned and broken. Nero was entertained by the scene as if it were a great dramatic spectacle. He went to one of the theatres, and taking his place upon the stage, he amused himself there with singing and playing a celebrated composition on the subject of the burning of Troy. Some writers have questioned this exhibition of heartlessness on the part of Nero, and have advanced the opinion that it is even doubtful that he ordered the firing of the city, being then absent at Antium at the time. There can be no doubt, however, that he was credited with both acts by many throughout the city, and the minds of the people were excited against the inhuman monster to the highest pitch of indignation. In fact, Nero himself seems to have been convinced that at last he had gone too far, for he began to make earnest efforts to relieve the people from some portion of their distress. He caused a great number of tents to be erected in the parade-ground for temporary shel-

ter, and brought [illegible] city to relieve the [illegible] measures, however, [illegible] past actions or [illegible] of his outraged [illegible]

Nero, his magnificent [illegible] his wild revels and [illegible] quently been treated [illegible] upon no feature of [illegible] career has more [illegible] awful persecution of [illegible] Christians. Tacitus [illegible] ating torments which [illegible] so that they [illegible] people; dressed [illegible] exposed to be torn [illegible] lic games, that they [illegible] to be burned, and [illegible]

—From the Painting by H. Siemiradzki.

supplies of corn into the from starvation These too late to redeem his him from the execration

and conspicuous displays, natural crimes, have fro- poets and artists, but universally loathsome ven spent than upon the h he contrived for the describing the excruci inflicted upon them, tells ed to the derision of the skins of wild beasts and ves he dogs in the pub- n crucified or condemned t-fall served in place of lamps to lighten the darkness, Nero's own gardens being used for the spectacle It is such a scene as the last that furnished the subject for the remarkable work of art of which the above engraving gives a faithful representation. The artist, Siemiradzki, a graduate of the Academy at St. Petersburg, has already achieved fame in many of the cities of Europe This picture is one of his most ambitious, and was produced at an age when most painters still hack upon themselves as trees in net On its first exhibition in the art centres of Germany, where small leniency is shown to foreign productions it attracted no little attention, and was spoken of with considerable enthusiasm, one critic expressing himself as follows: "Among the rumors that announced the arrival of the picture was one to the effect that it resembled in manner those of Makart, but this happily is not so. We say happily, for that which would necessarily be pardoned to the genius of a Makart must be condemned without leniency in an imitator. Indeed, the picture certainly presents much more brilliant coloring than we are accustomed to see in great historical paintings, which, according to a rule admitting of few exceptions, and one which seems to have a certain logical foundation, reject the attractions of color in order not to let the spirit of the scene be overshadowed At the same time, this painting furnishes a noteworthy example that artistic charm is entirely compatible with the highest study. It is through and through solid, and executed with an attention to minutiæ that is surprising in such a large work. Among the hundred and more figures which people the colossal canvas, there is scarcely one which has not been especially studied and painted from a model. The most thorough acquaintance with nature shows itself in a convincing manner throughout the details, wherein the artist evinces an archæological knowledge that can not, perhaps, be matched in the artistic world save by the highly gifted Alma Tadema The living torches are Christian martyrs, surrounded with tow, and bound to high stakes, who, for the pleasure of Nero and the spectacle-loving people gathered by his command and through curiosity in front of his Golden House, are presently to be set on fire. The whole picture is designed to be deeply symbolical. The martyred Christians appear in all their torments, the conquering element is exhibited in its momentary slavery, and the glittering populace haughty in their magnificence, though dedicated to destruction and ruin. It is to be regretted that the portion of the picture which shows the Christian martyrs and their executioners is the least excellent in artistic treatment. Yet one can easily understand that the most enduring strength must find itself enfeebled when attacking so formidable a subject at the end. For us, we do not doubt that the artist painted this portion of his work last, after he had exhausted his best capabilities in dealing with the gathered crowd and the elaborate trifflings. The *technique* of Siemiradzki is not so impressively severe as that of Matejko, and neither so delicate nor of such a liquid quality as that of Makart Taken all in all, the world is justified in expecting from Siemiradzki, now in the flush of his young artist strength, and but recently emancipated from his student years at the Petersburg Academy, remarkable achievements in the future."

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THE LOVER'S TALE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The original Preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper"?

May, 1879.

ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid-heaven, and half way down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love;
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
Keep thou thy name of "Lover's Bay." See, sirs,
Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes
The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords
To some old melody, begins to play
That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye:
Thy breath is of the pinewood; and tho' years
Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
The lucid chambers of the morning star,
And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prithee,
To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
On those dear hills, that never more will meet
The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
As tho' there beat a heart in either eye;
For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,
The memory's vision hath a keener edge.
It grows upon me now—the semicircle
Of dark-blue waters and the narrow fringe
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping green—
Its pale pink shells—the summer-house aloft
That open'd on the pines with doors of glass,
A mountain nest—the pleasure-boat that rock'd,
Light-green with its own shadow, keel to keel,
Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,
That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope!
They come, they crowd upon me all at once—
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in storm—
Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—days
Of dewy dawning and the amber eves
When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
Were borne about the bay or safely moor'd
Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide
Flash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all without
The slowly-ridging rollers on the cliffs
Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' the arch
Down those loud waters, like a setting star,
Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-house shone,
And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell
Would often loiter in her balmy blue,
To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love
Waver'd at anchor with me, when day hung
From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy halls;
Gleams of the water-circles as they broke,
Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,
Leapt like a passing thought across her eyes;
And mine with one that will not pass, till earth
And heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven, a face
Most starry-fair, but kindled from within
As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed:
Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of them
Will govern a whole life from birth to death,
Careless of all things else, led on with light
In trances and in visions; look at them,
You lose yourself in utter ignorance;
You can not find their depth; for they go back,
And farther back, and still withdraw themselves
Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
Fresh springing from her fountains in the brain,
Still pouring thro', floods with redundant life
Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
I should have died, if it were possible
To die in gazing on that perfectness
Which I do bear within me: I had died,
But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,
Thine image, like a charm of light and strength
Upon the waters, push'd me back again
On these deserted sands of barren life.
Tho' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope
Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—
Forgetting how to render beautiful
Her countenance with quick and healthful blood—
Thou didst not sway me upward; could I perish
While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn
Forever? He, that saith it, hath o'erstept
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
And fall'n away from judgment. Thou art light,
To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,
And length of days, and immortality
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,
And, like all other friends i' the world, at last
They grew aweary of her fellowship:
So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parle with Death,—
"This is a charmed dwelling which I hold;"
So Death gave back, and would no further come.
Yet is my life not in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past:
So that, in that I have lived, do I live,
And can not die, and am, in having been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place;
A body journeying onward, sick with toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory—
The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,
Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and all the while
The light soul twines and mingles with the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,
Who toils across the middle moonlit nights,
Or when the white heats of the blinding noons
Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to love. How should I tell you?
Or from the after-fulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and depth
Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.
How should the broad and open flower tell
What sort of bud it was, when, prest together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds,
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd?
For young Life knows not when young Life was born,
But takes it all for granted: neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember
Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the light:
Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge—that my love
Grew with myself—say rather, was my growth,
My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,
My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore
Is to me daily life and daily death:
For how should I have lived and not have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower,
The color and the sweetness from the rose,
And place them by themselves; or set apart
Their motions and their brightness from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,
And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:
In that I live I love; because I love
I live: whate'er is fountain to the one
Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
Our God unknits the riddle of the one,
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

Many, many years
(For they seem many and my most of life,
And well I could have linger'd in that porch,
So unproportion'd to the dwelling-place),
In the May dews of childhood, opposite
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,
Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father died,
And he was happy that he saw it not;
But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay came into light at once.
As Love and I do number equal years,
So she, my love, is of an age with me.
How like each other was the birth of each!
On the same morning, almost the same hour,
Under the selfsame aspect of the stars
(Oh falsehood of all starcraft!), we were born.
How like each other was the birth of each!
The sister of my mother—she that bore
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
With its true-touched pulses in the flow
And hourly visitation of the blood,
Sent notes of preparation manifold,
And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
My mother's sister, mother of my love,
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,
One twofold mightier than the other was,
In giving so much beauty to the world,
And so much wealth as God had charged her with—
Loathing to put it from herself forever,
Left her own life with it; and dying thus,
Crown'd with her highest act the placid face
And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless
And I without a father. So from each
Of those two pillars which from earth uphold
Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all
The careful burden of our tender years
Trembled upon the other. He that gave
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
All loving-kindnesses, all offices
Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.
He waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept
Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less
Because it was divided, and shot forth
Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,
Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,
And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister: on one arm
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap
Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes
Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
I shared with her in whom myself remains.
As was our childhood, so our infancy,
They tell me, was a very miracle
Of fellow-feeling and communion.
They tell me that we would not be alone,—
We cried when we were parted; when I wept,
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
The sound of one another's voices more
Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd
To lisp in tune together; that we slept
In the same cradle always, face to face,
Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,
Folding each other, breathing on each other,
Dreaming together (dreaming of each other
They should have added), till the morning light
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
To gaze upon each other. If this be true,
At thought of which my whole soul languishes
And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath—as tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich atar in the bosom of the rose,
Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull
Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—
And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,
Why in the utter stillness of the soul
Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell
Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?
O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year
Of Being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee;
These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,
They can not understand me. Pass we then
A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh,
If I should tell you how I heard in thought
The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,
Because she learnt them with me; or what use
To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was blown? or how we found
The dead man cast upon the shore? All this
Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds
But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of mine
Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.
There came a glorious morning, such a one
As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have flung himself
From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings
To some tall mountain: when I said to her,
"A day for Gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay,
And men to soar:" for as that other gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,
The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,
Suck'd into oneness like a little star
Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,
When first we came from out the pines at noon,
With hands for eaves, uplooking and almost
Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,
So bathed we were in brilliance. Never yet
Before or after have I known the spring
Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day
Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds
With spiced May-sweets from bound to bound, and blew
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far off
His mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame
Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely sounds of joy
That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams
Our bloods ran free: the sunshine seem'd to brood
More warmly on the heart than on the brow.
We often paused, and, looking back, we saw
The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd
With the blue valley and the glistening brooks,
And all the low dark groves, a land of love!
A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
And down to sea, and far as eye could ken,
Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land,
Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,
For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,
I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows
And mine made garlands of the selfsame flower,
Which she took smiling, and with my work thus
Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me
(For I remember all things) to let grow
The flowers that run poison in their veins.
She said, "The evil flourish in the world."
Then playfully she gave herself the lie—
"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful;
So, brother, pluck and spare not." So I wove
Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, "whose flower,
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,
Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself
Above the secret poisons of his heart
In his old age." A graceful thought of hers
Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph,
A stately mountain nymph she look'd! how native
Unto the hills she trod on! While I gazed,
My coronal slowly disentwined itself
And fell between us both; tho' while I gazed
My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of bliss
That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us
That we are surely heard. Methought a light
Burst from the garland I had wov'n, and stood
A solid glory on her bright black hair;
A light methought broke from her dark, dark eyes,
And shot itself into the singing winds;
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white robe
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came
To what our people call "The Hill of Woe."
A bridge is there, that, look'd at from beneath,
Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm.
And thence one night, when all the winds were loud,
A woful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd himself
Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream
Flies with a shatter'd foam along the chasm.
The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags:
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me,
High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and last,
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length
Descending from the point and standing both,
There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath
Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendor. All the west
And ev'n unto the middle south was ribb'd
And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun below,
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down
Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of light
Unparallel'd. On the other side, the moon,
Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still,
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of His eyes
To indue his lustre; most unloverlike,
Since in his absence full of light and joy,
And giving light to others. But this most,
Next to her presence whom I loved so well,
Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
As to my outward hearing: the loud stream,
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
(A visible link unto the home of my heart),
Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea
Parting my own loved mountains was received,
Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
Of that small bay, which out to open main
Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun.
Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound
Shut in from Time, and dedicate to thee:
Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it, and the earth
They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine
Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset
In lightnings round me; and my name was borne
Upon her breath. Henceforth my name has been
A hallow'd memory like the names of old,
A center'd, glory-circled memory,
And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
Exchange or currency: and in that hour
A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist
Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,
Waver'd and floated—which was less than Hope,
Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;
But which was more and higher than all Hope,
Because all other Hope had lower aim;
Even that this name to which her gracious lips
Did lend such gentle utterance, this one name,
In some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe
(How lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her love,
With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.
"Brother," she said, "let this be call'd henceforth
The Hill of Hope;" and I replied, "O sister,
My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope."
Nevertheless, we did not change the name.
I did not speak: I could not speak my love.
Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths.
Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.
Else had the life of that delighted hour
Drunk in the largeness of the utterance
Of Love; but how should Earthly measure mete
The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Unto the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
And flowing odor of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner Earth
Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy hour,
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Thy coronal of glory like a God,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
With dwelling on the light and depth of thine,
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,
For bliss stood round me like the light of Heaven—
Had I died then, I had not known the death;
Yea had the Power from whose right hand the light
Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth
The Shadow of Death, perennial effluences,
Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,
Somewhile the one must overflow the other;
Then had he stemm'd my day with night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it sprang,—
Even his own abiding excellence—
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had fall'n
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We past from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in
(The country people rumor) you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion. Ye can not shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years,
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To center in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease:
What marvel my Camilla told me all?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath;
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which they keep),
Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of her words.
I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear;
My heart paused—my raised eyelids would not fall,
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear

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Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
"Perchance," she said, "return'd." Even then the stars
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly dead,
But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,
There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,
There in my realm and even on my throne,
Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost frame
Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,
The darkness of the grave and utter night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawning cloven
With such a sound as when an iceberg splits
From cope to base—had Heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
Who will not hear denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwish'd-for services)
Entering all the avenues of sense
Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropt
Listens the muffled booming indistinct
Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more: and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.
Was my sight drunk that it did shape to me
Him who should own that name? Were it not well
If so be that the echo of that name
Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
A fashion and a phantasm of the form
It should attach to? Phantom!—had the ghastliest
That ever lusted for a body, sucking
The foul steam of the grave to thicken by it,
There in the shuddering moonlight brought its face
And what it has for eyes as close to mine
As he did—better that than his, than he
The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the beloved,
The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,
The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,
All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.
O how her choice did leap forth from his eyes!
O how her love did clothe itself in smiles
About his lips! and—not one moment's grace—
Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon my head
To come my way! to twit me with the cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her ways
To him as me? Was not his wont to walk
Between the going light and growing night?
Had I not learnt my loss before he came?
Could that be more because he came my way?
Why should he not come my way if he would?
And yet to-night, to-night—when all my wealth
Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell
Beggar'd forever—why should he come my way
Robed in those robes of light I must not wear,
With that great crown of beams about his brows—
Come like an angel to a damned soul,
To tell him of the bliss he had with God—
Come like a careless and a greedy heir
That scarce can wait the reading of the will
Before he takes possession? Was mine a mood
To be invaded rudely, and not rather
A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,
Unspeakable? I was shut up with Grief;
She took the body of my past delight,
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for herself,
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
Never to rise again. I was led mute
Into her temple like a sacrifice;
I was the High Priest in her holiest place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.
Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as these well-nigh
O'erbore the limits of my brain: but he
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd.
I thought it was an adder's fold, and once
I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
Being so feeble: she bent above me, too;
Wan was her cheek; for whatsoe'er of blight
Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one—and her eyes—
I saw the moonlight glitter on their tears—
And some few drops of that distressful rain
Fell on my face, and her long ringlets moved,
Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and brush'd
My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of her heart
Loosed from their simple thrall they had flow'd abroad,
And floated on and parted round her neck,
Mantling her form half way. She, when I woke,
Something she ask'd, I know not what, and ask'd,
Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the sound
Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of pain,
As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables, that strove to rise
From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness distill'd
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich man,
That, having always prosper'd in the world,
Folding his hands, deals comfortable words
To hearts wounded forever; yet, in truth,
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,
Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd
More to the inward than the outward ear,
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the green
Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.
Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?
And why was I to darken their pure love,
If, as I found, they two did love each other,
Because my own was darken'd? Why was I
To cross between their happy star and them?
To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
And vex them with my darkness? Did I love her?
Ye know that I did love her; to this present
My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did I love her,
And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
What had she done to weep? Why should she weep?
O innocent of spirit—let my heart
Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven
Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind: she call'd me brother:
She told me all her love: she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
Moon-like emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own death,
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, grasp'd the hand she lov'd,
And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made
The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his bride!
Let them so love that men and boys may say,
"Lo! how they love each other!" till their love
Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in the land—
One golden dream of love, from which may death
Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory.
And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant the more.
Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do;
Or if thou dream aught farther, dream but how
I could have loved thee, had there been none else
To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I spake,
When I beheld her weep so ruefully;
For sure my love should ne'er induce the front
And mask of Hate, who lives on others' moans.
Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitter draughts,
And batten on her poisons? Love forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these tears
Shed for the love of Love; for tho' mine image,
The subject of thy power, be cold in her,
Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the source
Of these sad tears, and feeds their downward flow.
So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to death,
Received unto himself a part of blame,
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
Who, when the woful sentence hath been past,
And all the clearness of his fame hath gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,
First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom awaked,
And looking round upon his tearful friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceives
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—
For whence without some guilt should such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the abysm
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never hail'd another—was there one?
There might be one—one other, worth the life
That made it sensible. So that hour died
Like odor rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They—when their love is wreck'd—if Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance;
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness;
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave.
For me—what light, what gleam on those black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters fair;
Love's arms were wreath'd about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II.

From that time forth I would not see her more;
But many weary moons I lived alone—
Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.
Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands
Insensibly I drew her name, until
The meaning of the letters shot into
My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd
Them over, till they faded like my love.
The hollow caverns heard me—the black brooks
Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft winds,
Laden with thistle-down and seeds of flowers,
Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice
Was all of thee: the merry linnet knew me,
The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock,
Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past;
Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,
Nor bruised the wildbird's egg.

Was this the end?
Why grew we then together in one plot?
Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mothers' branches of one stem?
Why were we one in all things, save in that
Where to have been one had been the cope and crown
Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that same nearness
Were father to this distance, and that one
Vauntcourier to this double? if Affection
Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out
The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
Where last we roam'd together, for the sound
Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind
Came wooingly with woodbine smells. Sometimes
All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress-cones
That spired above the wood; and with mad hand
Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-screen,
I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,
And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight
Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines:
And all the fragments of the living rock
(Huge blocks, which some old trembling of the world
Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they fell
Half digging their own graves) these in my agony
Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
Wherewith the dashing runnel in the spring
Had liveried them all over. In my brain
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,
As moonlight wandering thro' a mist: my blood
Crept like marsh drains thro' all my languid limbs;
The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;
And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,
As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.
But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,
And all the broken palaces of the Past,
Brooded one master-passion evermore,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth-shock'd,—
Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds,—
Embathing all with wild and woful hues,
Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
And fused together in the tyrannous light—
Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,
Some one had told me she was dead, and ask'd me
If I would see her burial: then I seem'd
To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne
With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down
The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
The rear of a procession, curving round
The silver-sheeted bay: in front of which
Six stately virgins, all in white, upbare
A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,
Wreathed round the bier with garlands: in the distance,
From out the yellow woods upon the hill
Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles
Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals
A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
Save those six virgins which upheld the bier,
Were stoled from head to foot in flowing black;
One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow,
And he was loud in weeping and in praise
Of her we follow'd: a strong sympathy
Shook all my soul: I flung myself upon him
In tears and cries: I told him all my love,
How I had loved her from the first; whereat
He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow drew back
His hand to push me from him; and the face,
The very face and form of Lionel
Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,
And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,
To fall and die away. I could not rise
Albeit I strove to follow. They past on,
The lordly Phantasms! in their floating folds
They past and were no more: but I had fallen
Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,
Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
Shaped by the audible and visible,
Moulded the audible and visible;
All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind
Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,
Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon
Below black firs, when silent-creeping winds
Laid the long night in silver streaks and bars,
Were wrought into the tissue of my dream:
The moanings in the forest, the loud brook,
Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dorhawk-whir,
Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
And voices in the distance calling to me
And in my vision bidding me dream on,
Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams,
Which wander round the bases of the hills,
And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep,
Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
The vision had fair prelude, in the end
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules
To caves and shows of Death: whether the mind,
With some revenge—even to itself unknown,—
Made strange division of its suffering
With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been
Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,
Being blunted in the Present, grew at length
Prophetical and prescient of whate'er
The Future had in store: or that which most
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned;
Alone I sat with her: about my brow
Her warm breath floated in the utterance
Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were sunder'd
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light
Like morning from her eyes—her eloquent eyes
(As I have seen them many a hundred times),
Filled all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd
Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
In damp and dismal dungeons underground,
Confined on points of faith, when strength is shock'd
With torment, and expectancy of worse
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,
All unaware before his half-shut eyes,
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,
Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over
Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes
Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood
Within the magic cirque of memory,
Invisible but deathless, waiting still
The edict of the will to re-assume
The semblance of those rare realities
Of which they were the mirrors. Now the light
Which was their life burst through the cloud of thought
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
Within the summer-house of which I spake,
Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow
Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind
In her sail roaring. From the outer day,
Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad
And solid beam of isolated light,
Crowded with driving atomies, and fell
Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth
Well known well loved. She drew it long ago
Forth-gazing on the waste and open sea,
One morning when the upblown billow ran
Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had pour'd
Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
Color and life: it was a bond and seal
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles;
A monument of childhood and of love;
The poesy of childhood; my lost love
Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together
In mute and glad remembrance, and each heart
Grew closer to the other, and the eye
Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like
The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-couch'd—
A beauty which is death; when all at once
That painted vessel, as with inner life,
Began to heave upon that painted sea;
An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground
Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life
And breath and motion, past and flow'd away
To those unreal billows: round and round
A whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty gyres
Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven
Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she shriek'd;
My heart was cloven with pain; I wound my arms
About her: we whirl'd giddily; the wind
Sung; but I clasp'd her without fear: her weight
Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes,
And parted lips which drank her breath, down-hung
The jaws of Death: I, groaning, from me flung
Her empty phantom: all the sway and whirl
Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

III.

I came one day and sat among the stones
Strewn in the entry of the moaning cave;
A morning air, sweet after rain, ran over
The rippling levels of the lake, and blew
Coolness and moisture and all smells of bud
And foliage from the dark and dripping woods
Upon my fever'd brows that shook and throbb'd
From temple unto temple. To what height
The day had grown I know not. Then came on me
The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
The vision of the bier. As heretofore,
I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his brow.
Methought by slow degrees the sullen bell
Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the shore
Sloped into louder surf: those that went with me,
And those that held the bier before my face,
Moved with one spirit round about the bay,
Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these
In marvel at that gradual change, I thought
Four bells instead of one began to ring,
Four merry bells, four merry marriage-bells,
In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—
A long loud clash of rapid marriage-bells.
Then those who led the van, and those in rear,
Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bacchanals
Fled onward to the steeple in the woods:
I, too, was borne along and felt the blast
Beat on my heated eyelids: all at once
The front rank made a sudden halt; the bells
Lapsed into frightful stillness; the surge fell
From thunder into whispers; those six maids
With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand
Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill
Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping down
Took the edges of the pall, and blew it far
Until it hung, a little silver cloud
Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my heart
Shrank in me, like a snow-flake in the hand,
Waiting to see the settled countenance
Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.
But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
She from her bier, as into fresher life,
My sister, and my cousin, and my love,
Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips—her eyes
And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill.
One hand she reach'd to those that came behind,
And while I mused nor yet endured to take
So rich a prize, the man who stood with me
Stept gayly forward, throwing down his robes,
And clasp'd her hand in his: again the bells
Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy surf
Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirling rout
Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled
Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods,
Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers,
And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision—then the event!

IV.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

(Another speaks.)

He flies the event; he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the bells,
Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and heart—
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who should say "Continue." Well, he had
One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
Solace at least—before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it majestically—
Restrain'd himself quite to the close—but now—

Whether they were his lady's marriage bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never ask'd: but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's house among the pines.
But these, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
The whole land, weigh'd him down as Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, "Go not yet,"
Some warning—sent divinely—as it seem'd
By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glanced back upon them in his after-life,
And partly made them—tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her—
No not for months; but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
Would you could toll me out of life, but found—
All softly as his mother broke it to him—
A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse:
All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale—
Not plunge head-foremost from the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I stay'd for this;
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kissed her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold—nay, but I wrong him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you warm heart," he moaned, "not even death
Can chill you all at once:" then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. "Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more?" It beat—the heart—it beat:
Faint—but it beat: at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drowned
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burden in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer: then she spoke
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think),
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back:
Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was away—
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you?
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns."
"Stay then a little," answer'd Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him

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When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love.' And faintly she replied,
"And I will do your will, and none shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to be known.
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary:
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for every thing was vile),
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life;
And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice, and we past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I: and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers him—
What matter? there are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,
Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I know
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land for evermore;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I never
Sat at a costlier; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one—
Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Movable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest: and they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast, ill suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well, then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And might—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats, but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—"

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—"Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

The lover answer'd, "There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he says,
'Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too.

"But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, not many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length,
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he, beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion—"body and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all.
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seemed no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in:—I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose—
And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men: who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

"My guests," said Julian: "you are honor'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost: ye see behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers: but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:
"She is but dumb because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss—
What! shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

"Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:

"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd;
Whereat the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him
With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that, turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go"—
There were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

"SURPRISED"

From the Painting by A. F. Tait.

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THE "OHIO IDEA" OF BABY-FARMING.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN OF OHIO. "Oh, bitter is my cup!
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it."

CHORUS. "However could you do it?
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many days ago!"

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

WATCH an errand-boy in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Can he be quiet? Not a bit of it. Noisy he must be, or nothing. Whistling a popular melody with that earnestness of purpose peculiar to him, or with forefingers stretching wide his mouth, emitting a shriek only excelled by a railway engine, he goes on his way rejoicing. Perhaps he accompanies his performance by dragging a stick along the palings which he happens to be passing, making them ring again. But in some way or other he will have noise, for he delights in it as part of his very nature. As he grows older, he is sure sooner or later to fulfil his destiny and procure some kind of musical instrument. A penny whistle is generally his first investment, and some popular negro melody his first tune. Later on, when the period of hobbledehoyhood grows upon him, he affects that dreadful instrument of torture, a cheap concertina. With this, and one or two boon companions similarly armed, he parades the streets when work is over, and enjoys himself in his own way.

If we examine the contents of a modern toy-shop, we shall find that nearly fifty per cent. of the stock is intended for the production of noise. First we may notice the corals, which no well-conducted baby would condescend to notice unless they were decorated with noisy little bells. Then we have several types of rattle. There is the rattle proper, made of basket-work, and containing some mysterious articles which tinkle whenever it is moved. Then there is the improved rattle—a kind of small drum fixed on a handle, and occasionally crowned with a cap and bells. Next we have drums of all sizes, made of real parchment, and capable of any amount of acoustic display. By the-way, we have remarked that toy drum skins are often covered with legal matter, reminiscences of forgotten lawsuits. It is a question, therefore, whether some of them were not very noisy subjects before being brought to the drum-head. Trumpets galore, only capable of producing one solitary note; but that one note is of such distressing nasal qualities that it is more than sufficient to make good all deficiencies. Then comes the harmonicon tribe—plates of brass, glass, or even hard wood placed in a frame, and tinkled into melody by little wooden mallets.

Our list is not half complete, for we have not yet touched upon the delicate subject of whistles. We have noticed in this connection with some sadness that, not content with the whistle *per se*, a degenerate custom has lately obtained of attaching surreptitious whistles to other toys. The baby's coral has often this exasperating addition. Riding whips and pop-guns are also to be regarded with suspicion for the same reason. There is also a numerous class of vulcanized India rubber dolls and animals which are squeezed into expressing their feelings through a small metallic whistle which forms part of their internal economy.

Another wide field for the invention of noisy toys is comprised in the wire-stringed class. These are generally in the form of carts or wagons, and the peculiarly aggravating feature of their construction is not guessed at until the wheels revolve. This operation is accompanied by a most irritating tum-tumming on three or four wires, which are plucked by bristles on the axle of the wheels. Sometimes the same apparatus is inclosed in a box, and is set in motion by means of a handle, with the same pleasurable result as that achieved by one of the old-fashioned street organs with a monkey.

It is a curious fact that the acoustic principles on which the construction of most of these toys is based were known and utilized by savage nations all the world over for many centuries before intercourse with Europe became possible. Indeed, some of their musical instruments (in use at the present day) are of unknown antiquity. Thus the North American Indians make rattles of dried gourds filled with pebbles—an instrument capable of making a formidable noise. Baked clay vessels are also turned to the same purpose. Gourds are used in another way by the Hindoos, who attach them to a species of stringed instrument to increase its resonance, in the same way that we employ sound-boards in the present day. Pandean pipes made of reeds seem to be the common property of every nation under the sun; indeed, all kinds of pipes and flutes are common to all countries, and in many cases the term flute is applied to all wind instruments indiscriminately. Savage nations make their flutes either of pottery or bone, the tibia or perhaps the thigh-bone of a fallen foe often furnishing his enemies with music for many years after his decease. And this is not the only case of human remains being turned to musical account, for travellers tell us that drums are often stretched with human skin. Thus savages are not content with belaboring their foes during life, but continue the castigation after they have ceased to exist.

Instruments of percussion, whether adorned with human skin or not, seem to be very favorite things with primitive man. This is no doubt owing to the ease with which such instruments could be made and used. The same reasoning applies to instruments of the harmonicon class, which have been constructed of every conceivable substance from which can be extracted an atom of resonance. Stringed instruments are also found in different forms in all quarters of the globe. The most primitive form is a rough board with a few strings stretched across it. This is the parent of the dulcimer, which in its turn is undoubtedly the prototype of most of our modern stringed instruments. The older method of procedure was to pluck the strings of all such instruments with a small pointed piece of bone or stick, the violin bow being of later date altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which gives color to the assumption that the love of music is natural and not acquired, that the various instruments used by savage tribes in widely separated countries are almost identical in character. This shows that the same ideas have arisen and have been acted upon by people who can have had no kind of communication. More than this: where the art has so far advanced as to give a definite structure to instruments, making them capable of affording a regular scale of notes, the particular arrangement adopted is the same in different countries. For instance, in Mexico and Peru we find an instrument which produces a scale of five notes (the Pentatonic scale), sometimes called the Scotch scale, because the arrangement is a characteristic feature of many of the Scottish melodies. In an opposite quarter of the globe altogether, namely, in China, we also find a clay instrument having five finger-holes, and giving the same scale.

These facts prove that musical ideas are not the result of civilization, but are naturally acquired. The same delight with which a child shakes its rattle urges the savage to act in the same manner. It may be imagined that the first step in the process of musical education was prompted by the wish to imitate the calls of birds, either for the mere sake of imitation or as a help to snaring them for the purposes of food. The voice would naturally be the agent employed, until some accident, such as the whistling of the wind through the reeds, or past some favorably placed hole in the rocks, would suggest that art might be capable of producing sounds of louder quality.

It is probable that every nation under the sun has contributed in some degree to the various instruments used in our modern orchestras. We have arrived at a pitch of perfection in their manufacture which renders any great improvement in them simply impossible. Not only has the skill of the best workmen been devoted to them, but the aid of science has also been enlisted in their service. We now know the conditions under which sounds are made manifest to our senses. We can analyze them, and by suitable materials and mode of workmanship can give them a certain quality or *timbre*, a judicious blending of which constitutes the charm of a complete orchestra. There is no more interesting field of inquiry than this question of the *timbre* of musical sounds. We have no English word to express this quality, and therefore we use a French one; but the great German physicist Helmholtz makes use of a far more expressive term for the same thing, that is, *Klangfarbe*, the English equivalent for which would be clang-tint. He tells us that the peculiar clang-tint of every instrument by which we can identify it is due simply to the number of harmonics, or overtones, which fill the air when any one note is sounded. It is difficult for even a practiced ear to detect these superposed sounds; but by suitable apparatus their presence in all instruments is rendered audible. In the piano and violin these overtones follow one another in a regular series. For instance, we will suppose that a certain note on the violin gives five hundred vibrations in a second of time. The overtones to that note will give respectively twice, three times, four times, etc., five hundred vibrations; and such a series will form the octave, the fifth, the superoctave, the third, etc., of the note sounded. But in the clarionet and other instruments the harmonics follow a different order, and therefore the timbre of the sounds produced is entirely changed. A curious fact in connection with this subject is that Helmholtz's beautiful theory was long ago anticipated in practice by the builders of church organs. In all old organs we find what are called *mixture* stops. In these stops, instead of one pipe to each note, there are three or four, so that when a single key is depressed a full chord is sounded. Now these pipes are tuned to the harmonics or overtones of the notes to which they are attached, and therefore add a richness of clang-tint to the full organ.

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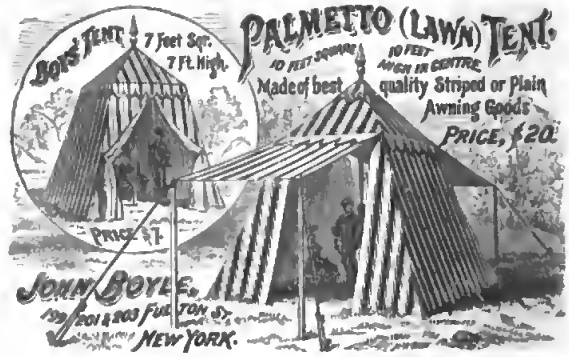

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"Who is that, Carrie?"

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not handsome?"

"Handsome! I should think he is. What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact, anywhere where a *tête-à-tête* was a possible contingent."

"He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to-night. Perhaps you may be able to test your opinion on that subject."

"If he is there, I certainly shall."

"Provided you have an opportunity. 'Handsome Dion' is in great request; but then yours is quite a new face, and a débutante is always sure of a certain amount of attention."

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some imported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to handsome Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not as very far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the women whom he delighted—or condescended—to honor.

This point settled in her own mind, Margery was full of confidence. She had been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

"Are thrones, powers, and share the general state."

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never *chaffonné*, her gloves new, her general costume like a morning-glory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she really considered negligence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Nevilles' ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that could appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery could repose, as it were, upon the sense of her own perfections.

In fact, neither men nor women are as ill-natured as the general bill of accusation makes them. There was a great deal of genuine admiration for so beautiful a couple.

"He is like some young Greek god, with his clear face, and grand stature, and clustering curls," said his chum, Harry Lake, almost with the enthusiasm of a woman.

"And she is far lovelier than any Greek ever dreamed a goddess could be," said August Bernars. "Don't talk to me, Harry, about any classical Venus; I prefer the American beauty, with her little, irregular, mobile face, all light and color, her restless, swaying figure, and her ravishing toilets. I tell you those grand women robed in a piece of white linen are not my style at all, Harry;" and August turned with a look of admiration toward the couple they had been discussing.

They were sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she had instinctively found out the best way—she was making Dion talk in a manner that really amused himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions, but among ladies he generally relied on his personal advantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and glances a very effective method of subjugation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the cleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of remarks.

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did not assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew that he ought to be thankful for any weather at all."

"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if any thing goes wrong in their business, or to their slow of politics, they grumble on the weather. I don't believe that any two lovers, or any form of government, could stand six weeks of settled sunshine."

Dion looked on the clever, bright face, and had nothing ready to answer. Here was a girl talking about politics and governments. He did not see how such a case was to be met. So he drew Margery's attention to a singular-looking man dressed in extravagant colors, who had taken on attitude by the chimney-piece:

"That is Ralph Lockhart, he imagines that he has a great deal of taste, Miss Heywood."

"So he has, Mr. Harrington, a very great deal; but then—*it is all bad*."

"Lockhart had a large fortune left him last year."

"What an enviable position! How does he spend it?"

"To spend it is contrary to his principles and feelings."

"Does he lend it, then?"

"That is contrary to his sense of duty toward himself."

"What does he do with it, then?"

"He has sunk it all to a life-annuity. Is he not an idiot?"

"No. I think him very sensible indeed. That plan comprises every interest he need care about—*his own*. Besides, don't you think it must be a dreadful thing for a selfish person to die and leave any thing behind him?"

"Well, Mr. Lockhart does not interest me any more. Who is that handsome, melancholy-looking man talking to Carrie Lawson?"

"That is Edgar Hill; he writes something or other. He married about a year ago, and my friend Harry Lake says he has found out that his wife has a temper."

"That ought not to surprise him; many women possess tempers. Perhaps none the angels have tempers—who knows?"

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes, there was no telling how she might turn the communest subject. He remembered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apologies. Still he was wondering all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tormenting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called upon Margery the next day, and the next, and on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer on the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredible, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

Men best women bellow at a match of ill nature, if they are inclined at all to take a hand in it. There are too Sir Benjamin Backbites for one Lady Sneerwell, and to this case, humanly speaking, there was some excuse for them. Dion's beauty had been an aggravation in many ways; but that he should see it in order to carry off the heart of the heiress of Heywood Park was a little more than the majority felt able to calmly approve of. "Parasite," "fortune-hunter," and such ugly names, were rather freely used. As for Margery, they pitied her. "Poor thing!" And a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders conveyed an otherwise inexpressible prophecy of suffering and contempt.

It is easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people can not be indifferent to the results of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt so Heywood, and she sent a peremptory order for her niece's return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other, Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I can not imagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find to gossip."

"You can not?" snapped Margery. "Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our friends, and comparing them with our own virtues."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yet Harry Lake said, last night, that of all ridiculous proverbs, that one, 'Say no ill of the dead,' is the most absurd. It is reversing the natural order of things, Miss Heywood, and caught to be, 'Say no ill of the living!'"

"Harry Lake is right. I like his sense. When a lady is in her grave, how can it matter to her what a set of silly people say about her on the Avenue or in the Park?"

"Let Life live while it may."

"And dissect the deceased. If society must cut up somebody, I make our set a present of Dead Men, or of Hannah More. They can use their tattain any way they like. But I must bid you farewell. I leave for Heywood in the morning."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes. She knew that he loved her. Why could he not—why would he not—say so?

"*Why?*" She asked herself this question all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.

It was a summer to date from all of life afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout streams! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—so very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age," Aunt Heywood had never seen. Forty years before, she had had a lover, who went to sea and never came back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had children, all her sons would have been just like Dion. The old woman loved him, in her way, quite as much as the young one.

This fair and happy summer at length came to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and toilets. A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to go into the woods for a walk with him. He had a confession to make, he said, if Miss Heywood permitted it.

Miss Heywood thought he might have spoken without her permission. "Too much courtesy, too much courtesy," she whispered her own heart; but she signified her assent by a little nod of her head, and a set, steadfast look into the water.

"Miss Heywood—*Margery*—I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the silliest of pursuits."

Margery began to tap her foot restlessly.

"I have been so vain of my good looks."

She looked half shyly and half admiringly through her eyelashes at him.

"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply to debt, and—"

"Deeply to debt?" Was that what he had to confess? She colored violently, and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless—unless—"

"I expect you to pay them? I suppose that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to imagine that you could feel any interest either in the past or future of so worthless a life as mine has hitherto been."

He rose to go, and some dumb, evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it.

"Good-by, Margery—*dear Margery*. When I venture to speak to you again, I hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was hard that he would not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and as she could not for very shame go into a good, womanly passion, she gave vent to her feelings in a very unwomanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked sorrowfully among themselves, and wailed back to her in those melancholy tones they learn I know not where.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her niece. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, with something of both a mother's and a lover's anguish; and when, a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa on supercargo of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was left sole mistress of her person and fortune. There were some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hours, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing of youth seemed left her but the "having loved."

In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto, but now, with a sweetness that no old man could resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and whatever other subject seemed of importance to him.

In fact, she quite won the old bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him that he could not hope to wed her for himself, and he half disliked his nephew for his chances. But at any rate he determined that such a nice girl—and such a rich girl—should not go out of the family, and he soon let Harry know that the prospect of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his marriage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?"

"You are not to suppose failure, Sir, in any thing. You have no rivals here—*but me*," the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking permission to see her next day at noon. He received, as he expected, a cordial assent, and so, putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood Park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities. "Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short, I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had, in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake."

"Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

"And you prefer to be disinherited, of course?"

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also; and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?"

"Not exactly. Now what am I to do? Tell me plainly."

"Well, I shall write you a letter to-morrow—a real, old fashioned Sir Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his suggestions and approbation."

"Yes, and then I am to—"

"To assent to it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up, and all that. If my poor Dion was here, he would find some clever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of any thing but just going to head-quarters, as I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight line is just as good in love as in geometry."

Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely, for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry proposed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short time Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a precious bit of news he brought her concerning Dion, and one day he managed to forget a photograph of him, and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pictured face, and every now and then a few words of information about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfections of one as dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient. "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet in contrast to hit delicately several points on which Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in fine, it absolutely declined any alliance with his house.

The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled the very worst of the stereotyped flings at women and women's ways as generally familiar to bachelors young and old.

"However, he was very sorry for me, Margery," said Harry, one day, a week afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate."

"A check?"

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"Did you plan much, Harry?"

"No, I could not manage it, and, do you know, that pleased uncle. He praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy woman's No thirty years ago; and then he gave me the check, and told me to go to Paris for a season."

"And you go, I suppose?"

"Just as soon as the dearest little girl is ready to go with me."

"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?"

"I shall naturally consider my wife's comfort before my creditors."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl I love always have a lien on me."

After Harry left, letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lonely that she determined to join some friends in a European trip; for she was sure by this time that Dion had quite forgotten her.

So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really believed her love and her regrets were buried deeper than any memory could reach for them. In fact, she had another lover, no estimable, learned young clergyman—a very apostle in the standing collar and single-breasted coat of the nineteenth century. That he was in every respect the antipodes of Dion was, she thought, an advantage. Plain, prosy lovers might turn out better than the gay and handsome ones.

She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, on the top of Richmond Hill, with a letter from him in her hands. That she was in no hurry to open it was not remarkable; the panorama of natural beauty before her, and the gay succession of lovely women and splendid equipages, sufficiently amused and interested her.

But as she sat, musing, with the unopened letter in her hands, some one suddenly stood between her and the sunshine. She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"O Margery! Margery! Margery! O my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while, in a minor under-tone, Margery was sobbing "Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have, Sir."

And there upon the ground lay the Reverend Cyril's letter, and Margery stepped right on it, and never saw any thing again in all that marvellous landscape but just one beautiful face.

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something; for he said: "Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard, and all that, but *I am still in debt*."

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money, provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

"It is still still be yours, Margery."

"No, I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

"Then I shall get out of debt at last."

"No, you will not, Sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt, and you will never be out of my love."

"I don't want to, sweet Margery; and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb: 'There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted.'"

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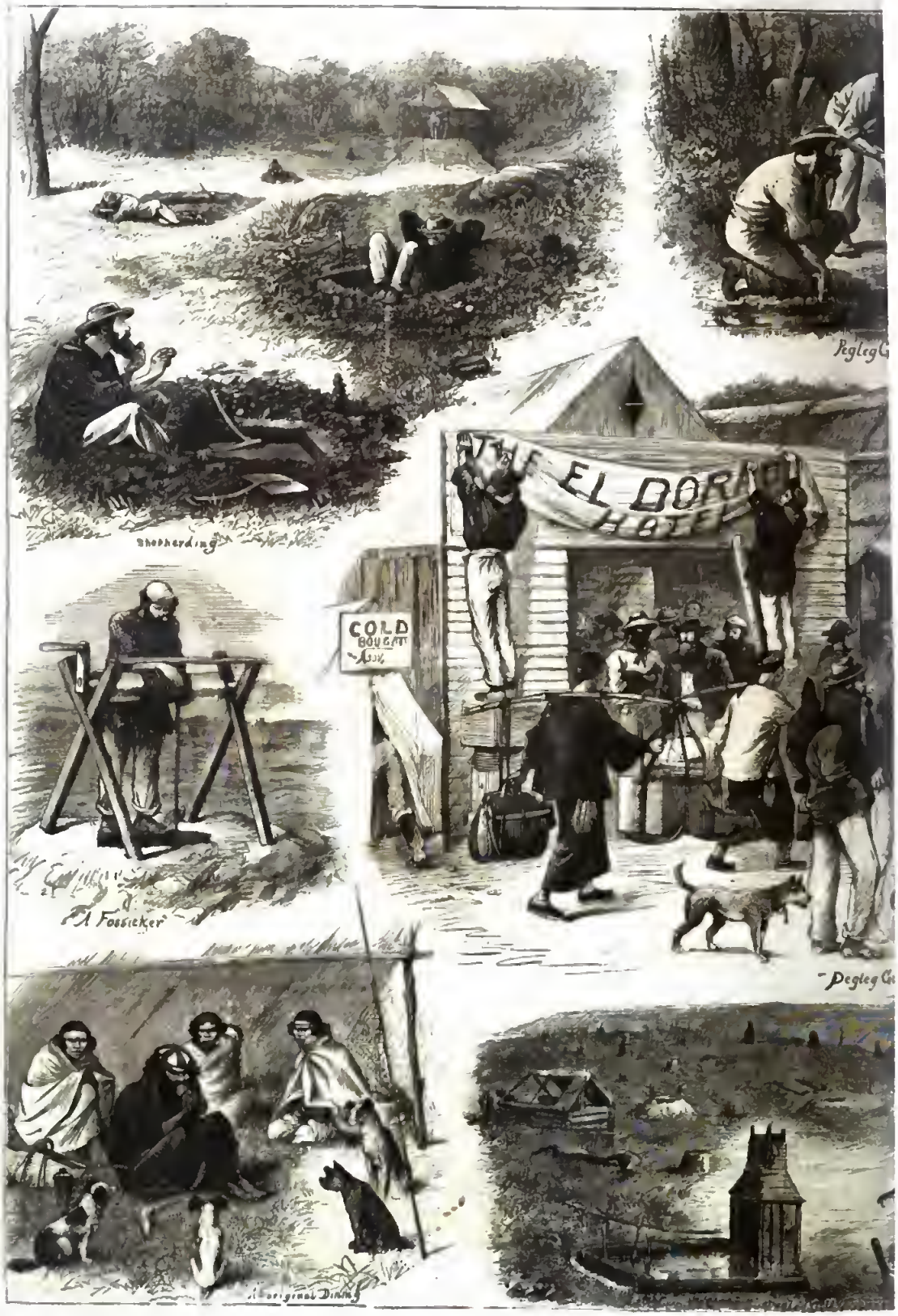

GOLD-DIGGING

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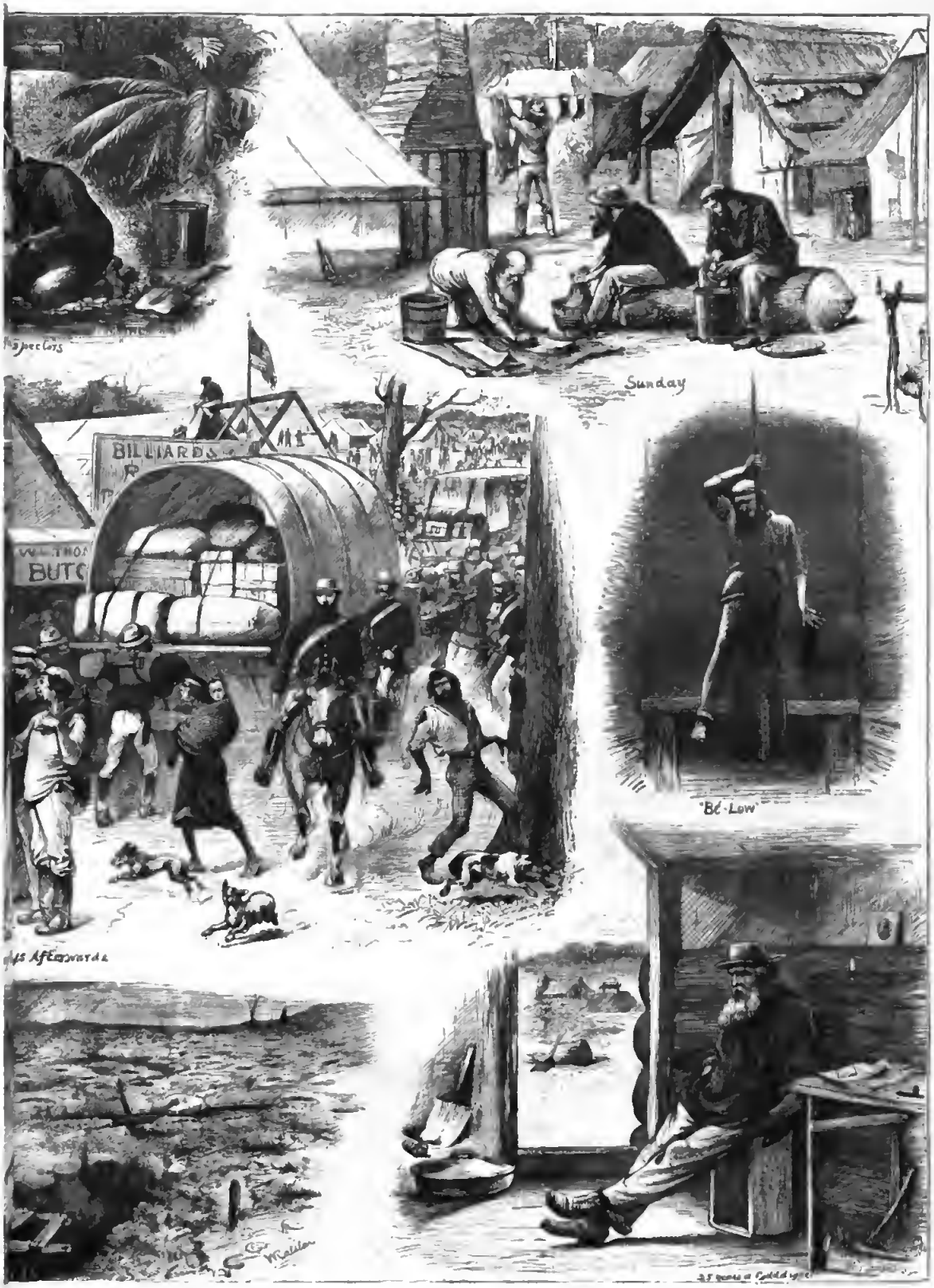

SALIA.—[SEE PAGE 520.]

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GOLD-DIGGING IN AUSTRALIA.

In 1851, before the excitement of gold discoveries in California had had time to subside, the world was startled by the announcements of another, or rather a series of others, not less important, or Australia. At that time the English colonies of New South Wales and Port Philip were enjoying an unexampled condition of financial and commercial prosperity; the demand for labor was steadily increasing, and in the older colony several manufactures and copper mines were affording new investments for colonial capital. The leading colonial journal was amusing its readers with calculations of the period when all the pastoral land of the colony would be overstocked with sheep and cattle. In the midst of this satisfactory state of affairs the rumor became current in the Rocheaux at Sydney that a great gold field had been found near Bathurst. Very soon small "nuggets" arrived in the city and were headed about on curiosities. Thereupon a few score pedestrians, chiefly of the humbler class, set out to walk to Bathurst—140 miles. Within a month of the first announcement there was no longer any doubt about the diggings; crowds of all ranks streamed across the Blue Mountains; the Governor's proclamation gave official authority to the dazzling fact; and the gold fever had commenced.

The marvellous discoveries of 1851 were not, however, the first suggestions in regard to gold in Australia. As early as 1848 a Mr. SMITH, engaged in iron-works near Berrima, eighty-one miles from Sydney, waited upon Mr DEAS THOMSON, the Colonial Secretary, produced a lump of gold imbedded in quartz, which he said he had found, and offered, on receipt of £900, to discover the locality. On reference to the Governor, a verbal answer was returned that if Mr. SMITH chose to trust to the liberality of the government, he might rely on being rewarded in proportion to the value of the alleged discovery. The government suspected that the lump of gold came from California, and "were afraid of agitating the public mind by ordering geological investigations." Nothing more was heard of Mr. SMITH.

At length, however, the government, satisfied by the report of the colonial geologist that gold was really abundant in the district indicated, issued a proclamation declaring the rights of the crown to gold found in its natural place of deposit within the territory of New South Wales. The next step was to appoint a gold commissioner, with instructions to organize a mounted police of ten men; to issue licenses to gold-diggers at the rate of thirty shillings a month, to receive in payment gold obtained by amalgamation at £2 6s. per ounce, and at £3 4s. per ounce for gold obtained by washing; finally, in order to preserve the peace, and put down outrage and violence, he was instructed to co-operate with the local police, and to swear in special constables from the licensed diggers.

When the existence of gold was first ascertained, there were flock owners who disapproved of the course pursued by the government in raising gold-digging to the condition of a regular industrial pursuit, and recommended that "martial law should be proclaimed, and all gold-digging peremptorily prohibited, in order that the ordinary industrial pursuits of the country should not be interfered with." This, says SAMUEL SMILES, a great authority in Australian matters, "was to say that rooms of the same order who have always patronized vagabond bachelor shepherds, and opposed the establishment of wives, families, and small farms in the interior, were ready to risk a civil war rather than endanger their wool crops." The Governor, however, being a soldier, had no desire to spill the blood of his countrymen in a futile attempt to stop the influx of the tide," and the colonists of Australia proved themselves more orderly and sensible than the police and other timid individuals had imagined.

By June the commissioner had issued 446 licenses. To two or three hundred new arrivals he had allowed a few days of grace before demanding payment, and good order prevailed. "In one instance alone," he writes, "there was no inclination to disregard my decision. A tall, strong man, a butcher of Bathurst, who had been in the habit of beginning to work wherever he saw promises of lumps of gold, trusting to his strength to keep down opposition, had begun to work on another man's opening. I told him to desist; but as soon as I turned my back, he began again, saying he would work where he liked, in spite of any one. I turned back immediately, and as I went up to him he dropped his pick and took up a spade, or if to strike at me. I instantly collared him, put him in handcuffs, and marched him off the ground, declaring my intention of sending him to Bathurst jail. I sent up to my camp with orders for a policeman to take him in, and continued my walk. On my return, in about an hour, the man was very penitent, and begged to be let off, which I did. He has been working quietly ever since, and the neighborhood has been relieved of a very unpleasant man. I have mentioned this to show how easily such a population may be managed. There is no occasion for any increase of force here."

Within a short time the rush to the diggings had somewhat moderated, when the discovery of a hundred weight of gold revived and stimulated the excitement to a degree which affected all classes of society; and after that discovery crowds of gentlemen repaired to the diggings. An educated aboriginal, formerly attached to the Wellington mission, and who had been to the service of W. J. EYRE, Esq., of Wallawa, about seven years, returned home to his employer with the intelligence that he had discovered a large mass of gold among a heap of quartz in the run while tending his sheep. He had amused himself by exploring the country adjacent to his employer's land, and his attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of quartz, upon which he applied his tomahawk, and broke off a portion. At that moment the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it. As may be supposed, little time was lost by the worthy doctor. Quick as horseflesh would carry him he was on the spot, and in a very short period the three blocks of quartz containing the *hundred-weight of gold* were released from the bed where, charged with unknown wealth, they had rested, perhaps for thousands of years, waiting for man to come and disturb them. The largest of the blocks was about a foot in diameter, and weighed about seventy five pounds gross. Out of this piece sixty pounds of pure gold were taken. Before separation it was beautifully incased in quartz. The rather two were something smaller. The earthenware mass weighed, as nearly as could be guessed, from two to three hundred-weight. Not being able to move it conveniently, Dr. KING broke the pieces into small fragments, and herein committed an error afterward deeply regretted. As specimens the glittering blocks would have been invaluable. From the description as given by him the world has seen nothing like them yet. "The heaviest of the two large pieces presented an appearance not unlike a honey-comb or sponge, and consisted of particles of a crystalline form, or did nearly the whole of the gold. The second piece was smaller, and the particles more condensed, and seemed to have been acted upon by water. The remainder was broken into lumps from two or three pounds downward, and was remarkably free from quartz or earthy matter." Such an event as this brought thousands to the diggings, but amid the rejoicings of those who found themselves repaid for weeks of toil by lumps of solid gold, there were of course many failures. To a working man who had been accustomed to toil for daily wages it was nothing to dig all day for a week, and if one spot failed, try another. But at least fifty per cent of the adventurers—clerks, gentlemen, *etc.*—was obliged to retire after a short experience at the diggings.

One of the most prolific of the Australian gold districts was the Tuzon. This, like many Australian names, was merely known beyond its immediate neighborhood before the gold discoveries began. The river rises in the county of Roxburgh, near Cullen Cullen, and flows, like the Summerhill Creek, into the Macquarrie. On its banks Sofala has been founded. Here it was that the art of cradling and washing gold was first learned by thousands who have since spread themselves in all parts of the colony. In the first instance gold was so carelessly washed that little boys made an income of from £3 to £6 a week by rewashing the "tailings," or refuse, that dawed from the cradles of the men. The gold fields of the Tuzon include river-bed claims and dry digging. In the river-bed claims it is the object to clear a deep hole of water, and then wash the mud and sand which have been carried there in the course of ages, partly washed to the hand of the miner by the torrents of nature. In "dry diggings" the earth, after being raised, must be carefully broken up and washed. Fortunate diggers come from time to time upon nuggets of various sizes which once excited great attention and curious comparison between those found in quartz, in clay, and in alluvial mould, but now to the auction-rooms of Melbourne and Sydney, unless of rare beauty, they excite no more attention than copper and lead.

It was not until these and many other diggings had been opened that investigations were pushed further south into the Port Philip District, or what is now known as the colony of Victoria, the division from New South Wales having taken place in 1851, just about the time that gold was discovered. The admirable group of sketches on our double page relate to the diggings of Victoria, and are from the pencil of one who has himself had personal experience in gold-seeking in this part of the world. Our digger-artist says:

"I suppose you are aware that gold is not to be got any where or every where in Victoria. It always lies on the top of pipe-clay, and when you sink to that the claim is said to be 'bottomed;' being that it is useless to go. The vein of pipe-clay is so well defined, as a vein, or the floor of a house, except that it rises toward the surface on each side, like the bed of a river; in the deepest part the gold, if any, generally lies. When a party of diggers go 'a-prospecting,' or searching for new gold fields, they seek for a gully, which, from indications or caprice, they take a liking to. Hundreds of shafts are, of course, sunk and abandoned, no proof that they are 'duffers:' in fact, on wandering through the bush, you may be flattering yourself no white man has trod here before, when the well-known heap of 'mullock' of dirt showing an abandoned shaft meets your eye. We will suppose, however, that the prospectors are going to be lucky, and that the gold is expected to lie from 30 to 120 feet deep—the latter being the deepest I ever personally worked in. They sink a shaft, strike the pipe-clay, but no gold; however, there is encouragement to go on. They find out which side the pipe-clay falls to, and move further across the gully in that direction, and so on. Perhaps they have to sink three or four shafts of various depths, perhaps they strike it at once. When gold is found near the surface, 'shepherding' is useless; but when it is down 30, 40, or 100 feet and upward, to save sinking a lot of useless shafts, the diggers, who are always prying about after prospectors, if not doing the same themselves, roam about; if the stuff that is being thrown out takes their fancy, they mark a claim, but do not sink it. However, to prevent it being 'jumped,' or taken possession of by somebody else, one man sits on it and potters about, throwing out a shovelful of dirt now and again or a pretense it is being sunk, and to keep legal possession. This is called 'shepherding.' When the prospectors strike bottom they gather round; if gold is sunk, 'rush! oh!' is the cry, and away they go to sink to earnest; if not, they pack up their picks and shovels, and go whistling home, whilst the prospectors sit and swear or pray on the bent of their mind may be. Prospectors for their trouble get a much larger claim than the others.

"The prospectors of 'Pegleg' Gully in my sketch are supposed to have either struck gold comparatively near the surface, or else have managed to keep their secret on far, hence the reason they are 'passing' off the first bucketful alone.

"A secret like that can not, however, be kept very long, and, like magic, a town appears of wood and canvas, with police, gold hayers, billiards, etc., but few or no women for some time. If the 'lead' turns out to be comparatively a flash in the pan, 'Pegleg' Gully has very soon the appearance I have given it in the middle bottom sketch. 'Pegleg,' I may say, is not meant for any particular one of the dozens of 'peglegs' in the colony.

"A 'Fossicker' is a man that is content to hang about deserted diggings, knocking out pillars of stuff left by the former owners of the reins, or sinking a shaft about the edge of a worked-out lead in the hope of dropping on a corner missed. As a rule, they are rather of the no'er-do-well order, and generally have been on the particular diggings from the beginning, so know where all the richest finds were made. From three to eight or ten feet diggings in what they more generally effect.

"'Sunday morning' shows the usual sort of Sundays spent in the diggings. Except when a shaft is wet, and requires the water to be pumped out, or such like, I never saw any digger at 'work' on Sunday. His respect for the dabbath does not prevent him scrubbing his trousers, washing shirts, shooting parrots, or hunting kangaroos.

"'Bo-tow' shows a man going down a dry shaft any distance up to 120 feet or thereabouts, one foot in buckets, and one guiding. New chums always scrape holes in themselves all over when they first try this, but a little practice, and they descend like a plumnet. By-the-way, in sinking a shaft it is a common thing to are them commenced, say, north and south at top, and find themselves east and west at bottom, diggers generally not being brought up, or rather *down*, to the business, I suppose.

"A native has always a following of women and dogs, more or less. He takes the first pick at the bones, then sends them over his shoulder to his gins and lubras, who in turn pass them on to the dogs.

"'Twenty five years a gold-digger' shows that gold-digging very often is not quite so good or banking.

"My sketches are all illustrative of alluvial digging. There is another branch, quite distinct, called 'quartz reefing' that I never worked at, and know little about. However, there is one fact, or legend, I don't know which, and that is, a quartz reef always, without fail, runs north and south, whilst on alluvial lead runs east and west—that is, from one given point to another. The roving digger of seven or eight years' standing 'remembers when he came out first the gold was plentiful, and we used to drink Champagne,' etc.; but I fancy the only difference now is that the work is more systematic and more evenly divided than the old days of '50 and '60, when one man got a lot and his neighbors starved."

RUSSIAN TEA-HOUSES.

A LARGE hall, wainscoted with oak painted in rich colors, where blue and red predominate, and at the further end a grand organ which is playing a chorus from M Lecocq's last operetta. But for this tune, and for the fact that some customers are seated to little wooden tables drinking tea, you might fancy yourself in a Russian church. A statuette of the Virgin, fronted by a light light always flickering in its bath of oil, stands in proximity to the yellow advertisement of an English firm that exports bottle beer; and a glaringly illuminated portrait of St. Isaac, who is, perhaps, the patron saint of the landlord, faces the playbill of the Imperial Theatre of French Comedians. We are in a Moscow tea-house. It differs from the new fangled cafés in having no looking-glasses or velvet settees. There is a pile of cushions in the corner near the counter, where the landlady sits with a spangled diadem, neither reading nor sewing, but just folding her arms and smiling vaguely till waiters shall come and ask her for small change. When a habitué of the tea-house enters, he signs himself before the statuette, bows to St. Isaac perhaps, and makes for the pile of cushions, where he selects his own and carries it to the wooden bench on which he is going to sit. Regular customers keep their private cushions at the tea-house, just as Germans keep their pipes and schoppen at the brasserie. If a stranger comes in, one of the waiters in white linen tunics, with red-topped knee-boots, brings him a folded red rug to sit down upon. These waiters are not always Russians; in a good tea-house there will be one or two Germans speaking French, but they all wear the majick costume, and have their hair clipped short. They never ask a Russian customer what he wants; they bring him a small brass samovar containing about a pint of tea, half a lemon, and a cruet of vodki. The charge for this refreshment is five copecks.

A Russian goes to the tea-house to drink tea only, with a flavor of spirits in it; if he wants other beverages, he drinks them at home. In summer he takes cold tea instead of hot, and squeezes more lemon than vodki into it; that is all the difference. He seldom takes sugar, and the waiter does not present it unless asked for. Cigarettes are the rule to the tea-house, not pipes or cigars; and the Russian never twirls them himself, Spanish fashion, but buys them ready-made. On his saying "Papyros," the waiter brings him a polished brass plate holding a dozen loose cigarettes of divers dimensions and of three colors—white, buff, and pink. The last are the most delicate in flavor, and are reserved for the *bouse bouche*. The Russian epicure begins with the white ones, and or he sits dressed of his furred touloups and wrapped in his caftan, with his head leaning against the wainscot, and dreamily beating time to the tunes of the organ, he offers a perfect picture of Oriental repose. The wainscots are marked with rows of grimy black circles made by the heads of customers. There is scarcely more talking than in a Turkish café; but officials in uniform, who may have imbibed the tastes of the West, sometimes get up games of cards, and intersperse their play with squeaking interjections expressive of their emotions at winning or losing. Only second-rate officials patronize the tea houses, and if haply a personage of colonel's rank strolls in with his cronies on his bosom, all the other customers stand up and salaam. For this reason an honorary Russian colonel (perhaps an upper telegraph clerk) when he receives a foreigner will generally take him off to the tea-house, in order to give him an idea of what dignities are in Russia.

The big organ groans and plays almost incessantly, for it is a mechanical contrivance like a musical box, and has about fifty tunes. The lady with the spangled diadem dispenses music along with refreshments, for if a customer wants to encore a particular tune, she orders a waiter to turn a windlass, which regulates the barrel. When a stranger comes in, this lady rings a bell in some agitation, and all the waiters hurry up together to see what is wanted. A stranger is sure to ask for queer drinks—beer or absinthe—which have to be dived for in cellars, and are brought up processionally with a great deal of fuss, one man carrying a bottle, another the glass on a tray, and a third hastening with a napkin to polish the little oak table till it shines. Then strangers ask for newspapers, which is not the way with Russians, who prefer to study their politics at home, where they can give vent to their feelings in comparative safety. When, however, no evening edition of a paper appears, the vendor who brings it to the tea-house hands it to the head waiter, who is always a cultured person, and reads out the last telegrams aloud for the benefit of the company. This is part of his regular duties; he stops the organ, takes his stand beside the counter, and, amidst a dead hush, delivers the news in a sing-song voice perfectly unemotional. If the times be stirring and reports he brought of some new Nihilist crime, all the customers lift up their hands and murmur words of reprobation for a couple of minutes, or if they were receiving verses from some Consistation Service, then relapse into silence, and smoke again. The tidings of an attempted assassination of the Czar would, however, bring them all to their legs together, and they would file in good order past the statue of the Virgin, signing themselves, and pretending to weep; for perchance there might be a police spy present, and it would not do for a Russian to be seen with dry eyes while his betters were being molested.

The prudent reserve which Russians exhibit in the tea-houses does not prevent them from engaging very readily in conversation with any foreigner she chooses to introduce himself, only the foreigner will hear from them nothing but praise exclaimed about every body and every thing that he may talk of. The Russian is a most hospitable talker, for he deals only in flattery, and will forego his supper for the purpose of repeating by the hour to a Briton how he loves England, or to a Frenchman how he idolizes France. Russians who turn into a tea-house toward six generally spend the evening there, and sup toward eight, to the accompaniment of the organ, as usual. The doors open twenty times in an evening to admit itinerant sellers of food, for no edibles except biscuits are sold by the landlord. An old woman, booted, muffled, and wrapped in a sheepskin, comes to with a basket of hard-boiled eggs, salted sardines (which taste like the skin of red herring), and little rolls. Then comes a girl with salvas, or apple cakes; then a man with slabs of raw ham or German sausage; then another with a portable stove, which he installs in the middle of the tea-house, that he may cook fritters for all who order them. The waiters provide salt, wooden platters, and knives to the customers for a charge of a copeck, and as the refreshments sold by the hawkers are very cheap, a man may get a long supper at no great cost.

The tea sold in the tea-houses is very good, and Russians swallow surprising quantities of it: three or four pints, with a proportionate quantity of vodki, will not seem an excessive evening's allowance for a sober man. Coffee is never asked for. In the lower kinds of houses (where hand barrel-organs discourse music) the tea is said to be an rebrew from the lower that have been used by larger establishments; and here it is customary to revive the tea ready flavored with vodki. It makes a potent beverage, which will send a glow all over the body of an unseasoned (cabman) in cold weather, and make him drive his sleigh or droshky in wild zigzags, with many yells. In the tea-houses of the lower orders the shrine of the Virgin stands just within the door, and a customer would no more think of taking tea without paying his devotions than he would go not into the snow without having his boots on. When he has well drunk he will make another stand to the shrine ne coming out; and one is happy to say that if a customer can not remain quite steady on his legs during his brief orisons, some Good Samaritans will always bear him a helping hand, lest the unsteady brother, going out unshriven with so much whiskified tea on board him, should come to grief through his impiety. It is a common phrase in Russia to say of a man who has rolled dead drunk into the snow and got frozen there, "He forgot to pray after his tea."

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